ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

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AN INTERVIEW WITH MORT SAHL

PLUS WOODY ALLEN WILLIAM SANSOM J. PAUL GETTY

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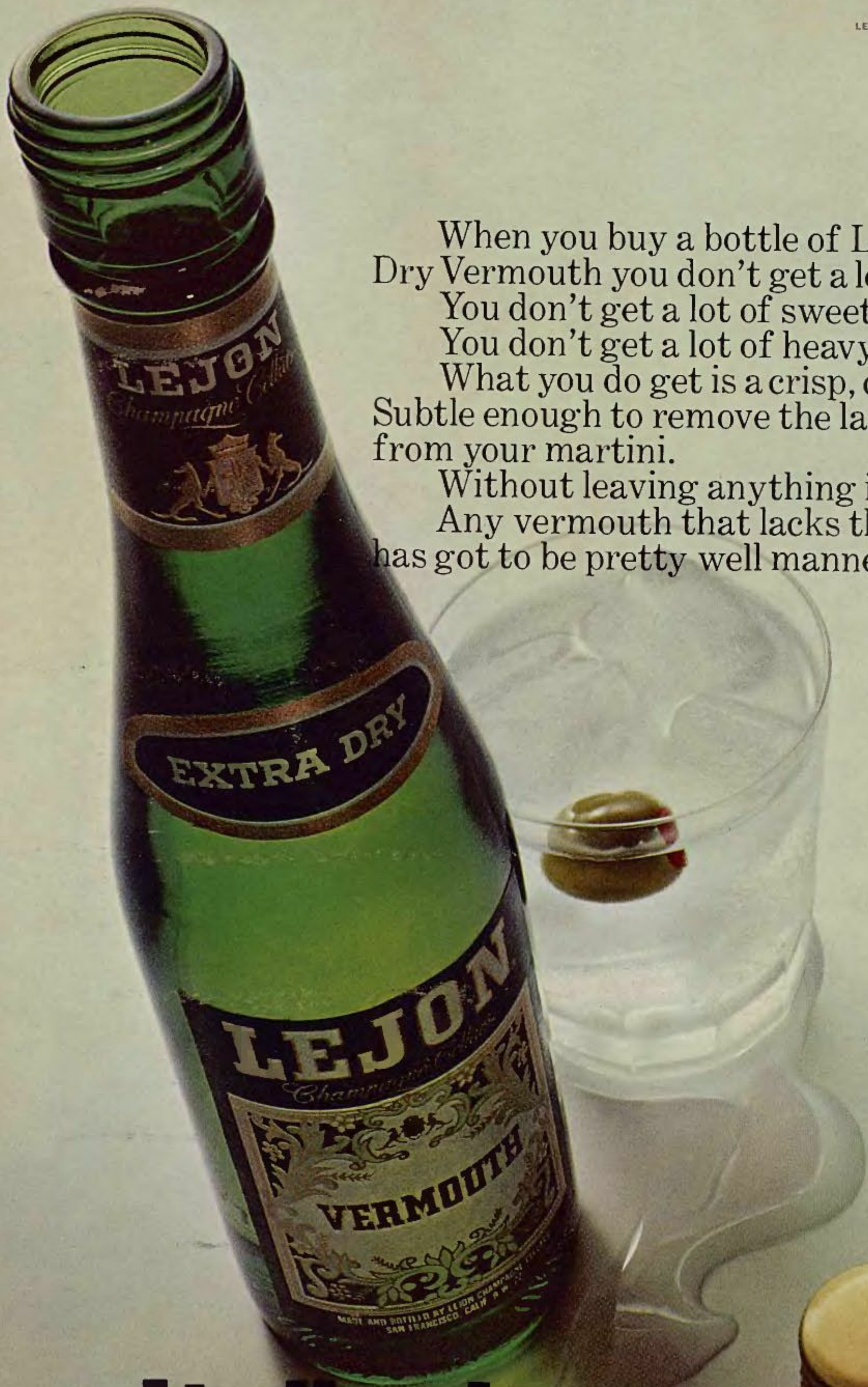

It displays an amazing lack of taste.

PLAYBILL

THE RECORD SUCCESS of our hefty holiday issues —specially priced, outsized annual editions brimming with fine fiction, features, articles and pictorials—has demonstrated to us that our readers are content to pay more for a meatier, more bountiful editorial package. Beginning with this issue, therefore, we've raised the cover price of PLAYBOY to one dollar in order to provide you with a very special issue *every* month.

For openers, the dollar issue at hand presents a complete, new novelette, *Whispers in Bedlam*, by Irwin Shaw, a prolific novelist and storyteller whose association with PLAYBOY dates back to 1955. *Whispers*, Shaw's seventh—and longest—PLAYBOY work, relates an antic saga of a dumb football player who unwittingly, and unwillingly, acquires remarkable powers through unlikely means. You don't have to be a gridiron fan to dig this wild and witty adventure. Shaw's most ambitious undertaking since his novel *Voices of a Summer Day*. Though he's best known for authoring such powerhouse books as *The Young Lions* and *Two Weeks in Another Town*, Shaw also boasts an excellent track record in movies: He adapted Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* for the screen and coproduced *In the French Style*, which was based on two of his own short stories.

Our expanded coverage in the field of nonpareil nonfiction begins with Carey McWilliams' investigation of *The Intellectual as a Political Force*, a considered look at how a thoughtfully vocal minority is actively involved in reshaping the political scene. A longtime editor of *The Nation*, McWilliams' works are currently enjoying a renaissance: Four of his books—including *Ambrose Bierce: a Biography* and *Factories in the Field*—are being reissued, after being out of print for more than 20 years.

Snaking along 1800 miles from Paris to Istanbul, *The Orient Express* is more legend than railroad, conjuring up images of mysterious femmes fatales and elegant accommodations abristle with spies of various allegiances. With relish for his exotic subject, William Sansom—here guesting for Travel Editor Len Deighton, who is researching his upcoming PLAYBOY takeout on Japan—recaptures the colorful history of this cross-continental phenomenon and provides a vivid firsthand account of the trip as it is today. Sansom's impressive credentials for the task include travel essays for such periodicals as *Holiday* and *Réalités*—as well as more than 25 books. The New York Public Library recently paid him the honor of purchasing all extant original manuscripts of his works, and Sansom reports that the manuscript of this article will one day be added to the collection.

If you think covering cover girl Nancy Chamberlain constitutes an unusual calling for a pillow, we direct your attention to page 91, where superstud Woody Allen, master of the coveted pink belt in *Shindai!*, an arcane Oriental art of man-to-girl combat (sometimes known as kiddie karate), squares off for a pillow fight to the finish with a ravishable antagonist. For those who find belting their beloveds with bolsters excessively athletic as a seductive gambit, James Prideaux offers an offbeat assortment of *Curiouser Courtships*—valentine postscripts to some sugary old-time postcards —ranging from the poignant to the preposterous. Prideaux, whose *Curious Courtships* appeared here last February, is currently at work on a screenplay called *Martha* for Katharine Hepburn.

Novelist and sometime creative-writing teacher James Houston tells us that his zany *On His Way to Epley's Bike Shop Charley Meets a Girl with Twelve Dogs* came about in the following way: "The story began the day I picked up a saintly and reserved girl traveling across town in the company of 12 dogs. I dropped her off and drove on to a bike shop, where the owner began an energetic, unsolicited harangue about the world condition. After driving away, I began to wonder what would happen if these two—the quiet cool and the hypermanic—ever got together. From there, one thing led to another."

T. K. Brown III takes a comic whack at the paranormal in *Midnight Snack*, a yarn that answers the age-old question: Can a respectable middle-class werewolf find marital happiness in Connecticut?

Amid literary history's countless celebrations of feminine charms, no odes have sung the praises of that most neglected of anatomic areas—the elbow. With wit and warmth, Richard Armour does his bit to remedy the situation in *Looking Over the Overlooked Elbow*. "I consider myself a specialist on the elbow," Armour told us. "It's at least as good as being a leg man or a nose-and-throat man. As my study advances, I intend to narrow my specialty to the right elbow or the left elbow, but I can't decide yet which it will be."

If your favorite valentine is having trouble finding you a suitable gift for Cupid's day, you might turn her on to *Sights & Sounds of '69*—an up-to-the-minute sampling of the newest in television, radio and hi-fi equipment. Should your complement of electronic gear already be compleat, you might refer her to Robert L. Green's *Leather's New Look*, wherein our fashionable Fashion Director shows why—and how—that manly material is no longer the sole sartorial province of the rodeo and motorcycle sets.

Also in this winter-warming issue: J. Paul Getty shatters *The Myth of the Organization Man*. Along with the results of our annual Jazz and Pop Poll, Nat Hentoff examines the contemporary musical scene in *Jazz & Pop '69*. Mort Sahl sounds off satirically about the new Nixon years, creeping fascism and other cheery topics in a *Playboy Interview*. And, as a final fillip to fill this overflowing package, Pamela Tiffin stars in an exclusive pictorial portfolio. There's much more, too. All in all, we think you'll agree that the bigger and better PLAYBOY is the best buy in town.

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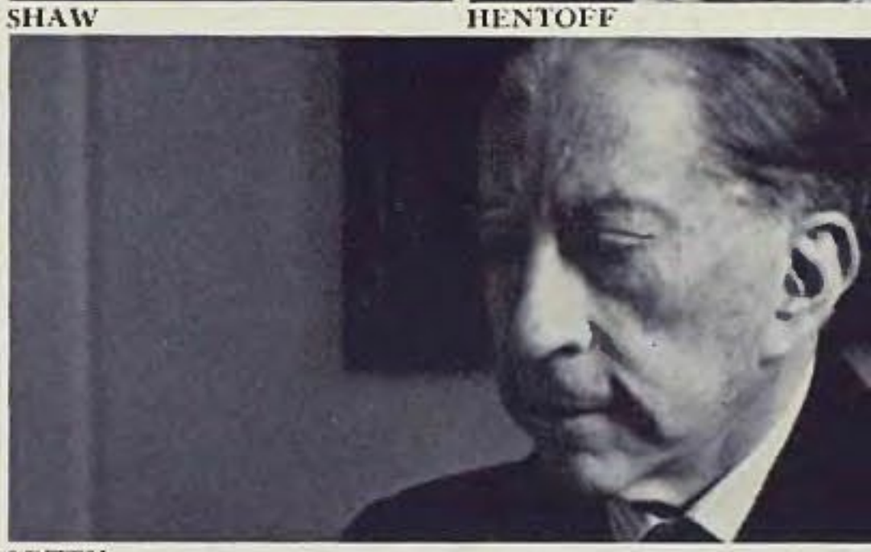
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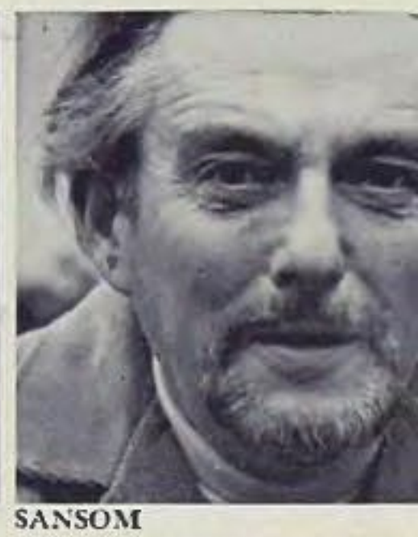
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vol. 16, no. 2—february, 1969

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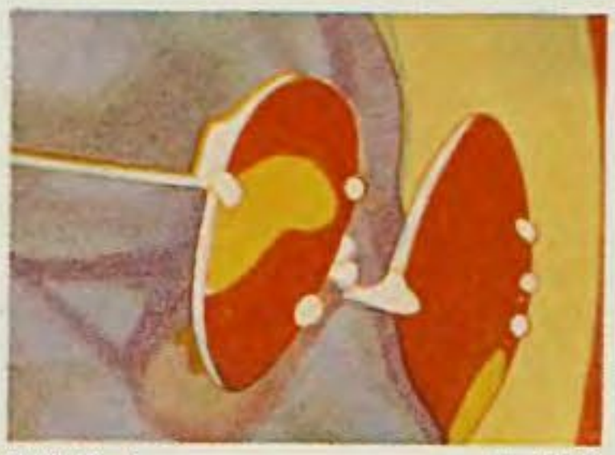

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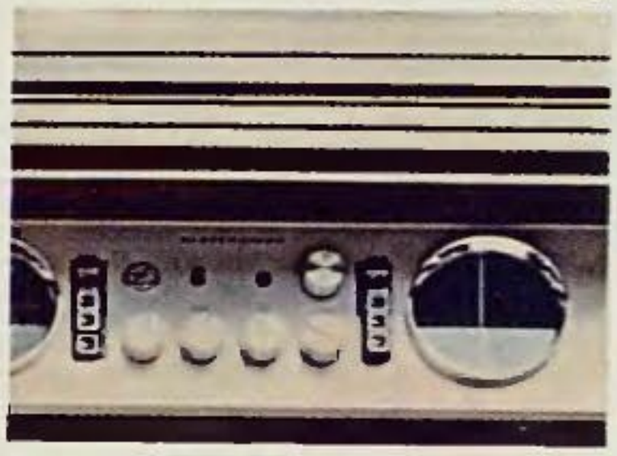

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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INSTANT REPLAY

I thoroughly enjoyed Robert Sherrill's *Instant Electorate* in the November PLAYBOY. Sherrill fairly appraised the strengths—and the weaknesses—of electronic voting and of our Congress. He deserves high marks for thoroughness and, more important, for objectivity.

T. Sloane
Boston, Massachusetts

Robert Sherrill is absolutely right: A direct electronic democracy would prove disastrous to the delicate urban and industrial order of the United States. Direct citizen control of the decision-making apparatus in politics is feasible only in small city-states with a high degree of homogeneity. The increasing complexity of the problems facing the modern state makes it impossible to govern by direct, popular democracy. The multiple demands of a pluralistic society are better met by an indirect representative democracy. Thus, public policy is fashioned on a majority basis by Congressional representatives who are subject to popular influence and control. The key to this system is elections that provide accountability for past actions. The electorate chooses a slate of decision makers, rather than deciding specifics of future policy.

Lionel Polger
Montreal, Quebec

I once read a science-fiction story that had a twist missing from Robert Sherrill's *Instant Electorate*—wiring elected officials for instant destruction when cumulative button pushing against them passed 50 percent. I think that this could be extended to destroying the world if, on majority vote, people were tired of life—or of their neighbors.

John Pierce, Executive Director
Research Communications
Sciences Division
Bell Telephone Laboratories
Murray Hill, New Jersey

Sherrill's *Instant Electorate* was very well handled, well researched and disturbingly informative. It no doubt added to the certain amount of justifiable paranoia in Canada about the mental and social health of the United States. But even though we are relatively helpless and dependent on the United States, when Sherrill proclaims that things would be *more* rotten and perilous if decisions were put directly to the electorate, we must disagree.

I have more confidence in Americans than either Mr. Sherrill or America's founding fathers, cynics all. Just as surely as action begets reaction, so does lack of trust beget lack of responsibility. Your checks-and-balances Constitution has created an irresponsible monster by not permitting or encouraging individual responsibility. It is, therefore, only natural that Sherrill should fall into a trap set for him long before his birth. He seems convinced that he is evil and needs restraining.

Ian McCallum
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

I found myself in complete agreement with Sherrill—until I reached his conclusion. His explanation of the rise and fall of President Johnson's popularity escapes me. Granted that opinion shifts were due to the bombing halts, I still know of no "factoryworkers, clerks, secretaries, even grocers and barbers" who disapprove of peace because "they are afraid that a slump in the war will affect their income." Rather, they feel as I do—that as long as we have men on the ground in Vietnam, we should be doing all that we can to support and protect them. If we are going to fight a war, then fight it. If not, then get out completely. Let's not play political games with men's lives.

Mrs. T. H. Lawless
Honolulu, Hawaii

After reading your November article titled *Instant Electorate*, I have but one comment: Phooey on electronic democracy!

Governor Lester Maddox
Atlanta, Georgia

The United States Congress is a disgrace. The use of the seniority system to determine committee chairmanships has allowed a handful of old reactionaries to turn Congress into a private sultanate where even other Congressmen are

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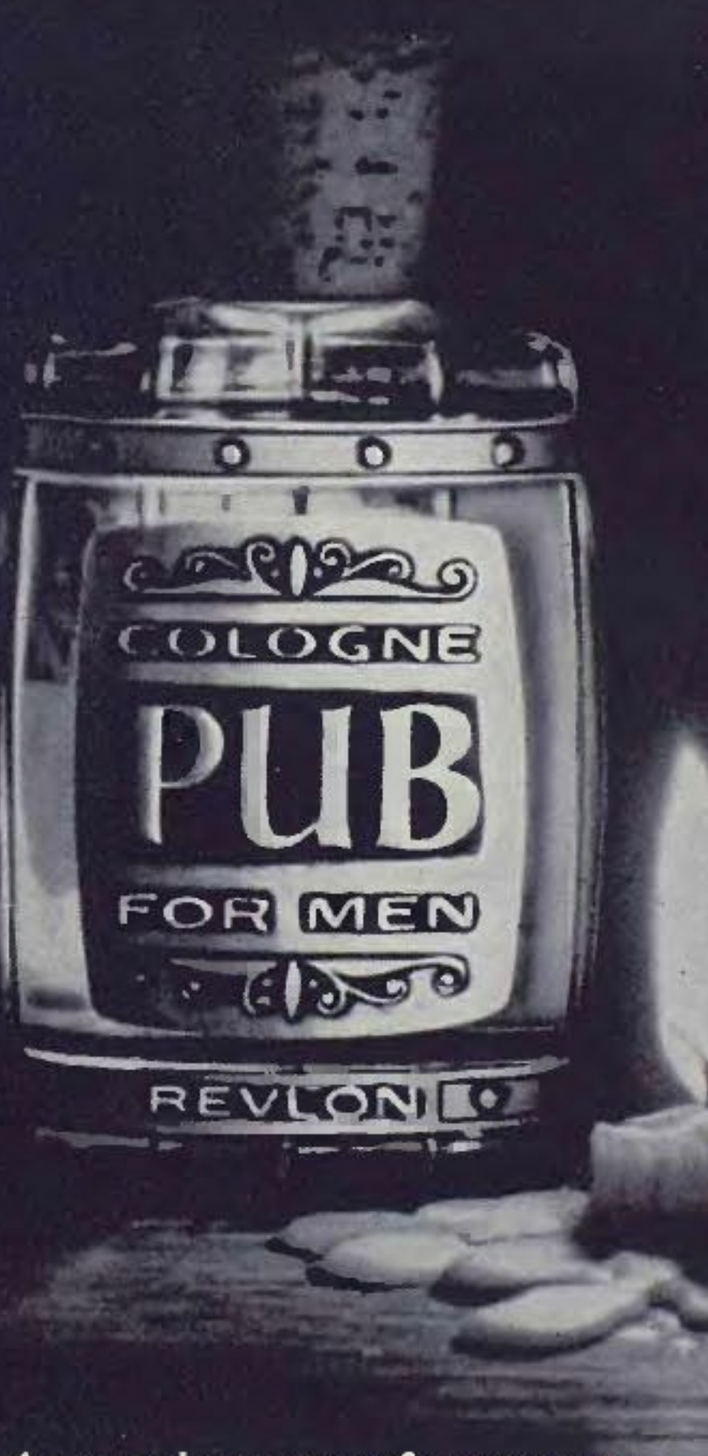

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reduced to eunuchs. No wonder our nation is either apathetic or moving toward open revolt.

We need a constitutional amendment that limits the time any Senator or Representative may hold office; the amendment should further specify that all committee chairmen be elected by the House or the Senate, acting in open forum at the beginning of each new Congress. This would not eliminate all political corruption, but it would put a time limit on despotic rule.

A. M. Wilson
Cohasset, Massachusetts

Robert Sherrill hints at a better system of decision making than the one currently available. He correctly dramatizes the antiquated thought patterns of dinosaur-era Congressmen. However, he sees no hope in the equally obsolete masses; and here lies his error. As young people are constantly thrust against our unyielding electoral system, they turn toward a new, more revolutionary life pattern. By the time the country is ready for electronic voting, which I certainly see as a possible future method of political participation, there will be a new mass of voters. Having been nurtured in the cybernetic age, these people will not be operating from a framework of economic scarcity and, hence, will exhibit different characteristics than today's voters. Voters of tomorrow will tend to be less hording and warlike, more creative, humanistic, fun-loving and anarchistic. With such a population, electronic voting becomes highly desirable, though it might tend to centralize decision-making powers. The future system of government, as well as being more efficient, must be more decentralized. That is, room must be made, within the system, for groups gathered together around a particular way of life—tribes that should be allowed to participate directly in those matters that affect them and only them. Electronic tribalism is not as contradictory as it sounds. The technological age may allow us to have our cake and eat it, too. If we, as young people, can resist the values and institutions that the menopausal idiots who run this country now force-feed us, we have a chance to actualize such a free society. Only in the struggle for such a society, in the streets of America, will these new values emerge. Merely contemplating revolution will not make it happen.

Abbie Hoffman
New York, New York

Tribal revolutionary Hoffman faces various charges, in Chicago and Washington, growing from his activities during last summer's Democratic Convention.

REQUIEM FOR A WRITER

Allan Seager's *Colorless in Limestone Caverns* (PLAYBOY, November) was one of the most moving pieces of fiction I've encountered in some time. The idea of a scientist trapped in a mystical involvement with his blind laboratory fish might seem at first preposterous, but Seager treats it with such skill and sensitivity that the story becomes a compelling allegory. It is a shame that such a talented writer had to die so prematurely.

Bill Bartlett
Dayton, Ohio

I read *Colorless in Limestone Caverns* with the same deep interest with which I have always read Seager's fiction. He had a rare and penetrating gift of original insight into character and situation, and it plays brilliantly in this story. Seager's death is a real loss to contemporary American letters and a cause for my personal grief, since I knew him, even if not intimately.

Professor Mark Schorer
Berkeley, California

Author-critic Schorer's works include "William Blake: the Politics of Vision" and "Sinclair Lewis: an American Life."

THE ACID TONGUE TEST

Thanks for your hilarious November interview with Don Rickles. As a Rickles fan, I was happy to see that PLAYBOY had the guts to tackle the task. Congratulations are also in order to interviewer Sol Weinstein, who stood up to Rickles' fantastic barbs and even inserted several of his own.

Mike Selman
Harrison, New York

Don Rickles' acerb tongue-lashing of night-club customers has an interesting historical precedent. In Paris during the 1880s, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, the postimpressionist painter, began his career as observer of Montmartre fleshpots at Le Mirliton. The cabaret was run by Aristide Bruant, who was famous for his bawdy songs and *engueulade*—a technique of disarming his customers by directing a stream of abuse at them as they entered his club. Bruant had a tremendous influence on the young painter, and the *engueulade* may be manifested in Lautrec's own mocking artistic style. Could it be that Rickles may become the Aristide Bruant of a massive new art movement? Or how about a new historical situation comedy with Rickles as Bruant and Don Adams as a lecherous Toulouse-Lautrec?

Marvin Saines
Amherst, Massachusetts

I was surprised, pleased and humbled to find that Don included me, along with Regis Philbin and Strom Thurmond, as one of the genuine powerhouse comics. I've been a Rickles fan for years, long before TV briefly discovered his talents, and I have never missed an opportunity to dig his exciting style, brilliant phrasing and incomparable tone production. In my book, Rickles is beautiful—and one of the really great singers of our time.

Jack Haskell
NBC *Tonight* Show
New York, New York

On behalf of our members, I want to commend Don Rickles for choosing former Bowery Boy Huntz Hall as a member of his personal "rat pack." This choice proves Rickles is a true spokesman for the elite, camp-minded society we so dearly love. Please thank him for us.

Christine Andersen
Huntz Hall Fan Club
Seattle, Washington

I thought the interview with Don Rickles was the funniest I have ever read, and the fact that it was probably the longest made it an even greater achievement.

Jack Benny
Beverly Hills, California

To me, Don Rickles is like the guy we used to have on the corner who was very good at rankin'. Like a rankin' contest where there are just two guys, and one guy says: "Well, your mother ain't no good." The other guy says: "Your father's sneakers are made out of people's underwear." Rankin' is where you talk about somebody's mother so bad until the guy breaks down and cries. And the crowd is standing around and they all laugh.

Don Rickles is that kind of guy. A number-one ranker, the champion ranker. I love to hear him talk about everybody, and I laugh and roll all over the floor while he's puttin' everybody down; but he better not say anything about me, 'cause I don't play that game.

Bill Cosby
Beverly Hills, California

An interview with Cosby will appear in an upcoming issue of PLAYBOY.

The interview with Don Rickles is terribly funny—and worthy of a better magazine. Sol Weinstein did a wonderful job. In fact, I read it twice—once for Weinstein and once for Rickles. There should be more pieces like that in your magazine and fewer photos of naked broads. Keep up the good work. America needs more of this kind of writing. If you continue this way, someday I may have to subscribe.

Groucho Marx
Beverly Hills, California

Rickles' feats of memory and imagination are quite impressive. But it's too bad he relies so heavily on shock for his humor. Like no one else, he yokes together variegated and vulgar images

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with such undisciplined rapidity that people confuse him with what he pretends to be—an artist. I'm surprised that more people can't recognize a dull deceiver when they see one.

James E. Tierney
St. Louis, Missouri

Rickles' statements were so bitter and so very unnecessary that I could summon up neither the courage nor the patience to finish reading them. Rickles is not a comedian but an egotistical cynic, and I find his so-called "humor" most distasteful. How he ever secures bookings in places other than public toilets remains a mystery to me.

Lucy McDonald
University, Mississippi

Both teams lost in the bottom of the ninth: Don Rickles for demonstrating a total lack of humor and PLAYBOY for believing such a revolting interview would be tolerated by its readers. You have no hope of winning the pennant unless your taste drastically improves.

Bob Sears
Angola, Indiana

Who is Don Rickles?

Jack Henderson
KFMT Radio
Thule AFB, Greenland

We're checking on this and will report.

CHEMICAL REACTION

Ernest Havemann's *Psychochemistry: Personality by Prescription* (PLAYBOY, November) was an engaging and authoritative survey of an exciting new scientific frontier. Even though Havemann sensibly indicates the dangers inherent in using chemicals to control or alter personality, memory and intelligence, he convinced me that there is far more to be gained than lost by such undertakings. The successful chemical treatment of mental patients that he describes—in contrast to the dubious results attained by psychoanalysis—is itself enough to justify further research. Thank you for a most informative article.

Ken Brown
Seattle, Washington

I read Havemann's piece with interest. He researched his material carefully. His article was well written, factual and correctly represents current opinion among research psychiatrists.

A. Hoffer, M. D., Ph.D.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

As a graduate student in chemistry, I must praise Havemann's excellent research on the biochemical aspect of the psychomimetic revolution; as a physician's son, I admire Havemann's comments on the medical aspects; and as a human being, I welcome his timely discussion of the sexual, social and moral pitfalls to be avoided. Congratulations.

David W. Doll
Houston, Texas

Psychochemistry was a worthy effort to bring the studies and the speculations of behavioral scientists to your readers. The hazards as well as the hopes of current and future drugs that affect the mind were well set down. I would like to emphasize one point—even at the risk of disenchanting those who may be waiting with open mouth for the "smart" pill. Yes, chemicals to enhance intelligence, recall and attention are all possible. What seems inconceivable to me is a wisdom potion. Instant learning, perhaps; instant wisdom, no. Wisdom is the successful integration of that which is known. It is much more than data scanning and retrieval. Judgment, discernment and, somehow, a sense of humor must be fused with the retrieved information. These qualities seem attainable only by a profound engagement in life and the consequential contemplation of these experiences. Perhaps part of our current predicament can be defined in terms of too much knowledge and not enough wisdom—too much information, not enough integration of it. Neither pills nor computers will make men wise. What we need more than anything are a few seers.

Dr. Sidney Cohen, Chief
Center for Studies of Narcotic and Drug Abuse
National Institute of Mental Health
Chevy Chase, Maryland

RIDING HIGH

I just finished reading *Riding with Bonnie and Clyde*, by W. D. Jones in the November PLAYBOY. It is the most interesting article I've seen in months. It must have captured the attention of everyone who has seen the movie and wants to know what Bonnie and Clyde were really like.

Mrs. Elaine Turner
Ozark, Alabama

W. D. Jones' article about the real Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow was very reassuring. After seeing the movie and reading several magazine stories, I was beginning to get an unfavorable impression of the Barrow gang.

Peter du Moulin
Northfield, Vermont

NUDE WAVE

Howard Junker's *Theater of the Nude* (PLAYBOY, November) was convincing proof that the theater is no longer the moribund province of middle-aged commuters. As Junker points out—and as the photos accompanying

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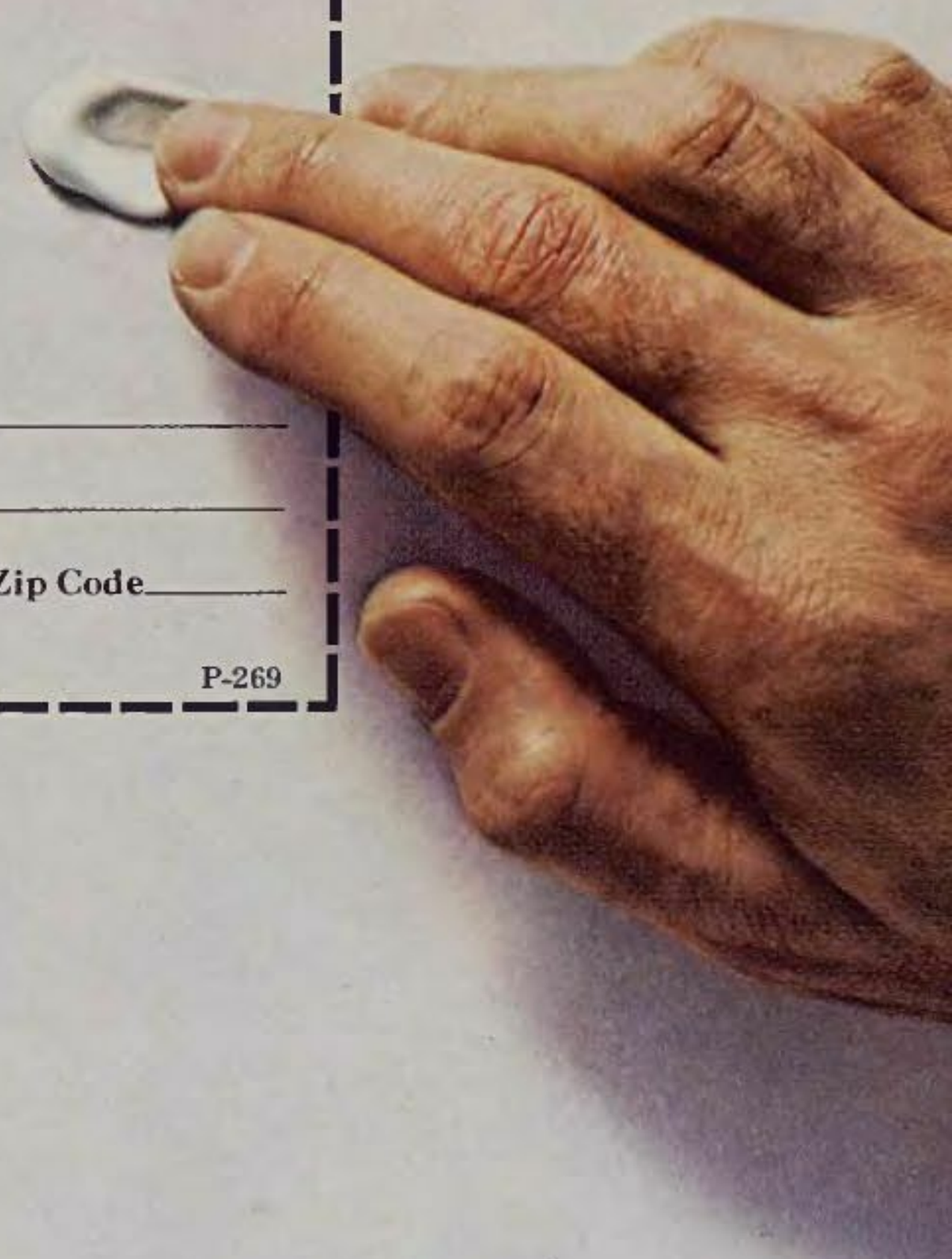

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With Yashica's Electro 35, one's enough

Cover photographer Charles Varon made only one exposure for this picture. Without flash. He used a Yashica Electro 35. Ordinarily, he would have "insured" himself with a dozen or more shots. But he knows the radically different electronic shutter of the Electro 35 automatically selects the precise exposure in a range of 1/500th through 30 full seconds.

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the article amply demonstrate—the vitality of off-off-Broadway productions is sneaking onto Broadway itself. The nudity in such shows as *Hair* and *Tom Paine* points to a refreshing new honesty in the theater. Let us hope, however, that theatrical nudity is not exploited for its own sake—because that would put the theater right back where it started.

Peter Montague
Albuquerque, New Mexico

The whole world catastrophe continues; systems of laws and aesthetics change and persist. It is good to be liberated and find profound new regions of being in oneself through theater—and this must be freeing and must recast and transform old categories. That is perhaps why there is some nudism in the theater—and not a theater of the nude.

Rochelle Owens
New York, New York

Miss Owens is the author of "Futz!," one of the new plays discussed in PLAYBOY*'s article.*

In the 1920s, H. L. Mencken anticipated, even predicted, the *Theater of the Nude*, with the following observation concerning actors: "An actor never disdains anything that gets him applause and money; he is almost completely devoid of that aesthetic conscience which is the chief mark of the genuine artist. If there were a large public willing to pay handsomely to hear him recite limericks, or to blow a cornet, or to strip off his underwear and dance a polonaise stark naked, he would do it without hesitation—and then convince himself that such buffooning constituted a difficult and elevated art, fully comparable to Wagner's or Dante's. In brief, the one essential, in his sight, is the chance to shine, the fat part, the applause. Who ever heard of an actor declining a fat part on the ground that it invaded his intellectual integrity? The thing is simply unimaginable."

Robert M. Rose, M. D.
New Orleans, Louisiana

FINANCIAL SUCCESS

My congratulations to PLAYBOY Senior Editor Michael Laurence for his fine job in writing *The Legacy* (PLAYBOY, November). It was one of the best pieces of financial fiction I've ever come across.

N. Caldwell Bowers
San Marcos, Texas

Thank you for *The Legacy*.

Alan P. Howell
Oyster Bay, New York

Laurence's *The Legacy* is, without a doubt, the finest short story I have ever read. I am terribly interested in investments and I must praise Laurence's ingenious ideas about investment "systems." Also, the depth of the story was fantastic, especially the last words old Krieses spoke to Hal just before Krieses killed himself—they were perfect. I certainly hope Laurence continues his great work; however, it will be difficult to equal *The Legacy*.

David Beinke
Springfield, Missouri

In publishing Laurence's *The Legacy*, PLAYBOY has given to its readers a literary tour de force. This story of high finance and stock-market wizardry has enthralled the entire business department at San Diego State College.

A. R. Hylton
San Diego State College
San Diego, California

FIRST RESORT

I thoroughly enjoyed *Astropolis: the First Space Resort* (PLAYBOY, November) by Krafft A. Ehricke. It's a fascinating concept and I'm very much looking forward to partaking of its pleasures and wonders.

Gary Brown
Toledo, Ohio

Krafft Ehricke's article on a pleasure palace in space was fascinating. But his design of the station overlooks one major possibility. None of the private rooms are located in the zero-gravity area; rather, all the rooms there are used for such public pleasures as sports. There must be, however, many engaging variations of sexual enjoyment that a zero-gravity environment would permit—and at least a few private rooms in this area should allow the adventuresome to experiment with free-fall sex.

George Rogers
Wilmington, California

While I commend you for the detailed planning in your article on *Astropolis: the First Space Resort*, I must take issue with the title. The article should have been called *Astropolis: the Third Space Resort*.

The Hilton Hotels' primacy in space resorts has been documented in the motion picture *2001: A Space Odyssey*. This film has been seen by millions of viewers in thousands of theaters throughout the world. I would assume that the staff of PLAYBOY has seen it, since PLAYBOY recently interviewed the film's director, Stanley Kubrick.

On May 2, 1967, the undersigned appeared before the American Astronautical Society in Dallas, Texas, to detail Hilton's long-range plans for a Lunar Hilton. In addition, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Los Angeles Times* carried full-page ads on October 10, 1968, pointing out that the first

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6898. Plus: This Town, It Was A Very Good Year, 12 in all

7029. Plus: I'm Just A Man, If The Day Would Come, 11 in all

7168. Also: People, The Very Thought of You, Autumn Leaves, Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars, Let It Be Me, 21 in all

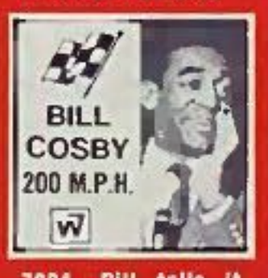
6963. Uproarious selections by members of Laugh-in's cast

6340. Also: Like A Lover, The Look Of Love, Roda, etc.

7051. Also: You Send Me, A Change, I Take What I Want, etc.

6656. Plus: Yesterday, Legend of Bonnie and Clyde, etc.

6989. Also: Tangier, The River Song, As I Recall It, 13 in all



7084. Bill tells it like it was. Dogs And Cats, The Wife, etc.

7045. Also: Little Green Apples, Feelin' Groovy, 10 in all

6870. Also: I Wish It Would Rain, Rock Me Mama, etc.

7150. Tune in, and turn on . . . as mod as Carnaby Street.

6903. Also: Ballad Of Louise, Widow Jones, No Brass Band, etc.

6964. Cry Me A River, People, Second Hand Rose, many more

6972. Also: I Heard It Through The Grapevine, etc.

6489. Plus: Up And At It, Georgia On My Mind, 10 in all

7056. Plus: Wish Me Well, Rambling On, Magdalene, etc.

6415. Folsom Prison Blues, The Long Black Veil, The Wall ,etc.

6405. Also: Tramp, Don't Mess With Cupid, 11 in all

6313. "Like the movie, a hit album" —Billboard Magazine

6897. Also: People; The Good, The Bad And The Ugly; 11 in all

6876. Includes: Ball And Chain, Summertime, etc.

7086-7087. Two Record Set (Counts As One Selection)

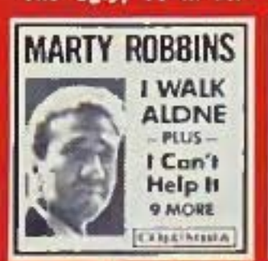
6638. Includes: Long Black Limousine, The House Next Door, etc.

6825. Includes: Sweet Blindness, Good News, 6 more

6366. Includes: Old Friends, Mrs. Robinson, At The Zoo, etc.

6769. Includes 6 selections from Strauss, Ligeti, Blomdahl, etc.

5577. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection) What Now My Love; I Got You, Babe; Plastic Man; Just You; etc.



6894. Also: Lily Of The Valley, She Thinks I Still Care, etc.

9480. Includes: Honey, The Mighty Quinn, Lady Madonna, etc.

5553. Plus: Maria, Moon River, Yesterday, Dominique, etc.

6762. Plus Do You Know The Way To San Jose, Honey, etc.

7082. It will transfix, arouse and awaken you.

7117. Also: You Better Sit Down Kids, Sunny, Hey Joe, etc.

6926. Plus: Ol' Man River, Morning Dew, Let Me Love You, etc.

7116. A musical score as powerful and full of intrigue as the film

6768. Plus: The Little Die Wine Drinker, Why I'm Walkin', etc.

6823. Also: Five To One, Wintertime Love, 11 in all

7052. Plus: Listen Here, Sham Time, Spanish Quil, etc.

6843. Includes: Man's Temptation, Harvey's Tune, etc.

6408. Plus: People Get Ready, Groovin', Ain't No Way, etc.

7037. Also: Teach Me How To Fly, I Feel Sorry, 10 in all

5937. Includes: Raga Dhimpalasi, Tabla Solo In Ektal, etc.

5933. Plus: Fun To The Flame, The Little Things, etc.

6706. Plus: Poor Cow, Young Girl Blues, Preachin' Love, etc.

6973. Plus: By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Sunny, 9 more

5584. Plus: Apache, The Lonely Bull, Wipe-Out, 12 in all

2081. Performance is "sparkling." —Cue Magazine

6689. Includes: Help, Mandrake Root, Hush, Love Help Me, 5 more

6550. Program taken from performances at Carnegie Hall

5944. Plus: The End, Soul Kitchen, Back Door Man, etc.

6420. Also: Happy Talk, Falling In Love Again, Holiday, etc.

2435. Also: Since I Fell For You, Spartacus, etc.

1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

4302. Here is a real record bargain. This special two-record set counts as one selection only

6771. Also: Love Is Blue, Sunny, Honey, Unicorn, 10 in all

4404. Plus: Old Brush Arbors, My Favorite Lies, Take Me, etc.

7036. Also: Four Days Gone, Special Care, I Am A Child, etc.

6429. Also: Jimmy Dean, Marty Robbins, Ray Price, Johnny Horton, Carl Smith, Tammy Wynette, Roy Drusky, etc.

6733. Plus: Look To Your Soul, Whiter Shade Of Pale, etc.

6709. Plus: By The Time I Get to Phoenix, 11 in all

3858. Plus: Rainy Day Women, Like A Rolling Stone, etc.

2639. One of the most outstanding musicals of all time

1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

5640. "An all-time great screen musical!"—Variety

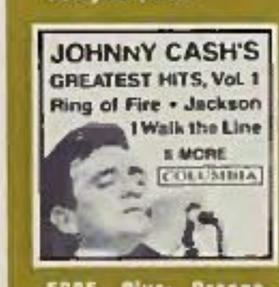
6202. Includes: To A Wild Rose, Londonderry Air, etc.

3793. Also: Nobody Out Me, Goodbye Young Dreams, etc.

6970. Includes: Toot Sweets, Fun Fair, You Two, Posh, etc.

6529. Also Includes: Flamingo, When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Can Heat, Prayer Meetin', The Champ, etc.

7019. Also: Rock Of Ages, The Lord's Prayer, 11 in all



5095. Plus: Orange Blossom Special; It Ain't Me, Babe; etc.

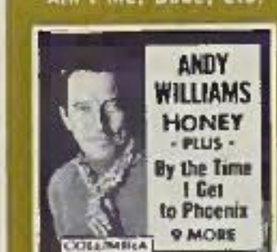
1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

5737. Plus: Is It Any Wonder; It Ain't Me, Babe; etc.

8734. Also: Honey, Young Girl, The Look Of Love, 11 in all

5236. España, On The Trail, Waltz Of The Flowers, etc.

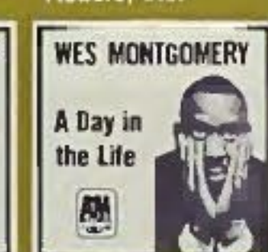
1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.



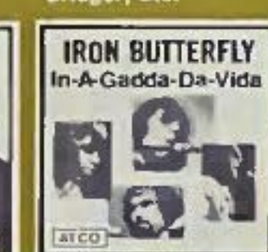
6556. Plus: Love Is Blue; Windy; Up, Up And Away; etc.

6947. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection). Emperor Concerto, Pathetique, Appassionata, Moonlight Sonatas, etc.

3720. Also: My Baby, Get Ready, Don't Look Back, etc.



5788. Plus: Windy, Eleanor Rigby, The Joker, 10 in all



7035. Also: Are You Happy, Termination, My Mirage, etc.

7034. Also: Down To Earth, Let There Be Love, Swan Song, etc.

6280. Plus: Evil Woman, An Owl Song, My Crime, 10 in all

1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all

6159. Plus: With One Exception, My Elusive Dreams, etc.

6509. Plus: The Look Of Love, Love Is Blue, 11 in all

6465. Laura also sings the hit Stoned Soul Picnic, others

5963. Plus: Pride, A Thing Called Sadness, Night Life, etc.

3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc.

6615. Also: Jackson, Flowers On The Wall, All The Time, etc.

5586. Also: Learn How To Fly, Poor Side Of Town, etc.

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astronauts to land on the moon would probably stay at a Hilton. We have always found PLAYBOY to be a fair and objective publication. In view of the foregoing facts, we would appreciate your publishing this letter to correct the impression that has been left with your otherwise well-informed readers. Short of this, we may just file a friendly suit, in hope that the settlement for damage to Hilton's reputation might be the award of all PLAYBOY's rights in outer space.

Barron Hilton, President
Hilton Hotels Corporation
Beverly Hills, California

FEELING BETTER

For those of us who suspect that psychiatrists ought to be grouped with phrenologists, mesmerists and faith healers, Jeffery Hudson's *How Does That Make You Feel?* (PLAYBOY, November) came as a welcome substantiation of our suspicions. Fiction or not, it wittily demonstrated that psychiatrists are only human—and sometimes considerably less than that.

Tim Johnson
Columbus, Ohio

How Does That Make You Feel? is a tight, precise little gem. Shrinkery personified!

J. Michael Crichton
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Hudson insults the medical profession in a flagrant and irresponsible manner. The fact that he is amusing, witty and precise does not excuse him.

Edgar Bennett, M.D.
Department of Neurology
Harvard University Medical School
Boston, Massachusetts

SKI LIFT

Len Deighton's coverage of Aspen in *Skiing: from A to V* (PLAYBOY, November) generated some Christmas memories as clear as the mountain air—and some as fuzzy as a high Colorado blizzard. Yep, Len is straight about it; even a hard-working bat could score in Aspen. It's great: challenging skiing and, certainly, equally challenging night life. Thanks, Len.

Adam West
Malibu, California

As "Batman" buffs know well, Aspen enthusiast West spent several seasons as television's Caped Crusader.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR GIRLS?

Question of the month: Should a gentleman offer a PLAYBOY to a lady? Answer: Yes, we love it!

The Girls at Radford College
Radford, Virginia

Here's Snow In Your Eye!

Hi! Did you know America's getting a lot of new playgrounds? They're called Bavarian Alpine Inns. Clean. Sleek. REALLY WITH IT! Just like a Bavarian lodge—designed for great times for happy people. Where fun girls like me meet fun guys like you for tall, frosty glasses of Budweiser, Busch-Bavarian and Michelob beers. Not to mention alpine-size sandwiches (priced right!). All served in an atmosphere as cozy as a winter night spent around a crackling fire. ■ Join me for lunch, an afternoon snack, or best of all, some late evening fun. Look for me and my friends at the crisp blue-and-white Bavarian Inns. There's probably one in your neighborhood. Or soon will be. If not, you might consider moving.

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P.S. Interested in having your own Inn? I might be able to help. Write me, Sonja, Bavarian Alpine Inns, 4 Executive Park, Atlanta, Ga. 30329.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Some of the most imaginative fiction being written in America today appears in the tabloids that come out once a week with shrieking headlines such as "IOWA FARM GIRL RAPED BY ENTIRE CREW OF FLYING SAUCER (*Authentic Photos Inside*)." The boldness of the "reporters" who produce this native variety of pop art was never so well illustrated as in a recent story that was a direct steal from Tennyson's poem about Lady Godiva and Tom the Tailor. The tabloid version merely converted Miss Godiva into a "voluptuous burlesque dancer" undressing for bed, made Tom a voyeur on the fire escape and gave a scientific flavor to the supernatural blinding of the peeper by having Tom fall into the alley and "shatter the optic nerve."

It seems to us that the bush-league De Sades who grind out this grist have picked the wrong poet to plagiarize. Far more fruitful fields await the harvest, from humbler and less pretentious sources—good old Mother Goose, the Grimm brothers, etc. *Snow White*, for instance, could easily give birth to such a banner headline as "MISSING TEENYBOPPER FOUND IN LOVE NEST WITH SEVEN DIRTY OLD MEN." The suggestively named *Peter Peter* could star in a yarn titled "WIFE TELLS ALL: HUBBY ACCUSED OF BIZARRE ORAL PRACTICES." *Hänsel and Gretel* might be tabloidized into "TERRORIZED TOTS TOAST OLD WOMAN ALIVE." *Simple Simon* would become "YOUTH ARRESTED FOR HOMOSEXUAL ADVANCE TO PIE SALESMAN." The tale of *Cinderella* would be Americanized into "PRESIDENT'S SON ARRESTED FOR FOOT FETISHISM" and *Little Boy Blue* might even emerge as "CONTORTIONIST COMMITS UNNATURAL ACT UPON HIMSELF."

Jack and Jill, obviously, would be turned into the kind of moralistic yarn that these papers especially relish: "THRILL-CRAZED KIDS SEEK PRIVACY FOR ILLICIT SEX, FALL 200 FEET TO DEATH"; and *Old Mother Hubbard* could be a heart-rending sob story ("WOMAN AND PET DOG FOUND STARVED; RED TAPE DELAYED WELFARE CHECK"). *Peter Pan*, of course, reappears as "KIDS KIDNAPED BY BISEXUAL WEIRDO."

But the main preoccupation of these jolly journals lately is with the mounting tide of psychedelic-drug use—a subject their readers find incomprehensible and, therefore, excitingly wicked. Here, again, *Mother Goose* is a rich source of suggestive fable. The eight-legged creature that terrified Miss Muffet, for example, appeared only after she ate "curds and whey"; we can easily envision a story headed: "BERKELEY COED STARTS NEW HIPPIE CRAZE: HALLUCINOGENS EXTRACTED FROM ORDINARY MILK." The appetite for psychedelic scandals involving celebrities could also transmogrify *Wee Willie Winkie* into "SPEED FREAK FOUND RUNNING THROUGH STREETS IN NIGHTGOWN" and *Old King Cole* would become "NARCOTICS AGENTS NAB ENGLISH MONARCH—PIPE SCRAPINGS REVEAL WHY HE WAS SUCH A MERRY OLD SOUL."

We're even beginning to wonder what the tabloid Munchausens would do to old Mother Goose herself. Probably something like "CHILDREN'S AUTHOR BUSTED ON DRUG RAP." "Police took Mrs. Goose into custody after a raid on her apartment uncovered LSD sugar cubes. 'We first began to suspect her,' a narcotics-squad detective told reporters, 'when her latest book was published. All that stuff about dishes running around with spoons and cats playing on fiddles, you know. And when that interplanetary cow came into it, we put her under surveillance and saw a well-known acid dealer visiting her twice a week disguised as a hot-cross-bun merchant.' "

•

Slang, that ever-changing lingua franca and oral shorthand for quick communication, is also quick in new coinages —and the rapid death of old ones. History tells us that "twenty-three skiddoo" served some tribal purpose of interpersonal discourse back in the days when running boards and rumble seats graced such sporty cars as the Stutz Bearcat and the Apperson Jackrabbitt Six. Today, with the hippies taking to the communal hills or becoming Yippies and abandoning LSD to high school children and aging gurus, "freak out" is still a fairly handy expression for what used to be called blowing one's top, in the days when marijuana was more often known as tea than as pot, and grass was still that green stuff you use for lawns. Will freak out live on? Its tenure in everyday speech depends on its continuing utility —with a strong assist from its versatility, which is considerable. It may be used, for example, to characterize the state of feeling attained by a girl who has been brought to orgasmic transports by an unusually well-endowed young man, as indeed it was in a book we picked up the other day that describes just such an event and then comments: "She had had her freak out, and had pretty plentifully drowned her curiosity in a glut of pleasure. . . ."

The vicissitudes of our accelerated times may see freak out give way to some newer expression any day, or it may continue to serve for many years. How many? Who can say—but even if it vanishes from the vulgate tomorrow, it will have had a rather long tenure in the language. The quoted passage occurs in a book first published over 200 years ago—circa 1749, in fact—called *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* or, more commonly, after the name of its heroine, *Fanny Hill*.

•

During the past decade, as you know, a number of bankrupt English nobles have converted their castles into hotels for title-conscious visitors. But now, according to *Passport*, a travel newsletter, competition among the gentry has progressed to ludicrous new plateaus. Three of the more outlandish publicity ploys extant: slot machines suspended from trees on the estate of Sir Wolstan Dixie, a guaranteed personal handshake from the Duke of Bedford and—not to be outdone—a guaranteed personal *smile* from Lord Hertford.

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Truth in Advertising Department, Sexual Revolution Division: The following job-wanted ad appeared in New London, Connecticut's *The Day*—"Junior computer programmer. Recent graduate of

IBM business school wants position and has knowledge of key punch operator."

•

Citadel Press has come out with a paperback edition of a book originally called *How to Be Brief*. The book's new title: *How to Express Yourself Clearly and Briefly*.

•

The ancient art of graffiti is spreading to the advertising world, if one can judge from the marquee of Shreveport, Louisiana's Strand Theater, which lately proclaimed: ANYONE CAN PLAY WITH URSULA ANDRESS.

•

This month's Lost Cause Award goes to Ernest Dichter, president of the Institute for Motivational Research. Speaking before an American Poultry Industries conference, Mr. Dichter advised his audience of the necessity to "bring poultry and turkey products up to date. Move them away from the puritanical, wholesome, taken-for-granted kind of image aura that they have had for too long. If the steak needs its sizzle, the chicken needs its song, its dressing up, its excitement—and even sin and immorality."

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The pick of the current bumper crop of bumper stickers was spotted on a Ferrari in Evanston, Illinois: WARS CAUSE CHROMOSOME DAMAGE.

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Televiewers in Flint, Michigan, witnessed a poignant technological drama a while ago, when station WJRT went dark for several hours. After the first blank seconds, a hand appeared on the screen holding this hastily scrawled message: "We have temporarily lost our slide informing you that we have temporarily lost our picture. Please bear with us."

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Sounds fishy to us, but UPI informs us that Birmingham, England, officials investigated a claim by two young boys that a bus conductor charged them two cents each for 15 minnows as "extra passengers" on their way home from a local pond.

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The refreshing motto of the Thieves Market, an outspoken Haight-Ashbury antique shop: "The Customer Is Usually Wrong."

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Our man in Los Angeles tells us that, for reasons best known to the Government, a Los Angeles venereal disease inspector has been transferred to the tuberculosis-immunization program in the Virgin Islands. His name: Gordon Clapp.

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The Harlem Globetrotters have been hooping it up seriocomically in just about every corner of the world for 42 years now, but it wasn't until last October that the celebrated hot-shots played their first game in a very special part of little old New York: Harlem.

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We applaud the mayor of San Antonio, Texas, for proclaiming a "Round the Clock Bedroom Month," which called for "utilizing the bedroom to its fullest extent."

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In an overzealous attempt to relate to his youthful congregation, a Glendale, Arizona, priest prayed thusly in a high school benediction, according to the clerical bimonthly *Awake!*: "We ask your blessing on things and people you created. . . . Bless hair spray, miniskirts, turtleneck shirts. . . . For God's sake, bless our parties, religious exercises. . . . We ask because we realize you are an understanding God, a swinging God. Sock it to 'em, God."

•

The Columbus, Mississippi, *Commercial Dispatch* wins our award for this month's most grisliest headline: "DRYSDALE'S BALLS ENSHRINED IN MUSEUM."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

San Francisco's intrepid Enrico Banducci, the master impresario who early displayed Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, the Kingston Trio, Barbra Streisand and Woody Allen in his classy *nouveau*-beat North Beach boite, the hungry i, has done it—again? No, for the first time he has opened a new ***hungry i***—maybe $500,000 worth of wood and open brick and slinky stairways and Danish-Tiffany-Frisco elegance in the booming Ghirardelli Square neighborhood, near Fisherman's Wharf. To start things off last November, he served up Jonathan Winters; and he promises the best, the greatest, the wildest, the funniest in the years to come. The bar, Harry's, named for Harry Smith, is plush and warm, both princely and intimate—don't worry if you don't know who Harry Smith was. The restaurant tinkles with good fork-and-knife work (parchment menus, food made dizzy by air shipment). The theater, seating about 400, is superlatively and extravagantly designed to please audiences, performers and Saint Nero, the patron of blessed night clubs. The small dancing area, with its small combo, is conducive to elementary discussions and complex footwork. Perfectionist that he is, Bandooch delayed opening the new i until every polished panel and plotted bauble could be in place and approximately paid for. Not losing touch with his bohemian North Beach past, he hopes to use the new facilities for 16mm movies during the daytime, for experimental theater, for all that can gladden the heart and irrigate the mind. And, of course, if Beauty and Truth and Good Food and Laughter and Classy Architecture and Fine Drink don't bring in the revelers, well, Enrico Banducci will have on his hands a fine, multileveled parking lot with space for 11 Bentleys. More likely, however, justice will be done and the cleverer tourists and cunning San Franciscans will find their way to the new hungry i.

BOOKS

Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn's second novel, ***The First Circle*** (Harper & Row), begins with a warning telephone call made by State Counselor Second Rank Innokenty Volodin and ends nearly 600 pages later with Innokenty's capture and imprisonment. The telephone and the counselor's first name are significant, for it is the perverted use of that instrument for the perverted use of the state that threads the plot and sends an innocent man to prison. Solzhenitsyn, whose first novel was the celebrated *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, knows whereof he speaks, having been sentenced to eight years of forced labor in a Soviet prison camp for having written derogatory remarks about "the man with the mustache" in a letter to a friend. *The First Circle* is a monumental achievement. Dante's First Circle of Hell was reserved for the souls of pre-Christian philosophers who must pay an eternal, but mitigated, price for having been born before their time. A Soviet prison camp, where the book takes place, operates as a laboratory where scientists and technicians serving sentences for what Stalin whimsically decreed were crimes contribute their talents on prisoner's pay. By the spare accounts of Stalin's staggering crimes and casual references to those nauseating sobriquets he allowed to be showered on him, Solzhenitsyn conveys the poisonous flavor of tyranny. There are no heroes in this novel, only victims and victimizers, including Stalin himself. What the author portrays unforgettably is the attrition of humanity under a despotism. It is an attrition not unlike that which occurs to an individual who finds himself in the grip of another kind of tyranny, the tyranny of disease. Reading Solzhenitsyn's third novel, ***The Cancer Ward*** (Dial), in tandem with *The First Circle* extends the boundaries of the reader's participation from a Russian experience to a universal one. Instead of a prison camp, Solzhenitsyn places his victims in ward 13 of a provincial hospital. Just as "Deviationism" and "Obstructionism" are terror words whispered by the Soviet political devil, "Melanoblastoma" and "Metastasis" are the lexicon of the world's devil. The inmates of ward 13 come in varying states of political grace and disgrace, but all are reduced to the barest essentials of self as the tyranny of the tumor takes over. The author makes it easy to read a macrocosmic interpretation into his story, with the cancer of

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the individual transposed to the cancer in society, and usually this would fault a novel. But somehow it works in *The Cancer Ward*. Being subject to human mortality, Solzhenitsyn seems to be saying, is tyranny enough; every other relationship in the world, including that between man and government, should strive to ease that tyranny.

•

What is as rare as neutrality toward Bobby Kennedy? There is no longer a Robert F. Kennedy reaching out for the reins of America, but the need to laud, revile or, at least, attempt to fathom him goes on. Two new books sprung from such sources are ***Robert F. Kennedy: the Myth and the Man*** (Trident), by Victor Lasky, and ***The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy*** (Random House), by David Halberstam. Lasky's book is reminiscent of his brass-knuckles biography of Jack Kennedy; it also shares the same low level of competence. Every shred of irrelevancy is not only here (did Bobby really *belong* on the Harvard football team?) but couched in sophomorically loaded lingo. One who disagrees with Kennedy is "spunky"; when Kennedy agrees with someone, he "chimes in"; when historian Arthur Schlesinger is supporting Kennedy, he is "Artie." Those who feel compelled to flog dead men may turn for anecdotal ammunition to this collection of pointlessness. Halberstam's book belongs in quite another literary league. Although his sympathies clearly outweigh his criticisms, his aim was to weigh both and come up with some historic feel of what impact, if any, the slain Senator might eventually have had on America. This work represents an effort to analyze the forces, circumstances and types (as opposed to "personalities") that surrounded and influenced Kennedy's political journey. Halberstam's own conclusion, reached after extensive conversations with Kennedy (not entirely friendly) during the 1968 primary contests, is that the man had progressed quietly but inexorably from fairly conventional views to the beginnings of a truly radical outlook on America's problems and needed solutions. Halberstam's thoughtful trip to this belief is well worth sharing. Perhaps, as he suggests, Robert Kennedy's death has helped create some understanding of what he really represented in life.

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Andy Warhol has "written" a book. Its name is **a** (Grove) and the dust jacket calls it a novel. It is, in fact, the product of Warhol's exposing a great deal of tape to the voices of various people over the course of 24 hours. Chief among them is Ondine, whom viewers of Warhol's movie *The Chelsea Girls* may remember as the speed-freak Pope who threw such a scarifying tantrum. A mere transcript of that tantrum would probably be a bore, however, and just such a bore is Warhol's lengthy chronicle of a day in Ondine's life. His heroine emerges as witless, dull and childish, a pillhead opera queen whose attendant friends and acquaintances are possessed of brains that would be at home in the skull of your average sea slug. The sample excerpt below was chosen completely at random and might have come from any one of the badly spelled (or badly proofread) pages: "(O) Well Puccini you know is a very underrated composer He didn't write just pretty tunes. He wrote really great operas. (P) Pretty tunes are the hardest things to wrie. (O) No, no, no, no, no but I, not, not necessarily; I mean . . . (P) Some people can't do it. (O) Some people are prolific though, look at Mozart. Look at Mozart, he could write a pretty tune at the snatch of a hat or Tchaikovsky, so that doesn't prove anything. Tchaikovsky wrote some of the most beautiful melodies I've every heard. (P) But, but wait uh, Beethoven is very poor on tunes, a lot of composers are poor on tunes . . . You don't like Beethoven's opera, do you? (O) I love it." Those who feel they would groove on 451 pages of the same may do so for a mere ten dollars. *Ars gratia artis* was never Warhol's motto.

•

No one can say that success has made William Manchester a taut writer. In ***The Arms of Krupp*** (Little, Brown), the author of *The Death of a President* long-winds his way through 400 years of German history as personified by that country's mightiest industrial dynasty. Since neither Germany nor the earliest Krupps amounted to much when the first known member of the family showed up in the Ruhr valley in the late 16th Century, Manchester has to strain to make shopkeeper Arndt Krupp and his immediate successors sound like genetic forerunners of the sinister munitions makers. And strain he does. Moreover, he has a disturbing weakness for overwrought, overworked journalese; "*Jawohls*" pop up in conversation like dialog in a late-show movie, and corrupt *Junkers* are "caught with Krupp jam on their mustaches." But anybody who survives the first 100-odd pages will find the going easier thereafter. For the Krupps learned the art of converting steel into ingenious forms of death—and the results make for some fascinating, not to say terrifying, reading. It was the superiority of Krupp steel cannons that brought future Kaiser Wilhelm I victory over the French in 1870, and the versatile Krupp arsenal (ranging from U-boats to Big Bertha howitzers, named for a matriarch of the clan) armed Wilhelm II in World War One. The Krupp domain during World War Two was straight out of the banality of evil: slave labor, torture chambers, mutilation and murder. The story is all there—and a grim one it is. But the book as a whole is given a somewhat pretentious air by Manchester's use of literary tricks and extraneous comment to stretch things out to 400,000 words. The Kennedys, in dealing with Manchester, had the power to act as censors; the infamous Krupps deserved at least an editor.

•

Too interesting to be damned with faint praise, too academic to be praised without faint damns, Peter Farb's new book proves disconcertingly difficult to categorize. Like its title, ***Man's Rise to Civilization as Shown by the Indians of North America from Primeval Times to the Coming of the Industrial State*** (Dutton), it smacks of a Ph.D. thesis. But because Farb possesses an incisive mind and writes lucid prose, his book has the appeal of an intellectual detective story. Why, Farb asks, do two separate societies, living under essentially similar conditions, develop in entirely different ways? Why will a particular kind of social change destroy one social group but nourish another? How can we explain the fact that a specific invention—even so fundamental a one as the wheel—transforms one culture and is virtually ignored by a second? Seeking answers to such questions, Farb, an advocate of cultural anthropology, examines ten North American Indian societies. He places them in an evolutionary sequence, from the primitive Great Basin Shoshone to the complex Aztecs, and he makes clear the interlocking nature of their social structure, their physical environment and the state of their technology. But evolutionary change, which is fundamentally gradual and logical, comes to an end when outside forces break in. The introduction of the horse, "stolen, bartered, bought or captured," changed the entire way of life of the Western and Plains Indians, and the use of the rifle proved deadly to Indian culture in general. But deadliest of all was the white man. Farb uses facts, not rhetoric, to document the ways in which the U.S. Government, though pledged to "liberty and justice for all," systematically deceived and destroyed the Indian world. In this sense, his book's title is ironic. Has Farb chronicled *Man's Rise to Civilization*—or man's fall?

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Abbie Hoffman says that he wrote ***Revolution for the Hell of It*** (Dial) because he wanted to see that title on a book jacket. Once it was written or, rather, put together, he must have had second thoughts, because he decided to publish it under a pseudonym—"Free." Then he, or his publisher, must have had third thoughts and decided to credit both author *and* alias. This is confusing, and very much in keeping with the book itself. It is, by Hoffman-Free's own boast, garbage. Leafing through the diary jottings, cuff notes, scribbles, scrawls,

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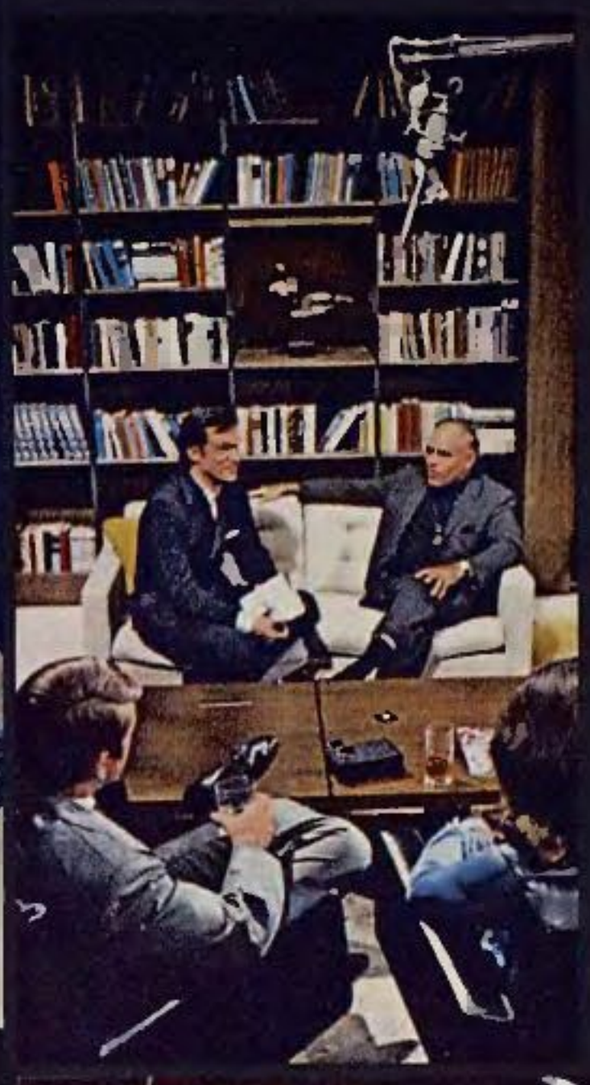

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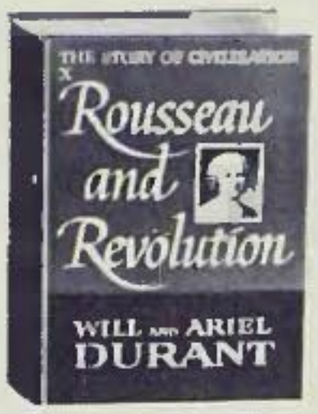

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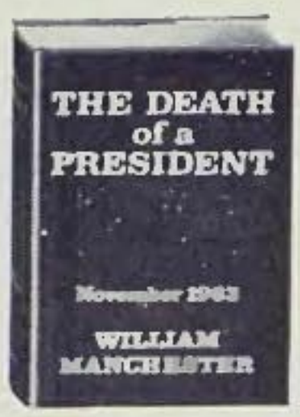

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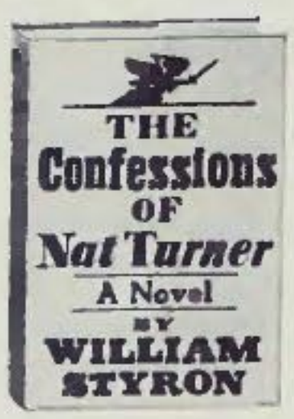

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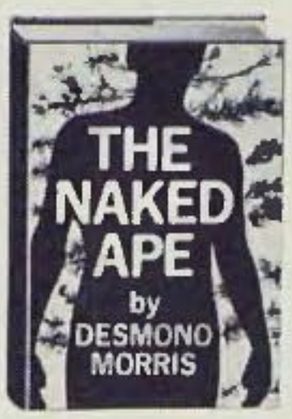

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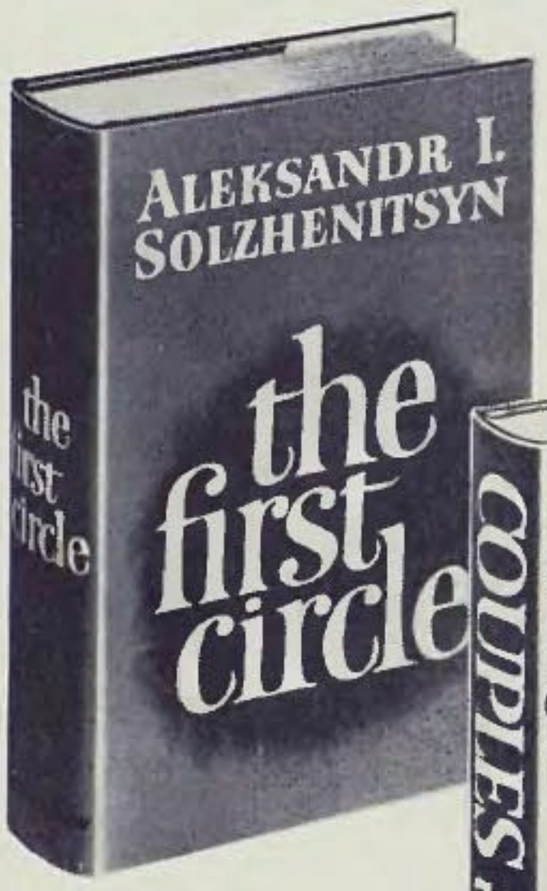

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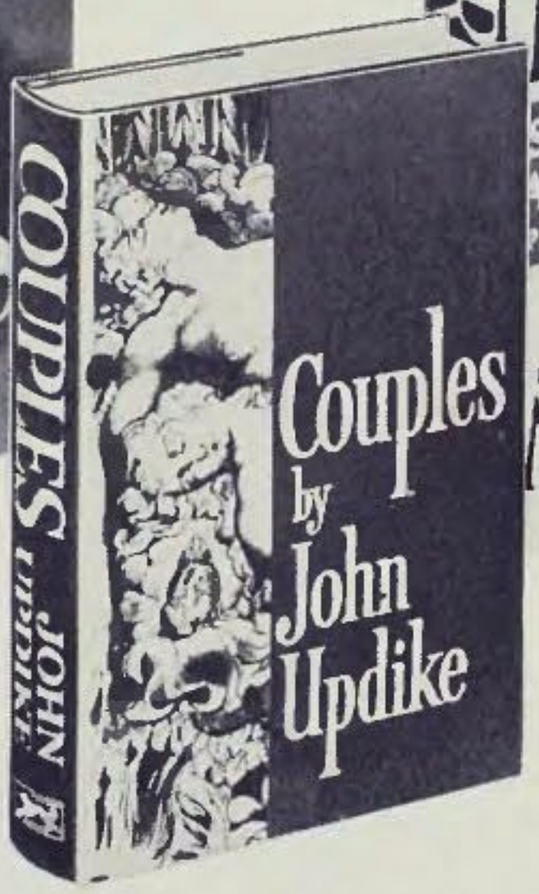

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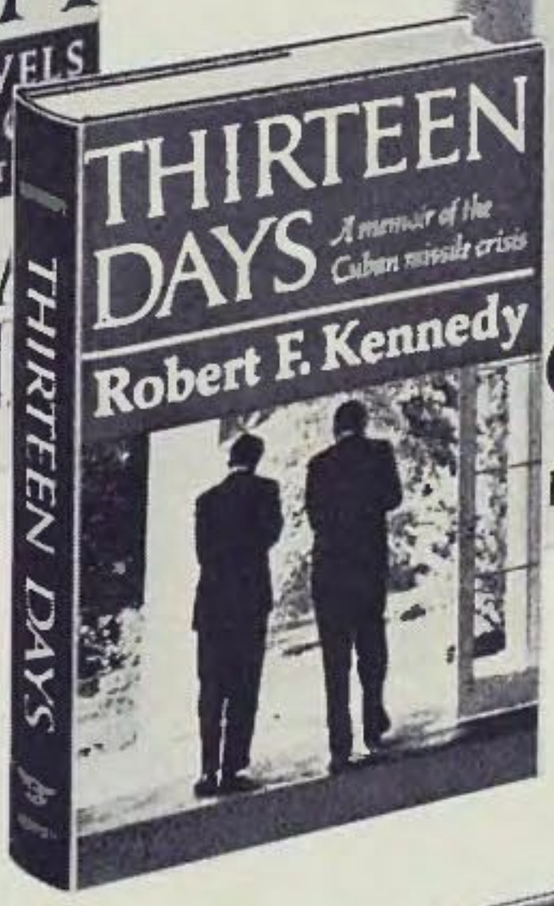

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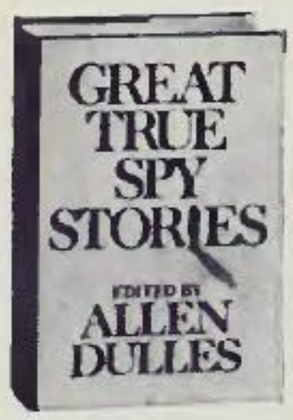

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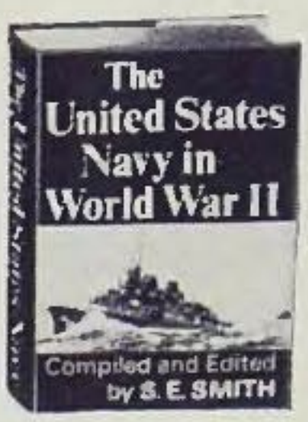

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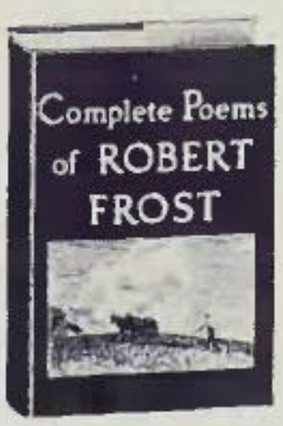

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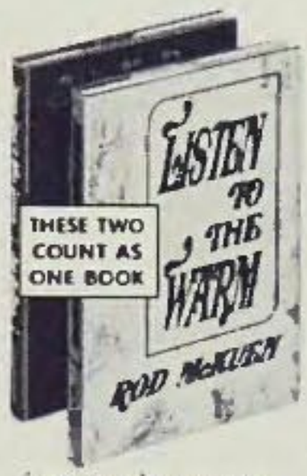

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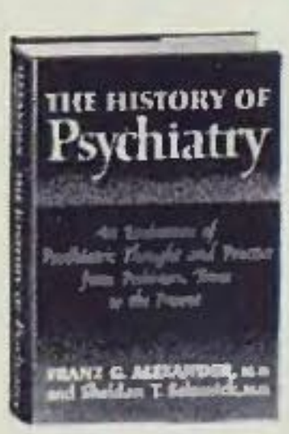

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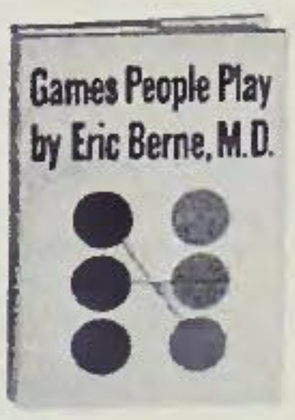

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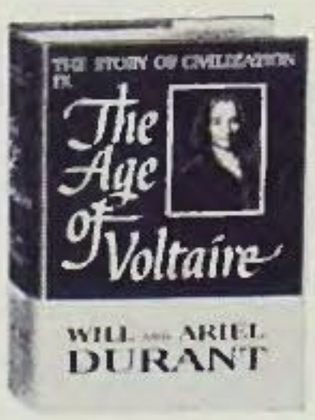

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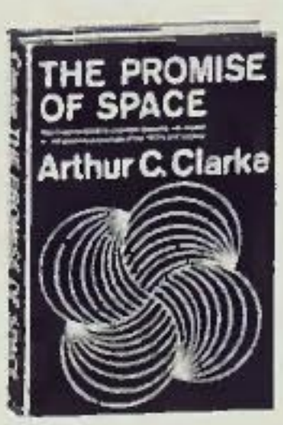

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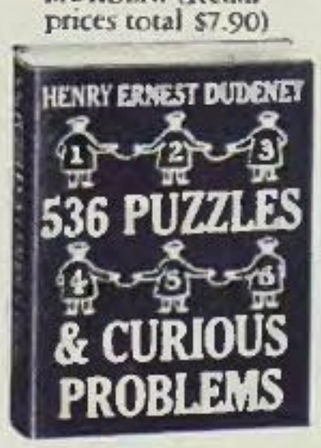

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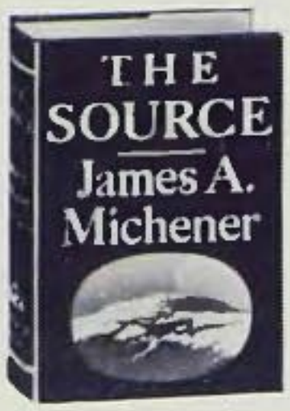

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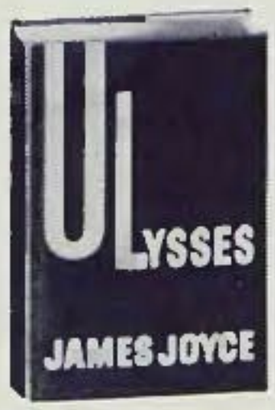

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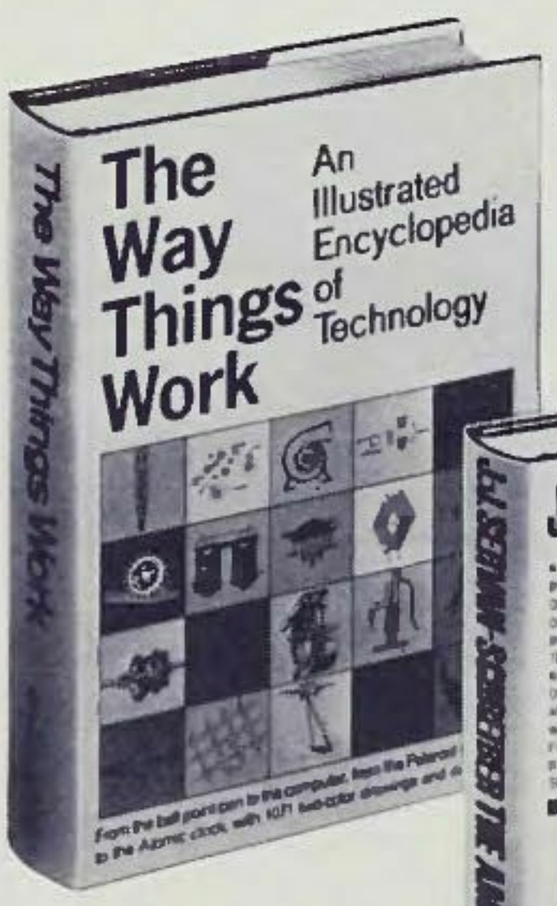

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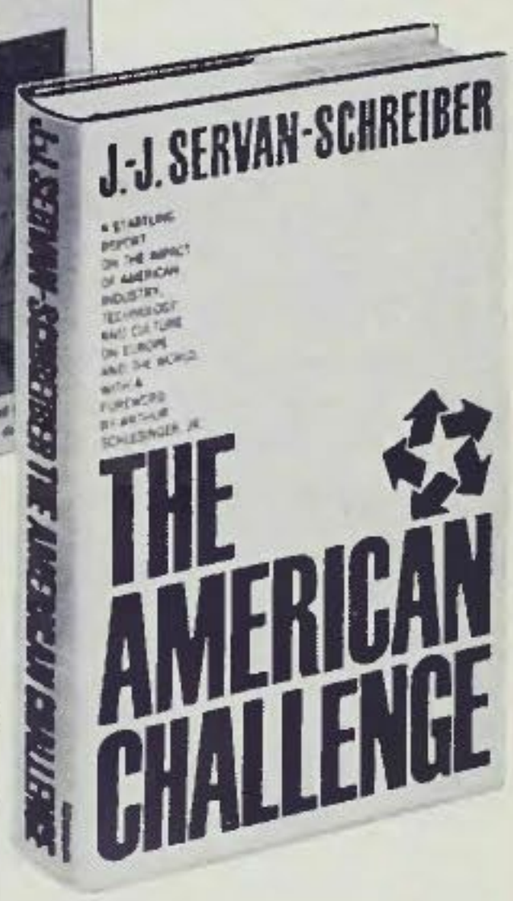

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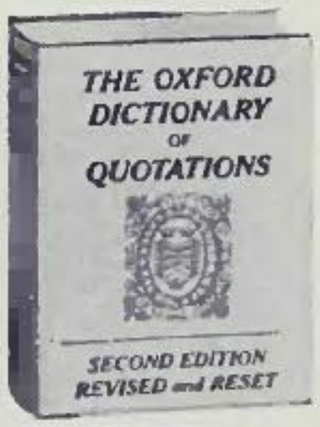

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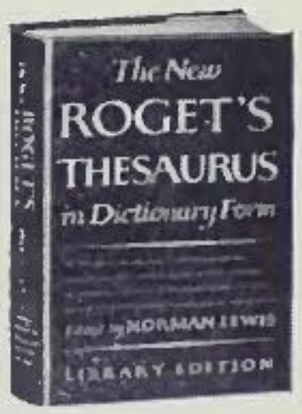

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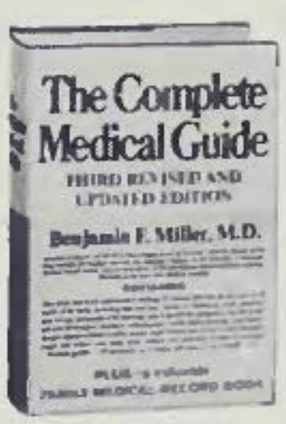

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in jokes, tips, carps, cranks, frets, borrowings from famous writers and Quotations According to Chairman Abbie ("Ideology is a brain disease." "Protest is anything you can get away with"), one would not be surprised to come across yesterday's breakfast plastered between sticky pages. The book, or non-book, is random, slapdash, sloppy, "a Perfect Mess," to hang a Hoffman label (for the Democratic Convention/revolution) around his neck. But let it be said that this flimsy, jumpy, scrappy, raggedy-ass collection of pages is a lot of fun to dig through. Ostensibly, it is about Chicago and the "Silly-Putty sabotage and monkey warfare" leading up to that tumultuous scene. Chicago, says Hoffman, was Theater of Cruelty, and in "another week we could have gotten the cops to assassinate Humphrey." In his more intelligible interludes, Abbie gives us a survival kit for revolutionists, a phantasmagoric recollection of money-burning in the New York Stock Exchange and the clearest statement in print of the meaning of Yippie. As non-leader of this nongroup, Hoffman says, "There were never any Yippies and there never will be. It was a slogan YIPPIE! and that exclamation point was what it was all about. It was the biggest put-on of all time."

•

As Dwight Macdonald points out in ***McLuhan: Pro & Con*** (Funk & Wagnalls), edited by Raymond Rosenthal, Marshall McLuhan has a bad habit, "almost like a compulsion, as if he wanted to be found out, of pushing his ideas to extremes of absurdity." McLuhan's two most recent pushes, ***War and Peace in the Global Village*** (McGraw-Hill), co-authored with Quentin Fiore, and ***Through the Vanishing Point*** (Harper & Row), co-authored with Harley Parker, expose the elephantiasis of his theories, the slovenliness of their intellectual underpinnings and the glib apologia for pop-cult hiding behind his pose of dispassionate observation. Written in his now-familiar oracular jukebox style, both works suggest that in his celebration of the postliterate culture, McLuhan has adopted the dubious strategy of making his own books unreadable. Still dabbling in one-liner metaphysics, still whipping his occasional insights so hard they finally keel over and die, and still trying to transform even his most obvious flaws into virtues by dismissing scholarship, logic, perspective and reason as the dusty artifacts of pre-McLunacy, he now turns from schlock-it-to-me prophecies of the electronic apocalypse to what are presumably intended as more sober analyses of war and art. It is appalling to read (over and over and over again) that "war is education" or that Vietnam is "the first television war," as if the holocaust were merely a Madison Avenue storyboard. In *Through the Vanishing Point*, McLuhan juxtaposes paintings and poetry to prove his thesis that the fragmented, linear world of visual bias has given way to the "iconic" world of sensory involvement. When not imitating a computer ("the portrayal of proprioceptive tension and body percept leads to an emphatic encounter with the weight of figures"), he indulges in inane aphorisms (Blake's tyger is "not in the tank" and Chagall is "nursery a gogo"). At times, the reader may feel he is eavesdropping on a pompous copywriter trying to impress his chic girlfriend as they tour a museum; but the over-all effect is to demonstrate that if the medium really is the message, McLuhan has finally found his genre: caption writing.

•

Early in 1968, James Finn's second book, *Protest: Pacifism and Politics*, was published. A series of searching interviews with a wide range of dissenters, the volume kept digging beneath rhetoric into the essential conflict between personal conscience and the demands of a democratic society. Finn's third book, ***A Conflict of Loyalties: The Case for Selective Conscientious Objection*** (Pegasus), is even more challenging in its demonstration that public issues cannot be neatly summarized by a few words held aloft on a placard (whether by superpatriots or by Yippies). This new book consists of nine essays that examine the arguments for and against selective conscientious objection to particular wars in many different contexts, religious and secular, historical and political. For the most part, it is far from easy reading, because the participants are exceptionally conscientious not only in documenting their conclusions but also in exploring nearly all possible ramifications of those conclusions. Two essays in particular—by theologian Paul Ramsey and political scientist William V. O'Brien—require close attention. The reader may not agree with the authors, but no one who studies their ideas will ever again be able to talk in facile terms about selective conscientious objection. The other essays are also substantial and instructive, ranging from Catholic and Jewish perspectives to a concise history of dissent in America by Mulford Sibley. It is a tribute to the intellectual integrity of the writers to admit the impossibility of summarizing in a brief review the diverse judgments reached in this symposium. If any one line provides the tone and the core of the debate, it is Paul Ramsey's: "The person transcends the political community, but . . . *not to the whole extent of his being*." This, accordingly, is not a book that will bring quick and easy comfort to any citizen seriously concerned with the often conflicting responsibilities of the individual to himself and to the society of which he is a part. The general thrust of the book is that there should be provision in law for selective conscientious objection. The cumulative case is persuasive; but, alas, those who most need persuading are least likely to read this extraordinarily valuable book.

•

Peter (*Marat/Sade*) Brook, one of the more exciting directors now working in the English-speaking world, has put his thinking about the theater on paper. ***The Empty Space*** (Atheneum) is not for showbizniks or doters on inside gossip, but the serious student and worker in the theater will find it crammed with eye-opening, thought-provoking material. Brook divides current theater into four parts: Deadly (bad theater); Holy (a theater that exalts); Rough (the popular theater, down to earth; the theater of Brecht, Shakespeare and Beckett); and Immediate (Brook's own approach). Each section is a jumping-off place for the author's questioning mind. For example: "No tribute to the latent power of the theater is as telling as that paid to it by censorship. In almost all regimes, even when the written word is free, the image free, it is still the stage that is liberated last." Or on the Method actor's improvisations: "Were Pavlov's dog improvising, he would still salivate when the bell rang, but he would feel sure it was all his own doing: 'I'm dribbling,' he would say, proud of his daring." Though in looking at theater around the world, Brook finds more to deplore than to admire, his approach is still one of hopeful expectation. "As you read this book," he writes, "it is already moving out of date"—but chances are that for several seasons to come, the stage-struck will carry Brook along with their Stanislavsky.

MOVIES

The Birthday Party is Harold Pinter's own screen adaptation of an early exercise in Pinteresque terror that Broadway audiences saw last season. Pinter characters by definition are people at the end of their tethers, impotent, trapped in small, stifling rooms and using meaningless words to fend off modern man's chronic sense of dread. Here the setting is a sleazy rooming house in a dreary seaside town, and director William Friedkin imbues every inch of habitable space with claustrophobia. A frumpy English landlady, her taciturn husband and a mysterious young male boarder receive unexpected visitors—two vaguely threatening men who have come to take the boarder away, though they stay long enough to celebrate his birthday and pulverize his feeble resistance. Ostensibly hoods with a contract for murder, they are also supersymbols of an evil establishment conformity, crucifying their victim for his betrayal of "the organization." Even to audiences familiar with the nightmare world of Pinter, the

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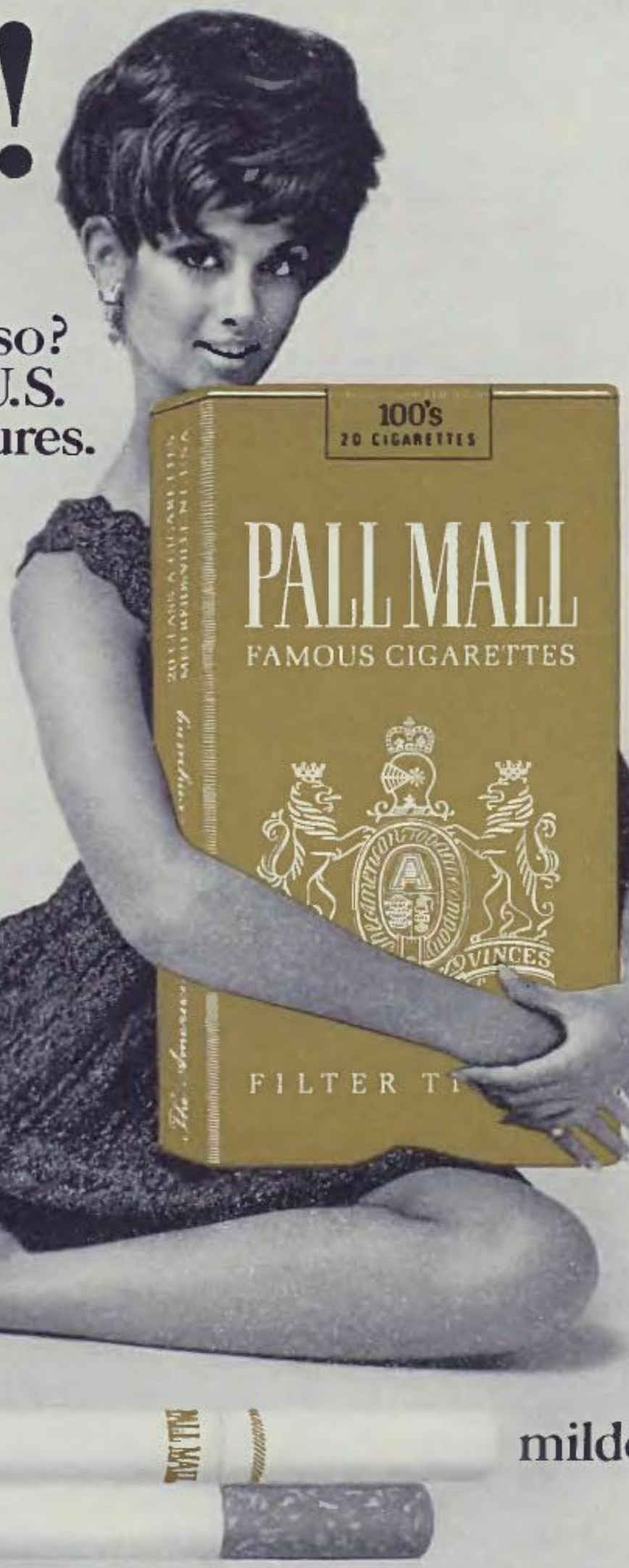
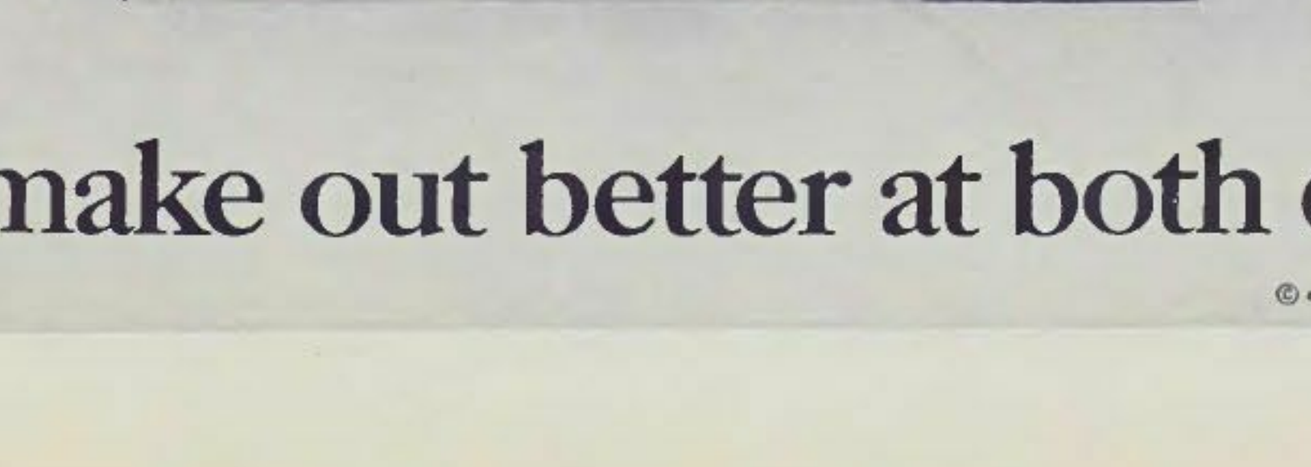


tastier  milder

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psychological tension of this long *Walpurgisnacht* is excruciating, flawed only by Friedkin's occasional tendency to short-circuit the slow, steady build of the dialog with tricky photography. Patrick McGee and Sydney Tafler, as the menacing intruders, and Dandy Nichols, as the lickerish lady of the house, are superb, phrasing their lines so meticulously that every remark about the weather curdles with connotations of impending disaster. As the victim, Britain's versatile Robert Shaw is almost too commanding an actor to project the futility of his role; his ultimate collapse looks very intelligently programed, rather than inevitable. Yet he serves the author well, with a deep and clear perception of *The Birthday Party*'s subtle ideas—one fringe benefit, possibly, of a working relationship with Pinter, who directed the London and Broadway productions of Shaw's play *The Man in the Glass Booth* (see page 38).

•

Tongues will wag about **The Sergeant,** because of the explicit homosexuality in a climactic kissing scene between Rod Steiger and John Phillip Law. The scene, in fact, is an emotional shocker that conveys tragic implications well beyond the range of movies made to exploit the public's fascination with faggotry, a subject not nearly so far underground as it used to be. In a trigger-tight scenario based on his own novel, Dennis Murphy's deeper concern is to chart the step-by-step disintegration of a career soldier coasting through the post-War years at a U. S. base in France—a lonely, driven top sergeant who seeks absolute control over the mind, soul and body of a naïve young private. Law, unbeatable in the latter role, catches precisely the right nuances of ingenuousness and sexual ambivalence in a small-town American golden boy, who can see at a glance what's going on under the hood of a new-used car but scarcely comprehends the awful complexity of his fellow men. Wary at first, he becomes compliant, even subconsciously seductive at times, until the unequivocal eruption of perversity frightens, then enrages him and finally leaves him wondering just a little about himself. Steiger, nonetheless, dominates the picture, as he dominates the relationship; and despite a tendency to play it pretty heavy here and there, his losing battle against drink, disorder and uncontrollable desire is spectacular to see. At best, he is an almost classically tragic figure, a man compelled to keep up a show of strength and rigid discipline while sliding helplessly into the one great mistake of his life, which proves fatal. Brando played an Army officer with similar problems in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*; that Steiger's performance matches his may be taken as high praise, for *The Sergeant* is a far superior movie, dramatically truer in tone and photographed with careful fidelity to the rainy-day boredom of a French provincial town. Several key scenes involving the sergeant's efforts to separate the soldier from his shy but shrewd French sweetheart (Ludmila Mikael) are a credit to director John Flynn, whose feature-film debut is unmannered, subtle and so refreshingly honest that its grim theme shouldn't depress you at all.

•

It is plain at the outset that no expense has been spared in bringing Morris L. West's baroque best seller **The Shoes of the Fisherman** to the screen. The budget allows such aesthetic luxuries as Laurence Olivier, trenchantly playing a Soviet premier vis-à-vis Anthony Quinn, as an imprisoned churchman freed from Siberia by the good offices of Pope John Gielgud and taken to Rome, where he is declared a cardinal, then lined up for election as the first Russian pontiff. His earthiness an unexpected asset, Quinn takes up his responsibilities with a rough common touch reminiscent of John XXIII. Vittorio De Sica and Leo McKern represent the college of cardinals with bristling authority; and Oskar Werner outshines nearly everyone as a bright, dangerous young Jesuit intellectual, doomed to die but fighting to preserve ten unpublished works that offend Catholic doctrine. *Fisherman* is worth seeing if only for a half-dozen pungent verbal duels between tortured but conscientious men isolated by the eminence of power. Too bad the drama builds to an immense anticlimax based on its faintly preposterous central thesis —that a Pope might avert global disaster by liquidating all the Vatican's fabled wealth to feed a billion starving Chinese who are about to invade the Soviet Union. Did we say *faintly* preposterous?

•

Grant Kirk Douglas ten free points for trying to simulate hoodlum sensibility, Italian style, in **The Brotherhood,** a whacking good melodrama about sibling rivalry inside the Syndicate. Douglas and Alex Cord play the Ginetta brothers, whose family ties are ruptured because the elder (Kirk) is content to plunder transport unions and import-export fronts as of yore, while his college-educated kid brother represents a new generation of "legitimate" *mafiosi*—mobsters with numbered accounts in Switzerland and South America, seeking interests in space-age industry. Filming against authentic backgrounds in New York and Sicily, director Martin (*Hud*) Ritt carves out a rich but seamy slice of life. While caring about these characters is difficult, ignoring them is impossible. They are men who wear $300 suits to clandestine meetings in splendid baronial mansions, who travel by limousine and still like to boast—as Douglas does in a bitingly mordant sequence—about the good old days of setting up a "hit," when you took out a pal to wine him, dine him and kill him for a fast $460. Away from their killing grounds, these brutes are committed to a perfectly bourgeois private world tidied up by impassive women (Susan Strasberg and Irene Papas) who would rather not know too much. Ritt catches the face of violence in incongruous settings—at a stool pigeon's funeral where even an enemy must pay his respects to the family, or at a joyous wedding party where assassins, neighborhood priests and relatives marked for murder all have a wonderful time. It's almost as much fun as snake watching at the reptile house.

•

While his old dad is dying in a London hospital, an exceedingly odd young fellow runs a used-furniture shop and frequently slips away to embrace life through sexual fantasies. Upstairs, he keeps a neurotic mistress whose serpent's tongue softens only when the two dress up in Edwardian costume and play make-believe. He portrays the celebrated English murderer Dr. Crippen; she, either the doctor's doomed wife or his illicit love. "Anybody can be anything on the right kind of day," the young man muses darkly. One day a blonde, bitchy German photographer happens along, lures him away to the wax museum and persuades the poor bloke that he doesn't really look a bit like Crippen; she thinks he looks more like the Kaiser's World War One flying ace Baron von Richthofen. **Negatives,** directed by 30-year-old Peter Medak, proceeds from there to a climax as wild as it is weird. In fact, the entire film is weirdo cinema styled with an uncommon touch of baroque—a smooth psychological puzzler that manages to be at once cerebral and erotic. Although the sexual episodes are artful rather than explicit, even when a camera becomes the fourth guest during an orgiastic party scene, *Negatives* holds that the search for identity is a sex odyssey—with everyone attempting to find his own thing, be it sadism, Lesbianism, hero worship, hypochondria or any of the 1001 games people play. One may argue the point and still admire the artistry of director Medak and his mesmerizing cast; namely, Peter McEnery, the Royal Shakespeare's Glenda Jackson (who played Charlotte Corday in the memorable *Marat/Sade*) and jungle-voiced Diane Cilento as the shutterbug.

•

Oliver! is hardly what little old ladies expect of a family show for holiday matinees; and that may partly explain why Lionel Bart's Broadway and London musicalization of *Oliver Twist* succeeds as a relatively sophisticated film in this league. Dickensian flavor, of course, is not peaches and cream and cuteness, even with the leavening of Bart's saucy

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but unspectacular score. Here, the kiddie characters get clouted around a bit—rather amusingly, too—while old Fagin teaches them the economic facts of life in a song called *You've Got to Pick a Pocket or Two*, and is wont to tell the tykes, "Shut up and drink yer gin." The romantic leads, wicked Bill Sikes and his Nancy (Oliver Reed glowering, Shani Wallis sparkling), come to a bloody bad end before the show is over—by which time the cruel exploitation of children has led our orphaned hero from the workhouse to bondage in an undertaking parlor, thence to Fagin's gang of thieves and the fortuitous discovery that he is, God save us, a rich and well-born little bastard, lost since birth. Mark Lester, the nine-year-old stray lamb cast as Oliver, looks genuinely amazed and delighted by the things that happen to him when he falls in with The Artful Dodger (Jack Wild). More importantly, there is Ron Moody, who originated the role of Fagin in London, obviously a definitive performance, because Moody is fabulous—always letting the deeper truth of the character penetrate his low-comic disguise as a bag of grimy old bones flung together with something like perfection. In addition to Moody, *Oliver!* enjoys nearly every luxury that big money can buy, yet avoids being spoiled by a wealth of Christmas-card settings and singing-dancing choristers ad infinitum. Scenes of uncommon cinematic beauty reflect the distinctive style of director Carol (*Odd Man Out, The Fallen Idol*) Reed, who characteristically evokes the rich, dank atmosphere where mischief breeds. Reed's fine hand joins with that of cinematographer Oswald Morris (the camera wizard of *Moulin Rouge*) to make war on poverty in a world of thick gray soot and chimney smoke, splashed with vibrant hues.

•

French director Jacques Charon's preparation for filming **A Flea in Her Ear** includes two stunningly successful stage productions, English and French, of Georges Feydeau's classic farce. Great pains have been taken with the movie, which speaks quality throughout. The *belle époque* costumes and settings of Paris in 1900 are displayed like crown jewels, with Rex Harrison, Louis Jourdan, Rachel Roberts (Mrs. Harrison) and Broadway's Rosemary Harris romping among them as though born to a world of *art nouveau* naughtiness. Sad to say, the film is not especially funny, partly because the screen is a naturalistic medium that tends to flatten the charm of a mannered stage comedy. Too often the jokes go limp, despite the efforts of a scintillating cast—particularly Rex, his gloss impeccable in a dual role as a husband bored to impotence and as a drunken hall porter; and Rosemary, as the dissatisfied wife, reading her lines as if plucking pearls from an oyster tray. In everyone's ear, of course, is a whisper of carnal adventure—at the Hotel Coq d'Or, a notorious *maison de plaisir* that's brim full of suspicious husbands, compromised wives, chambermaids, butlers, libertines, lewd Orientals, crowded boudoirs, slamming doors, revolving hideaway beds and unconquerable innocence. But be alerted, spectator sex fans, that no one ultimately scores at *le sport*. They simply make an old-fashioned game of trying.

•

When a movie has a bristling 21-gun title like **Hell in the Pacific**, one is entitled to expect an epic re-enactment of World War Two with John Wayne officiating at the fall of Bataan or Corregidor. That's not the case here, however; the film's entire cast consists of two characters marooned together on a desolate Pacific atoll: Lee Marvin, as an American airman committed to a war of nerves with Toshiro Mifune, as a surly Japanese soldier. Their real fight is the fight for survival; they circle, they sneer, they take turns trying to enslave each other, they finally collaborate on the building of a raft and sail away to new hazards. The message implied hardly requires heavy italicizing, and director John Boorman, for the most part, lets human conflicts unfold in an almost casual manner, taking full advantage of what Conrad Hall's color cinematography can do for the velvety green jungles and shimmering blue seas of locations in Micronesia. Marvin and Mifune exude enough juicy vitality to animate a script that has only slight perception of character and very little dialog, half of which is, of necessity, in Japanese. They begin by throwing sticks and stones, then progress to mere mischief—Marvin urinating on his outraged foe from a treetop is a memorable image—and a sad, funny kind of truce that occasionally seems indebted to *The Odd Couple*. *Pacific*'s theme emerges without fireworks when the friendly enemies at last reach another abandoned isle, where GI and Japanese artifacts remind them that war has left its marks—a bombed-out hospital, cases of sake and a copy of *Life* photo-featuring Japanese war dead. But instead of a touch of genius that might have resulted in a great film, *Pacific* has a touch of contrivance—as well as a pounding, obtrusive musical score—that pegs it as solid popular melodrama performed with a high level of competence.

•

Director Joseph (*The Servant*) Losey has a passion for bizarre subjects and enjoys working with Elizabeth Taylor. It stands to reason, then, that he might film **Secret Ceremony**, wherein a faded prostitute who once lost a child of her own finds a haven of sorts in the delusions of a poor demented little rich girl. The whore (Liz) resembles the girl's dead mother and begins to enjoy playing Momma, just as one expects she will. She also becomes involved with several doggedly eccentric characters, including two daft aunties (Pamela Brown and Peggy Ashcroft) and the girl's stepfather (Robert Mitchum), who makes no secret of his incestuous longings—shades of *Lolita*'s Humbert Humbert. Mitchum inhales the aroma of his lines as though every word were soaked in brandy, prattling of remote societies where daddies can diddle their daughters at will, or recalling happy bygone days when his sexually precocious ward "used to come to my room with a bottle of baby oil." The film's zingiest scenes are those stolen by Mia Farrow, jittery and neurasthenic as the girl and seemingly resolved to confirm her reputation for playing fey kooks. Though she plays them to a tee, *Ceremony* lacks the narrative thrust and confident style of *Rosemary's Baby*. *Ceremony* is a florid whatsis, too silly for words and too serious for camp.

•

The hero of **Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher** is Paul Pennyfeather, whose misadventures in English society were the subject of Evelyn Waugh's trenchant satirical novel *Decline and Fall*, written 41 years ago. The "bird watcher" tag was added as reassurance for modern moviegoers, understandably wary of any film that might lead down the well-worn path to ancient Rome. There's no cause for alarm; only the British empire topples, or lurches a bit, in director John Krish's charming, cynical and frankly archaic black farce about an Oxford boy whose school ties are severed when he is charged with exhibitionism and attempted rape. Though he happens to be innocent, the attendant notoriety propels him into a teaching career ("That's what most young gentlemen does that gets sent down for indecent behavior," purrs an amiable counselor). Pennyfeather's colleagues on the staff of a droll but dismal boys' school in North Wales are rogues, bigamists, religious fanatics and would-be kidnapers, all of whom eventually turn up again behind bars or in positions of public trust. Meanwhile, young master Pennyfeather (played with a disarming blend of naïveté and decadence by newcomer Robin Phillips) allows himself to be seduced by a student's exotic mother (Genevieve Page, the delectable madam of *Belle de Jour*), a socialite white slaver, and goes to prison for doing her errands. Waugh arranged for his hero's ultimate return to theological studies at Oxford; in the movie, Pennyfeather simply escapes across a bright-green meadow, throwing his clothes aside; but such gestures toward modernization are forgivable. A comic jewel compared with Tony Richardson's Hollywood corruption of *The Loved One*, *Decline and Fall* is almost pure Waugh, acted with cunning and

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The manifold charms of ***Joanna*** are summed up at a glance—when the fey heroine, seated before a nude image of herself in a photographic mural, phones her magistrate daddy to call off a roomful of bridling London fuzz while her beautiful black lover (Calvin Lockhart) slouches insolently against the wall. Add words and music by Rod McKuen, whose ricky-ticky plain song fills the sound track with unabashed existential romanticism, and *Joanna* turns out to be a miniskirt version of *A Man and a Woman*. While films galore strive to tap the essence of London's youth scene and miss by a mile, producer Michael S. Laughlin (a 28-year-old native of Bloomington, Illinois) and English writer-director Michael Sarne, 27, establish an immediate rapport with, if not the *real* swinging London, then the kind of world millions of Mod young people would probably *like* to live in. It is free, tender, life-loving, creative and congenitally concerned about values, a milieu in which interracial sexuality is a simple fact rather than a rebel cause. At the center of it stands an endearing blonde waif (newcomer Genevieve Waite) who changes her costumes nearly as often as she changes beds, while friends keep telling her, "You must be committed to something." In fact, she *is* committed—to searching; and the search leads to art classes, casual sleeping around, an impulsive trip to Morocco with a dying millionaire (Donald Sutherland, in a fine, funny performance) who already knows how valuable life is. Joanna finds meaning at last in her love for the black night-club owner but falters temporarily when he's jailed on a manslaughter charge. But recounting this shallow plot is a disservice, for the important things about the movie are its warmth and wit and spontaneity—all heightened by Walter Lassally's lyrical camerawork, a feast of subtle surprises.

•

The stars of ***Warrendale*** are 12 seriously disturbed children committed to a Canadian mental institution, where patients live in homelike family units supervised by eight trained staff members *in loco parentis*. Permissiveness is the rule, though the unorthodox method of dealing with violent expressions of hostility and fear consists of "holding," or forcible restraint of the youngsters until their outbursts subside. It is a startling, perhaps even dubious concept, tacitly endorsed by Canadian producer-director Allan King; but *Warrendale* cannot finally be judged on the basis of right or wrong. This extraordinary film records the sights and sounds that occur over a five-week period, during which King's camera insinuates itself into the aching heart of the experiment. The most complacent audience will tumble to the charm of a frail boy named Tony, who speaks his anguish in a barrage of four-letter words that would make Jean Genet blush; and there isn't a movie actress around who can crank up a crying scene more poignant than the angry, tortured confessional of a teenager named Irene. The hero of the film, if there is one, is simply called Walter, the clinic's father figure, a psychiatric worker whose strength and gentleness convey a quality of mercy not immediately apparent in his use of professional jargon ("Contain the child while she ventilates this material"). With the unexpected death of the household's Negro cook, *Warrendale* reaches a dramatic crisis that is at once true, stunning, tragic and as wildly athletic as those Donnybrooks between teacher and pupil in *The Miracle Worker*. King's achievement provides the strongest evidence to date that real-life experience, sensitively observed, threatens to surpass the traditional story cinema on its own grounds.

•

Norman Mailer, whose first film was *Wild 90*, is coproducer, director and star of ***Beyond the Law,*** and thinks it probably the best American movie about police he has ever seen. The self-praise may be excessive, but his second movie is at least the best Mailer movie *we've* ever seen—gritty and fascinating, despite crude camerawork, cultishness and hogging of the limelight by guess-who, heavily overplaying the role of a police lieutenant named Francis Xavier Pope, throwing in an Irish brogue whenever the impulse moves him. Improvised and uncharted, the film nevertheless shows strength in its close-ups of a fictional precinct station infested with a rank but believable collection of cops, crooks, killers and queens, some played by professional actors, some by Mailer's buddies. It's a hybrid home movie, half a simulated documentary, half a series of gag impersonations for party night—but the failures of taste and timing succumb to Mailer's success in doing what he set out to do, which was to bring forth "the incredible existential life in all passing relations between cops and criminals." No Hollywood film within recent memory has presented so gutsy a picture of precinct bulls under pressure. Actor Rip Torn contributes a grubby vignette as a freaked-out hippie; and there are comparable stints by playwright Michael (*The Beard*) McClure as his hairy soulmate, by boxer José Torres as an accused killer and by playwright Jack Richardson as the snide, elegant overseer of a floating crap game. The only hopelessly arch and self-conscious performers in the lot are Mailer and *Paris Review* editor George (*Paper Lion*) Plimpton, the latter emulating a celebrated young mayor of New York who interrupts a walking tour of the precinct to check

those police-brutality stories firsthand. A reasonably good "in" joke, but smirking blew it.

RECORDINGS

There are 29 new songs (*Revolution* is also included) on the Beatles' latest twin-LP effort—inexplicably titled **The Beatles** (Capitol; also available on stereo tape)—and, as might be expected, there's a fair amount of waste: satire that undercuts itself, unmemorable melodies, etc. The material—drawn from all the far-flung territories the M. B. E.s have explored in their vinyl voyages—includes enough musical high spots (*Blackbird*), comic low spots (*Why Don't We Do It in the Road?*) and combinations of the two (*Happiness Is a Warm Gun*) to have filled one solid LP.

•

A Genuine Tong Funeral (Victor), a series of interrelated pieces composed by Carla Bley and described as a Dark Opera Without Words, is given a fascinating performance by The Gary Burton Quartet, augmented by an orchestra. Filled with gossamer imagery, brooding, melancholic passages and an inventiveness that is both communicative and mystical, *Funeral* gives cause for celebration.

•

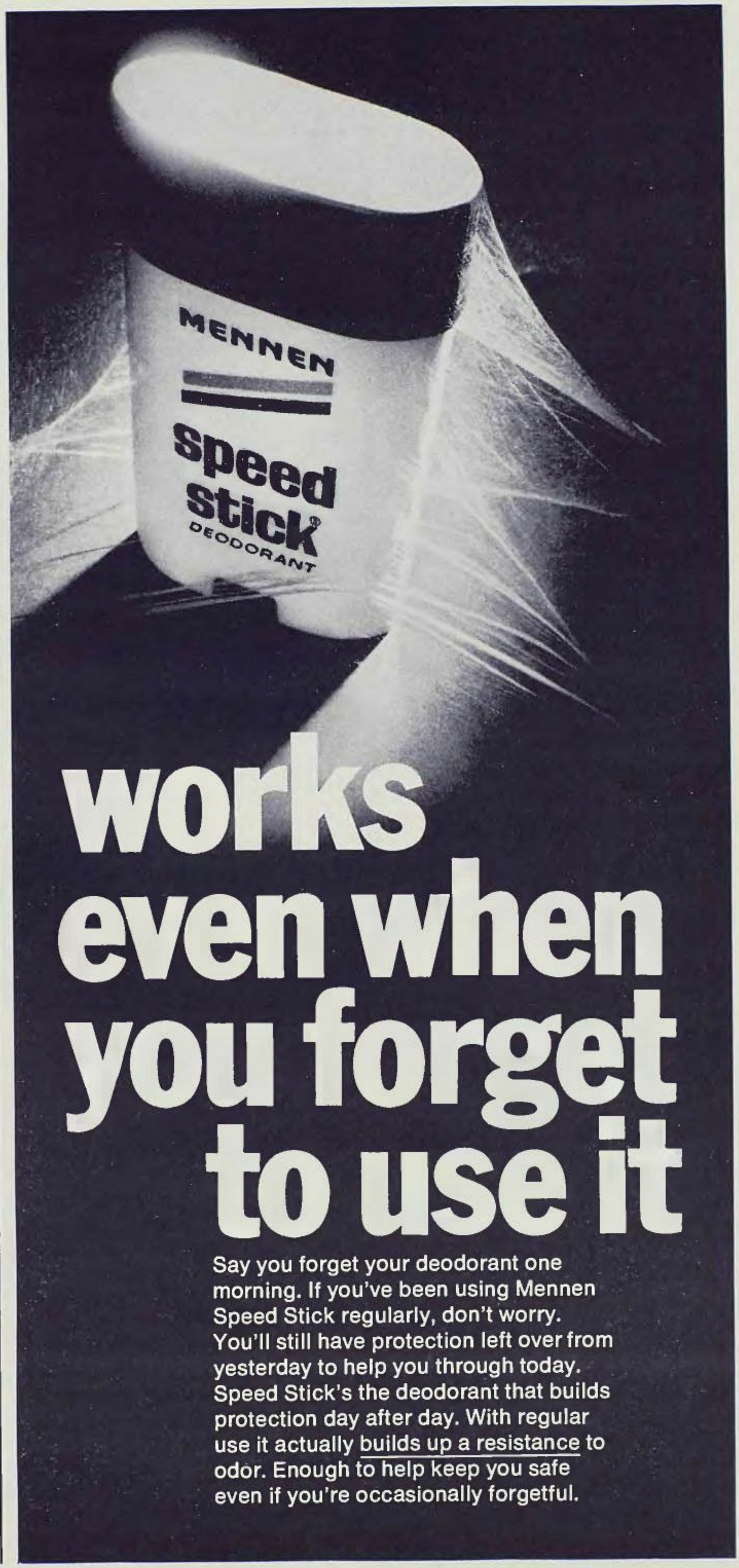
The Yard Went on Forever . . . (Dunhill; also available on stereo tape) finds Richard Harris acting and singing his way through ten new Jim Webb tone poems, with an orchestral backdrop of Hollywood slickness. There are moments when Webb sacrifices clarity for euphony, and moments when he and Harris get embarrassingly sentimental—but for the most part, Harris is a skillful gardener, and it is honest poetry that grows in Webb's yard, as evidenced by the three *Hymns from Grand Terrace*, the opulent images of *Water-mark* and the bitter humor of *The Hive*.

•

The late Wes Montgomery's last LP, **Road Song** (A&M; also available on stereo tape), is a fitting tribute to the guitarist's outsized talent. Accompanied by the large aggregations that stood him in such good stead during his association with A&M, Wes proceeds to demonstrate—with that spare, no-frills-attached style of his—the jazz nuances of such diverse attractions as *Green Leaves of Summer*, *Fly Me to the Moon*, *Yesterday* and the English folk ditties *Greensleeves* and *Scarborough Fair*. Don Sebesky's beautiful arrangements create faultless settings for the Montgomery guitar. It is an appropriate epilog to the Wes Montgomery story.

•

Nancy Priddy is the girl's name, and on **You've Come This Way Before** (Dot), she confidently opens up unfamiliar regions in the brave new world of jazz-



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rock. She delivers her freely conceived and precisely crafted lyrics with a style that enhances the intricacy of the charts (which represent an inspired effort by Manny Albam and friends). Among the ten items in the well-paced song cycle are *My Friend Frank*, a humorous, uptempo rocker; *Mystic Lady*, which embraces a wide spectrum of moods and motifs; and *Epitaph*, a voice-and-piano duet that spirals to a stunning climax.

•

The five gentlemen billed as the John Handy Concert Ensemble project handsomely on their new LP, ***Projections*** (Columbia). Leader Handy handles the alto, saxello and flute chores; Mike White continues to make a name for himself as a major proponent of the jazz violin; and Mike Nock's pianowork makes a major contribution to the success of the ensemble. Bassist Bruce Cale and drummer Larry Hancock supply the rhythm for one of the most engaging groups going. The creativity displayed on these original works is both invigorating and intelligible —which says a lot for a group producing a very modern sound.

•

Composers have been fooling around with the music of J. S. Bach ever since Mozart set the style by arranging several of the old master's organ fugues for string trio. But who would have thought that someone would try to run this imperishable stuff through an electronic synthesizer? This is exactly what composer Walter Carlos has done on ***Switched-On Bach*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), and it turns out to be one of the most exhilarating recordings we've heard in years. Carlos "performs" the *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3* and other familiar pieces on a specially modified Moog Synthesizer and manages to make them sound both like good Bach and good electronics. The unusual timbres may give you something of a jolt at first, but stick with them for a while and their brilliant clarity and razor-sharp articulation will soon begin to sound insidiously apropos.

•

Tim Hardin 3 Live in Concert (Verve Forecast) has the prince of "underground" troubadours—aided not by a trio but by a quicksilver jazz quintet—steadily sending a Manhattan audience into ecstasy. Hardin, whose unpredictable phrasing and penetrating voice afford him maximum projection, even in his most introspective moods, has a field day with *If I Were a Carpenter* and *Lenny's Tune*, a lament for the late comedian; but his hauntingly hesitant *Misty Roses* provides the program's artistic peak.

•

That timeless pixy of the piano, Erroll Garner, carries on with undiminished equanimity on ***Up in Erroll's Room*** (MGM; also available on stereo tape). Garner's usual rhythm accompaniment is augmented on this occasion by an instrumental group called The Brass Bed (reed men Pepper Adams and Jerome Richardson slipped in there somehow). The session is filled with all manner of goodies—*Watermelon Man*, *The Girl from Ipanema*, *Cheek to Cheek* among them—and Garner is, as ever, inimitable.

•

Arlo (Reprise; also available on stereo tape) records Mr. Guthrie cracking up a willing New York audience with his sly humor, as on *The Motorcycle Song*, and with his down-to-earth singing, as on *Wouldn't You Believe It*. Donovan, who has virtually become an old dependable, offers another winning set of performances on ***The Hurdy Gurdy Man*** (Epic; also available on stereo tape). No matter what the bag—baroque, jazz or Oriental—Donovan never fails to delight.

•

We really dig ***The Sound of Nancy Wilson*** (Capitol). One of her best compilations yet, the LP contains a pair of Harold Arlen beauties—*Out of This World* and *When the Sun Comes Out*—and two Cy Coleman–Carolyn Leigh gems, *On the Other Side of the Tracks* and *The Rules of the Road*. There are other estimable ditties on hand and a coterie of superb musicians to put the frosting on Miss Wilson's cake.

•

José Feliciano's fast-growing following won't be disappointed with ***Souled*** (Victor; also available on stereo tape), a set that embraces "modern" material, such as John Sebastian's *Younger Generation*, and funkier rock songs, such as *Hi-Heel Sneakers* and the long-neglected *Hey! Baby*. José's inner-directed, highly decorative style varies little from track to track; and the orchestrations, like those on his last outing, leave plenty of space for his unamplified guitar.

•

Color Blind (Dynovoice; also available on stereo tape) is an auspicious debut for The Glitterhouse, a supersmooth but vigorous rock group that specializes in light, melodic fables; *Tinkerbell's Mind* and *Sassafrass and Cinnamon* are among the more successful efforts. The group's conceptions—which straddle the center stripe of the pop-rock highway, with frequent forays to the light-classical side —are abetted by some of Bob Crewe's least-contrived arrangements to date.

•

Very few European jazzmen have made any appreciable impression on the American market place; French pianist Martial Solal is one who has. ***The Martial Solal Trio: On Home Ground*** (Milestone) offers a pyrotechnic display of Solal's credentials. The jazz standards on side one and Solal's own compositions on side two provide complementing showcases for his formidable technique and bright inventiveness. Bassist Gilbert Rovere and

drummer Charles Bellonzi contribute a good deal more than simple rhythmic support. A fine recording.

•

Lily & Maria (Columbia) introduces a captivating singing duo. The LP consists of two collections of original compositions, *Ismenê-Jasmine* and *Scatterings*, which fully display the girls' always sensuous, frequently unearthly sound.

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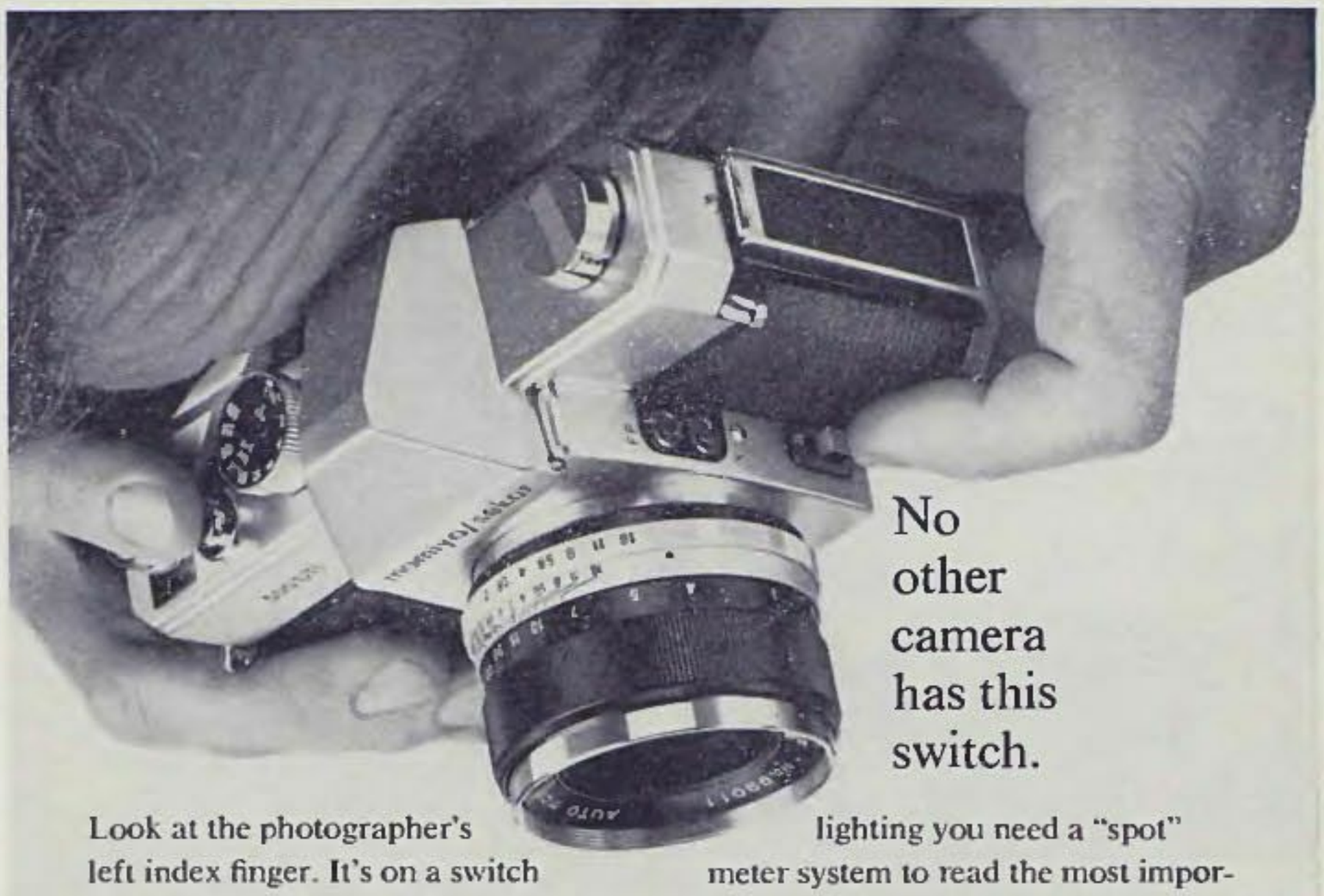
On his seventh LP, ***200 M. P. H.*** (Warner Bros.–Seven Arts), Bill Cosby continues his remarkable growth as a comedian. Side one speeds along with antic vignettes about relatives and pets; the 22½-minute flip side may prove the ultimate distillation of America's passion for sports cars. From the opening moments, when he takes possession of a "dual everything" Carroll Shelby Cobra —that "will do over two hundred miles per hour and is faster than anything Steve McQueen owns"—to the album's apocalyptic ending, Cosby rates a checkered flag for his high-powered performance. Recorded during a show at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, *200 M. P. H.* captures Cosby's gifts for animating prosaic objects and imitating sounds.

THEATER

Zorbá, which was conceived, composed, directed and produced by the same ensemble that crafted *Cabaret*, is the reverse side of that other hit musical. Where *Cabaret* looked upon life with cynicism, *Zorbá* celebrates it. "Life is a cabaret, old chum," runs the theme song of the former, and every bit of irony is intended. *Zorbá*'s theme song is *Life Is* —a cabaret and everything else. "I live as if I would die any night," Zorba boasts, and grabs at everything—every passion, every experience and every woman. The chief similarity, besides excellence and tastefulness, of the two Harold Prince shows is that each is held together by a seemingly extraneous character who turns out to be essential: the emcee in *Cabaret* and Lorraine Serabian's one-woman Greek chorus in *Zorbá*. Miss Serabian, a darkly beautiful newcomer with a Streisand-power voice, sweeps fatelike through the play, providing a framework and also a spirit. But the play is, after all, about Zorba the Greek; and the transition from Nikos Kazantzakis' novel to movie to musical is effected with surprising preservation of tone and character. Under Prince's creative direction, author Joseph Stein, composer John Kander, lyricist Fred Ebb and choreographer Ronald Field have collaboratively produced not a theatrical retread but something alive in its own right. Though Herschel Bernardi—short, somewhat squat—does not resemble the movie's Anthony Quinn, he can



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sing and he can act. He is not the definitive Zorba—perhaps only one and a half times larger than life—but a good one. The rest of the cast stands tall: John Cunningham as the tightly restrained Nikos, Maria Karnilova as the lusty, childlike Hortense, Carmen Alvarez as the lonely widow, the supporting townspeople and bouzouki players and, of course, Lorraine Serabian. *Zorba*'s accent is very much in the right place. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

•

The beginning and end of ***The Man in the Glass Booth*** are marvelously theatrical. The play opens in a dimly lit cathedral-like room as a bald man in a silk dressing gown kneels before an urn and prays. A bell rings eight o'clock. Servants enter and press a button, and what had appeared to be a fresco lining the rear wall turns out to be louvered windows behind which shines the skyline of Manhattan. The servants dress the bald man, place an offering of coffee before him and, as his sycophantic secretary bustles about, his day begins. The man, Arthur Goldman, is a supersuccessful real-estate tycoon whose odd and idiosyncratic character—he carries a pistol and points it freely—is firmly established in a very few minutes. Instantly, one is almost compulsively curious about him. In the last act of *The Man*, the Billy Rose–like Goldman has become an Eichmann in a glass booth, on trial in Israel for murdering millions of Jews. Unlike Eichmann and other Nazis, Goldman has exultantly boasted of his perversity, savoring the blood lust when he isn't cracking Jewish jokes ("We got a restaurant in New York killed more Hebrews than I did"). Then, suddenly, in the final scene, Goldman is revealed as a refugee from a Nazi camp who has plotted his own martyrdom. The revelation is chilling; and as played with intensity by Donald Pleasence and directed by Harold Pinter, it beautifully twists the whole play on itself, making it for the moment seem to add up to much more than it really does. The problem with *The Man in the Glass Booth* is largely in its middle, the metamorphosis of millionaire to martyr. Presumably, this is not merely a melodrama but a play of ideas in which one expects analysis and insight: Why did Goldman the refugee become Goldman the financial lion become Goldman the saint (or madman)? Playwright (also actor and novelist) Robert Shaw raises provocative questions about the nature of Goldman and the nature of guilt but answers them with simplifications and even wisecracks. In the end, it is not the author's philosophy but simply his theatrical device—what if Eichmann were a Jew?—that survives as the essence of the play. At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

•

When Joseph Heller's ***We Bombed in New Haven*** tried out in New Haven (at Yale) last year, it didn't bomb—but it was a rambling, undisciplined play. Wackily wild and spontaneous, with its actors playing actors playing soldiers, it was stubbornly antiwar and antiwar-play, antiwar-movie, antiwar-games. It was marred by diffuseness and a creeping sentimentality. Transplanted to Broadway, it is less diffuse, less wacky and more sentimental. The pacifism is still there; Heller is, after all, the author of *Catch-22* and a master of sardonic dialog (says one young draftee, "It would disrupt my life less if I got killed sooner"). And for Broadway, there are two stars in lead parts: Jason Robards as the world-weary captain and Diana Sands as his girlfriend, a Red Cross coffee-and-doughnuts girl. Robards is as good as Stacy Keach was in New Haven, but Miss Sands simply is no match for Estelle Parsons' fall girl. The two best performers from the Connecticut production—Ron Leibman as the sergeant who defects, and Anthony Holland as the corporal who wants to succeed the sergeant but only *after* the sergeant is killed—have both made the journey to Broadway, and they are, again, hilarious. The catch is not the actors, but the author. Like *22*'s Milo Minderbinder, he has sabotaged his own play. He has stripped it of most of its Marx Brothers nuttiness, including one wonderfully lunatic scene in which Holland popped out of a laundry basket like a red-haired jack-in-the-box and belted out the song *Heat Wave*. The nuttiness created an atmosphere—the crazy insane asylum of Army life—without which Heller's play is too much speechifying, even a bit pretentious. It was both much funnier and more serious before the author began taking it too seriously. At the Ambassador, 219 West 49th Street.

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There is a world of difference between the ubiquitous Harold Pinter's stage plays and his TV plays. Stage Pinter is confined and mysteriously claustrophobic: Everything is restricted to a single room and often to a brief and specific time span. Television Pinter is open, full of jump cuts and quick close-ups and may cover months or years. Though ***Tea Party*** and ***The Basement*** are billed by their producers as "world premieres," the truth is that both were first done on the BBC; but in the current production, no attempt is made to disguise the medium of origin. Quite the contrary. Director James Hammerstein has tried to duplicate the TV production—but on stage the many shifts of scenery and brief black-outs make the evening seem less like television than like ping-pong in wide screen. Yet the works are characteristically Pinter—which is to say, funny, terrifying and haunting. And they are well acted. In *Tea Party*, a middle-aged manufacturer of bidets (David Ford)

suffers a sexual and psychological collapse. The oppressive forces (at least in his mind) include his ladylike second wife, her obsequious brother (or at least apparently her brother) and the businessman's supersexy secretary (supersexily portrayed by Valerie French). *The Basement* is just as erotic but much funnier and more successful. On a stormy night, a young couple visit his former roommate (presumably a homosexual), immediately shed their clothes and jump into his bed together, while the friend sits back and comments calmly, "I was feeling quite lonely, actually." They bring disorder into his finicky life and then change partners. From a marvelous beginning, as seasons pass and scenery changes, the play dissolves into dissolves. But for all those who are Pinterested, these two plays are not to be missed. At the Eastside Playhouse, 334 East 74th Street.

•

The Apartment was an offbeat little movie—very funny, very wry and very successful. ***Promises, Promises*** is a great big Broadway musical—very funny, very wry and, on its own terms, equally successful. The main difference between the original and the rerun, besides the music, is that what once seemed outspoken—the office go-getter getting ahead by lending his pad to his lecherous bosses—now seems sort of square. *Promises, Promises* is very much in the Broadway stream of things. Since this is the first theatrical score by top pop composer Burt Bacharach and his lyricist collaborator, Hal David, one somehow expects something different, a certain freedom and wildness. Though this expectation is disappointed, the music is still well above the Broadway average; and in at least two cases—*Knowing When to Leave* and the title song—it is extraordinary. In rewriting the original book, Neil Simon has retained the premises of the plot but worked out his own decor. Generally, the Simonizing is the funniest part of the show. He has his hero (Jerry Orbach) take the audience into his confidence, kid them, mislead them, comment (unfavorably) on his own actions. An angular singing-dancing-clowning actor, Orbach lends a certain absurdity to the character that makes him even funnier than Jack Lemmon was in the movie. Orbach dominates the show, and overshadows the two other leads—which is a good thing. Edward Winter, as the chief seducer, seems always to be in the throes of gas pains; and Jill O'Hara, as the chief seducee, though pretty and possessing a pleasant voice, lacks the necessary vulnerability for her part and cannot really belt out the Bacharach songs. But even with such shortcomings, *Promises, Promises* promises to make a great many people happy. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.

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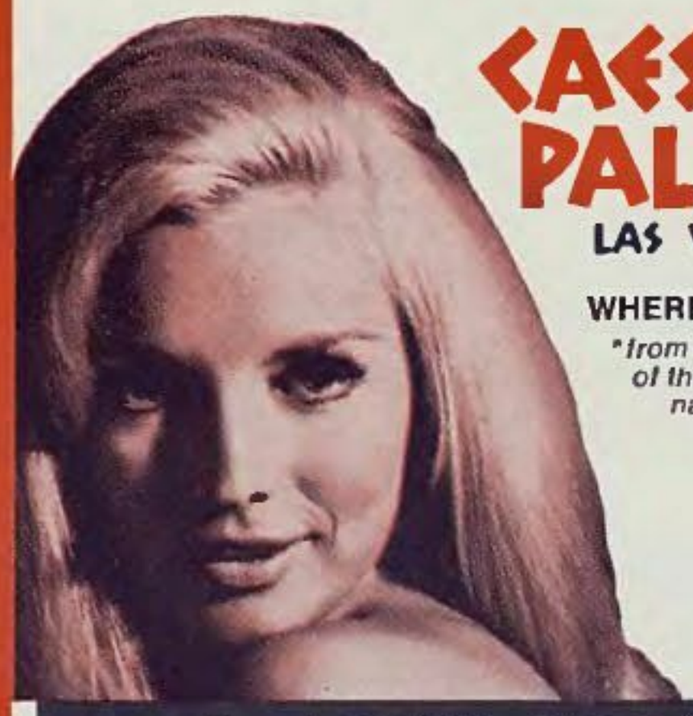

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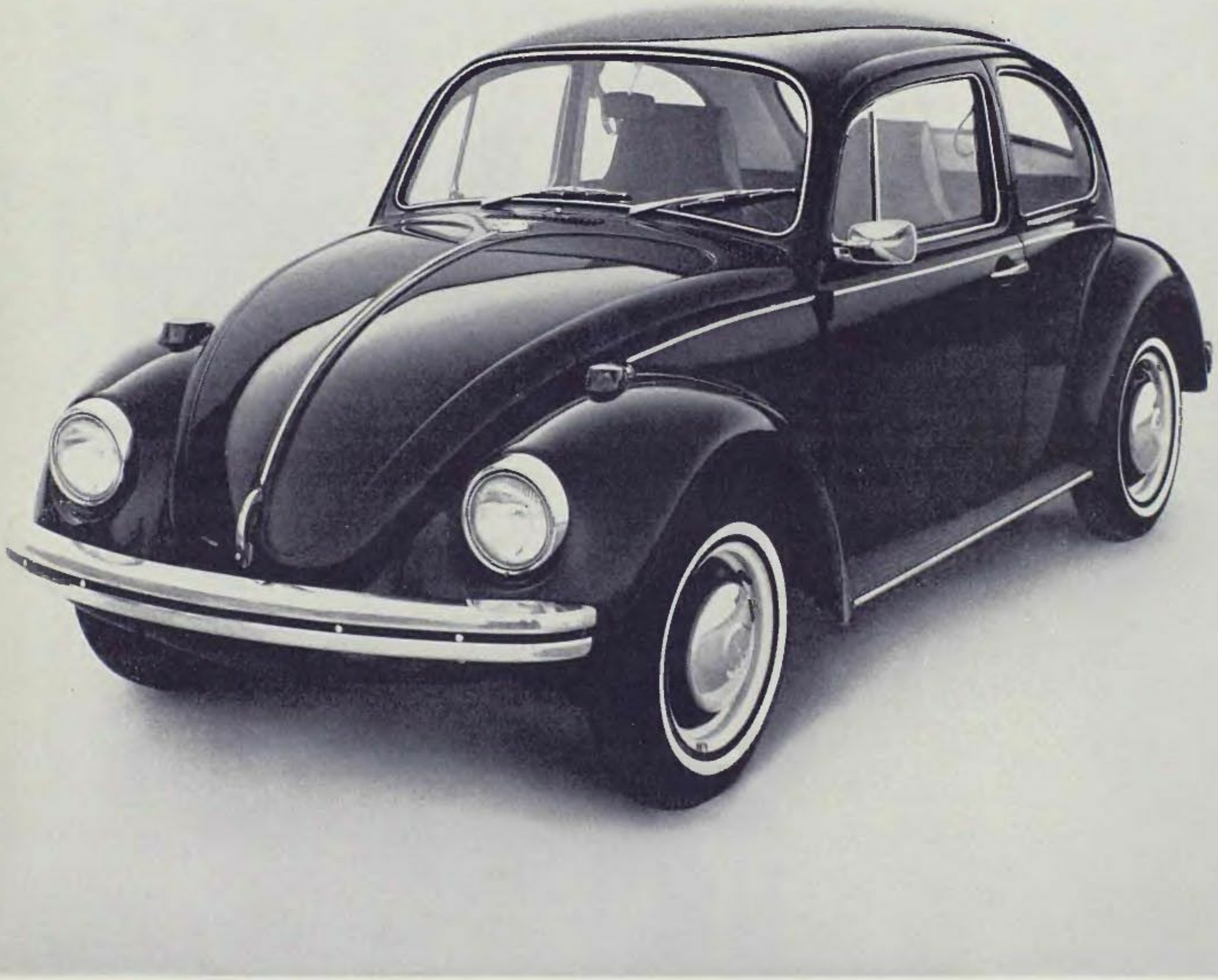

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've dated dozens of girls all over the country, but I am about to reach the age of 21 still a virgin. I have necked and petted and tried to go further, but somehow I end up making a fool of myself, inasmuch as my propositions are invariably rejected. I ask the girls as politely as I know how. What am I doing wrong? —R. W., FPO San Francisco, California.

Words are not the most effective medium of communication in the early stages of intimacy. When you ask, you are requiring that your partner agree, at the bottom of the mountain, to climb all the way to the top. That's a lot to ask. If you just start out together, each decision is only to take one more step. In other words, your leadership, not your questions, will provide the assurance that you know where you're going.

A friend and I have had a minor disagreement concerning the boys in the Vatican choir. He claims that they are all castrated, in order that their voices will not deepen. I say that this may have been so in the past but is no longer true. Who's right?—S. R., University Park, Pennsylvania.

You are. Although castrati *were formerly in vogue in Italy—both in the Church and in opera—the practice of trading virility for job stability was discontinued in the 19th Century. These days, when guys no longer sound like dolls, they may eventually be transferred to other sections of the choir or chorus after the change of voice.*

Can you tell me if there are any gambling schools in Nevada that train and then place qualified graduates in casinos as dealers?—T. L., Duluth, Minnesota.

Write to the Nevada School of Dealing, 131 North Third Street, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101, for complete information. They offer courses in craps, roulette and blackjack for men over 21. There is no time limit for learning, but the average student requires six to eight weeks of instruction. If you look like a winner, the school may help place you after completion of the course.

For a year and a half, I have been in love with a beautiful coed who attends the same small college I do. We have often spoken of marrying after we've finished school. However, about a month ago a lovely divorcée entered my life. I think I love her, too. I now have what many people would consider a "captain's paradise": When I'm *not* making love to one, I'm making it with the other. But it's beginning to bug me, and I'm afraid that if I continue sharing myself with these two at the present rate, I'll damage myself physically—perhaps permanently. How realistic is this fear?—R. S., Hammond, Louisiana.

If you're worried about muscular or glandular damage from a surfeit of sex, forget it; the body is self-regulating in this respect. However, unless you possess a supercool nervous system, your captain's paradise will probably degenerate into a captain's psychic shipwreck.

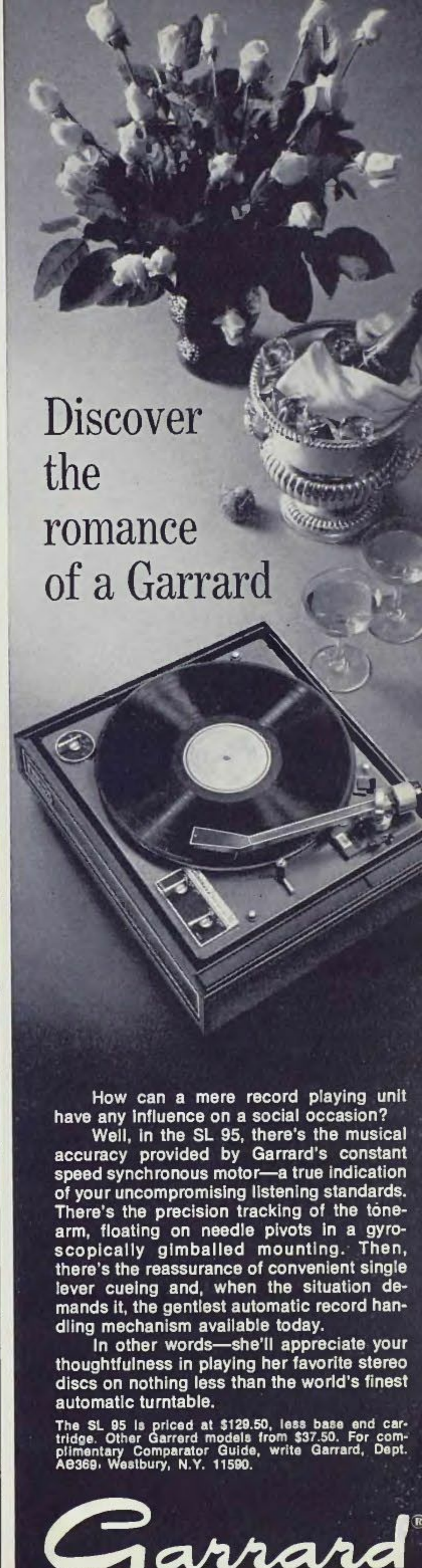
I've been considering the purchase of a few cases of California wine and storing them for a "decade plus" to improve their quality. I've been told this will enhance the wine's flavor characteristics so that they will compare with the best of aged French wines. Is this so?—J. N., Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The aging of wine in the home is not necessarily a guarantee of improving the quality. Generally speaking, all rosé wines from Europe or America, most of the light Alsatian and German wines, beaujolais and most of the French white burgundies should be consumed within three years of the bottling. We know of very few California reds (except some rare private bottlings that do not reach the general public) that can be successfully kept for what you call a "decade plus." The best California red wines for aging in the bottle are the Cabernet Sauvignons; but we believe that most of these would become withered in flavor if kept too long. Those wines that generally improve with age in the bottle are the vintage ports (which are kept for decades), certain of the red Bordeaux and red burgundies from France and a very few of the German auslese or the French sauternes.

Many times, I've told the 19-year-old girl I'm dating that I love her, but she can't accept this. She recently gave birth to a baby (not mine) out of wedlock and is convinced no man could care for her after that. What can I say to her to help her get rid of her feelings?—D. I., Chicago, Illinois.

Stop making her feel like a special case. Call up for dates, but don't push. Go out with groups, where she will be accepted as a social equal. Only when she can see herself as normal again in social terms will she be ready to consider individual relationships.

I find myself in quite a quandary, because of very strong moral feelings against the war in Vietnam; I want no part of killing. On the other hand, I don't belong to any religious group that might qualify me to be classified as a conscientious



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objector. I believe there must be many like me who find themselves in this ambiguous no man's land. What can I do? —P. N., Richmond, Virginia.

The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled ("U.S. vs. Seeger") that you must receive consideration as a conscientious objector if you have a sincere religious belief, even though you're not a member of an organized religious group. According to the American Friends Service Committee, if your moral feelings against killing are sincerely based on such ideals as a belief in "goodness, love, beauty and the potentiality for brotherhood in man," you may be able to qualify. You can receive help and information from the following: a peace church or the Friends Committee in your area; the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors in Philadelphia; the National Service Board for Religious Objectors in Washington.

Someone told me that menthol suppresses a person's sexual desire and that all cigarettes are made with sodium nitrate (a form of saltpeter), which helps them burn evenly but also adversely affects the sex drive. Because the girl I plan to marry is a heavy smoker of menthol cigarettes, I would like to know if this information is correct.—M. H., Baltimore, Maryland.

Neither menthol nor saltpeter functions in the human body as an anaphrodisiac. This is pure myth, a flight of fancy passed along from gull to gull, which we are pleased to shoot down.

When I was in Tokyo, I purchased a top-rated Japanese 35mm camera. The lab has just returned my first rolls of film and I'm very disappointed. The exposures are good and the pictures are sharp, but they all have a blue tinge. Did I get stuck with a lemon?—S. F., Tucson, Arizona.

You're singing the blues because you probably used Type A or Type B color film (made for indoor shooting) when filming outdoors. The proper outdoor film—daylight type—is balanced for the high blue content of natural light. However, sometimes even this film may show a bluish tinge if used on an overcast day or in the shade. To correct this, a skylight or haze filter is recommended for such alfresco use.

I'm stationed in a battle zone and don't think I should feel guilty about indulging in sex now and then. On the other hand, my wife is at home with all the amenities and pleasures the U.S. has to offer and I feel she should abstain during the one year I'll be away. Some of my buddies disagree with my double standard. What does PLAYBOY think?—B. Z., APO San Francisco, California.

We think that since your wife is the same distance from you as you are from her, the same standard of behavior —whatever it is—should apply to both of you.

After seeing countless guys hurl themselves through windows, fall off horses, smash cars and generally risk life and limb in action movies, I wonder about Hollywood stunt men. Do these birdbrains work for peanuts or is there enough bread in it to make the risks worth while? And what's the going rate for doing what comes unnaturally?—T. M., Newport Beach, California.

Filmdom's fearless fall guys are highly skilled professionals and their dashing deeds of derring-do are well rewarded. When on call, a stunt man gets a minimum of $112 per day. However, the rates for unusually difficult or risky stunts are open to negotiation. A major Hollywood studio has supplied us with the following figures: For tumbling off a running horse, a rider was compensated $200. For being dragged with one foot in the stirrup, he earned a fast $350. And for staging a wagon wreck, his pain pay came to $500. For an even more dangerous feat, such as making a running leap from a canyon edge onto a moving cable car with a 1500-foot abyss below, one tricky businessman netted $1000.

I have an electric razor and a traveling electric clock, both for plugging into 110 volts, A.C., 60 cycles. I want to take them on a trip abroad, during which I will be in countries with 220 volts, A.C., 60 cycles, and 110 volts, A.C., 50 cycles. I own a small transformer and adapter plug for the razor to change the 220 to 110, but what do I do about the change from 60 cycles to 50 cycles? What happens if I do plug the clock or razor into 50-cycle current?—H. L., Washington, D. C.

We have two suggestions that are less expensive and more practical than trying to transport a device that changes cycles for you. Invest in a battery-operated razor, the kind that is rechargeable. You can get one with a recharge gadget that will adjust the current flowing to it from a wall plug, so that you can use any alternating current supplied the world over; you can also use the power sources direct; i.e., without having to recharge the battery. As for the clock, invest in a battery-operated one that doesn't have a charger built in. A single, small flashlight battery will power the clock for many months. If you plug your present razor into 50-cycle A.C., it will run ten percent slower and be that much less effective and comfortable; it will not be damaged. As for your 60-cycle clock, it will run slow in the ratio of 6 to 5. You will thus lose ten minutes an hour, four hours per day, but it won't be damaged.

During a late-show gangster flick, the cops made reference to their paddy wagon as a Black Maria. What's the derivation of this term?—J. S., Fairfield, Iowa.

Although the origin of this term is debated by etymologists, Cecil Hunt in "Word Origins" claims it derives from a monumental black woman, Maria Lee, who kept a boardinghouse in Boston during the mid-19th Century. With a temper as fiery as her muscles were powerful, she inspired fear in even the most hardened criminals. Occasionally, the fuzz called on her to assist them in capturing lawbreakers, which she willingly did. "Black Maria" was thus instrumental in having them hauled off to jail, and her name became attached to the vehicle used for this purpose.

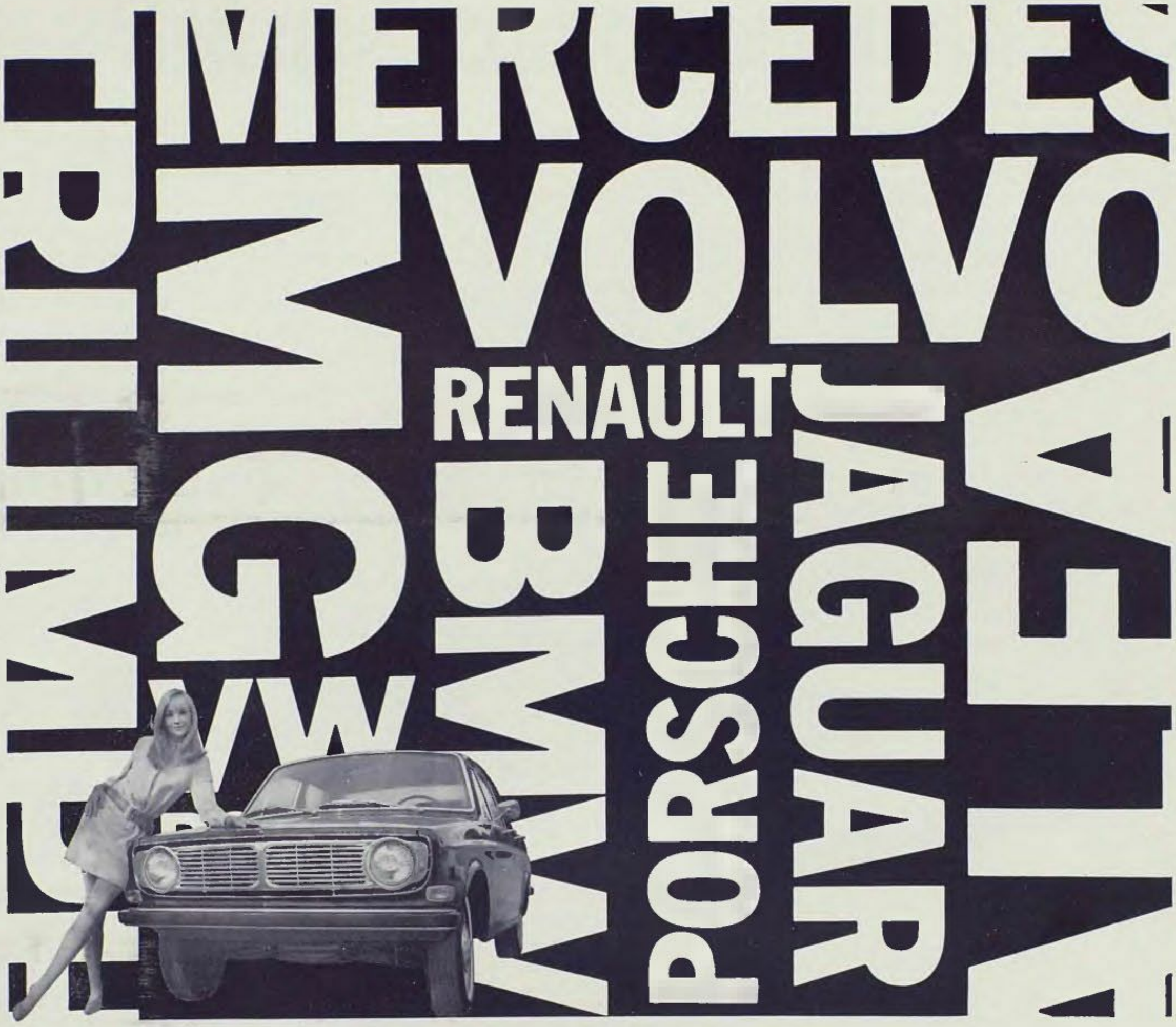
Shortly before our scheduled wedding, I jilted my girl, even though I still loved her deeply. Marriage was beginning to scare me and I wanted out before it was too late. I have not seen her or spoken with her since the break, but friends tell me she still thinks about me. I can't sleep nights for thinking about her. I really want her back but haven't the guts to call her. I think I could face her, but I am terrified at the prospect of remeeting her parents, relatives, friends and townspeople. Help me.—C. M., Los Gatos, California.

Let's take one thing at a time. Write to the girl, if that's more comfortable than phoning, and tell her of your wish to see her again. If she wants to resume, she will make the re-entry to her home relatively frictionless and together you will build up enough courage to face the other people. Your experience is not unique. Even Abraham Lincoln once broke his engagement to the woman he later married.

Is it true that, of all the dictators of our time, Benito Mussolini was the best writer?—R. L., New Haven, Connecticut.

It is true that Mussolini's prose is full of brilliant lines, far superior to anything produced by Hitler or Stalin. But his most scintillating passages were boldly lifted from other writers, such as Machiavelli, Nietzsche, Marx, Engels, Plato and, especially, the French anarchist Georges Sorel.

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.



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The comparison is mostly unfair because the M-60A1 looks exactly like what *it* is, while the Javelin looks exactly like what *it* is.

However, there are a few other comparisons that are not quite so unreasonable.

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the M-60A1 and the Javelin.

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Unfair.

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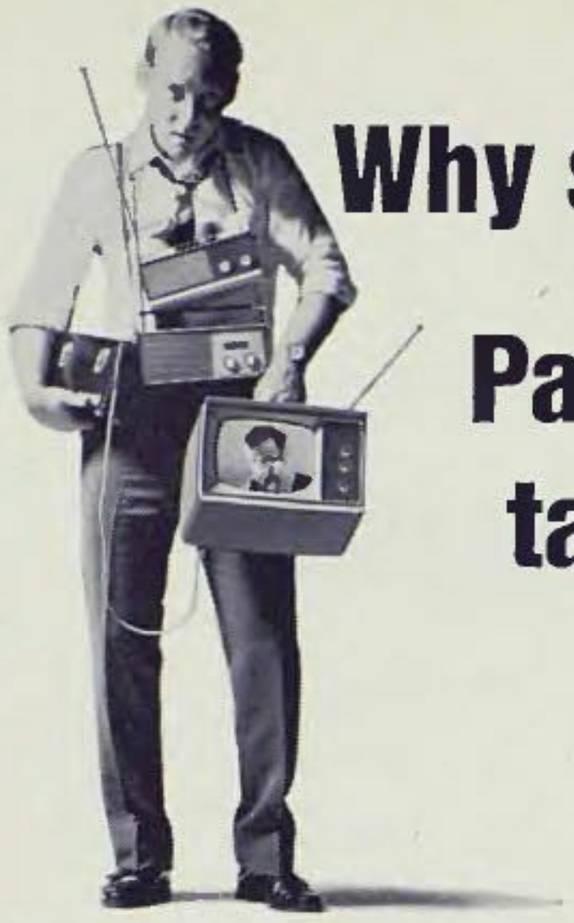

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SWISSAIR OTF / 29.8.68 | FLIGHT CHECKLIST **DC-8-62/62F** | Sheet 1 Issue No.3

COCKPIT PREPARATION

62 | 62 F

- The entire check has to be executed when accepting the aircraft from Maintenance after a nightstop and/or after technical irregularities.
- On normal transit stops and when taking over the aircraft from previous crew (crew change enroute with contact at the aircraft) only items in a frame ☐ have to be checked.

●To be checked only when complete cockpit preparation check has been performed.

F = FOR DC-8-62F ONLY

	1	Oxygen bottles	OPEN / PRESSURE CHECKED
	2	Ignition override	OFF
	3	Start arm switch	OFF
	4	Fuel dump switch + indicator / Crank	RETRACT / ON BOARD
	5	External power switch	EXT POWER / VOLT + FREQ CHECKED
	6	Radio rack blower switch / Light	NORMAL / CHECKED + OFF
	7	Mast heater	OFF
	9	Circuit breakers / Fuses	ALL ON / CHECKED
	10	All watches	REWIND
	11	Fire agent low-pressure lights	CHECKED / OFF
	12	Fire agent discharge switches	OFF / GUARDED
	13	Engine fire shut-off levers	NORMAL
	14	Pitot heaters / Light	CHECKED
	15	Stall warning	CHECKED
	16	Emergency bucket dump switch	NORMAL / GUARDED
	17	Reverser hydraulic pump pressure / Light	CHECKED
	18	Navigation warning annunciators	CHECKED
	19	Windshield heat	WARM-UP
	20	Engine + scoop anti-ice / Lights	OFF / CHECKED
	21	Aux hydraulic pump	START
	22	Start air pressure	CHECKED
	23	Ignitor switches	BOTH
	24	Emergency exit light	ARMED / LIGHT OFF
	25	Seat belt / No smoking	ON
	26	Navigation lights	ON or OFF
	27	Taxi + landing lights	RETRACT / OFF
F	28	Max speed warning selector	AS REQUIRED
F	29	IAS indicators	ACCORDING SELECTOR POS
	30	Emergency air brake lever	OFF / SAFETIED
	31	Static + pitot selectors	NORMAL / SAFETIED
	32	Anti-skid switch / Light	ARMED / CHECKED
	33	Maximum airspeed warning	CHECKED
	34	Landing gear lights / Horn / Lever	CHECKED / DOWN DETENT
	35	Fuel power switch	NORMAL
	36	Fuel flow totalizers	RESET
	37	Engine instruments (center panel)	CHECKED
	38	Ice warning light / PTC extend fail light	CHECKED
	39	Oil pressure warning lights	ON
	40	Autopilot servo disconnect switches	ON
	41	Hydr brake low-pressure light	CHECKED / OFF
	42	Thrust brake lights	CHECKED
	43	Stabilizer / Alt long trim	CHECKED
	44	Spoiler lever / Extend light	DISARMED / CHECKED
	45	Wing flaps / Slots light	UP / CHECKED

DC8 60 2.2.1.-1F

62 | 62 F

	46	Gustlock	ON
	47	Rain removal handles	OFF
	48	Hydraulic indicators / Air brake pressure	CHECKED
	49	Hydr / Aileron + rudder power lights	CHECKED
	50	Aux hydraulic pump	OFF
	51	Mixing valves / Pressure control lever	AUTOMATIC
	52	Aileron + rudder power levers	ON
	53	Hydraulic system selector	GENERAL / NORMAL POS
	54	Generator drive disconnect switches	GUARD SAFETY-WIRED
	55	Electrical system warning lights	CHECKED
	56	Generator control switches	OFF
	57	Emergency electrical control switches	ON
	58	AC / DC bus isolation switches	NORMAL / GUARDED
	59	Flight recorder	SET / CHECKED
	60	Galley power	ON
	61	Fire warning	CHECKED
F	62	Smoke detectors / Selector	CHECKED / AS REQUIRED
	63	Freon compressor switches / Overheat + oper lts	OFF / CHECKED
	64	Main gear spoiler inoperative light	CHECKED / OFF
	65	Engine vibration monitoring	CHECKED
	66	Master caution	CHECKED / OFF
	67	Recirc fan switches	AUTO or OFF
	68	Diverter valve switch / Temp control knobs	GUARDED / SET
	69	Cabin / Belly door open lights	CHECKED
	70	Engine hydraulic pumps	BOTH ON
	71	Emergency hydr level warning light	CHECKED
	72	Ground spoiler power selector	GUARD SAFETY-WIRED
	73	Standby rudder power	CHECKED
	74	Spoiler pump / Switch	CHECKED / NORMAL
	75	Start valve open light / Pneumatic lights	CHECKED
	76	Ignition inverter	CHECKED / OFF
	77	Crossfeed switch / Pneumatic switches	NORMAL / AUTO
	78	Cabin compressor switches / Overheat lights	OFF / CHECKED
	79	Ice warning light (F/E panel)	CHECKED
	80	De-ice timer selector	OFF
	81	De-ice timers	NORMAL CYCLE
	82	Tail duct valve switch	NORMAL / GUARDED
	83	Tail de-ice light	CHECKED
	84	Engine instruments (F/E panel)	CHECKED
	85	Blowaway button / Light	OUT / ON
	86	Auto shut-off system	CHECKED
	87	T test	PERFORMED
	88	Boost and feed pumps	CHECKED / OFF
	89	Fuel tank selectors / Crossfeed levers	ALL UP
	90	Fill bugs	SET
	91	Fill valves	CLOSED
	92	Main / Alt 1 + 4 quant low ind lights	CHECKED / OFF
	93	Fuel temperature	CHECKED
	94	Pins / Pitot covers	REMOVED / ON BOARD
F	95	Cargo door	CHECKED
F	96	Cargo borties / Crew pantry	SECURED

COCKPIT PREPARATION COMPLETED

DC8 60 2.2.1.-1B

GGK

Sheet 2 Issue No.4 — FLIGHT CHECKLIST **DC-8-62/62F**

62 | 62 F

CREW AT STATIONS

1	F/E	Circuit breakers / Fuses	ALL ON / CHECKED
2	|	Aircraft Log	MAINTENANCE RELEASED
3	All	Oxygen masks / Mikes / Regulators	CHECKED / SET
4	Pil	Altimeter correction	ON / FLAG OFF
5●	|	KIFIS	CHECKED
6	|	Compasses	MAGNETIC / ALIGN
7	|	Flight instruments / Flight director switch	CHECKED, FLAGS OFF / SPLIT
8	|	Radio altimeters	CHECKED / SET
9	|	Radios / Marker / Selcal	SET
10	Cpt	Pitch trim compensator	OVERRIDE
11	|	Auto-throttle	CHECKED / OFF
12	|	Throttles / Fuel shut-off levers	IDLE / FUEL OFF
13	|	Autopilot	OFF
14	|	Aileron + rudder trim	SET
15	Copi	Radar / Navigation computer	STANDBY / AUTO
16	|	Doppler / Transponder	RECEIVER ONLY / STANDBY
17	|	Start arm switch	MANIFOLD
18	|	Aux hydraulic pump	ON / LIGHT ON
19	Cpt/F/E	Fueling Order / Fuel + oil quantity	CHECKED
20	All	Loadsheet / Cabin report	CHECKED / RECEIVED
21	|	Take-off data / Speed marks	CHECKED / SET
22	Cpt	Stabilizer	SET
23	All	Doors and windows	CLOSED / LIGHTS CHECKED
24	Pil	Start-up clearance	RECEIVED
25	Cpt	Parking brakes / Anti-skid light	ON / LIGHT ON
26	I●	Anti-collision light	ON
27	F/E	Main tank boost pumps	BOOST & FEED
28	|	Recirc fans / Freon compressors	OFF
29	|	Galley power	OFF
30	|	Pneumatic pressure	CHECKED

READY FOR ENGINE START

AFTER ENGINE START

1	F/E	Generator control switches	ON
2	|	External power switch	BATTERY
3	|	Generators	CHECKED / PARALLELED
4	|	Boost + feed pumps	OFF
5	Copi	Aux hydr pump	OFF / LIGHT OFF
6	|	Start arm switch	OFF
7	|	Ignitor switches	OUTBOUND A / INBOUND B
8	|	Hydraulic system	CHECKED
9	|	Gustlock	OFF
10	Cpt	Ground equipment removed / Chocks away	SIGNAL RECEIVED
11	|	Parking brake / Anti-skid light	RELEASED / LIGHT OFF
12	|	Reverser hydr pump	ON

READY FOR TAXI

13	F/E	Pneumatic system	CHECKED
14	|	Cabin compressor overspeed prot	CHECKED
15	|	Recirc fans	AUTO
16	|	Freon compressors	NORMAL
17	|	Pressurization instruments	SET
18	|	Galley power	ON
19	|	Mast heater	ON
20	|	Fuel shut-off levers	LOCKED / FUEL ON
21	All	Shoulder harness	FASTENED

SWISSAIR OTF / 29.8.68

DC8 60 2.2.1.-2F

62 | 62 F

TAXI

F	1	F/E / Nav	Evacuation slide bor	INSERTED ON FLOOR
	2	Copi	Flaps / Slot light	SET / CHECKED
	3	Pil	Controls / Spoiler pressure	FREE / CHECKED
	4	Copi	Hydr system / Pressure / Quantity	CHECKED
	5	Cpt/ F/E	Anti-ice / De-ice	AS REQUIRED
	6	Copi/ F/E	EPR setting	CHECKED / SET
	7	Pil	Navigation aids	CHECKED / SET
	8	I	Flight instruments	CHECKED
	9	Cpt	Pitot heaters	ON or OFF
	10	All	Cockpit lights	ADJUSTED
	11	F/E	Cabin secured	CONFIRMED

WHEN CLEARED FOR TAKE-OFF

12	Cpt	Pitot heaters	ON
13	I	Stabilizer	RECHECKED
14	Copi	Autopilot	YAW DAMPER ON
15	|	No smoking sign	ON
16	|	Transponder	SET
17	|	Doppler	ON
18	|	Ignition override	ALL ENGINES
19	F/E	Cabin compressors / Freon compr	OFF
20	|	Recirc fans	LH AUTO / RH OFF
21	|	Fuel system / Fill valves	CHECKED / CLOSED
22	|	Hydr pressure / Quantity	CHECKED

READY FOR TAKE-OFF

Replying to the question of what those people up in the cockpit have been doing all this time...

...while you've waited in the transit lounge, then boarded, fastened your seat belt, rolled out on the runway, leaned back in your seat and learned to distinguish various buzzing noises; peered over your paper off and on at the runway, felt the thin tremor through the fuselage in your diaphragm, and heard your neighbour ask what those people up in the cockpit have been doing all this time.

It's the check-list. The 169 items that have to be crossed off before a DC-8 can get off the ground. The invariable sequence and method, prescribed to the last detail. After all, the crew has to make sure beforehand that it will have been a good flight.

We wish you a very good flight.

SWISSAIR

One more thing Toyota gives you is go!

90 hp never felt so good. 0-to-60 in 16 seconds. Tops 90 mph. A car built for performance, the sporty Corona zips ahead of the pack, and still delivers about 25 miles or more per gallon. Good for the ego. Great for the pocket! Real comfort too. Luxurious bucket seats. A ride that's soft, and library quiet. A solid 4-on-the-floor...or an easy going fully-automatic automatic (optional). Even factory air conditioning (optional). Test drive the Toyota Corona, today. It's America's lowest priced 2-door hardtop. And that's going some!

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE MIND OF THE CENSOR

The Baltimore *Sun*'s Sunday magazine recently printed an article titled "Three Movie Censors at Work," describing the activities of the Maryland State Board of Motion Picture Censors, which licenses films for exhibition in this state. The Board consists of three people and the following statement by one of them seems typical of the censor's mind:

> I didn't learn about any of this filth when I was growing up—and I had 11 brothers and sisters. When one of my sisters asked where babies come from, my mother beat her unmercifully. There was no obscene talk. We led a beautiful sheltered life. And I brought up all of my children that way, too.

James W. Gatton
Baltimore, Maryland

MALICE IN MARYLAND

A story in the Baltimore *Sun* reports that the Baltimore police "used two paddy wagons, two radio cars and at least one unmarked car yesterday as they arrested three members of an underground-movie film crew on warrants charging them with 'participating in a misdemeanor or, to wit: indecent exposure.'"

A local film studio had been shooting a brief segment of a film in which a nude male stood with his back to the camera. The scene was shot in a secluded area of the heavily wooded Johns Hopkins University campus in Baltimore—obviously to prevent any public exposure. However, a campus policeman confronted the crew after they had finished filming. Not having seen the alleged nude person himself, the officer strode up to an actor in a bathrobe and "pulled his robe back and saw that he was nude."

The Baltimore police were summoned and warrants were issued for the arrest of all the participating actors and crew. *The Sun* goes on to report:

> One of those arrested . . . said a policeman discovered her in her bath in her apartment . . . and stood looking in the open door after ordering her to dress.
>
> "There was more exposure in the arrest than in the incident," she remarked.

One has the feeling that the three hapless persons now awaiting trial have enough material to make their next movie a comedy.

Walter Albro
Baltimore, Maryland

MR. BLUENOSE

Returning from a round-the-world trip recently, I ran into some trouble with a Customs official who was morally outraged at some excellent color photos, of erotic nature, that I had purchased in London. When he threatened me with legal action, I demanded the right to phone an attorney. Mr. Bluenose was upset by this request and called his superior. Fortunately for me, the higher officer was more liberal and considered the number of pictures to be so small that they were obviously for my own pleasure and not to sell or display. He then instructed Mr. Bluenose to merely have me sign a release for the pictures and let me go without prosecution.

We all know that the "guardians of morality" have their own particular hang-ups. As he was showing my pictures to a fellow Customs inspector, Mr. Bluenose, with obvious concentration on the males in the pictures, said: "Jesus Christ, some of these guys are hung like Valparaiso jackasses!"

(Name withheld by request)
Newark, New Jersey

DOUBLE-STANDARD DECENCY

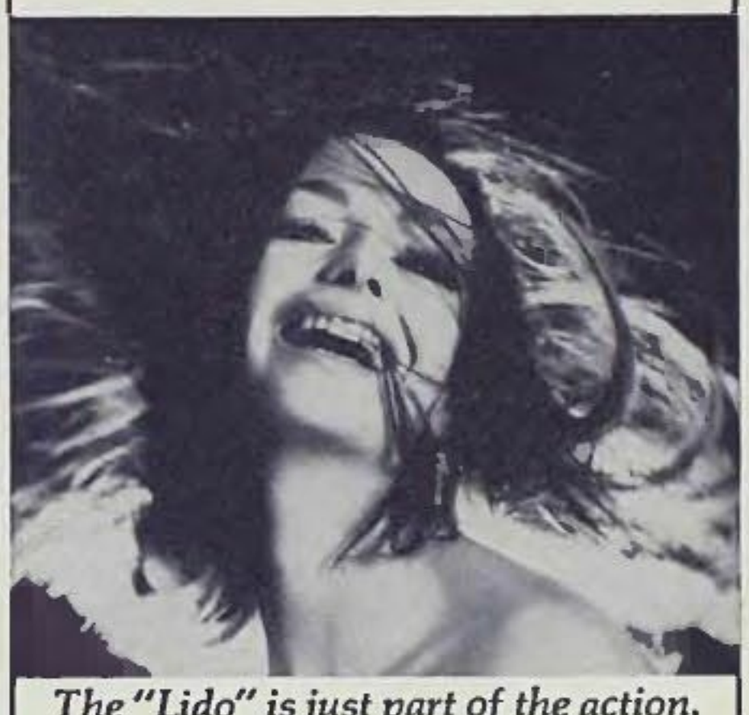
Recently, a few friends invited me to their apartment to see stag films—a harmless enough way to spend the evening. The upsetting thing is that the movies were borrowed from a friend who is an FBI agent. This agent had confiscated the films from someone and had arranged for his conviction in court. As I watched, I couldn't help but wonder what the poor slob in jail would have thought if he'd known what became of his movies. Talk about a hypocritical society!

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Rosa, California

CORRUPT LEGISLATORS

The censor is an individual who sets out to protect the morals of others. The absurdity of his role is beautifully highlighted by an anecdote that I heard recently; supposedly, it really happened in the province of Alberta some years

GO WHERE THE ACTION IS



The "Lido" is just part of the action.

AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST RESORT-HOTEL

If it's action you want, go where the action's non-stop. Go to the Stardust, the world's largest resort-hotel. Take in the spectacular all-new Lido Revue. Catch famous acts at our Lounge. When you want a break in the action, try a gourmet dinner at Aku-Aku, our famed Polynesian restaurant. Or take on our championship golf course. Play tennis. Swim. It's all here. The action you want. And excitement you won't forget. Get in on it. Call us or your travel agent for reservations. You'll get action—fast!

STARDUST

Hotel & Country Club, Las Vegas, Nevada

ago. There was a dispute about the "obscenity" of a certain movie and the provincial cabinet stepped in to settle the question. They watched the film and pronounced that it would "corrupt the morals" of anyone who saw it. The movie was thereupon banned in Alberta.

The following day, the opposition party called on the government to resign, since by the government's own testimony, they had seen a film that would ruin the morals of anyone—and, therefore, they themselves were now corrupt and unfit to govern.

Felicia Murphy
Toronto, Ontario

SIN IN ST. PAUL

A letter in the October *Playboy Forum* described the censorship war being waged against the Wabasha bookstore here in St. Paul. As manager of the store, I'm happy someone brought those bizarre events to the attention of your readers. St. Paul's special assistant city attorney has been attempting for over a year and a half to prevent us from selling many publications, including some nudist magazines that have second-class mailing permits. The effect, if the city were successful, would be to put us out of business. There have been over a dozen raids on the store and many court cases are pending. The biggest push by the forces leagued against us came last August, when they tried to have the store closed as a public nuisance. This failed in court and the Minnesota supreme court has ordered that a number of photos and magazines seized in a raid be returned to the store. As we work our way through litigation, the tide of the struggle seems to be turning in our favor.

City officials enjoy calling us "smut peddlers." They never mention the fact that store owner Robert Carlson, in addition to the sex-oriented Wabasha bookstore, also serves St. Paul with the biggest paperback outlet in Minnesota, carrying over 15,000 titles covering religion, history, poetry, art, drama and many similar subjects. One ugly incident that illustrates the vindictiveness of the vendetta against our store occurred when Mr. Carlson's partner sold his interest in Wabasha and tried to buy a bowling establishment. He was refused a license to enter this new business on the grounds of his previous connection with Wabasha.

As I write this, we are open for business as usual, though none of us who work in the store are willing to bet that the harassment won't continue. I don't defend all the magazines and books we carry on artistic grounds—some are art and some aren't—but I do believe that we have a right to stay open, because censorship is a thousand times worse than anything we sell here. We serve over a thousand adult customers in

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

THE ATROCITY

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA—*It happened a few nights before Halloween, and some people suspected that Orson Welles was up to his old tricks again. Viewers on KPLM, one of Palm Springs' local TV stations, were about to turn off their sets for the night—the last show of the evening had just finished—when suddenly a naked man and a naked woman appeared on the screen. While the home audience watched galvanized, the couple began to prove they weren't Martians by making love in the earthiest fashion imaginable. But viewers were just as disturbed as if Welles' interplanetary invaders had returned after 30 years, and the local police were soon deluged with calls. Rushing to the TV station, police found the building empty—and no sign of forcible entry. For the next several nights, while police admitted they were completely mystified, local residents stayed up late to witness the outrage with their own eyes, should the evildoers strike again. Then came a confession from a technician at KPLM. Police said the technician was viewing a pornographic videotape on a set in the studio and didn't realize he was hooked up to broadcast. The general manager of the station promised that "our future service in the desert community will erase the memory of this deplorable incident."*

PRIVACY BILL BLOCKED

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Senator Sam Ervin Jr.'s "right-to-privacy" bill, which passed the Senate with an overwhelming 79–4 vote, was blocked in the House of Representatives after incessant intervention by the Central Intelligence Agency. In closed-door hearings, the CIA—aided by the National Security Agency—persuaded the House civil-service subcommittee that there is an urgent need for Governmental snooping into the private lives of employees. "After all, we have to think of those security agencies, too," a subcommittee spokesman told* The Christian Science Monitor. *"If you're going to place people in positions of trust, you can't be too careful. When they have conditions that aren't so good—let's say a white boy dating a Negro girl, or a person whose behavior may be fine in* PLAYBOY *but nowhere else—well, it's best to know about these things. It's only logical."*

Senator Ervin's bill attempted to set limits on the use of lie-detector tests, employment questionnaires asking about the job applicant's religious and sexual attitudes, investigations of how promptly employees pay their creditors, checks to find if female clerks had become pregnant, questioning about the race of a person's ancestors, etc. "The basic premise of my bill," he said in 1967, "is that a man who works for the Federal Government sells not his soul but his services. The idea that a Government agency is entitled to the 'total man' and to knowledge and control of all the details of his personal and community life is more appropriate for totalitarian countries than for a society of free men."

UNLADYLIKE LANGUAGE

A number of psychologists, The New York Times *reports, have found that women of every social level have become increasingly uninhibited in their use of obscene language. Police at Berkeley and Chicago have been prominent among recent targets of uninhibited utterances by seemingly demure girls at political demonstrations. Philip Zimbardo, a Stanford University psychologist who has also taught at Barnard and Columbia, confirms that a Barnard girl was more likely than a Columbia man to curse a cop during campus upheavals. "The psychological controls that we put on women," he says, "are so tight that when they break through, they really let go." He adds that the use of obscenity by women is also a way of establishing equality with men.*

POLICE CENSORSHIP

NEW YORK—*The New York Police Department has been ordered to stop stationing uniformed policemen in two Times Square bookstores that were suspected of selling pornography. In granting the injunction sought by the stores, Federal Judge Frederick vanPelt Bryan said that the police action constituted a form of prior censorship and was "a restraint upon freedom of expression in violation of the First and Fourteenth Amendments."*

In their complaint, the bookstores charged that the presence of the police led some potential customers to believe that any purchase might lead to prosecution and that this was, therefore, responsible for the loss of $250 a day in sales.

NORDIC NONCHALANCE

COPENHAGEN—*So completely have the ruling establishments in Denmark and Sweden accepted sex that it has become a somewhat "out" subject among Scandinavian young people. John M. Lee of* The New York Times *recently surveyed liberalizing trends in the sex laws and mores of the Danes and Swedes, such as the legalizing of written pornography, the*

social acceptability of unmarried couples living together, the easing of abortion laws and the radical sex legislation now being proposed. To this account he appended an interview with a Danish girl named Greta, who declared: "I am so bored with pornography. We sometimes take it to bed with us, and sometimes we make our own." And she added, "I get so tired of foreigners coming up to me with Christmas trees in their eyes and saying, 'What about free love?'"

VANISHING VIRGINS

CHICAGO—*It is true, as many people believe, that the Sexual Revolution among college women involves action as well as talk, in the opinion of Dr. Harold I. Lief, vice-president of the Sex Education and Information Council of the U.S. Some skeptics hold that the main change has been toward more open acknowledgment of sexual behavior rather than an increase in the activity itself, "but apparently behavior is also changing," Dr. Lief told the* Chicago Daily News. *He pointed out that a recent survey revealed that 50 percent of the senior women at an unnamed college were not virgins. The 150-student sample confirms an earlier Oberlin College study showing that 40 percent of the unmarried-women students had experienced intercourse. However, Lief adds, this doesn't conclusively prove a nationwide trend as yet: "The studies are indicative, not confirmative."*

USE IT OR LOSE IT

NEW ORLEANS—*The sex organs of male rats atrophy when they are deprived of copulation, declare Timothy R. Thomas and Carolyn N. Neiman of Tulane University. Their report in* Endocrinology *reveals that males permitted to have intercourse with females develop heavier reproductive systems than those living in isolation or in male groups. Males not allowed to copulate, even if they are placed in the presence of a female in heat or are given the opportunity to mount her without achieving vaginal penetration, still suffer an atrophy of the penis.*

THE HAPPINESS HAT

CHICAGO—*Experimentation with electronic stimulation of the brain's "pleasure centers" could lead to a world in which LSD and pot are obsolete and instead people sit around turning on (literally) with happiness hats, according to speculations by a psychologist. Dr. Magda Arnold of Loyola University told the* Chicago Tribune *that electrodes planted in the proper centers of the brain can gratify hunger, excitement and sexual urges. In experiments on electronic self-stimulation, one laboratory rat pressed the activating bar 5000 times in one hour, shooting bolts of pleasure through its brain continuously, Dr. Arnold said, adding, "Mankind might adopt such devices on a mass scale."*

PSYCHIATRY AND JUSTICE

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—*A defendant cannot be forced to submit to a psychiatric examination unless he wishes to plead insanity, the New Jersey state supreme court has ruled. In the case of a man accused of murder and ordered to undergo an exam by a psychiatrist at the prosecutor's request, the court decided that the defendant's having to answer questions about the alleged crime would violate his privilege against self-incrimination. Most states have laws permitting prosecutors to demand a mental examination for defendants before trial; this has been considered a humanitarian provision that ensures that the mentally incompetent will be treated rather than convicted. But an article in* The New York Times *points out: "In practice, this theory appears too have two flaws. First, some psychiatrists have been too quick to find people insane, since the 'treatment' in asylums for the criminally insane has seldom been likely to make them rapidly well. Second, defendants have been known to bare their souls to the states' psychiatrists, only to have the doctors repeat their admissions in court."*

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

A number of authorities have cautioned Americans not to be stampeded by the violence of recent years into demanding repressive measures. At hearings of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, Dean Francis A. Allen of the University of Michigan Law School declared, "A response to the disorders of our time that calls for the application of massive force without concern for the justice and good reputation of the legal order is a prescription for disaster." William T. Gossett, president of the American Bar Association, pointed out that the poor have ample reason to resent the law and that this situation "cannot be changed simply by stricter law enforcement." In a speech marking the publication of his new book, "The Crime of Punishment," Dr. Karl Menninger criticized the "sock it to 'em theory," that force should be used to impose order, as "self-destructive." He denounced "the idea that you've got to beat the hell out of someone to make him change," declaring, "that's the one thing that won't make him change." Dr. John P. Spiegel of the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence told a conference of newspapermen that it is historically inaccurate to see recent disorders as a sign of a new trend in the American character. "We have always been a violent country," he said, citing a long list of riots and uprisings from the 18th Century to the present and adding, "I have left a lot out."

St. Paul. I hope and trust that we will not be denied the right to sell and, above all, that our patrons will not be denied the right to read.

Russel A. Hoelscher
St. Paul, Minnesota

DRUGSTORE *VS.* DRIVE-IN

The following question and answer appeared in the *Imperial Valley Press.*

QUESTION: Every month, I buy my PLAYBOY magazine at Clements Drug Store in El Centro. Today, they refused to sell me one, saying it had dirty pictures in it (men and women together, they said) and therefore they are sending it back to Chicago, I guess. How dare they censor my reading so?

—Lusty, El Centro

We went right out and got one of those PLAYBOYS. *They had some movie stills showing boys and girls together* au naturel. *Shocking.*

However, other El Centro newsstands have this scandalous issue. You better hurry before they are all sold out.

But if they are gone, you will no doubt be able to see the movies themselves at your favorite drive-in theater.

Keep up all the good work. We very thoroughly read and enjoy every single issue.

Roger and Shari Swall
San Diego, California

DRUGSTORE *VS.* LIBRARY

Recently, a mild-mannered politician from Paramus, New Jersey, addressed our library association here in Ontario. I think PLAYBOY would be interested, and delighted, with the intelligent things he had to say. I quote from a summary of his speech that appeared in the Toronto *Globe and Mail*:

> PLAYBOY magazine has done more than any other periodical to intellectually stimulate young adults, members of the Ontario Library Association were told yesterday.
>
> Charles E. Reid, mayor of Paramus, New Jersey, and a library trustee since 1954, also told the 66th annual O. L. A. conference that drugstores are more aware of what interests young adults than public libraries.
>
> In a freewheeling speech he criticized library trustees generally for the condition of libraries in North America, which he described as institutionalized instead of humanized.
>
> He criticized libraries for failing to attract and serve a larger percentage of the population and said that librarians should go down to the corner drugstore if they want to

find out what kind of books interest young persons. . . .

Mr. Reid said that in an experiment, children from a low social environment were given their choice from a wide selection of books.

The majority of books the children selected were neither the classics nor the lurid sex novels, but books dealing with social and racial problems.

"These are the things that are relevant to their world. Sure they took some of the lurid sex books, too—but they aren't going to read anything in them that they haven't heard already," Mr. Reid said.

The retiring president of the Ontario Library Association, Margaret Whiteman, also set off some fireworks when she calmly suggested that children be allowed full access to the adult shelves in libraries.

The battle against hypocrisy and prudery is a long, arduous one, but things are a lot brighter now than they were when PLAYBOY first opened fire on these targets.

Mary Bridges
Toronto, Ontario

HOOVER AND PORNOGRAPHY

A letter in the September *Playboy Forum* quoted J. Edgar Hoover as saying of pornography: "Such filth in the hands of young people and curious adolescents does untold damage and leads to disastrous consequences." When I was an adolescent, my upper-middle-class parents neglected my sex education. Similarly, my peers were taught little or nothing about sex from their parents. In addition, not one of the high schools in this city gave sex instruction. Our sole source of information was pornography, and we would have been lost without it. Neither I nor any of my friends suffered any consequences except enlightenment because of our exposure to pornography. Mr. Hoover didn't offer any proof for his assertion, because there is no proof—there is no proof because it isn't true.

(Name withheld by request)
Kenosha, Wisconsin

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

I would like to add one comment to *The Playboy Forum*'s continuing discussion about whether or not pornography can cause sexual crimes. Even if this were true—and as you have pointed out, there is no scientific reason to believe that it is—the fact still remains that pornography, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. For several years, I have consulted at institutions where many of the inmates were convicted of sex crimes, some of them for molesting young boys and girls. These child molesters have their own taste in erotica: Among the favorites are the Coppertone advertisement showing a little girl with half of her backside exposed and the procession of prepuberal nymphets (and their male counterparts) who grace the underwear ads in the Sears, Roebuck catalog.

C. Peter Rosenbaum, M. D., Director
Adult Psychiatry Center
Stanford Medical Center
Palo Alto, California

REPORT FROM ST. TAMMANY

Hello out there! This message comes to you from a little corner of the world where time runs backward and witch doctors are in charge: St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana. I attend an institution that indoctrinates the young in our primeval traditions; as elsewhere, it is called a high school, but its purpose is to keep knowledge out, not to let it in. Two recent incidents will illustrate:

Last year, one of our teachers showed us a filmed debate that presented both sides of the Vietnam issue. The head shaman—our principal—declared that the film was Communist-inspired, since half of what it said was antiwar, and he confiscated it.

The worst is yet to come. The St. Tammany Parish School Board (the tribal elders), by unanimous action, voted to ban from all the school libraries in the parish five magazines that they consider "objectionable material" and "of no educational value." The banned magazines are *Life, Time, Newsweek, Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* Our local newspaper applauded the ban, saying that these publications are "devoted to propagandizing the news." It has been said that anyone who wanted to could still buy the magazines at any newsstand, ignoring the fact that in this poor, rural area the school library is the only place where many young people can come in contact with current magazines.

That's the latest news from this black-comedy Glocca Morra. Please withhold my name; I understand they're thinking of reviving human sacrifice.

(Name withheld by request)
Covington, Louisiana

MORATORIUM ON "FREEDOM"

I recommend a one-year moratorium on the use of that once-noble word "freedom." It is a semantic symbol that has fallen upon evil days; it has been abused by so many clowns and villains that, at present, a sensitive person cringes when he hears it. American conservatism is espoused by a wild-eyed sect of totalitarians who want to stamp out all traces of independent expression and dissent—partly to exorcise that old devil obscenity but mostly to protect "freedom." Even worse is what passes for liberalism in this country: a blind and bloody war machine that empties our pockets by way of ever-higher taxes and that snatches away our sons before they are grown men, so that these youngsters may fight in every bush war in every corner of the globe—for "freedom."

Let's hear no more of "freedom" for a while. Instead, let's start talking about "independence." You can't censor a man's reading matter or draft him into involuntary servitude and then, within the realm of logic, claim that these things were done to make him independent. Therefore, I seriously urge all libertarians to give up the use of "freedom"—it has been captured by the enemy—and to start using the more specific and less contaminated word "independence."

Frank Tucker
Boston, Massachusetts

DANGERS OF FREEDOM

If we ever do arrive at a hedonistic type of society similar to what you and other individuals advocate, the result will be much different than you anticipate or care to admit. It will be a chaotic society of irresponsible persons enjoying intercourse freely with whomever or whatever they choose; of male homosexuals and Lesbians operating freely, menacing innocent individuals; of drug addicts, alcoholics and the mentally retarded roaming the streets; of heartless destruction of the old and the incurably ill. You and such people as Ralph Ginzburg, William O. Douglas and Albert Ellis are doing your best to establish such a society. Historian Arnold Toynbee has written: "Of the 26 civilizations we have identified (including the arrested civilizations in the list), 16 are dead and 9 of the remaining 10—all, in fact, except our own—are shown to have already broken down." Toynbee adds that virtually all of the dead civilizations declined through "decay from within."

Cliff Erwin
Eastern Illinois University
Charleston, Illinois

It's repression, not freedom, that creates devious, antisocial and irresponsible behavior; the free man is almost always a responsible man because he has had the chance to learn self-regulation. This has been mankind's experience, historically, with political and economic freedom; we believe it will be true in the area of sexual freedom, too.

Professor Toynbee was not referring to sex when he wrote of "decay from within." What Toynbee had in mind was economic injustice, which creates a "proletariat"—defined as a "group . . . 'in' but not 'of' . . . [the] society." He explains:

> *The leaders may become infected with the mechanicalness of their followers, and the result will be an arrested civilization; or they may impatiently exchange the Pied Piper's pipe of persuasion for the whip of compulsion. In that case, the creative minority will become a*

"dominant" minority and the "disciples" will become a reluctant and alienated "proletariat." When this happens the society enters the road to disintegration.

If you are seriously concerned with the future of our society, these are the symptoms you should worry about rather than tormenting yourself with what H. L. Mencken, speaking of Puritanism, called the "haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy."

GOD-GIVEN SEXUAL NATURE

To date, I have read three issues of PLAYBOY magazine and I must confess that I have mixed feelings! I was particularly impressed by your September Playmate. When I saw her, I had to exclaim, "*Mamma mia!* What hath God wrought!"

The most difficult problem I have to contend with in my congregation is the Puritan ethos that tends to reject man's God-given sexual nature, which produces problems that erupt into symptoms of adultery, divorce, child molesting, alcoholism, neuroses, etc. Over and over again, I have found that our sexual attitudes actually result in a perversion of religion.

Still, I do not accept PLAYBOY *in toto*. You do present a real case for the goodness of God's creation—its naturalness and its beauty—yet sometimes you debase this goodness by presenting it as an end in itself. Yet by and large, the effect of your magazine is good, because it tries to proclaim the truth of *Genesis* 1:31: "And God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. . . ."

So keep up the good work, and pray with me for the day when I might be able to post some of your lovely pictures on our bulletin board.

The Rev. Robert J. Brown
Holy Innocents' Church
Valrico, Florida

CLERICAL PRAISE

I am very grateful to *The Playboy Forum*, which successfully probes my conscience every month and forces me to try to do something about the problems it discusses.

The Rev. Richard C. Dunn
The Methodist Church of Uniontown
Uniontown, Ohio

PRAISE FOR *PLAYBOY*

You have long deserved an apology for my earlier attitude toward your magazine. In your first years, my impression was that PLAYBOY favored a rather feckless hedonism centered on being a sophisticated, emotionally detached consumer. My criticism was that this was shallow and dishonest, implying as it did that this new urban male could live a private life of pleasure without concern for the social and political issues of his time.

However, PLAYBOY has emerged as one

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of the more enlightened periodicals in our country. Your fine articles on religion, sexual legislation, rights to privacy and the arrogance of Government do you great credit.

PLAYBOY is read and attended to in many quarters where other intelligent and balanced voices are absent or ignored. For many young Southerners, for example, your magazine is their only entrance into a more than regional point of view. Thus, your articles and editorial stance make an enduring contribution to a rational attitude and to an open society. Thank you for what you have been doing. I look forward to your future issues.

Paul S. Jones
Nashville, Tennessee

KIND WORD FOR ADULTS

The Playboy Philosophy was one of the texts used in a philosophy class at the Altoona campus of Penn State University. The course was offered in the night division and consisted of both college- and middle-age people. For such a tremendous leap into progressive thinking, I was very proud of the older people in the class. Not only did they prove to be open-minded about your *Philosophy* but it also seemed to be the best-liked text we had—both for reading and for the discussions that followed.

Evelyn Nader
Altoona, Pennsylvania

REAL RELIGION

In direct response to Gerard Martin, who urges PLAYBOY to attack religion (*The Playboy Forum*, October), I feel that cultures and people do need a myth. Jesus already has exposed religion for what it is. We have done him a great disservice by building a religion around him. I do not see much of today's religion offering the cultural and personal sanity that a good myth should provide. By definition, I am a follower of the philosophy of Jesus, but I feel that organized Christianity has been laid to rest by both its adherents and critics. Most of what Jesus said we don't want to understand or to act out. I am sure if he were here today, he would be closer in many respects to *The Playboy Philosophy* than to main-line Christianity, simply because his primary concern was people. I do not apologize for being in the church, even as a clergyman, but I do apologize for the fact that the church is not involved enough in the world at the gut level where people live out their lives.

The Rev. Paul D. Gehris
Colonial Park
Community Baptist Church
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

HELPING BIBLE ADDICTS

PLAYBOY is correct in pointing out that there is a need for reform within Christianity and that Christians should respond to all men with love-based understanding and compassion. But you have a duty to help by enlightening the traditionalist Christian. Those who call upon the Bible as their witness in their condemnation of PLAYBOY should not be put off with a terse, mocking remark as you did Anita K. Adkisson in the June *Playboy Forum* or by having their letters printed without comment as with Jeffrey Arvin Nissen, the Reverend Winfred Wager and the anonymous Springfield, Massachusetts, letter writer in the September *Forum*. Rather, these people should be reminded of the Christian's first commandment, that of love and tolerance for all men. You ought to show as much compassion for these benighted people as you do for the oppressed.

Robert Pedersen
Columbia University
New York, New York

It's difficult to feel as much compassion for the oppressive as for the oppressed. As for "enlightening the traditionalist Christian," we have frequent discussions in these pages with those whose opinions are substantiated by logic and evidence. But trying to engage in rational discussion with a writer whose letter apocalyptically begins "Here is what God says . . ." is as much a waste of time as trying to play chess with a man who insists that the game is Chinese checkers.

THE RIGHT TO BE DIFFERENT

Thirty-eight members of the Anthropodeic Church were arrested en masse in Harmonsburg, Pennsylvania, and subsequently a deal was offered whereby the charges would be dropped if all members of our group would leave the communal farm *on* which we were living and move out of the county. This was the culmination of a harassment program aimed at driving our group of so-called undesirables out of the community.

The first of us arrived in Pennsylvania at the end of May 1968, coming from California to a farm in Harmonsburg that had been offered to us. Soon after our arrival, we were deluged by thousands of curiosity seekers; and there were visits from health officials, child-welfare officials and even the humane society—in response to rumors describing the strange ways of our hippie farm.

There was no evidence whatever to support any of the rumors. However, stores and other public places in the area were closed to us and to friends of ours. A town meeting was called to find some legal way of getting us out of the county—a meeting from which every attempt was made to exclude us. The result of the meeting was a statement by the district attorney that we were violating no laws. This statement was received with boos and threats to burn us out.

One morning in August, the farm was invaded by 16 state policemen, who placed 38 of us under arrest and then herded us into a school bus. Some time after the arrest and our removal from the farm, individual warrants were sworn out, charging us with corrupting the morals of minors and running a disorderly house. Evidence supporting the charges consisted of testimony of several police spies and photographs showing common male and female nudity—on private property.

Subsequently, the district attorney's office let it be known that it only intended to prosecute six or eight people and that the charges would be dropped if we would all agree to leave the farm and not live communally in Crawford County. Rather than have a few of us suffer as scapegoats for all, we accepted the deal.

Our three-month stay in Pennsylvania impressed upon us the very real restrictions imposed on an individual's freedom here; the society requiring such conformity must be exceedingly insecure in its own beliefs. Our philosophy of brotherly love and nonviolence prohibits our reacting to the events of the past summer with hatred and hostility; but we cannot condone the attitudes prevalent here, where some would want to recrucify Christ if he came among them.

George Hurd
Meadville, Pennsylvania

HIRSUTOPHOBIA

I was dismayed to read the letter from musician Tommy Wyatt, telling how he and other musicians were manhandled and mistreated by police because of their long hair (*The Playboy Forum*, November). Since I began working at a store in Denver that welcomes all types of people, including hippies, I've heard of the same thing happening in other states throughout the Midwest.

After such disgusting practices by the police, the right wing still has the colossal ignorance to rant about the kids losing respect for law and order. How can they expect such respect when law and order are personified by bigoted, vindictive, brutal and violent men?

Victor Borge said on the *Tonight* show that there are signs of the same pathology in America that were evident in early Nazi Germany. There is, in the speeches Wallace made while running for President and in the individual activities of some others in this country, a real hatred for individuality and a drive toward herd formation. Who is responsible for this trend? Some of the media. Many newspapers. Many politicians. Many un-Christian Christians—religious people who don't know what religion should be. Parents who are afraid. Politicians who are afraid. Schools that are afraid. It has already gone quite far, as in the case of a Unitarian minister who took in some hippies who were traveling around the country selling posters, in-

cense, etc. The neighbors scrawled HIPPIE LOVER on his car. Today, one cannot be different, look different or think differently from the majority. Why is America hung up on bland conformity? Why is it so desperate to maintain sameness? Why doesn't its sense of humor extend beyond the TV situation comedy? Why is there so much fear here? Why does hatred take the place of tolerance? What are we doing to ourselves?

Deborah Hard
Denver, Colorado

DOWN WITH LONG HAIR

I am a 21-year-old male college student with short hair and conservative suits, and I dig the establishment. I get really mad when a fruit with long hair puts down college officials for doing their jobs, just because the fruit doesn't like the rules. Today, it is important for a student to keep his mouth shut and listen. I am provoked to write in this manner by the self-styled musician from Opp, Alabama, who complained about his long hair being cut by the police (*The Playboy Forum*, November).

I challenge Tommy Wyatt's statement that "long hair is an occupational necessity for a young musician." There are many groups in Alabama who are equally entitled to be called musicians who have normal hair and are good bands. One such band is The Early Tymes of Troy, Alabama. Most members of this group are music majors at Troy State College, where there are no rules about hair or clothes but where the student body chooses to dress in a proper fashion and keep their hair at a proper length.

I know that I am not alone in my feelings. It is the minority, not the majority, who wish to dress in dirty clothes, wear their hair long, picket and rant and rave about the establishment while they go about looking like last week's garbage.

David Crosby
Richmond, Virginia

OUTSIDERS IN CHICAGO

I'm sick of these weirdos coming into Chicago and upsetting my daily routine. They claim they are trying to do good, but there must be a better way to go about it. Do their righteous causes justify wearing those outlandish costumes? Do they have to disrupt pedestrian and motor traffic? Personally, I believe that social progress is something that should be left to responsible, sober citizens. In short, I've had it with the Shriners conventions.

Paul Noel Fauteck
Des Plaines, Illinois

INDIAN WAR ON POVERTY

The American Indian had no jails and very few lawbreakers. His laws were not written in books to be perverted at the whims of the lawyers but were written in the heart. He acknowledged his social responsibility for his fellow man and was concerned about his welfare. When he went out to hunt, on his return he shared his success with his neighbor.

If this nation is to survive, then man must come out of his little shell of hate and accept responsibility for his fellow man. The Kennedy brothers and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., tried to reach out and teach this to their fellow man. But because they were voices crying in the wilderness of indifference and hate, they became targets and, today, they are dead.

As long as people are held down in frustration and can see no answer to their problems, there will be violence.

Our American Indian communities are moving forward through job training, through self-help housing and, most important, through creating an economy on the reservation that provides jobs and returns a profit to the tribe. The American Negro, in order to find his place in the sun, must own industries and businesses from which a margin of profit can help to build up his community. And until the Negro leaders and communities realize this and are working toward it, all of the marches and riots yield nothing.

A philosophy never becomes antiquated, but can be made to work in this modern age. The Iroquois False Face Society used to help needy people from behind a mask. The Hopis give gifts and help from behind the kachina mask. Many of our people help in this same way. I myself have given food or fish from behind a mask, because the person should think of it as something from the Great Spirit; for if He had not been kind to me, I wouldn't have had it to give. I'm sure Christianity and some of the other religions must have had a similar custom that could be revived. If not, then maybe we had better start up a new religion based on the ways of the Great Spirit; for if you cannot show kindness to your fellow man who you can see right in front of you, how can you show kindness to an unseen God?

And that is the sum total: Love or perish.

Sun Bear, Editor and Publisher
Many Smokes
Reno, Nevada

THE STATE OF THE NATION

What seems to be shaping up in this country is the final confrontation between what you might call the New Reality and the American Myth. The split is along generational lines, though not completely so. The old folks want to continue setting the table with polished stemware and sparkling china while their house is burning down. The political, military, economic and sexual ethos of America has become insupportable for blacks, students, the young, the creative, the liberal and the perceptive. Catholics are in open revolt against the sexual dictates of the Church, students can no longer stand the obvious inequities of society and the pressure to choose between corporation and conscience, the sensitive and perceptive are repelled by a scale of values that rates property over people, and liberals stand aghast as American culture is slowly stripped and revealed to be exactly what its critics have always claimed it to be. The so-called American respect for life has been reduced to a mockery by a military that weighs its victories in terms of body count, by a school system that guarantees intellectual death at an early age if you're unlucky enough to be a non-WASP, by a society that uses its welfare system as a sop to its conscience because it couldn't bring itself to grant genuine equality of opportunity.

Of mounting horror for me are the growing number of revelations that show the police departments of our country to be what the blacks have been charging all along. There was a time when I didn't believe it. San Francisco requires its off-duty cops to wear pistols 24 hours a day (as, indeed, most police departments do), on the grounds that police are required to guard the community 24 hours a day. Results in San Francisco: Within the past few months, we have had off-duty members of the tactical squad beating up kids of groups that they happen to dislike (Mexican, Negro, etc.), one off-duty cop who intended to plug an annoying cat shot a neighboring Chinese woman instead, and another off-duty cop whose small outboard boat was scraped by a black neighbor when the cop was pulling it into the garage was accused by eyewitnesses of *executing* the black; a grand jury indicted him on a charge of manslaughter, not murder. These are cases that have hit the newspapers, where the police department itself has brought charges.

Do I think a revolution is likely? Well, not all wars are alike, so we can't assume that all revolutions will be alike. Of course there will be a revolution, with leaders as yet unknown and of a style and nature no one can now predict.

Frank Robinson
San Francisco, California

Frank Robinson studies our society and its future in order to write science-fiction stories, including a novel, "The Power," and a short story, "The Wreck of the Ship John B.," which was published in PLAYBOY *in June 1967.*

FRENZY AT FRANCONIA

Last April, Richard Ruopp, president of Franconia College, was forced to resign. Since then, 18 other faculty and staff members have also resigned in protest. These departures, combined with 16 of the faculty who resigned for other reasons or who were not rehired (out of a

total faculty of 42), make New Hampshire's Franconia College something of a new school for 1968–1969.

Franconia's educational policies gave students much more freedom and much more responsibility than does today's standard four-year liberal-arts college. And Franconia's social regulations were in keeping with those guidelines. "It is the policy of the college not to interfere in the personal lives of its members," President Ruopp had said. "The law is between the individual and the state." Undoubtedly, there were sex and drugs at Franconia, just as there are at every other college in the U.S. today. We tried to deal with problems in those areas, not with repression, but with caring. The outside community was outraged.

The outrage increased when some students participated in an antiwar demonstration in the fall of 1967. A few months thereafter, without notifying President Ruopp or the faculty, state police began an investigation of the campus, climaxing in a marijuana bust last spring. The police arrived before dawn and went directly to the rooms of certain students (for whom warrants were already made out). In one case, they went to the "wrong" room but found the right person there; obviously, this was a well-planned raid. The fact that only seven students were arrested (and none of them convicted, as of this writing) is beside the point; the alleged presence of "dope" confirmed the suspicions that the war protest had engendered.

A local newspaper wrote the story in a highly sensational manner, calling Franconia a hotbed of "debauchery" and alleging that the faculty encouraged "rampant promiscuity." The paper also made a big point out of dog excrement on campus. Pet ownership was an intramural joke and debates on the subject among the students were hot, heavy and sometimes scatological. The trustees and the community surrounding the college didn't see the joke.

Obviously, to the conservative mind, "permissive" education led to anarchy—which led to licentiousness, which led to filth. Dog excrement, indeed! The publicity worsened the school's already tenuous financial position; the trustees clamped down hard. The resignation of President Ruopp was forced. The college tottered weakly toward its June commencement, made it and shut down for the summer with a heartfelt sigh of relief.

The college reopened this fall. With a nearly all-new faculty—less committed to a fierce fight for the old freedoms. Perhaps it will prosper. Those of us who left are convinced that the loss, not of ourselves but of the principles for which the school stood, is immeasurable. Our pip-squeak crisis was massively overshadowed by the events last spring at Columbia and the Sorbonne. But in a sense, the New York and Paris students were rioting to gain what Franconia students already had—a very honest place. The outside community couldn't stand that kind of honesty, so it simply crushed us.

Silas Ellsworth
Franconia Village, New Hampshire

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

Barbara Oaks in the May *Playboy Forum* writes, "The Fifth Commandment prohibits killing—without conditions or exceptions." However, the original Hebrew for the Fifth Commandment reads "*Lo tirtzach*," which actually means "Thou shalt not commit murder" and not "*Lo horag*," which would mean "Thou shalt not kill." According to modern research, the ancient nomad Hebrew definition of murder was the premeditated homicide of a member of your immediate tribe or a guest. This exact attitude toward human life still prevails among Bedouin and other nomad Semitic tribes. The Bedouin must protect you with his life, if you seek protection in his tent; but he will think nothing of overtaking you on the road and robbing and killing you as soon as you have left his camp.

The ancient Hebrews were nothing if not practical, and I am surprised that any good Christian who takes the trouble to read the Bible can claim that the Fifth Commandment meant a prohibition of warfare. According to the Bible, the Hebrews engaged in the most bloodthirsty warfare in the conquest of Canaan for some 2000 years in the name of and on the direct order of the very Deity who gave them the Ten Commandments. After that, the followers of the gentle Christ took over and in the last 2000 years have killed, maimed and tortured untold millions in religious wars, Crusades, the Inquisition, conquests of "heathen" territories and the like, all with the express blessing of their various churches and as often as not in the presence of their priests.

Quite possibly, Mr. Oaks is justified in refusing to fight in Vietnam, but there is certainly nothing in the Ten Commandments that would prevent him from doing so.

Michael Plashkes
Tel Aviv, Israel

SUMMER OF SUPPORT

The Oleo Strut is a coffeehouse that was opened in late June by Support Our Soldiers here in Killeen, Texas, just outside Fort Hood. Since our opening, we have come under harassment in many forms from the city council.

Apparently, we are considered a threat because Support Our Soldiers is a project designed to put the peace movement in touch with the guys in the Army, and the powers that be believe this to be dangerous. Most of the GIs at Fort Hood are returned Vietnam veterans, totally turned off by the war and this country as a result of their experiences in the Nam. The Oleo Strut is the only establishment in this town that treats them as human beings, instead of objects to be fleeced of their money. We try to provide them with an environment free of the harassment they get from the Army, a place where they can relax and open up. The soldiers have responded to this type of atmosphere; we are probably the only place in town with business as good on week nights as it is on weekends. Even though they are often called in and grilled by Military Intelligence, harassed by their N.C.O.s and company officers or transferred to rotten duty, they continue to frequent the coffeehouse.

Last year, five of us on the permanent staff were arrested by the Killeen police for "investigation of possession of marijuana." Four of us—who had been passengers in the car—were released, but Josh Gould, the manager of the Oleo Strut and the head of our organizing team, was taken to the Bell County Jail in Belton and held on $50,000 bail. (The charges were false. None of us have used any drugs here whatsoever because we feared this type of action.)

That same weekend, three GIs who worked closely with us were arrested in exactly the same way. Throughout the following week, whenever a drug arrest was made, it was written up in the newspapers with the statement that the series of arrests "began with the arrest of Joshua Gould, manager of the Oleo Strut coffeehouse." Local publicity is trying to portray Josh as a "pusher to GIs" and the Oleo Strut coffeehouse as a "hangout for dope addicts."

This is a flagrant example of the use of "morals" laws to crush political dissenters.

Thomas M. Cleaver
Killeen, Texas

RADICAL CATHOLICS

As I write this, the so-called Catonsville Nine face sentence in local Federal court for napalming several hundred Selective Service records at Catonsville, Maryland, last May. We were convicted in October after a four-day trial in which, among other gestures, we refused to participate in jury selection, asked for and got an hour's open discussion with the judge while the jury deliberated and won the court's permission to lead judge, lawyers, spectators and marshals in the *Our Father*. *The New York Times* observed, regarding these few moments of prayer: "This extraordinary incident was representative of the schizophrenia besetting many people—lawyers, laymen, even judges—over the question of civil disobedience to the war in Vietnam."

Two of the Catonsville Nine are Tom

Lewis and myself, already serving six years in the Federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, for defacing draft files with blood in October 1967.

In September, over 5000 conscription files in Milwaukee were napalmed by 14 persons, most of whom were Catholics. All these actions invite some questions. Why is it that the Catholic Church, the most conservative institution in the world, produces some very radical people? Why do so many Catholics reject *Humanae Vitae*, Pope Paul's encyclical on birth control? Why is it that many Catholics over 30 are willing to oppose the warfare state seriously and welcome jail as a consequence?

Lest I be accused of neosectarianism, let me add a few observations in partial answer to these questions, which may give us all a basis for further thought.

As Catholics, we have more familiarity with institutionalism and authoritarianism than other formal believers. To know thoroughly one bureaucracy of domination is to know them all—that they are constitutionally unreformable, whether it be the religious establishment or the military-industrial-Government complex. As Catholics, our religious scene has been so bad that we have had to oppose it. Paradoxically, this oppression has given us freedom from the Church as well as freedom to call the Government to account. With this attitude, we have little time for issues that matter only within the Church—birth control, clerical celibacy, divorce, etc. For decades, these have been decided by the consciences of men. We do have time, however, for people victimized by indiscriminate power.

We suggest that a religious renewal suitable for our times ought to begin in jail. Jews will recall that the prophets had no luxury such as jail—their lot was usually sudden and violent death. And Christians will recall that the disciples went from jail to the arena. The powers that had to be resisted then for God's honor and for our neighbor's good are nothing before those that must be resisted today. An invitation, then—come join us.

Father Phil Berrigan, S. S. J.
Baltimore County Jail
Towson, Maryland

Since writing this letter, Father Berrigan received a three-and-one-half-year prison sentence and his associates were sentenced to terms of from two to three and one half years.

GUNS AND VIRILITY

As a former editor of *Guns* magazine, I was interested to read Barbara Rurik's November *Playboy Forum* letter implying that gun nuts have diminutive penises. Actually, the gun nut's problem lies in quite the reverse direction. As one of the executives warned me on my first day with *Guns*: "You're going to have to

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learn to mix with gun nuts—and they are the biggest assholes in the world."

Neil Elliott
New York, New York

In the November *Playboy Forum*, Barbara Rurik of Chicago wrote a brief letter in which she declared: "A man who is truly virile doesn't have to prove it by waving a fake phallus in the form of a manufactured weapon. From my own experience and in comparing notes with other women, the facts are plain: Gun nuts make lousy lovers."

I have no way of knowing how scientific Barbara Rurik has been in making this study, but I'm sure that among the 1,100,000 members of the National Rifle Association of America, we can come up with as many volunteers as she may need to continue her research.

William W. Gilmour, Assistant Director
Office of Public Relations
National Rifle Association of America
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Gilmour's gracious offer of the N. R. A. membership rolls is appreciated, but a sufficient number of riflemen have already offered their services. A few excerpts from eager gun lovers appear below.

RANDY RIFLEMEN

I have been called a gun nut by a narrow-minded few who can't see beyond the tiny shell they live in. If Barbara Rurik is reasonably good-looking and really thinks she knows what she is talking about, let her get in touch with me and I'll disprove her statement about our virility.

James W. Visel
Tremont, Illinois

If Miss Rurik ever wishes to test my virility, as a pro-gun addict or as a Marine, I would willingly consent.

Cpl. Sharrette, U. S. M. C.
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

Speaking as one who is an avid user and handler of various firearms here in Vietnam, I question the accuracy of Barbara Rurik's statement, "Gun nuts make lousy lovers." I will be back in the States soon and would be both ready and willing to prove to Barbara that my penis is neither pathetic nor malfunctioning.

Cpl. T. E. Fitzgerald, U. S. M. C.
FPO San Francisco, California

This young lady is most cordially invited to test her theories on me or on some of my friends at our rod and gun club.

Herb Staab
New York, New York

I am a life member of the National Rifle Association of America, a member of the California Rifle and Pistol Association, an amateur gunsmith, an excellent shot and the owner of seven handguns and five rifles. I spend at least half my leisure time plinking or target shooting. I hope that if Miss Rurik is ever in Los Angeles, she will look me up.

W. E. Sprague
Los Angeles, California

As an enthusiastic gun collector, gunsmith and competitive shooter, I suggest that Miss Rurik get in touch with me for a real education on sex and the gun nut.

John P. Brown
Roscoe, Illinois

I would certainly be able to find time between hunting ventures to put up my gun and go for the game most hunters are really after. I wish there were some way for me to communicate with Miss Rurik. Since she compares notes with her friends, perhaps she could set up a whole safari for me.

Ronald R. Rebenstorf
Cecil Field, Florida

My father is a licensed firearms instructor, a hunter, a gun collector and a man who loves guns. I am the second of six children, ranging in age from 22 to 2 years of age. My mother and father have been happily married for 23 years. I think my father would be very glad to change Miss Rurik's mind.

Patrick M. Maloney
Canonsburg, Pennsylvania

MAXIMAL MEMBERS

The recent comments in *The Playboy Forum* about the length of John Dillinger's weapon are evidence of the concern with the penis-size characteristic of our phallic-oriented society. While 22 inches stretches the imagination, lengths approaching folk-tale dimensions are apparently real, though rare. Here are two excerpts from *Bride and Groom*, by Frederick M. Rossiter, M. D.:

> The maximum length is 18 inches, reported by a German physician (mentioned by Dr. F. R. Sturgis, *Sexual Debility in Man*. Chicago: Login Bros., 1930, p. 14).
>
> Dr. R. L. Dickinson in his *Atlas of Human Sex Anatomy* has a page devoted to drawings of such members. The largest is 13¾ inches.

Such dimensions remind me of the story of the overly endowed man who was never able to have sexual intercourse. An erection of his massive member took so much blood away from the rest of his body that whenever he became sexually aroused he fainted.

Hank Brummer
New York, New York

REVERSING STERILIZATION

I have been considering undergoing the sterilization operation mentioned in *The Playboy Forum* (February and July, 1968). Some friends inform me that such an operation is reversible if at any time in the future I regretted my decision. I have combed the recent literature on the subject and haven't been able to find any information. Can doctors now really guarantee to make a man fertile again once he has had a vasectomy?

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Paula, California

No, although successful reversals are becoming more and more frequent. Donald A. Goodwin, M. D., head of urology at the UCLA Medical Center, has stated that experienced and well-trained urologists should expect to achieve up to 90-percent success in restoring fertility following vasectomy. Other California urologists have reported successful results in over 80 percent of such cases.

The high degree of success in California reflects the greater experience with such operations among California urologists. In other parts of the country, the reported success ratio varies from 50 to 80 percent. New techniques for male sterilization and reversal are at present being tested at the University of North Carolina and at Columbia University, but both projects are still in the experimental stage. Sterilization, therefore, should be regarded as a permanent procedure, since even the most experienced physician cannot guarantee a successful reversal.

VOLUNTARY STERILIZATION

This letter is in reply to Donald H. Higgins (*The Playboy Forum*, July) who stated that voluntary sterilization had been approved by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and by the Department of Defense for dependent wives of Servicemen. It may have been approved, but it is not in effect.

I am the wife of a Navy Serviceman. During my second pregnancy, I read of the new laws concerning sterilization. I wanted to have the ligation done but was informed by the medical staff (I was receiving my medical care from a nearby Air Force hospital) that under no circumstances would an operation of this kind be performed for socio-economic reasons. When I reminded them of the new laws, they still declined to perform this operation.

A friend's request was also rejected, while delivering her third child. This woman has had seven pregnancies and, according to all medical opinions, should not have had the last three. Because of her physical condition, the more effective means of contraception are not effective for her. As a result, she is pregnant again, going through physical complications and still being denied sterilization. It appears that not only

are the Armed Forces hospitals refusing sterilization requested for *socioeconomic* reasons but also for physical reasons.

Lee A. Coria
Hampton, Virginia

Donald H. Higgins of the Association for Voluntary Sterilization stated that the Department of Defense has approved voluntary sterilization for dependent wives of Servicemen (*The Playboy Forum*, July). This is important news to me in the light of my own experience.

I have had a spinal fusion and was warned to avoid pregnancy if at all possible. Before getting married, I attempted to obtain sterilization through a private physician. I was refused. I now have a small daughter who was conceived in spite of contraceptive measures. This pregnancy caused additional spinal damage that may well prove to be permanent. Recently, I again sought sterilization, this time through the Great Lakes Naval Hospital. Again, I was refused. The doctor stated quite definitely that no Naval physician would consider such an operation on a 21-year-old mother who has one child. This is in spite of the risk of another pregnancy, which I am unwilling to take. Could you please give me the address of the Association for Voluntary Sterilization so that I could get more information about sterilization?

Mary Lynn Case
Great Lakes, Illinois

The address is: Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., 14 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018.

PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

I have been confined against my will for the past eight years and may be incarcerated for the rest of my life, yet the crime that led to the loss of my liberty was a misdemeanor that legally carries a sentence of only two years in this state.

In 1960, at the age of 24, I was found guilty of assault and battery. (I had a record of three arrests for similar crimes during the previous seven years.) Shortly after receiving a two-year prison sentence, I was sent for observation to the Patuxent Institution for Defective Delinquents. More than a year later, it developed that I would not be released when my sentence was up, since the institution's psychiatric staff had diagnosed me as a "paranoid schizophrenic with a sociopathic reaction." As the result of a subsequent hearing, I was committed to Patuxent for an indefinite period.

Thus, I am in the situation of being regarded as guilty until proved innocent. In direct contradiction to ordinary notions of civil liberties, the burden of proof is entirely on me to show that I am innocent of any tendency to commit a crime *in the future*. Unless I can convince the authorities of this, they are effectively empowered to hold me here for life.

Conditions in this institution would seem more likely to damage the mind than to heal it. The guards beat, harass and degrade the inmates until some lose their humanity entirely and sink into doglike submission, while others are provoked into fighting back, which is then interpreted as proof of their "illness." Blackjacks are used in the beatings and steel bracelets are employed as handcuffs. When a patient is taken to court, he is chained and the guards carry revolvers with orders to shoot any inmate who tries to escape.

My status is redetermined every three years, with my next examination scheduled for 1970. The public defender is representing me in my efforts to get out and my parents are helping me as much as they can. Meanwhile, however, I am naturally angry at what has been done to me and the hellish environment in which I'm held tends to keep my emotions in a turbulent state. But if I show such feelings as anger, fear or despair, the prison doctors mark this down as a sign of "illness"; and, on the other hand, if I try to mask these emotions, they detect the pretense and this, too, is a sign of my "paranoid" condition. In short, I am in a double bind—damned if I'm honest and damned if I'm dishonest.

Society put me in a grave when I was in my 20s and then forgot about me. This letter is a cry from that grave, to remind society that there are thousands and thousands of us buried alive in this fashion because another fallible human being declared we were mentally ill. I don't want to die in here, but I have little hope that my fate will be otherwise in this degrading institution.

You have permission to edit my correspondence for *The Playboy Forum*, where I hope it will encourage some effort at reform.

William L. McDonough
Jessup, Maryland

Most of our correspondence with Mr. McDonough has been through interested third parties, including the well-known psychiatrist Dr. Thomas S. Szasz, author of "Law, Liberty and Psychiatry" and other books dealing with the problem of involuntary commitment. When the authorities at Patuxent Institution learned of McDonough's initial efforts to contact us early last year, they forbade him—according to an affidavit signed by the superintendent of the institution—to communicate further with PLAYBOY *or with Dr. Szasz if his purpose in writing to Dr. Szasz was to pass on a message to* PLAYBOY. *The institution thus severely curtailed McDonough's freedom of expression, allowing him less liberty than is accorded many prisoners serving criminal sentences.*

McDonough's situation illustrates the shocking fact that persons who are declared "mentally ill" have fewer civil liberties than those charged with crime. By using the psychiatric label, authorities can commit those so categorized to mental institutions for periods many times longer than an ordinary prison term. Traditional Anglo-Saxon and American jurisprudence decrees that a man is innocent until his guilt has been proved to a jury of his peers, but a person labeled "mentally ill" is in the much more untenable position of having to prove that he does not suffer from this condition. When a crime is what brought him to the attention of the authorities and led to his commitment, as in McDonough's case, he is, in effect, being declared guilty of potential future crimes and is required to prove the unprovable proposition that he will not, in fact, commit those crimes. He has two more strikes against him, as well: 1. Conditions in most hospitals for the criminally insane would be detrimental to anyone's mental equilibrium. 2. Judges and juries will almost certainly be more inclined to accept the scientific authority of institutional psychiatrists over the patient's effort to prove that he is not a potential criminal. Dr. Szasz told PLAYBOY: *"If McDonough's release depends on his meeting this [last] condition (as, indeed, it does) and if his chances of doing so are absurdly slim (as, indeed, they are), then, in effect, he has been sentenced to life imprisonment. The Maryland defective-delinquent law is therefore a bad law. It purchases the protection of the community at a cost no free society can long afford."*

Similar laws exist in 27 states and the District of Columbia. In the entire U. S., there are over 500,000 persons committed against their will to mental hospitals as a result of criminal and civil procedures. These people are, as McDonough says, virtually buried alive. It is time, we think, for our state legislative bodies to take seriously the proposal long urged by Dr. Szasz: the drafting of new laws that would ensure the same civil liberties to those accused of "mental illness" as are routinely guaranteed to those accused of murder, rape, treason, arson or piracy on the high seas.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MORT SAHL

a candid conversation with the biting, boyish elder statesman of political humorists

Once described as a "nice, fresh breath of carbon monoxide," Mort Sahl continues to pollute the complacency of the political establishment with the same kind of satirical laughing gas that has won him both widespread popularity and bitter condemnation. Adlai Stevenson was his friend. Dwight Eisenhower claimed he'd never heard of him, and President Kennedy knew him well but never accepted him within White House inner circles. Despite the controversy Sahl has always managed to create, he has never been willing to sweeten the acerbic tone of his humor.

That tone was set in 1953, when he landed a $75-a-week engagement at San Francisco's hungry i after auditioning for the club's owner, Enrico Banducci, whom he failed to impress until he tackled the most intimidating politician of the century. "Have you seen the Joe McCarthy jacket?" he asked. "It's like an Eisenhower jacket, only it's got an extra flap that fits over the mouth." Banducci roared with laughter. "Joe McCarthy doesn't question what you say," Sahl continued, "so much as he questions your right to say it." His one-week engagement extended into eight months of standing room only, and Mort eventually became a nearly permanent fixture at the club.

Attacking the Wisconsin Senator during the height of his widespread investigations was characteristic of the almost compulsive impertinence Sahl had already established as a life style for himself. His mother claims that he began to talk at seven months, that by the age of two and a half he would stand behind the radio and imitate the news broadcasts and that by the age of ten "he spoke like a man of thirty." Though he established his medium as a child, it wasn't until after his teens that he settled on the irreverent message that was to become his trademark.

Incongruously enough, Sahl was drawn to the R.O.T.C. as a teenager in Los Angeles, wore the uniform to school every day and won the American Legion's Americanism award. He even enlisted in the Army Air Force as a cadet; but after two weeks of active duty, he was sent home when his mother revealed that he was only 15. Later, Mort's father, a Government clerk and talented amateur writer, secured an appointment to West Point for his son, but Mort enlisted in the Air Force before he had a chance to take the Military Academy examinations. By the time he was shipped to Elmendorf Field in Alaska, Private Sahl had changed from youthful officer material to a thorn in the side of the Air Force. Rebelling against the military mentality, he refused to follow uniform regulations and began editing a newspaper for the post titled Poop from the Group, *in which he attacked the military power structure. This exercise in self-expression cost him 83 consecutive days on KP, and during 31 months in the Service, he never rose above the rank of private, first class.*

Even after his discharge, his role as satirist was not yet defined, and, attending the University of Southern California under the GI Bill, he majored in the unlikely fields of city management and traffic engineering. The turning point came in 1950, soon after his graduation, when he drifted north to the San Francisco area, intending only to visit with Sue Babior, a Berkeley graduate whom he eventually married in 1955 (and divorced in 1957)—but he stayed on to become part of the intellectual ferment that was happening there.

During his three years in Berkeley, Mort eked out an existence of sorts, sleeping on someone's window seat or in his own car, eating restaurant leftovers supplied by a friend and writing for avant-garde publications. He earned approximately $120 during this period; but as he says, "Things were simple then. All we had to worry about was the destiny of man." He had already tried to make it as a comic in Los Angeles, but his 30 night-club tryouts and various attempts to produce his own plays in an old rented theater proved fruitless. It was at Sue's suggestion that he auditioned at the hungry i—which, aside from providing him with his first regular income, marked the beginning of his on-again, off-again career.

Though his income climbed to $7500 a week by the late Fifties, his new-found wealth and success wrought no perceptible change in either his material or his style. From the Crescendo in Los Angeles to the Copacabana in New York, he would appear in a sweater, slacks and open shirt, getting in his licks on any issue, situation or personality that had happened to appear in the news. "Eisenhower's for integration, but gradually," he would tell his audience. "Stevenson's for integration, but moderately. It should be possible to compromise between those

"American women are sensuous only until you marry them; then they make love as though all the window shades were up. When American women change, they go overnight from 20 to 80."

"During the campaign, Nixon stood in the middle of a studio to make his television pitch. This allowed him to turn in any direction, which happens to be his basic political philosophy."

"According to Gallup, 88 percent of the American people don't believe the Warren Report. I certainly wouldn't want it on my conscience that I disturbed the faith of the remaining 12 percent."

extremes." The House Un-American Activities Committee was a favorite target of Sahl's. "Every time the Russians throw an American in jail, HUAC restores the balance of power by throwing an American in jail, too."

By 1960, he was the first comedian to do record albums and the first to do college concerts. He made two appearances in Hollywood films, did a one-man Broadway show called "The Next President" and cohosted an Academy Awards Show. His prominence was confirmed at that point by a Time*-magazine cover story, which likened him to Will Rogers, the only other American political satirist of comparable influence. "Whereas Rogers assumed the role of a yokel who questioned the common sense of the educated men managing the Government, Sahl," explained a profile in* The New Yorker, *"is an intellectual who is scornful of the Government because he feels that it is managed by yokels whose sense is all too common."*

Needling the Republican Administration was a popular pastime among liberals during the Eisenhower years and, accordingly, Mort was idolized by much of the entertainment world as well as by the higher echelons of the Democratic Party. But when the Government changed hands in 1960, Sahl found the liberals—personified by the sophisticated Kennedys—less indulgent of his satirical sport when it was at their expense. During the campaign in 1960, he wrote political jokes for John Kennedy; but when Kennedy received the nomination, Mort felt that J.F.K., too, was now fair game for satire. The night of Kennedy's acceptance speech at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Sahl was asked to entertain the 100,000 conventioneers. He told the gathering that Nixon had sent a telegram congratulating Joseph Kennedy on his son's victory: "YOU HAVEN'T LOST A SON, YOU'VE GAINED A COUNTRY." *The Democrats were unamused—and told him so. His response, predictably, was a fusillade of even sharper barbs. They insisted that he stop telling Kennedy jokes. His reply: "Nixon's trying to sell the country, Kennedy's trying to buy it." Ed Sullivan dropped him from his show when Mort refused to confine his material to conservative politicians and insisted on taking off on the liberals as well. After Kennedy was elected, even his agent told him, "I don't like what you're saying about our President." According to mutual friends, the word then went out from Hyannis Port that "Sahl isn't one of us." His yearly income soon fell from $400,000 to $19,000 and he began to proclaim that he was being black-listed.*

In the years that followed, Sahl was forced to continue his career without the valuable national exposure he formerly enjoyed. He did a very successful local TV show in the Los Angeles area running for 58 weeks, a highly rated nighttime radio program for 26 weeks, acted in a few more movies, and toured colleges and clubs primarily on the West Coast until 1967, when he once again jumped into the center of controversy. Intrigued by the inconsistencies of the Warren Report, he joined Jim Garrison, New Orleans district attorney, in his investigation of President Kennedy's assassination. "I know who killed Kennedy," he told a press conference. "All I can tell you is that a powerful domestic force was responsible and that when Garrison tells his story, the implications will shake the country to its foundations. America will be forced to clean house."

But when Sahl and Garrison brought their story to the people via the news media, they encountered stiff resistance and once again Sahl found himself out on a limb, with the political establishment hacking away at the roots. Sahl claimed to be puzzled by the ambivalent reaction of the public. "Fifty-eight percent don't accept the Warren Commission Report, but 57 percent don't want the case reopened. What a weird time to be alive."

With the liberals now out of power, however, Sahl, at 41, once again has a constituency that promises to enjoy his satirical digs at the incumbent Government. Even before President Nixon stepped into office, Sahl had begun working regularly once more in night clubs, on TV and on college campuses. It was during one of his engagements—a highly successful gig at Mister Kelly's, a well-known Chicago bistro—that PLAYBOY *Senior Editor Nat Lehrman interviewed him last November. The taping sessions were accomplished at Hugh Hefner's Near North Side Mansion, where Mort usually stays when he's in town, and, Lehrman reports, they were lengthy (covering the better part of three days) and hilarious: "Mort is always 'on.' While he'll sustain a serious conversation long enough to make a point, he can't refrain from interrupting his own substantive remarks with one-liners or long, digressive bits from his night-club routine. It keeps the listener pleasantly off balance with a fascinating and unpredictable blend of wit and wisdom—as in his act." Since the subject, in the wake of the election, was much on his mind—and tongue—we began the interview with a question about a favorite old target: the new President.*

PLAYBOY: Do you think Nixon will unite the country?

SAHL: Yes, I think he will, because he's the one man who can make the liberals sit down with the fascists and see things the fascists' way. Of course, the liberals have already had a lot of practice at that. But Nixon's in a good position, because, as one of his aides said, he has no political pay-offs to make—such as to labor, youth, the poor or the Negroes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Nixon will find his slim margin of victory a handicap?

SAHL: When President Kennedy won in 1960, his margin was something like one tenth of one percent. I commented then, "What a mandate. When he walks down the street and sees a couple walking toward him, he'll know that one of them is against him." But to answer your question, I think the lack of mandate would be a handicap only for a man who wanted to *do* something. Nixon won't have that problem.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the quality of life will be like under Nixon?

SAHL: He has said he's not what we would call a swinger, but he knows how to have a good time; in other words, he can play the piano while the family sings Christmas carols. I don't imagine there will be too many schools built during his Administration—probably not as many as will be burned down. It's incredible. He was rejected by the American people twice, and the third time we get possession. There's something about those rules that makes me wonder. But as for the quality of life, I would settle for a quantitative assessment rather than a qualitative one.

PLAYBOY: All right. Quantitatively, what do you expect?

SAHL: Not much. He didn't even *promise* anything during the campaign. It was part of his sense of honor not to speak out on the issues while we were having an election in this country. I appreciate that. During the campaign, he stood in the middle of a studio to make his television pitch. As his producer pointed out, this allowed him to turn in any direction—which happens to be Nixon's basic political philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Even if he doesn't do much, a lot of people think Nixon will slow down the trend toward Big Government. Do you agree?

SAHL: No, because all the people who protested about Big Government have already joined the Government. I don't see any rich men or old-fashioned fascists fighting the Government. They try to *become* the Government and, in many cases, they're successful. I'd like to say to all of those people out there who like Governor Wallace and who are worried about the strong central authority of socialism that this is exactly what the right wing offers. But getting back to your question, the Government will be huge, except when you need some help, at which point they'll talk about local authority.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Nixon will be able to increase his popularity by playing consensus politics?

SAHL: If he thinks so, he's in for a shock. In four years, people will feel the same way about him as they do now about that great master of the consensus, Lyndon Johnson. Maybe they'll feel that way in less time—in about a month. L.B.J.'s

Playboy Club News

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popularity was so low just before he stepped down that people acted the way they had in Nazi Germany. Johnson got 43,000,000 votes, yet everyone says, "Not me," or else, "I was only following orders." Amazing. Nixon isn't even in office yet, and already people are thinking nostalgically of the freedom of speech they enjoyed under Johnson. You know, there was quite a bit of dissent the past few years, and I would say that we can directly relate that to the fact that he will no longer be President—and that we haven't invaded China.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have been the fate of dissent—your own in particular—if Wallace had won?

SAHL: My role would have been the same. I'd prevail upon the President's good humor and hope he would not throw me under a good jail somewhere, as he puts it; and I'd remind him before he ordered the FBI to arrest me that he believes in local law enforcement. But back to Nixon. I attended the Republican Convention this year and frequently saw him in the lobby of his hotel. He didn't say much; he'd just kind of smile a lot, at that 68-degree temperature, hermetically sealed in this suit that looks like it's wearing him. And that tan. You know he has a tan all the time, because he had a lot of bad experiences in 1960 with his beard, which Webster tells us is a secondary sign of virility. A primary sign would be bombing China. I knew what the flavor of the convention would be when I saw a sign in the Fontainebleau Hotel that read: THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM COMMITTEE WILL MEET IN LE RONDE ROOM ON THE BEACH FRONT AT TWO P.M. FOR COCKTAILS TO DISCUSS POVERTY. Of course, Nixon's running mate, Spiro Agnew, has a lot of the principles of our late President. John Kennedy's last published work was called *A Nation of Immigrants,* and in the same spirit, Agnew has pointed out that it's a land of opportunity for anyone, whether he's a Mick, a Polack or a Jap. So, anyway, Nixon won the nomination and his acceptance speech went, "I see a boy who listens to the train whistles and he yearns to travel." You know, in this day and age, when we're worried about enlarging our airports, Nixon is still talking about taking the train, which I thought was significant. And he said this boy has a Quaker mother. A lot of people were astounded to find out that Nixon is a Quaker—one of the most violent *I've* ever encountered—but a Quaker, nevertheless. Did you know, by the way, that Humphrey commended Nixon for not baiting Kennedy in 1960 about being a Catholic? The way Humphrey phrased it was that Kennedy was a Catholic, which was a handicap, but Nixon didn't suffer from the handicap of believing in *anything.*

PLAYBOY: Did you also attend the Democratic Convention?

SAHL: Yes, and it seemed a pity that Humphrey couldn't attend it, too; he didn't have a gas mask to get from the Hilton Hotel to the Amphitheater. George Meany was running around the hall, yelling that people shouldn't demonstrate, apparently having forgotten that many people in the labor movement once demonstrated to bring Meany to *his* lofty position. I was interviewed on TV and was asked, "What do you think of the convention?" I said, "I think it's rigged." So they took me off the air. Then they put me back on the air. "So what do you think?" they asked me. I said, "I think the convention is preordained." So they took me off the air again. Finally I went back on the air and said, "I think this convention is a travesty." So a guy ran in and said, "I have to interrupt you." I said, "I'm sure you do, if you want to keep your job here." He said, "No, it's not censorship, it's news. We have a bulletin that a horse at Aqueduct Park has been doped." When we went back on the air, Humphrey had been nominated by then, and I suggested that in order to determine the legitimacy of his victory, he ought to be given a saliva test. Later, Humphrey was in Los Angeles and he became hoarse, because, as you know, he'd been talking since 1948. He got up in the balcony and said to the crowd, "I won't be able to address you, because" —he wouldn't say he had a strep throat, since he's not that hip—he said, "I've got the grippe." And one of the kids yelled up, "Yeah, the grip of Lyndon B. Johnson." One kid had a sign that read: HUBERT HUMPHREY IS STRAIGHT FROM HIS ORIGINAL COMMITMENT AS A FOUNDER OF THE A.D.A., AND IN THE PROCESS OF BECOMING THE ADMINISTRATION'S HOLLOW APOLOGIST FOR THE ILLEGAL INVOLVEMENT IN VIETNAM, HE HAS BECOME A SELF-SEEKING OPPORTUNIST. It was a windy day and the kid had a lot of trouble controlling the sign.

Wallace, as you know, didn't have a convention. It was Immaculate Conception. He was the target of such signs as, WALLACE IS ROSEMARY'S BABY and IF YOU LIKED HITLER, YOU'LL LOVE WALLACE. You know, I once served under his running mate, General Dismay. The Strategic Air Command is a really good, paranoiac outfit. You had to sleep in your plane with a German shepherd guarding you. You could take off your boots if you tied them with a rope around your waist. We stayed in the air for nine years, in an effort to terrify the Russians. We succeeded in terrifying not only them but a great many civilian airline pilots, too. I made three flights in an effort to recall other planes that were headed for the Soviet Union with nuclear devices. We'd pull up alongside them and say over the intercom, "Have you thought this over?" Then they'd re-evaluate.

PLAYBOY: Returning to the candidates'

Were you able to choose among them when you finally entered the voting booth?

SAHL: Yeah. I think there was a clear choice. I won't tell you which it was, but just let your readers know I'm not one of those guys who run out and vote for Dick Gregory. I'd like to add that I had to give serious thought to casting my vote for Nixon when President Eisenhower looked out of the window of the hospital—they were holding him by the ankles—and said, "If you want to make it a happy birthday for me, vote for Dick." It occurred to me that I wanted to get Ike something a bit smaller for his birthday.

PLAYBOY: So far, you've had very little good to say about anybody. Do you think there are any promising politicians in the country today?

SAHL: Well, there's Senator Fulbright, Senator McGovern, Senator McCarthy, Mayor Lindsay, Senator Percy, Senator Hatfield. I think, if nothing else, some of these men have a spirit of adventure. Nixon, of course, would never understand that. George Washington never took a poll before he went to Valley Forge.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there would be enough venturesome people to fill your Cabinet if you were President?

SAHL: Just let me say this: The party leaders have not called upon me—and I did not have a boyhood dream of being President. I'm not really interested in politics, as a matter of fact. I never was. My limited involvement is my pugnacious answer to people telling me *not* to discuss politics. I'm much more interested in sex, if the truth be known.

But who would I put in the Cabinet? We have an abundance of good men. My Secretary of Defense would be Howard Hughes. That would give him a chance to purchase airplanes from his own company, or he could be head of the Federal Aviation Agency. Jim Garrison would be the Attorney General and—let's see—the Secretary of Labor would be George Wallace, based on the devotion union members have for him. Senator Fulbright would be Secretary of State and—uh—the Defense Department would have to change its name.

PLAYBOY: To what?

SAHL: They would either have to cut their budget to a minimum figure or they'd have to be called the Department of Aggression. I will not have any more of these euphemisms. Let's see, I'd keep Hoover in the FBI. As you know, he was appointed in 1924 by a farsighted President, and ever since then, crime has risen in direct proportion to the budget of the FBI, year after year. Hoover's been in office 45 years and Gene McCarthy feared that Hoover had come to look upon the President as a transient. My fear, however, is that it will be

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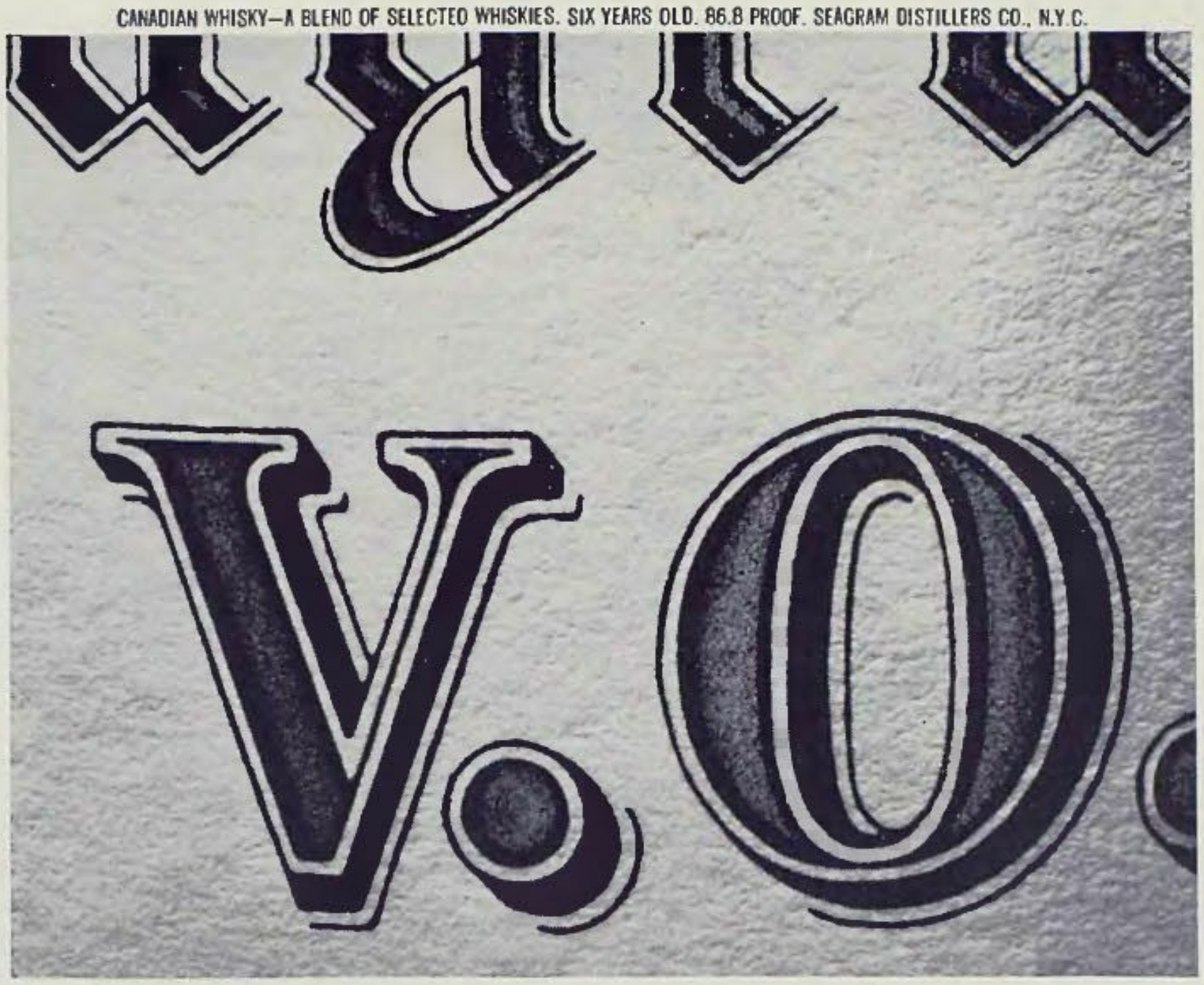

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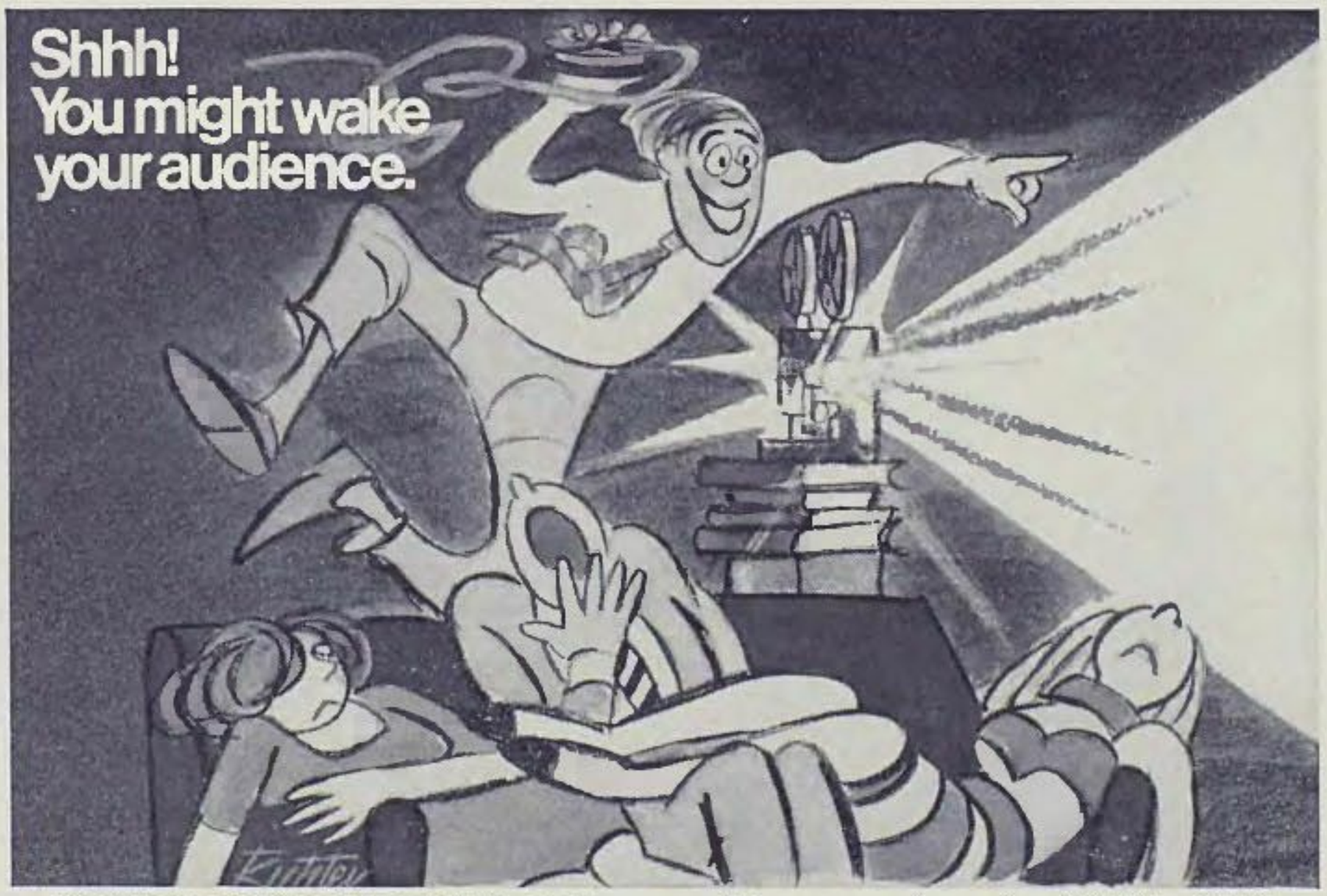

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difficult to attract men of excellence into the Government if you threaten them with job insecurity every 45 years. Since we're so big on preventing crime in the streets this year, presumably the FBI will stop hunting Communists under every bed. Yeah, let the FBI start doing important things, like enforcing the Mann Act—you know, get into some areas where they're really efficient.

Let's see. I have to get some people I can really trust. I trusted the people I've named, but now that I've put them in the Government, I'm beginning to distrust them.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you have in mind for Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare?

SAHL: I haven't decided yet, but we'll put Timothy Leary in charge of the Food and Drug Administration. Lewis Hershey should be replaced with Mario Savio. Hefner could be Secretary of the Interior, and when he published his *Playboy Philosophy* in book form, it would be his decision whether to deplete the forests to get ready for the first printing.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you appoint to the Supreme Court?

SAHL: Justice Douglas, eight more times. He's the only real progressive on the Court, and I'm proud to be acquainted with him.

PLAYBOY: How well do you know him?

SAHL: Just to double date. Thanks for the straight line. But liberals. Ha. You know, when the Court decided to integrate the schools, the liberals thought the Court was a good idea. On the other hand, they didn't like it when Justice Black said that Negroes have no right to sit in the aisles of a library and disrupt it. Earl Warren once said that if he caught Ralph Ginzburg, the publisher of *Eros*, giving that magazine to his daughter, he'd strangle the publisher with his bare hands. So here's the vision I had: Warren throttling Ginzburg and Ginzburg muttering through a constricted windpipe, "I always thought you were a liberal." When Warren is arrested, I wonder if they will inform him of his rights. And what happens to Virginia Warren? Will it be traumatic for her? She probably wouldn't even notice her father strangling someone, because she'd be too busy reading *Eros*. Another thing: They banned prayer in schools—right? But they allow you to swear on the stage. So what it boils down to is, you're allowed to say, "Gee, America is in a hell of a mess," but you're not allowed to say, "I hope to God we get out of it."

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of the recent flap over the Fortas nomination?

SAHL: Fortas was rejected for all the wrong reasons; mainly, Strom Thurmond. Did you know Fortas' law firm helped Owen Lattimore against Joe McCarthy? But then they turned down the case of the Reverend William Sloane Coffin. "Well," you say, "I thought Fortas was a liberal." That's right. He *was*. A lot of people are asking if Fortas was discriminated against because he's Jewish. Knowing him personally, I can tell you that it is possible to dislike him for himself, without getting into the issue of anti-Semitism.

PLAYBOY: Back to the Cabinet. Would you appoint Frank Sinatra to any position?

SAHL: Vice-President, if he would step down. But he wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: Governor Reagan?

SAHL: Well, I've lost some of the great faith I once had in him. One of the reasons is that he said he would lower California's taxes, but his budget this year is larger than Roosevelt's was for America in 1940. During the gubernatorial campaign, Governor Brown said, "Do you want an actor for governor?" and Reagan went on the air and said, "The campaign has hit a new low in mudslinging," because, of all the charges that had been thrown at him, the one that he was an actor had never been made in the previous 20 years. I tell my audiences about hearing the governor at a Hollywood civil rights rally, where he said, "I don't agree with Mayor Daley of Chicago about shooting a looter on sight: That's an invitation to barbarism." The audience cheered. "But," he said, "I don't agree with Mayor Lindsay of New York, either, about not shooting anybody, regardless of the provocation: That's an invitation to anarchy." The audience looked confused. Reagan said, "I offer a compromise between these extremes. Those of you who have a map handy will see what I mean—the solution is to shoot people in Cincinnati." No. But he said, "I think that when Robert Kennedy was killed, the white middle class mourned well. They turned on television and let Walter Cronkite lead the crying. But when Martin Luther King was killed, the Negroes went bad. They ran into the streets and they manifested their grief by kicking in the windows of discount stores and stealing television sets." Then he said, "I don't condemn this action and I don't condone it, but I think it's wrong when they go back and demand service."

PLAYBOY: Seriously, do you take the popularity of archconservatives such as Reagan and Wallace, combined with other symptoms, as harbingers of fascism in America?

SAHL: I don't think so. I would say that, as the fascists in this country start flexing their muscles, they're going to learn that they can't sell fascism here: There are several signs that they can't. Young people, who will soon be in the majority, refuse to buy it. It won't grow in the ground here. It's been a very unsuccessful transplant from Germany. The fascists in Government have done everything they could. They've bombed illegally, they've spied illegally, they've shot people in the streets, they've engineered coups; but the American people have become suspicious and cynical and disbelieving in their Government. I would say that their day is almost over.

PLAYBOY: Whose? The fascists' or the good guys'?

SAHL: The fascists'. But the death rattle might be convulsive and a lot of people might be hurt before the conflict is resolved.

PLAYBOY: Would you call Wallace a fascist?

SAHL: Sometimes he sounded like one, but he seemed to become more moderate as he got closer to the seat of power.

PLAYBOY: Many people think that that would have happened with Goldwater if he'd been elected. Do you agree?

SAHL: Well, I don't see how he could have been worse than Johnson. There would have been several moderating factors, and one is that every time he said to the Congress, "Give me a mandate to bomb Vietnam," the Democrats would have gotten up and opposed him. Secondly, it would have given the Democrats something to do besides denying they're Communists; and thirdly, as a corollary, Goldwater wouldn't have had to bomb China to prove he's not a Communist. We would have accepted him at his word.

You know, in spite of the swing to the right in this country, things aren't that bright for some of our conservative luminaries. William Buckley, for example, a notable celebrity in the conservative industry, is finished. He reminds me of all those people Stevenson said were being dragged, kicking and screaming, into the 20th Century. And, by the way, that's a big thing with liberals. They like Buckley. "That guy's brilliant," they say—even if he does try to make fascism a workable proposition. I find that he is universally on the wrong side of every issue in human progress, and it's a hobby with him. So who needs it? Golf is better.

To get back to Goldwater, he might have been all right, but I don't think everybody becomes a statesman who arrives in the White House; and I think that history bears me out. You know, they say anybody can become President in America. Sometimes I wish the people wouldn't take it quite that literally.

But the difference among the candidates is becoming about as small as the difference between the major parties—which is practically nonexistent. The only disparity I can see is that Republicans are specialists in certain areas. You'll notice that every Democratic President picks Republicans to be Secretary of Defense and Secretary of the Treasury. When it comes to signing a check, the Democrats won't trust a member of their own party. But the so-called

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differences between the parties is part of that whole wish fulfillment of the liberals—hoping that everything's going to be fine. They've turned their backs for 25 years and have stood in the middle of the road, saying, "We believe in coexistence, but we're just as anti-Communist as the next guy," and they've gone along with the Marshall Plan as cheerfully as they have with the bombs and SEATO and NATO.

PLAYBOY: You used to be the darling of the liberals. Why do you hit them so hard now?

SAHL: My job is to push them to their upper limits, to restore the balance of power. On the other hand, when I'm in Indianapolis, where the people are so oriented to the right, I don't do any of my material about liberals. I gore *their* sacred cows. Those people are worried that Nixon is *too* liberal or that Jack Kennedy got into office because of Negroes, Jews and labor unions. Labor, of course, has achieved a considerable degree of affluence and now considers Wallace its number-one luxury. And the Negroes: Whatever opportunity they have had to emerge as human beings has largely been blown because they talk to liberals. It's liberal "advances" like *I Spy* —that's the big-breakthrough show that glorified the CIA—that prove a Negro can be as corrupt as we are. I never doubted that, given the opportunity, he could be. I didn't think it was a point that had to be proved by the liberal establishment. I hate to sound like Eric Hoffer, but there it is.

PLAYBOY: What's your prognosis on the possibility of a black revolution?

SAHL: I don't expect one. Most of the Negroes I've talked to want ten percent of the corruption. They want to be used-car dealers and Green Berets and FBI agents and savings-and-loan executives. I went to a seminar in Los Angeles about employing Negroes in television and a Negro actor got up and said, "It isn't enough to get the girl." He wants to know why, in the commercials, there isn't a Negro couple on the beach drinking Coca-Cola or sharing a pack of Salems. What he doesn't seem to realize is, there are white actors in those commercials who have nightmares, worrying that they're corrupting young audiences by *endorsing* some of these products. To get back to your question, when the Negroes say they'll bring this country to a standstill if we don't meet their terms, they show a total lack of understanding. If the United States is willing to bomb Vietnam, an entire *country*, because of arbitrary terms, is it going to give in to Negro demands? Are Negroes going to stop capitalism? I don't think capitalism is going to be stopped that easily, and the Negroes don't really want to stop it, anyway. They want to join it; they want a piece of the action. They'll be dealt in, the way the union was brought into the factory so that it could be controlled. So it'll be short of revolution. But you may have noticed all that talk about revolution has stopped.

PLAYBOY: Eldridge Cleaver hasn't noticed it.

SAHL: Cleaver has a disproportionately large voice only to people who are completely without hope. That's the point. When Robert Kennedy was walking around, the Negroes had a degree of hope and Cleaver could never have had an audience. It's only when a Nixon takes over that you get a Cleaver. Look at how the establishment incubates insurrection. Reagan made Cleaver a celebrity by telling him he couldn't lecture to a class of 22 people or something. It's always that way. Fidel Castro was invented by Batista. Mao Tse-tung would have wound up in the Chinese Kuomintang, except that Chiang Kai-shek said, "There will be no coalition government." So Mao wound up taking the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the irony of liberals, who have been working since the Thirties for integration, now supporting the black-nationalist idea of racial separatism, in many cases with enthusiasm?

SAHL: They're protecting the Negro's right to discriminate, which is one of his unalienable rights. The liberals are always in on those good causes. This separatism is nonsense. By the same token, I also thought that school busing was a joke. The liberals said to me, "But Goldwater's against it," meaning you must never be in bad company if you are a liberal. Another thing that bothers me is the current white use of the word "black." That's highly offensive, whether said by Wallace, a liberal or some Klansman.

PLAYBOY: What is your definition of a liberal?

SAHL: I think of liberalism in the European sense of social democracy. Don't ever forget that Germany debated in the *Reichstag* whether to enter World War One. The Communists didn't want to, because of their philosophical position, and the right wing thought the War might cost too much. But the Social Democrats sang *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*—with tears running down their cheeks—and Germany went to war. The Social Democrats were also the German liberals who let Hitler come to power: again, with crocodile tears. And they were the ones who said that once a commitment was made—you know, like the destruction of Europe—it had to be honored. Doesn't that sound like those people who say, "I don't think we should be in Vietnam, but we're there now and, besides, how can we get out?" Put a reverse gear on the boats. That's how you can get out.

Social democrats can see the virtue of Republicans like Robert McNamara. "I don't like the war, I don't like the draft, I don't like being bankrupt; but our man Mac is a genius. He can add up a column of figures." Incredible! When Bobby Kennedy tried Jimmy Hoffa eight times for the same crime, social democrats said things like this: "Well, I think that Hoffa and Kennedy are evenly matched adversaries, because each has an unquenchable thirst for power." They talked about it like they were analyzing character traits in a psychology control group at a bad university in the Midwest. That's where they're at—standing in the middle. Social democrats know Nixon would bomb China; but the question is, would Humphrey? Yes, he would, saying all the time, "I tried with forbearance to keep the peace, but these people were bent on world domination." Social democracy. It's all the movies with Poitier; it's a Rod Serling story about the fascist general who flips out at the nuclear button. Another general comes in and says to him in the last act, "Thank God, most of the men from the Joint Chiefs aren't of your caliber. Isn't it wonderful to live in a country where only one guy can go crazy?" Or how about the sketch from *The Fugitive* in which a bracero is tried illegally for murder? If that were a right-wing show, he would be guilty of being a Mexican, not a murderer. If it were a left-wing show, he would be innocent of all crimes *because* he's a Mexican. But because it's a social-democrat show, the script goes like this: The D.A. says, "I'm gonna hang that guy!" And his wife says, "Oh, Dan, do you really want to be governor that bad?" You see, textbook psychology replaces thinking for social democrats.

The social democrats have destroyed the left and they've been the handmaiden of the right, because they say they're in the middle. But they're not in the middle. The fact is, when the pressure's applied, they're on the right.

PLAYBOY: You said the social democrats have "destroyed" the left. Are you serious?

SAHL: I'm serious for the present, but not totally pessimistic for the future; that is, not as long as we have youngsters. I kid the youngsters a lot, but I have a tremendous amount of faith in this generation.

You know, people approach me all the time because they think I'm a spokesman for the kids, and they say to me, "Well, do you like this anarchy, with the kids marching around, using the American flag for a G string and reading the *Los Angeles Free Press*?"—as if I had directed them to do it. The

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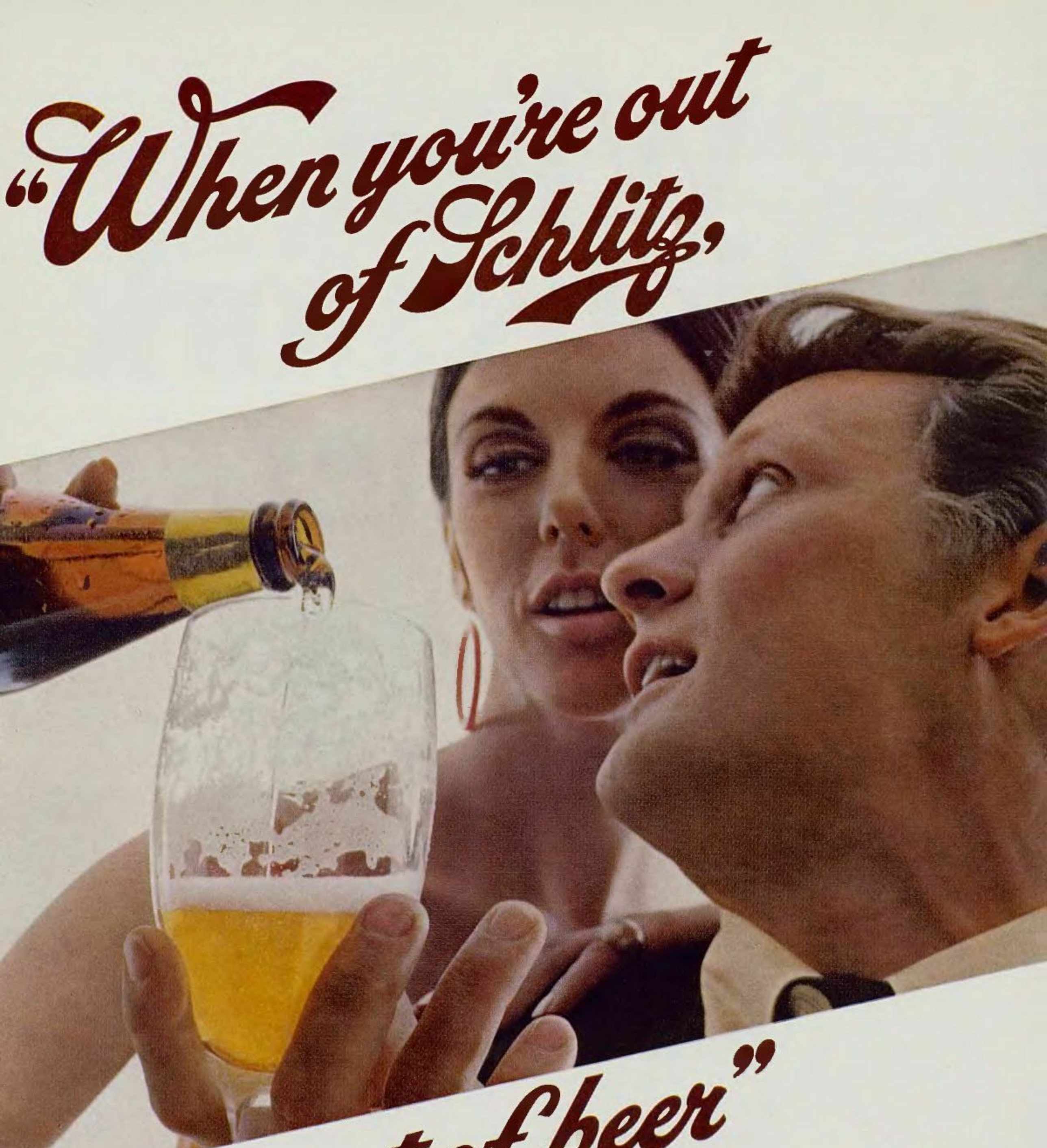

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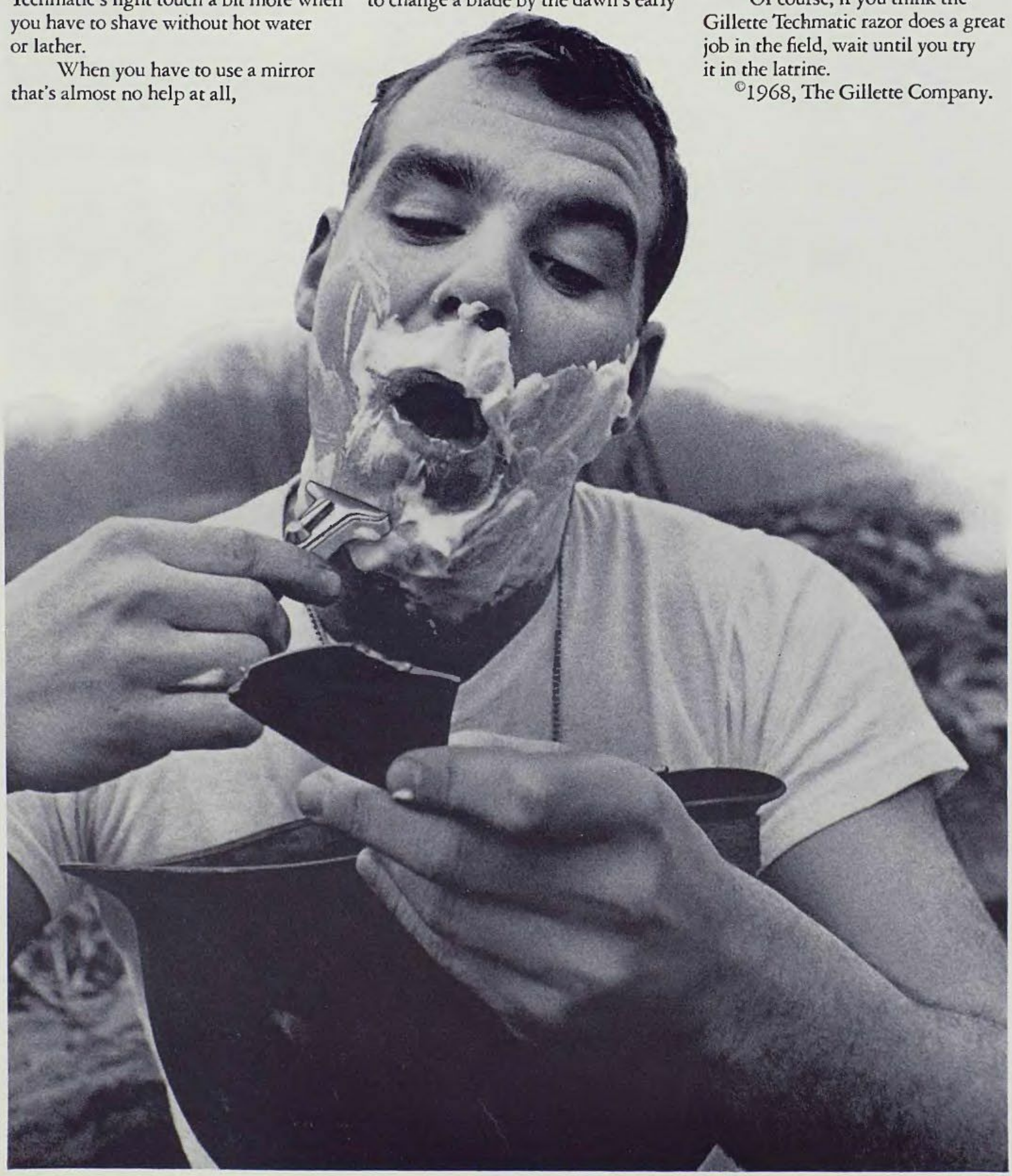

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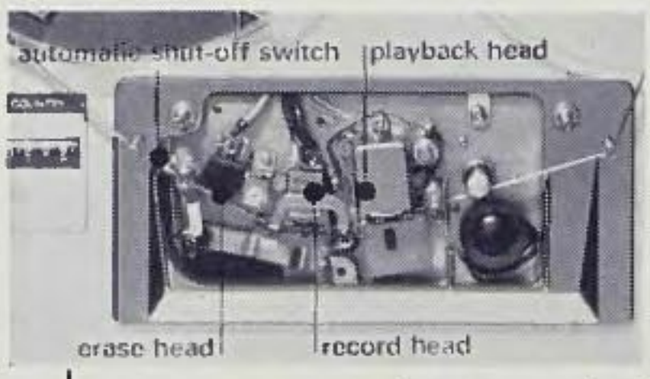

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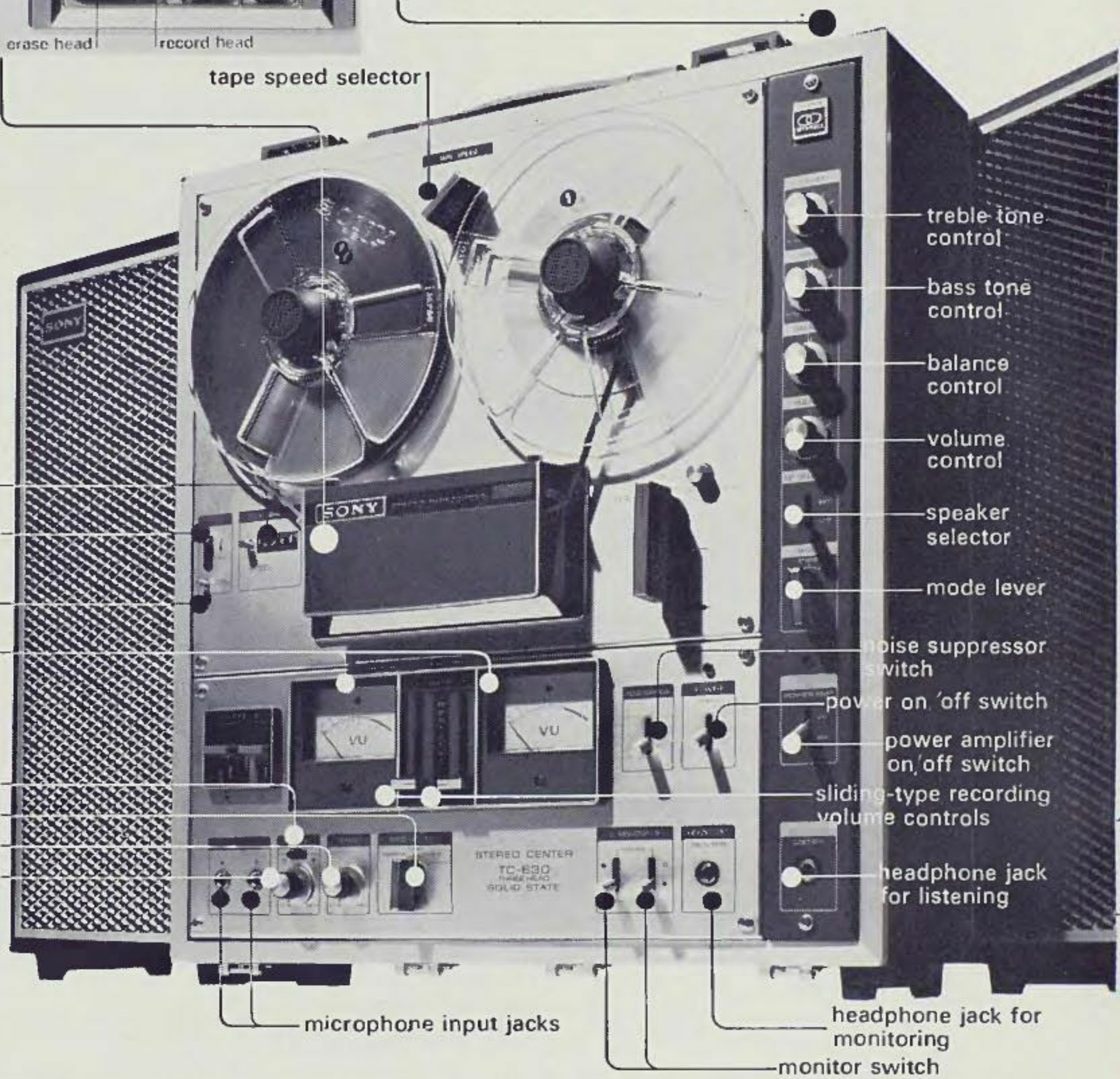

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behavior of kids today is a result, a direct result, of social democracy. If the parents don't like the harvest, they shouldn't plant the seeds.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any kinship with the New Left?

SAHL: Are you kidding? The New Left are left-wing social democrats. A lot of them are flower children, who are big on humanism, and Godlike things, and reverence for kids and animals in the park and flowers and all that stuff. But they don't want to get involved, and of course, that's the biggest sin. I'm afraid that a good deal of the New Left looks like ferment, but it's really a low boil. It's lukewarm, a variation on social democracy.

PLAYBOY: Do you think flower power has staying power?

SAHL: No, I think it's all instant faddism. You see, as soon as you start a movement in America, it's all the rage. Today's hippie is yesterday's ad-agency executive —only he couldn't hack it. A couple of days ago, I hadn't shaved and I was wearing tennis shoes and one of these guys said to me, "You finally look like a human being." Ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever grown a beard or a mustache?

SAHL: I had a beard when I was in the Air Force up in the Aleutians. My face was cold. But I won't do whatever the group is doing. See, my basic position is that if there are only the two of us left in the world after a nuclear holocaust, and you take up my cause, I have to oppose you.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever taken LSD?

SAHL: No, never. Because life itself intoxicates me.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were drunk?

SAHL: Not recently.

PLAYBOY: Presumably, you don't use marijuana, either.

SAHL: Hell, no. But let me tell you about this girl I dated. We got into my car and she locked the doors, picked up these Zig Zag cigarette papers and a pouch and started to roll this tobacco. It had a strange aroma, but it wasn't incense. I said, "What're you doing?" "I'm just turning on." I said, "Well, you can't do that here. They seize your car in this state, for one thing, and then they bust you." She said, "You ever do this?" And I said, "No." So she looked at me and said, "Alcohol's worse for you and tobacco's more habit-forming. I'm working with this committee to petition the governor about marijuana." I said, "To make it legal?" And she said, "No, to make it mandatory." Then she said, "Did you ever use mescaline?" I said, "Is that for tension?" She said, "No, it's a religious experience." By now, we've gone about six blocks and I haven't contributed anything, so I said to her, "Have you ever been baptized?" And she said, "No," and I said, "Well, it's pretty good—depends on who does it." She said, "Did you ever use LSD?" And I said, "No, what's that for?" She said, "Therapy." So I said, "What about analysis?" She said, "Don't have time." I said, "What about God?" She said, "Well, my generation feels that Western religions have failed us." I said, "Which ones?" She said, "Well, I don't know, specifically. Name some and I'll tell you." I said, "Christianity." She said, "Yeah, that's one." And I said, "Judaism." And she said, "Yeah—but what's the difference between those?" I said, "Well, the Jews believe in justice and the Christians believe in mercy; but I suppose if you had justice, you wouldn't need mercy."

Anyhow, I see no reason to take anything that'll tune you out. In fact, I think the reason they're allowing so much sexual playing around now among adolescents is to keep them from getting involved in politics. Speaking of kids, did you guys review *The Graduate*?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

SAHL: I could've given you an interesting one-line critique: "*The Graduate*, a picture about a Jewish kid with gentile parents." But, seriously, I don't believe that kid exists. The kid is Mike Nichols, who is 35-plus, and the story's about himself at 25. Now, the picture was successful because it was only 10 years dated; most films are 80 years dated. Funny thing about him—the second time he meets Mrs. Robinson, he sits up in bed and he says, "We never talk to each other." That's the kind of complaint a guy makes after 30 years of marriage. But maybe this generation is being educated differently.

PLAYBOY: One of the biggest differences today involves student demands for more participation in their own education. If you were a college president, how far would you let the kids go?

SAHL: I'd let them go further than forming an entertainment committee to decide who they're going to book for the spring prom. But, you know, the kids don't want to run the schools. They feel that the administrations are ignoring them and doing outrageous things, like admitting CIA recruiters and Dow Chemical guys on campus. If I were a school president, I'd just do my best to know what's happening—that should be enough.

PLAYBOY: How would you handle some of the more aggressive tactics, such as occupying buildings and burning files?

SAHL: I don't know. But I'll tell you one thing, I'd pay attention to what they're asking. The job of young people is to ask questions, to help us examine and understand ourselves. We'd better utilize these kids while they're hot, because they're not going to be that productive forever. Most of them are going to join up by the time they're 26. Their fervor won't last till they're 30. I'm not going to endorse violence, but I'm going to ask how did it come to be? There's somebody who is frustrating them at the other end, who is producing this protest. Look at the draft. I don't see too many people over draft age opposing it. Do you blame the kids for protesting?

PLAYBOY: Are you opposed to the draft per se, or are you against it only as it relates to the war in Vietnam?

SAHL: I never said I was a pacifist. I think World War Two was worth fighting—although I can't think of many others offhand. But I want to show you how people slide the other way. Recently, in San Francisco, Sterling Hayden had a rally for his son, who is a draft resister. Hayden got up at the rally and said these kids are great—with which I agree—and then he went on to say something to the effect that they're not "taken in" the way his generation was, thus condemning everything we have ever done to save America. Well, of course, that's foolishness, because the fact is, Sterling Hayden and his son would be cinders now if we hadn't fought Hitler. But to return to the point, I say the draft is unconstitutional, in all likelihood. And if this country were truly in danger, I don't think we'd need a draft.

PLAYBOY: Did people break their necks to volunteer during World War Two?

SAHL: Maybe not; but the fact of the matter is, to keep a large Army is not in the people's interest.

PLAYBOY: Ted Kennedy recently said that a professional Army can be more dangerous than a draft—or citizens'—Army. What do you think?

SAHL: I have no doubt that there are dangers in a volunteer Army. But why don't we talk about what kind of Army we're *not* going to have? That's the point. In other words, are we going to wage wars of aggression or not? There's only one answer. What's the next question?

PLAYBOY: The next question relates to a subject you said, a few digressions ago, interests you more than politics: sex.

SAHL: Fire away. But let me say at the outset that, though I've never discussed sex professionally, I certainly have nothing against it. In fact, I think it's terrific —*if* memory serves.

PLAYBOY: Let's begin with your description of the perfect woman.

SAHL: Well, I don't expect women to be champions. I don't expect them to be intellectuals. I do expect them to be bright. I'm the champion. I expect them to give me ten good rounds, and how they make up the weight difference and the reach

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has to be by the intuition that God gave them.

PLAYBOY: We get the feeling you don't like intellectual girls.

SAHL: There *are* no intellectual girls. Before you marry any words in the English language, let me tell you the ones that can and cannot be legally wed. The marriages that are made in heaven are "student protest," "Jewish intellectual," "German scientist" and "Irish rebellion." "Intellectual girl" is a shotgun wedding. A girl's idea of intellect is to put a bumper sticker for Gene McCarthy on her Volkswagen or to run around trying to free Caryl Chessman, so that she can play the additional game of testing whether or not liberal attorneys in the American Civil Liberties Union will be unfaithful to their wives. The best thing a dame can do is to find a guy she respects and attempt to make him happy. That's her key to joining the human race. And for those guys out there who would dare say to me, "I found a girl who's *really* an intellectual, who can sit up all night in front of the fireplace discussing Camus," I would suggest you've not found a girl—you've found a neurotic. Women, by the way, are the ultimate social democrats. They always join up, whichever way it's going. They can marry Freud. They can marry Gauguin. They can stay with Castro in an attic, while Batista's men are looking for him. On the other hand, they can marry a used-car dealer or a *mafioso* and be equally happy. Nature cursed them with adaptability and, I must say, they live well with their handicap.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so hostile to women?

SAHL: I'm not hostile, I'm trying to *save* them. If they would return to their femininity, they'd be fine; they've got to understand what they are. They're not line troops. Their job is to support the men in combat. They're not very good at combat duty, because they don't think in large terms; they have an ant's view of the universe.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other qualities you look for in a girl?

SAHL: A good girl has straightened things out with her father—it's almost as simple as that. If she's neurotic, she wants a guy as ornery as her old man, but one she can sleep with, which, as you know, is forbidden at home, because Dad is generally married. And women'll never break up a home, not because they're ethical but because they'd feel threatened in their *own* home. You know, there *is* honor among thieves. To get back to your question, I look for mercy, compassion and intuition in a girl—all the things I'm not good at. I stay away from actresses and other female impersonators. Sensuousness is a nice trait, but American women are sensuous only until you marry them; then they make love as though all the window shades were up. When they change, they go from 20 to 80.

Do you know the Jewish girl's premarital sex code? Mother says, "You've been seeing an awful lot of this boy. Is he serious about you?" "Yes." "Are you serious about him?" "Yes." "I just want to know one thing. Have you been sleeping with him?" Indignant: "How can you think such a thing of me?" "Is it true?" "Well, of course it's true, but the *idea* that you could *think* such a thing of me!" "Are either of you enjoying it?" "No." "Then it's OK." You talk about the *Christians'* denying enjoyment! Just remember, the Jews are the hardcover book and the Christians are only the paperback.

PLAYBOY: In your book, what part does sex play in marriage?

SAHL: Women think sex is everything. I think it's about 12 percent. The rest is rubbing the guy's neck and going out for *tacos* in the middle of the night and being a good listener. Remember how Gary Cooper turns to Jean Arthur in those Frank Capra movies and says: "You know, tomorrow is my big test in court, and I don't know if I can do it." She says, "I *know* you can do it." He says OK and goes to sleep on her shoulder. That's a woman—one in whom you can confide, even your doubts.

But, you know, the concept of marriage is almost like charity. In marriage, you give people everything except what they really need. In other words, if people will settle for less than love, you don't give it to them. "Why doesn't he love me?" Because, girls, you'll settle for being well taken care of.

PLAYBOY: Why did your own marriage fail?

SAHL: It wasn't a complete failure. It lasted two and a half years and *she* was pretty happy during that period. Since then, I've gone out with a succession of chorus girls, which the intellectual Jewish girls at the universities have never understood; they think I'm the biggest disappointment since Arthur Miller.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a definition of love?

SAHL: Freud said it was the emotional dependence on the presence of the other person and, conversely, when the other person is absent from your side, you feel a sensation of sensory deprivation—to be perfectly romantic about it. Gee, this qualifies me to converse with Hefner and all the priests who surround him every time I see him.

Let's see—how else can we define love? A girl would say, "Well, I'm always a little bit in love; it makes me look better." Girls usually have been in love about 35 times by the time they're 22. As for me, loving gives me a sense of identity. When things are grooving with a dame, I have a feeling that I'm the universe; I feel as if I'm at the hub of the wheel, rather than at the spokes; and the anxiety, the feeling that I've got to get to where the action is, disappears. You know, when you're in love, you can even tolerate an absolutely intolerable environment like Tree Stump, Iowa, or Grainsplit, Nebraska, or even San Francisco.

PLAYBOY: San Francisco?

SAHL: Yeah, San Francisco. I've never had a good time there *except* with a girl, and then she's generally been imported. San Francisco has turned out to be an alcoholic's haven, where everybody sits in the lap of incest and talks about how marvelous it is. It's not inconceivable for a girl to awaken you in bed to tell you how wonderful it is to be in San Francisco. Except that nobody's doing anything except getting drunk and dropping out. The press there is extremely negative. It gets its inspiration secondhand, from *The New Yorker*; and I might add that New York is the only place worse than San Francisco. The land is pretty, but the citizens of San Francisco bear as much relation to Northern California and its beauty as the Fifth Army did to Naples.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that way about Southern California, too?

SAHL: No. Los Angeles is good; because if there's going to be an innovation, it comes there first. It's the bellwether of the entire United States, if not of the world.

PLAYBOY: What can you tell us about the sexual innovations—including organized wife swapping—that are reported to be happening in Los Angeles?

SAHL: I think the biggest innovation that could happen to sex is love. Many people may not be able to relate to that remark, since they've never liked anybody and look upon sex as a form of hostility. You know, a lot of girls go to bed with guys to keep them from getting too personal. That's the easiest thing they can give you. But there are no innovations in sex. The measure of a man is in a woman's eye; the measure of a woman is in a man's eye. No adult will be admitted without a child, so you've got to have a girl with you to be in the human race. A homosexual tries to duplicate what a girl is, but I think it's important to remind faggots that they aren't the real thing. So innovation is a good way to cover up for being a faggot. You know, by experimenting, he can purport to be going to the heights, whereas the pedestrian guy is merely going to bed with a girl. Poor unlucky guy.

PLAYBOY: There are frequent allegations of a homosexual Mafia in the entertainment world. Have you encountered it?

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SAHL: Sure. In composing, in the theater and, to some extent, in films. You can tell what they write. Those movies with Paul Newman, where he always tells the girl off, tells her she's shallow; even when she says, "I love you," the camera is on him.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Newman's a dupe of the homosexual Mafia?

SAHL: No, dupe would mean he's being used. He's not. Newman's very tolerant. But that's the problem: People are busy tolerating homosexuals, and all the while, they are prevailing and they're having a great time. You know, if you talk about sex three times in the same evening, a girl will refer to you as an animal. But if a homosexual talks about it all day, that's fine, because that's his craft. I don't want to be insensitive, but I don't see anybody starving in that group. They look like they indulge their particular passions and they are always in positions of authority. They have great earning power and I bet they have a more active sex life than you or I. We're probably more hung up with our jobs and with where the hell we are. World War Three will be between homosexuals and Communists; and the Communists will lose, due to inferior organization—and the tolerance of American women.

But getting back to your question about wife swapping: That, I think, is symptomatic of fascism. Fascism means a breakdown of everything we know, including love. Animal psychology tells us the answer. Remember when you applied heat to the rats in the maze and they ran in all directions? Their sense of judgment was suspended because of the heat. That's what is happening in this country. As an example of a similar phenomenon, when Joe McCarthy was at his height, we had more faggots in America than we ever produced before. You can blame it on the American mother, but I blame this whole business of looking for new thrills on fascism.

The only other innovations I know about involve the kids' reaching out for new sensations. A young man of this generation looks at his parents and says, "My father was passionate and a hypocrite; therefore, anybody who's passionate is a hypocrite." Then the kid becomes so cool he doesn't feel anything. Then he says, "I'm being denied. I'm not enjoying life." So he drops acid, takes mescaline and smokes pot to compensate for all the normal sensations he doesn't get. Then he buys a Honda 350 and drives it at 100 miles an hour into a wall, with a girl in the buddy seat. Reaching for excess is merely to admit you're not enjoying what's going on. When you take a sleeping pill, you're not saying that you'll sleep better than someone who dozes off naturally out of

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the fatigue accrued through constructive work; you're saying you're an insomniac.

PLAYBOY: A while ago, you said that the only city worse than San Francisco is New York. Why?

SAHL: New York is the last feudal duchy. It has all those land barons and it has a population of serfs, who are known as cabdrivers, doormen and waiters. You see a canopy on Park Avenue and a guy walks out dressed like a fleet admiral and blows a whistle. A cab comes up and I think to myself, "God, this must be at least Prince Philip." But a Jewish businessman walks out, with a sour puss and a black coat, gives the doorman a quarter and gets into the cab to go downtown and start stealing. The ugliness of that city was largely manifested under the leadership of Mayor Wagner and his late partner in crime, Cardinal Spellman. Mayor Wagner would say, "This is terrible; we have a transit tie-up. We need the help of God." And Cardinal Spellman would go in there and say, "It's not available."

PLAYBOY: Things have changed considerably in the Church since Cardinal Spellman presided over the New York archdiocese. What do you have to say about Catholicism today?

SAHL: First, let me say a few things about it yesterday. It was Henry Wallace who had the guts to stand up in the 1948 Presidential campaign and say, "Americans should not be sacrificed on the altar of a holy war, the Church against Russia." No one's had the guts to say that since. Secondly, the pill—which should be blamed on pharmaceutical houses, not on the Church—took away the only initiative men had. Now, the decision for life is between a girl and her conscience, which is a wider gulf than we might admit, as women are not famous for their honor. Thirdly, I want to tell you what Henry Luce asked Pope John: "How many people work here in the Vatican?" The Pope replied, "Only about a third, unfortunately."

As for today's Church, it still seems to be a step behind society. About the time they're getting ready to allow priests to marry, the rest of us have given up marrying. There's a certain tendency among the clergy to want to liberalize the Church without leaving it. "Wouldn't it be terrific if we could get rid of the Pope and have orgies and wear blue suits?" "Well, what you're really describing is life outside." "No, that's not what I had in mind. I'd like to do this within the structure of the Church."

On the other hand, I've found that Catholic priests are politically the farthest left of all the religious groups. Look at Father Groppi in Milwaukee. He's saying the Church can be concerned with life, as well as with death. My fantasy about Groppi is this: He marches all night for open housing and then during the day he hears confessions from people who had marched with him the night before. A guy comes in and says, "I was civilly disobedient last night, Father. What can I do for penance?" Groppi says, "Burn the police station."

PLAYBOY: Do you have any religious convictions of your own?

SAHL: I was the author of a line, some years ago, that an atheist is a guy who doesn't get any days off and an agnostic is a guy who doesn't know if he gets them off or not. I'm one of those.

PLAYBOY: One of which?

SAHL: You figure it out. Many people have credited me with the line that people are leaving the Church and going back to God. I never said that. I think Lenny Bruce said it.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Bruce, both you and he have been accused of making the message in your act more important than getting laughs.

SAHL: Yeah, I've been told that audiences don't want to be lectured and I've got news for my critics—I know it. I am a performer and the audience is like a jury. When I go out there, if they don't respond for me in three or four minutes, I switch tracks. I don't beat people over the head with messages. I either get laughs or I get out.

PLAYBOY: How do you define your style of comedy?

SAHL: It's really poetry. It's a succinct way of stating the case by distilling the issues—often to a single line. For example, how better could you have characterized the candidates than this: "Humphrey says it's an ugly little war, but someone's got to do it. Nixon says it's an ugly little war, but fortunately we got to do it. And Governor Wallace says it's an ugly little war, but it's the only one we've got and we should be thankful for it."

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the state of American humor today?

SAHL: Our folk humor is the richest humor we've got. Unhappily, the professional comedians aren't as good; they still have to catch up with the people. When you look at a bulletin board at a university and it says, "God isn't dead, he just doesn't want to get involved," or "Tomorrow has been canceled, due to lack of interest," *that's* where it's at.

PLAYBOY: What's your reaction to the new freedom for humor on television, as exemplified by the Smothers Brothers and *Laugh-In*?

SAHL: I think it's a good trend—although I have always felt there was more freedom available than the artists were willing to use. Even during the days of Joe McCarthy, when you had 20 percent freedom, the artists were using eight percent. I think the Smothers Brothers are going in the right direction. But I must add that they stand out in an industry that is literally riddled with people who say nothing and blame it on the network. I don't think there's anything on their minds to be censored. It reminds me of a reporter who said to me, "You think the Government tells me what to write?" I said, "Do they?" He said, "I've been at this paper eight years and no one has ever told me what to write." I said, "Gee, that's terrific." He said, "On the other hand, I will admit that I know pretty much what to hand in." That means the Government doesn't *have* to call him.

PLAYBOY: You've done some writing for the Government yourself, as a joke writer for John Kennedy during his campaign for the Presidency. Did you know pretty much what to hand in?

SAHL: Not in the sense you mean. The Kennedy people gave me a pretty free hand in the months I worked for him. I did it anonymously and as a favor, because his father asked me to. I didn't receive any pay for it and I didn't campaign for him and I didn't stand up and wear any buttons saying he's the best man. It's not my job to arrive for dinner at the White House if my man wins. My job is to snipe from outside. During the last election, I was approached by everybody. I was asked by Marlon Brando to work for McCarthy, by Jerry Lewis to work for Senator Kennedy, by John Wayne to work for Nixon, by Chuck Connors to work for Reagan. The last call was from Sinatra, and he *ordered* me to work for Humphrey. Of course, I refused them all, because not only will I not campaign for a candidate but I'm generally tempted not even to vote for one who shares the same platform with an entertainer.

PLAYBOY: Do you think things would have been different if John Kennedy had lived?

SAHL: Yes. He sealed his death warrant by de-escalating the tensions between Russia and the United States and by guaranteeing the sovereignty of Cuba. Walter Lippmann says Kennedy wasn't a very good President; it wasn't really Camelot. He did only one thing; he started to end the Cold War with Russia, which wasn't a bad thing, when you think about it. But unfortunately, he died. Well, that's *why* he died, for his finest accomplishment.

PLAYBOY: That theory was originated by New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison, for whom you became an investigator in 1967. How did this association come about?

SAHL: It came about originally because I read the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Commission Report and, like any alert reader, found incredible holes in it. I was amazed, subsequently, at the reluctance of most people to talk about

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it. As for me, there's never been anything that had a stronger impact on my life than this issue. People ask me if I loved Kennedy. Well, I didn't think he was a saint—just an ordinary mortal. Unfortunately, many of the people who now profess to love him do not serve his memory well.

Anyhow, the Warren Report is only the first chapter in this mess. Garrison's investigation, trying to answer the question of who did it, is the next. I went down to New Orleans around the time Garrison had his first press conference, the one in which he said several of those involved in this crime were connected with the CIA. A member of the press asked him, "Have you thought how much harm you can do this country if you're wrong?" Garrison said, "I'm not wrong." And the reporter said, "Have you thought how much harm you can do this country if you're *right*?" And Garrison answered, "As Virgil said, 'Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.'" So the reporter said, "Virgil who?" and I knew what we were up against. I ended up taping a 90-minute interview with Garrison for my radio show. Shortly after that, I lost both that show and my TV program, and I moved to New Orleans. While there, I did some writing in the morning and worked as an accredited investigator for Garrison the rest of the day. A reporter asked, "How does Garrison justify having a comedian on his staff?" The answer was, "The same way Johnson justifies having seven comedians on the Warren Commission."

PLAYBOY: You've actually incorporated the Report in your own night-club comedy routine, haven't you?

SAHL: Yes. My routine helps explain what the Report's all about for those who haven't had the chance to read it. I tell my audience that the Warren Report has an eagle on the front, which means that we can believe everything in it. Then we learn that, according to Gallup, 88 percent of the American people don't believe this Report is accurate. So I point out that I'm not going to criticize the Report, because I wouldn't want it on my conscience that I disturbed the faith of the remaining 12 percent. Then I summarize the Report, beginning with Lee Harvey Oswald, a lonely and disgruntled ex-Marine who had gone crazy watching television, as William Manchester relates in his excellent book *The Death of a President*.

Oswald, our Government tells us, shot Kennedy from the sixth floor of Dallas' School Book Depository. He fired three shots and hit Kennedy—a moving target—with two of them, even though he hadn't been a superior marksman in the Marine Corps. One bullet, the Commission's Exhibit 399, hit the President five and a half inches below the right shoulder, went through his neck and came out in front, where it paused for 1.8 seconds, due to faulty Italian manufacturing. Then it observed Governor Connally and decided to get him, too. It broke a rib, made a 90-degree right turn and pierced his wrist, made a U-turn and went into his thigh, where fragments were later found. Ninety minutes later, it was discovered beside the President's stretcher—not Connally's—in pristine and unscathed condition, unchanged by all the muscle and bone it had gone through. Later, Oswald wandered off to another part of town and shot Officer Tippit. Then he decided to take in a movie. The Commission tells us he was picked up because the theater owner complained that someone walked in without buying a ticket. This flaunting of the rules of commerce so angered the police that they dispatched seven cars to the scene. After all, the President had been shot 20 minutes before, so they weren't needed. After Oswald was apprehended, he couldn't be questioned, because Jack Ruby shot him while he was being guarded by 70 members of the Dallas police—71, if you want to count Ruby. Incredible.

PLAYBOY: Your work with Garrison, combined with your allegations some time ago that you'd been black-listed, has led many of your friends to believe you've become paranoid—in other words, that you see conspiracies everywhere. Do you?

SAHL: I certainly do believe a single conspiratorial group—call it an assassination bureau—was involved in the murders of President Kennedy, Dr. King and Bobby Kennedy.

PLAYBOY: Can you document this?

SAHL: I don't intend to try. I'm a comedian—a performer—and I bring public attention to these issues by satire, not by documentation, which is better handled by those trained for it. All I will say is that your readers are acquainted with much of the data, if they read the Garrison interview (PLAYBOY, October 1967), and more of it will come out in due time. It would have been available already if our own Government wasn't so intent on delaying the trials of the men responsible. Now, if believing—in company with a lot of Americans—that there was a conspiracy to kill my President makes me paranoid, even though I've seen much of the evidence, then so be it.

As for my personal problems—the so-called black list—I never charged that there was a conspiracy against me, in the sense of some group meeting in a smoke-filled room and saying, "Let's get Mort Sahl." It was just that I suddenly became unfashionable. You see, when Eisenhower was in, I was riding high. I could satirize everything he did and show-business people loved it. You know, they're almost all Democrats, except for John Wayne. But when Kennedy got elected and I started giving *him* the same kind of kidding, that wasn't cool at all. Suddenly, people began accusing me of being anti-Semitic, anti-Negro and other unpleasant things; I was told to lay off the establishment or I'd be kept out of work. But I repeat: It wasn't a conspiracy. It was just hundreds—thousands, actually—of separate decisions by separate individuals, all of them very sincerely bitter because they really thought of me as some kind of traitor or turncoat. Or they just couldn't understand the necessity of what I was doing, the need to challenge the establishment no matter who the establishment is. Steve Allen, for instance, explained my eclipse by saying, "We needed a Mort Sahl back in the days of Joe McCarthy and the witchhunts, but now we don't need him." I answered that by saying I wasn't aware this was now utopia or I would have enjoyed it more. It was said that I was out of date and behind the times and that maybe I should have gotten work as a carpenter or something—anything—just as long as I wasn't standing up in public making jokes about everybody's idols and heroes.

But obviously, the liberals are willing to forgive and forget. A television m.c. said to me, even before Nixon was elected, "Gee, the next four years will be great for you." I said, "Don't do it for *me*." In any case, now that the outs are in, I've been working regularly, so any discussion of a black list becomes academic. Ask me again four years from now.

PLAYBOY: Most of what you've said throughout this interview has been critical—of the left as well as of the right. Can you tell us what it is that you believe in?

SAHL: I believe that a man's life is his work and that he grows if he does something he believes in. I believe that people who do not believe in anything will wither away and die. I believe an artist exists because he mirrors what the audience is thinking. He does not speak merely for himself. I believe that man has an appetite for freedom that reaches beyond political boundaries.

They used to say no one is above the law. I know a lot of people above the law. And almost anybody is above a lawyer. But I believe no one is above humor. That's the important point—and, you may be relieved to hear, the last one I'm going to make. In that sense, my work is never done. And anyone who is interested in my psychological anatomy, remember that my father worked for the Government all his life. Now, if you want to talk about rebellion against one's upbringing—my number-one target has always been the Government. So draw your own conclusions. But I'm a man of good will: I've never met a government I didn't dislike.

PLAYBOY: Is that your last word?

SAHL: I sincerely hope there are no groups out there whom I have not offended. Thank you and good night.

anyone could have predicted hugo would be a middling middle linebacker for the rest of his career— but anyone who did so would have been dead wrong

WHISPERS IN BEDLAM

fiction **By IRWIN SHAW** HE WAS A TYPICAL 235-pound married American boy, rosy-cheeked, broken-nosed, with an excellent five-tooth bridge across the front of his mouth and a 63-stitch scar on his right knee, where the doctors had done some remarkable things with floating cartilage. His father-in-law had a thriving insurance agency and there was a place open in it for him, the sooner, his father-in-law said, the better. He was growing progressively deafer in the left ear, due to something that had happened to him during the course of his work the year before on a cold Sunday afternoon out in Green Bay, Wisconsin. He was a professional football player. He played middle linebacker on defense and a certain amount of physical wear and tear was to be expected, especially in Green Bay.

His name was Hugo Pleiss. He was not famous. He had played on three teams, the sort of teams that are always around the bottom of their division. When coaches said that they were going to rebuild their clubs for next year, the first thing they did was to trade Hugo or declare him a free agent. But with all the new teams coming into the leagues, and the consequent demand for experienced players, Hugo always managed to be on somebody's roster when a new season started. He was large and eager to learn and he liked to play football and he had what coaches called "desire" when talking to sportswriters. While intelligent enough in real life (he had been a B student in college), on the field he was all too easily fooled. Perhaps, fundamentally, he was too honest and trusting of his fellow man. Fake hand-offs sent him crashing to the left when the play went to the right. He covered decoys with religious devotion while receivers whistled past him into the clear. He had an unenviable record of tackling blockers while allowing ball carriers to run over him. He hadn't intercepted a single pass in his entire career. He was doing well enough, though, until the incident of his ear at Green Bay. The man who played left corner back with him, Johnny Smathers, had a quick instinct for reading plays and, as the offense shaped up, would shout to Hugo and warn him where the play was going. Smathers was small, distrustful and crafty, with a strong instinct for self-preservation and more often than not turned out to be right. So Hugo was having a pretty fair season until he began to go deaf in the ear on Smathers' side and no longer could hear the corner back's instructions.

After two games in which Smathers had correctly diagnosed and called dozens of plays, only to see Hugo go hurtling off in the opposite direction, Smathers had stopped talking to Hugo at all, on or off the field. This hurt Hugo, who was a friendly soul. He liked Smathers and was grateful for his help and he wished he could explain about his left ear; but once the word got around that he was deaf, he was sure he'd be dropped from the squad. He wasn't yet ready to sell insurance for his father-in-law.

Luckily, the injury to Hugo's ear came near the end of the season and his ordinary level of play was not so high that the drop in his efficiency had any spectacular effect on the coaches or the public. But Hugo, locked in his auditory half-world, fearful of silent enemies on his left and oblivious to the cheers and jeers of half the stadium, brooded.

Off the field, despite occasional little mishaps, he could do well enough. He learned to sit on the left of the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BOZZO

coach at all meetings and convinced his wife that he slept better on the opposite side of the bed than on the one he had always occupied in the three years of their marriage. His wife, Sibyl, was a girl who liked to talk, anyway, mostly in protracted monologs, and an occasional nod of the head satisfied most of her demands for conversational responses. And a slight and almost unnoticeable twist of the head at most gatherings put Hugo's right ear into receiving position and enabled him to get a serviceable fix on the speaker.

With the approach of summer and the imminence of the pre-season training sessions, Hugo brooded more than ever. He was not given to introspection or fanciful similes about himself, but he began to think about the left side of his head as a tightly corked carbonated cider bottle. He poked at his eardrum with pencil points, toothpicks and a nail clipper, to let the fizz out; but aside from starting a slight infection that suppurated for a week, there was no result.

Finally, he made hesitant inquiries, like a man trying to find the address of an abortionist, and found the name of an ear specialist on the other side of town. He waited for Sibyl to go on her annual two-week visit to her parents in Oregon and made an appointment for the next day.

Dr. G. W. Sebastian was a small oval Hungarian who was enthusiastic about his work. He had clean, plump little busy hands and keen, merry eyes. Affliction, especially in his chosen field, pleased him and the prospect of long, complicated and possibly dangerous operations filled him with joy. "Lovely," he kept saying, as he stood on a leather stool to examine Hugo's ear, "Oh, absolutely lovely." He didn't seem to have many patients. "Nobody takes ears seriously enough," he explained, as he poked with lights and curiously shaped instruments into Hugo's ear. "People always think they hear well enough or that other people have suddenly all begun to mumble. Or, if they do realize they're not getting everything, that there's nothing to be done about it. You're a wise young man, very wise, to have come to me in time. What is it you told Miss Cattavi your profession was?"

Miss Cattavi was the nurse. She was a six-foot, 165-pounder who looked as though she shaved twice a day. She had immigrated from northern Italy and was convinced that Hugo played soccer for a living. "That Pele," she had said. "The money he makes!"

Dr. Sebastian had never seen a football game in his life, either, and an impatient look came over his face as Hugo tried to explain what he did on Sundays and about Johnny Smathers and not being able to hear cleats

pounding perilously on his left side when he went in to stop a draw over center. Dr. Sebastian also looked a little puzzled when Hugo tried to explain just exactly what had happened at Green Bay. "People do things like that?" he had said incredulously. "Just for money? In America?"

He probed away industriously, clucking to himself and smelling of peppermint and newly invented antiseptics, orating in little bursts that Hugo couldn't quite hear. "We are far behind the animals," was one thing Hugo *did* hear. "A dog responds to a whistle on a wave length that is silence for a human being. He hears a footfall on grass fifty yards away and growls in the darkness of the night. A fish hears the splash of a sardine in the water a mile away from him, and we have not yet begun to understand the aural genius of owls and bats."

Hugo had no desire to hear whistles on dogs' wave lengths or footfalls on grass. He was uninterested in the splash of distant sardines and he was not an admirer of the genius of owls and bats. All he wanted to be able to hear was Johnny Smathers ten yards to his left in a football stadium. But he listened patiently. After what doctors had done for his knee, he had a childlike faith in them; and if Dr. Sebastian, in the course of restoring his hearing, wanted to praise the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, Hugo was prepared to be polite and nod agreement from time to time, just as he did when Sibyl spoke about politics or miniskirts or why she was sure Johnny Smathers' wife was no better than she should be when the team was on the road.

"We have allowed our senses to atrophy," Hugo winced as Dr. Sebastian rose on his toes for leverage and went rather deep with a blunt instrument. "We have lost our animal magic. We are only one third in communication, even the best of us. Whole new fields of understanding are waiting to be explored. When Beethoven's last quartets are played in a concert hall, a thousand people should fall out of their seats and writhe in unbearable ecstasy on the floor. Instead, what do they do? They look at their programs and wonder if there will be time for a beer before catching the last train home."

Hugo nodded. He had never heard any of Beethoven's last quartets and the floor of a concert hall didn't seem like the place a nice, well-brought-up married American boy should choose to writhe in ecstasy; but now that he had taken the step of going to a doctor, he was going to see it through. Still, with talk like that, about dogs and owls and sardines, he could see why there were no patients waiting in Dr. Sebastian's outer office.

"A crusade," Dr. Sebastian was saying, his eye glued to a lighted chromium funnel whose narrow end seemed to be embedded deep in Hugo's brain. Dr. Sebastian's breath pepperminted warmly on Hugo's bare neck. "A crusade is called for. You have a most unusually arranged collection of bones, Mr. Pleiss. A crusade to lift the curtain of sound, to unmuffle, to recapture our animal heritage, to distinguish whispers in bedlam, to hear the rustle of roses opening in the morning sun, to catch threats before they are really spoken, to recognize promises that are hardly formulated. I never did see a bone structure like this, Mr. Pleiss."

"Well, that feller in Green Bay weighed nearly three hundred pounds and his elbow——"

"Never mind, never mind." Dr. Sebastian finally pulled various bits of machinery out of his ear. "We will operate tomorrow morning, Miss Cattavi."

"OK," Miss Cattavi said. She had been sitting on a bench, looking as though she were ready to go in as soon as her team got the ball. "I'll make the arrangements."

"But——" Hugo began.

"I'll have everything ready," Dr. Sebastian said. "You've got nothing to worry about. Merely present yourself at the Lubenhorn Eye, Ear and Nose Clinic at three P.M. this afternoon."

"But there're one or two things I'd like to——"

"I'm afraid I'm terribly busy, Mr. Pleiss," Dr. Sebastian said. He whisked out of the office, peppermint receding on the aseptic air.

"He'll fix you," Miss Cattavi said, as she showed him to the door.

"I'm sure he will," said Hugo, "but——"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Miss Cattavi said, "if you came back to have the other ear done."

• • •

When Hugo woke up after the operation, Dr. Sebastian was standing next to his bed, smiling merrily. "Naturally," Dr. Sebastian said, "there is a certain slight discomfort."

The left side of Hugo's head felt as though it were inside the turret of a tank that was firing 60 rounds a minute. It also still felt like a corked cider bottle.

"You have an extraordinary bone structure, Mr. Pleiss." The doctor raised himself on tiptoe, so as to be able to smile approvingly down into Hugo's face. He spent a lot of time on his toes, Dr. Sebastian. In one way, it would have been more sensible if he had specialized in things like knees and ankles, instead of ears. "So extraordinary that I hated to finish the operation. It was like discovering a new continent. What a morning you have given me, Mr. Pleiss! I am even tempted not to charge you a penny."

It turned out later that Dr. Sebastian resisted this temptation. He sent a bill for $500. By the time Hugo received the bill, on the same day that Sibyl came back from Oregon, he was happy to pay it. The hearing in his left ear was restored. Now, if only Johnny Smathers wasn't traded away and if their relationship could be patched up, Hugo was sure he'd be in there at middle linebacker for the whole season.

There was a red scar behind his ear, but Sibyl didn't notice it for four days. She wasn't a very observant girl, Sibyl, except when she was looking at other girls' clothes and hair. When Sibyl finally did notice the scar, Hugo told her he'd cut himself shaving. He'd have had to use a saw-toothed bread knife to shave with to give himself a scar like that, but Sibyl accepted his explanation. He was rock-bottom honest, *(continued overleaf)*

". . . And, Father, that's not all."

Hugo, and this was the first time he'd ever lied to his wife. The first lie is easy to get away with.

• • •

When he reported in to training camp, Hugo immediately patched up his friendship with Johnny Smathers. Johnny was a little cool at first, remembering how many times at the end of last season he had been made to look bad, all alone out there with two and three blockers trampling over him as Hugo was dashing away to the other side of the field, where nothing was happening. But when Hugo went as far as to confide in him that he'd had a little ringing in his left ear after the Green Bay game, a condition that had subsided since, Smathers had been understanding, and they even wound up as roommates.

Pre-season practice was satisfactory. The coach understood about the special relationship between Hugo and Smathers and always played them together and Hugo's performance was respectable, even though nobody was confusing him with Sam Huff or Dick Butkus or people like that.

The exhibition games didn't go badly and while Hugo didn't distinguish himself particularly, he made his fair share of tackles and batted down a few passes, listening carefully to Johnny Smathers' instructions and not being caught out of position too many times. It was a more-or-less normal September for Hugo, like so many Septembers of his life—sweaty, full of aches and bruises and abuse from coaches, not making love on Friday and Saturday, so as not to lose his edge for Sunday, feeling frightened for his life on Sunday morning and delighted to be able to walk out of the stadium on his own two feet in the dusk on Sunday afternoon. For want of a better word, what Hugo felt was happiness.

Then, just a minute before the end of the first regular league game of the season, something peculiar happened. Hugo's team was ahead, 21 to 18, and the other team had the ball on his team's eight-yard line. It was third down and four to go and the crowd was yelling so much, the opposing quarterback, Brabbledoff, kept holding up his arms to get them to quiet down enough so that he could be heard in the huddle. The crowd hushed a bit; but, even so, Hugo was afraid he wouldn't be able to hear Smathers when the play started. He shook his head to clear the sweat from the inside of his helmet and, for a moment, his left ear was parallel to the opposing huddle. Then the peculiar thing happened. He heard what Brabbledoff was saying, just as if he were right there next to him in the huddle. And the huddle was a good 15 yards away from Hugo, at least, and the crowd was roaring. "I'm going to bootleg it to the weak side," Brabbledoff was saying. "And, for Christ's sake, make it look real!"

The opposing team lined up and just before the snap, Hugo heard Smathers yell, "Around end to the strong side, around end to the strong side, Hugo!"

The two lines leaped into action; the guards pulled out to lead the run to the strong side. Hugo could have sworn he saw Brabbledoff hand off to Frenzdich, the halfback, who churned after the screen of interference, while Brabbledoff sauntered back, as though out of the play. Everybody on Hugo's team scrambled to stop the strong-side thrust. Everybody but Hugo. It was as though a button had been pushed somewhere in his back, making his moves mechanical. Struggling against the tide of traffic, he trailed Brabbledoff, who suddenly, in the clear, with no one near him, began to run like a frightened deer toward the weak-side corner, the ball now pulled out from behind the hip that had been hiding it. Hugo was there on the line of scrimmage, all alone, and he hurled himself at Brabbledoff. Brabbledoff said something unsportsmanlike as he went down with Hugo on top of him, then fumbled the ball. Hugo kneeled on Brabbledoff's face and recovered the ball.

Hugo's teammates pummeled him in congratulation and they ran out the clock with two line bucks and the game was over, with the score 21 to 18.

The team voted Hugo the game ball in the locker room and the coach said, "It's about time you read a play correctly, Pleiss," which was high praise, indeed, from that particular coach.

In the shower, Johnny Smathers came over to him. "Man," Johnny said, "I could have killed you when I saw you drifting over to the weak side after I yelled at you. What tipped you off?"

"Nothing," Hugo said, after a moment's hesitation.

"It was a hell of a play," said Smathers.

"It was just a hunch," Hugo said modestly.

He was quieter than usual that Sunday night, especially after a win. He kept thinking about Dr. Sebastian and the sound of roses opening.

• • •

The next Sunday, Hugo went out onto the field just like every Sunday. He hadn't heard anything all week that a man wouldn't ordinarily hear and he was sure that it had been an acoustical freak that had carried Brabbledoff's voice to him from the huddle. Nothing unusual happened in the first half of the game. Smathers guessed right about half of the time and while there was no danger that Hugo was going to be elected defensive player of the week by the newspapers, he served creditably for the first 30 minutes.

It was a rough game and in the third quarter, he was shaken breaking into a screen and got up a little groggy. Moving around to clear his head while the other team was in the huddle, he happened to turn his left side toward the line of scrimmage. Then it happened again. Just as though he were right there, in the middle of the opposing huddle, he heard the quarterback say, in a hoarse whisper, "Red right! Flood left! Wing square in! R down and out . . . on five!"

Hugo looked around to see if any of his teammates had heard, too. But they looked just the way they always looked —muddy, desperate, edgy, overweight, underpaid and uninformed. As the opposing team came out of the huddle, up to the line of scrimmage, Hugo moved automatically into the defensive formation that had been called by Krkanius, who played in the front four and ran the defense positions. "Red right! Flood left! Wing square in! R down and out . . . on five!" he repeated silently to himself. Since he didn't know the other team's signals, that didn't help him much, except that "on five" almost certainly meant that the ball was going to be snapped on the fifth count.

Smathers yelled, "Pass. On the flank!" and, again, Hugo felt as though a button had been pushed in his back. He was moving on the four count and was across the line of scrimmage, untouched, a fraction of a second after the ball was snapped, and laid the quarterback low before he could take a half step back into the pocket.

"Have you got a brother on this team, you son of a bitch?" the quarterback asked Hugo as Hugo lay on the quarterback's chest.

After that, for most of the rest of the afternoon, by turning to his right, Hugo heard everything that was said in the opposing huddle. Aside from an occasional commonplace remark, like "Where were you on that play, fat ass, waving to your girl?" or "If that Hunsworth puts his fingers into my eye once more, I'm going to kick him in the balls," the only operational intelligence that came across to Hugo was in the quarterback's coded signals, so there wasn't much advantage to be gained from Hugo's keenness of hearing. He knew *when* the ball was going to be snapped and could move a step sooner than otherwise, but he didn't know where it was going and still had to depend upon Smathers in that department.

Going into the last two minutes of the game, they were ahead, 14 to 10. The Studs were one of the strongest teams in the league and Hugo's team was a 20-point underdog on the Las Vegas line and a win would be a major upset. But the Studs were on his team's 38-yard line, first down and ten to go, and moving. Hugo's teammates were getting up more and more slowly from the pile-ups, like losers, and they all avoided looking over toward the bench, where the coach was

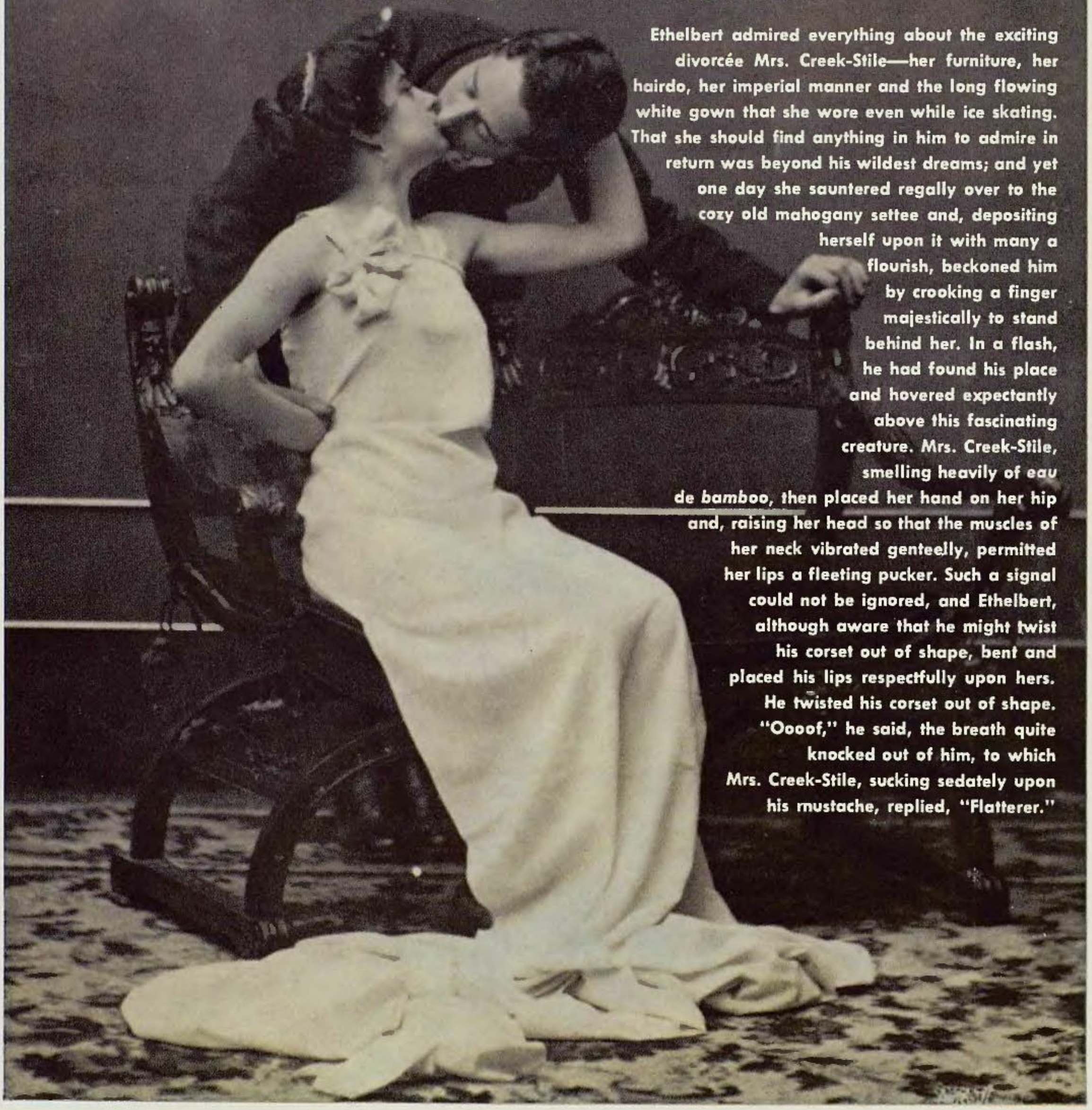
(continued on page 86)

CURIOUSER COURTSHIPS

humor

By JAMES PRIDEAUX

MORE MICROYARNS AND MINIFABLES ADD THEIR COMIC-VALENTINE POSTSCRIPTS TO THE KITSCH PICTURE POSTCARDS OF A HEARTS-AND-FLOWERS PAST



Ethelbert admired everything about the exciting divorcée Mrs. Creek-Stile—her furniture, her hairdo, her imperial manner and the long flowing white gown that she wore even while ice skating. That she should find anything in him to admire in return was beyond his wildest dreams; and yet one day she sauntered regally over to the cozy old mahogany settee and, depositing herself upon it with many a flourish, beckoned him by crooking a finger majestically to stand behind her. In a flash, he had found his place and hovered expectantly above this fascinating creature. Mrs. Creek-Stile, smelling heavily of *eau de bamboo*, then placed her hand on her hip and, raising her head so that the muscles of her neck vibrated genteelly, permitted her lips a fleeting pucker. Such a signal could not be ignored, and Ethelbert, although aware that he might twist his corset out of shape, bent and placed his lips respectfully upon hers. He twisted his corset out of shape. "Oooof," he said, the breath quite knocked out of him, to which Mrs. Creek-Stile, sucking sedately upon his mustache, replied, "Flatterer."

Boy, could he fiddle! Bernice felt a shiver sweep from her bobbed hair all the way down to her rolled stockings. When he crescendoed, she moaned slightly and her body vibrated for a moment, the veins in her forehead throbbing in rhythm. "Go!" she cried. "Go!" But Leonard, after brushing his long hair back from his brow, let his bow fall by his flabby thigh. "That passage always leaves me limp," he gasped, and his nose was also running a bit. "You and me both," sighed Bernice, swaying slightly. "Hit me again," she added, glancing at him beseechingly. He raised his bow and gave her a resounding whack over the shoulders. "No, no," interrupted Bernice, "I meant, play some more." "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Leonard, terribly abashed and wiping off the bow. "What would you like to hear?" Cautiously, she requested *Over the Rainbow*, fearful lest those haunting strains cause her to lose control. As Leonard whipped into it, Bernice felt a craving rise from the very base of her being. What bliss it would be to suddenly reach over and fiddle with his fiddle, if only she had been brought up differently!

This is the way to love

From the moment Flora Louise, nibbling her popcorn in the balcony of the Bijou and watching Jeanette MacDonald sing at Nelson Eddy, felt her garter snap and realized it hadn't been the wind, a whole new world opened up to her. She looked down just in time to see retreating the handsome fingers of a total stranger. Lifting her gaze, she discovered his face was even handsomer than his fingers. "That fetched me a nasty sting," she said reproachfully, but her eyes were smiling at him. Gerald, a drummer new to the town, apologized with the air of a perfect gentleman. "I was reaching for my pipe," he explained. So logical was this that Flora Louise forgave him on the spot and even shifted her weight a little, the better to press her thigh against his in a welcoming gesture of the native of a town to an obvious newcomer. "Have you a place to go?" he inquired genteelly, quite confusing her, since she could not grasp his meaning. In her dilemma, she suggested they might visit the studio of Abu, an elderly Turk who had several times provided Flora Louise with ready cash through her agreeing to pose before his daguerreotype machine, and there they retired. Gerald was delighted to indulge in such innocent fun and even, as Abu hinted, setting up the lights, make a little ready cash. They struck a pose, Gerald placing his hand upon Flora Louise's calf. "Don't start too high up," she advised, "for it's a series."

The minute the telephone was invented, Flossie and Hubert stopped seeing each other. He had been in the habit of riding over from Ethelscomb, the county seat, at least once a week, to swing on her porch and sing *Auld Lang Syne* as she cranked the ice-cream freezer. They passed hours in this way, their eyes shyly meeting, rarely finding the courage to converse on any subject racier than the weather. And then telephones were installed and their relationship took an unusual turn. "Hello, Flossie?" Hubert would shout into the mouthpiece. "Can you hear me?" "Yes, Hubert, yes, I can hear you clear as anything." "Well, Flossie," cried Hubert from the gloom of his lonely room, "I kiss your lips." When Flossie was revived, she rose to the telephone with trembling hands. This was so much more exciting than *Auld Lang Syne* and cranking the ice-cream freezer. Flossie could hardly contain herself. "I kiss *yours*!" she screamed, causing Hubert to fall off his chair and her father to fetch Flossie a stinging blow. The drama and danger thus introduced into their courtship kept the telephones tingling, not to mention their bodies. That they should ever meet again became impossible, considering the things they had said to each other. Flossie had never dreamed that she would hear such things from a man, and Hubert had not imagined such replies could issue from a woman's lips. "Abdomen!" bellowed Hubert into the telephone one day, their romance taking another leap forward.

Once, when she was very young, Yolanda was taken by her grandmother to tea in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel. "Gee, Granny," observed Yolanda, "everything is so green." "Them's the palms," explained Granny, who was just off the boat herself and had never been in the Plaza before. "Ain't they purty?" Yolanda swore then and there that when she grew up, she would have a place of her own and plenty of green. And so it came to pass. Yolanda became a famous dress designer, creating her own lovely wardrobe, and bought a cooperative apartment almost on Sutton Place. To give it that lived-in look, she hung ivy from the chandeliers and wall sconces. Really, it was heavenly. If you squinted your eyes, you got the same effect as the botanical gardens. She first saw Herman pushing a handcart into a traffic jam in the Garment District. "Come on up to my place," offered Yolanda, "where the ivy twineth." Herman couldn't quite understand what she meant by that, but she was so elegantly attired he would have followed her anywhere. When he saw the apartment, he fell to his knees and, brushing a leaf out of his mouth, proposed to her. Yolanda, with a knowing smile, replied, "You're just after my ivy." Poor Herman was beside himself. Was it true?

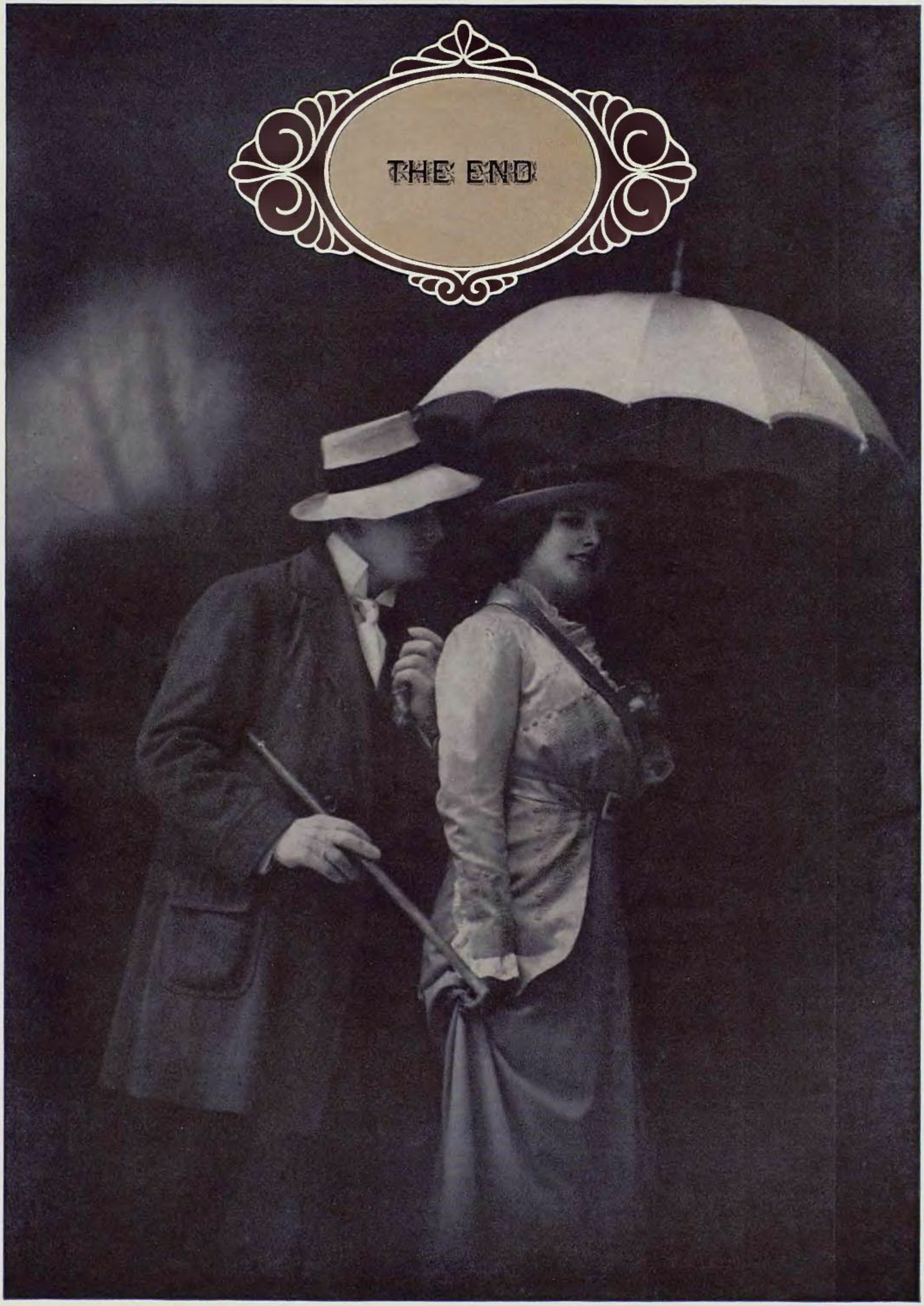
Janet was a frivolous, fun-loving girl whose hond first touched that of Edgar Allon Potts at a séance at the Moose Hall. He smiled that wan, pained smile of his through the gloom at her and Janet felt an instant empathy for this hurt, brooding young man. When he asked the medium to materialize the ghost of Jack the Ripper because he had a couple of questions he wanted to put to it, Janet found her interest more than piqued. Edgar Allan told Janet that he lived in a basement apartment in Gut Lane. "Only a dungeon, really," he said, charmingly. "Why don't you drop by for a cup of something and I'll show you my pendulum?" Janet certainly couldn't see any harm in this and, with that mustache, he couldn't be anything but a gentleman. His apartment turned out to be a little grim for her taste, what with the dank and all; but the pendulum, inherited from his mother, was truly awesome, and he also had an interesting pit in which some sort of pets, which she couldn't quite make out in the dim light, lurked. He gave her a cup of some delicious indefinable liquid and, quite heady from it, she permitted him to make love to her in his unique way. The experience made her somehow pensive and sad, and she wondered what her future with him might be, if any.

Peter and Georgette were an unusual couple, in that he had originally studied for the priesthood and she had contemplated going into a nunnery. Both of these plans had been thwarted by their insistent sex glands, which, while normal, made the orders seem a trifle drab. "After all," said Peter, as they were chatting one afternoon in the grotto, "isn't it possible to experience deep religious emotions and still have a little worldly feeling now and again?" Georgette thought she had never known a man more understanding. Thereafter, they arranged to take the bus every Friday evening to their favorite retreat and spend the weekend in fervid rumination, although they did permit themselves the luxury of holding hands. "Gee, you've got hot hands," breathed Peter. "So have you," whispered Georgette. Gradually, as they ruminated, their hands began to sweat, but the bus always made a rest stop on the trip home on Sunday night and they were able to wash up and get ready for the worldly week ahead.

Sibyl Jane was a sensitive, sweet girl, fresh from boarding school, who liked nothing better than wandering the lanes with her dog-eared volume of the poems of Emily Dickinson. Hour after hour, her long peroxided locks shining in the sun, Sibyl Jane thought lovely thoughts and drank in great draughts of pure clean air. One day, however, she chanced upon a person of the opposite sex, also wandering the lanes, but without a dog-eared volume of the poems of Emily Dickinson. What could he be doing there? *"Quo vadis?"* asked Sibyl Jane politely, just as they had taught her at school. "I might ask you the same question," replied the person of the opposite sex, "if I knew what it meant." Sibyl Jane was greatly titillated by his reply and laughed gaily. "Thou *dost* titillate me!" she exclaimed. "Yeah?" said the person of the opposite sex, a new light coming into his eye. "What's that volume you got there? Mickey Spillane?" "Mercy!" screamed Sibyl Jane, amused that he should think such poems as these could be written by a man. "I bet it's your diary!" he declared. "Full of a young girl's thoughts. Lemme see." But when he grasped the volume, he saw that she had written something about a funeral in her brain. He read one verse and fled, although she called after him to return and waited for him until vespers, oddly annoyed with Emily Dickinson.

Jewell was as ready for love as the next girl, especially when handsome, curly-headed Rainier planted his eager lips on hers in that professional way of his. "Let yourself go," he urged excitedly, clutching her shoulders. "What do you think I'm doing?" she replied, a shade testily. But they both knew what was troubling her. It was the birds. This was the longest, cruelest winter North Portage had ever known, and the birds were sitting around on the wires, looking gaunt and disheveled. "I'll just throw them a little toast," said Jewell, pulling herself away from Rainier. "You just threw them a little toast," he pouted. "Well, a muffin, then," said Jewell, heading for the breadbox. "Cut the Thoreau bit," said Rainier, who was widely read as well as well dressed. Jewell didn't know what Thoreau was, she only knew that her little feathered friends must be fed. But as she ran to the door, Rainier grabbed the muffin and stuffed it into his mouth. "There, what do you think of that?" he exclaimed, spewing muffin all over his broad lapels. Jewell looked at him horrified. Did he really think this was the way to win her? What confused and heartless creatures men were!

Claudette was blessed with a sunny disposition, yet at the same time, she had a constant foreboding of rain. She was never to be seen without her parasol—which was especially unusual in that she rarely left the house. Her parents did everything they could to discourage her in this practice, going so far as to puncture parasol after parasol; but being indoors anyway, Claudette hardly minded the punctures and, indeed, was grateful for the additional air that flowed through them. Her beaux never called on her twice, because the danger of impaling an eye on a parasol prong was immense. Raymond, however, became a regular caller, scarcely noticing the parasol and never remarking upon it. Claudette was a little hurt by this, setting great store by her parasols, but her pride would not permit her to inquire into his disinterest. The fact was, Raymond was so engrossed in his walking stick he hardly noticed her parasols. He had learned any number of amorous little tricks he put it to in the course of a courtship and employed them with great finesse. Generally, this led to some sort of complaint, sooner or later, from his love object; but in the case of Claudette, there was never a word of protest. "Oh, I'm *so* sorry," he would say, giving her a wicked prod with his stick. "It looks like rain, doesn't it?" she would reply, checking the chandelier for signs of the first drops.


THE END

WHISPERS IN BEDLAM *(continued from page 80)*

giving an imitation of General George S. Patton on a bad day along the Rhine.

The Studs went briskly into their huddle, keyed up and confident. Hugo had been blocked out of the last three plays ("wiped out like my three-year-old daughter" had been the phrase the coach had used) and he was preparing his excuses if he was pulled out of the game. The Studs were talking it up in the huddle, a confused babel of sound, when suddenly Hugo heard one voice, very clearly. It was Dusering, the leading pass catcher in the league. Hugo knew his voice well. Dusering had expressed himself to Hugo with some eloquence after Hugo had pushed him out of bounds in what Dusering considered an ungentlemanly manner after a 30-yard gain on a pass to the side line.

"Listen," Dusering was saying in the huddle 15 yards away, "I got Smathers all set up. I can beat him on a buttonhook on the inside."

"OK," Hugo heard the quarterback say, and then the signal.

The Studs trotted up to the line of scrimmage. Hugo glanced around at Smathers. Smathers was pulling back deep, worried about Dusering's getting behind him, too busy protecting his area to bother about calling anything to Hugo. Hugo looked at Dusering. He was wide, on the left, looking innocent, giving nothing away.

The ball was snapped and Dusering went straight down the side line, as though for the bomb. A halfback came charging out in front of Hugo, yelling, his arms up, but Hugo ignored him. He cut back to his left, waited for a step, saw Dusering stop, then buttonhook back inside, leaving Smathers hopelessly fooled. The ball came floating out. Just as Dusering set himself to get it at waist height, Hugo flung himself across the trajectory of the pass and gathered it in. He didn't get far with it, as Dusering had him on the first step, but it didn't matter. The game was, to all intents and purposes, over, a stunning victory. It was the first pass Hugo had ever intercepted.

He was voted the game ball that Sunday, too.

In the locker room, the coach came over to Hugo while he was taking off his jockstrap. The coach looked at him curiously. "I really ought to fine you," the coach said. "You left the middle as open as a whore's legs on Saturday night."

"Yes, Coach," Hugo said, modestly wrapping a towel around him. He didn't like rough language.

"What made you cover the buttonhook?" the coach asked.

"I . . ." Hugo looked guiltily down at his bare toes. They were bleeding profusely and one nail looked as though he was going to lose it. "Dusering tipped it off. He does something funny with his head before the buttonhook."

The coach nodded, a new light of respect in his eyes.

It was Hugo's second lie. He didn't like to lie, but if he told the coach he could hear what people were whispering in a huddle 15 yards away, with 60,000 people screaming in the stands like wild Indians, the coach would send him right over to the doctor to be treated for concussion of the brain.

• • •

During the week, for the first time, he was interviewed by a sportswriter. The article came out on Friday and there was a picture of him crouching with his hands spread out, looking ferocious. The headline over the article said, "MR. BIG PLAY MAN."

Sibyl cut the article out and sent it to her father, who always kept saying that Hugo would never amount to anything as a football player and ought to quit and start selling insurance before he got his brains knocked out, after which it would be too late to sell anything, even insurance.

Practice that week was no different from any other week, except that Hugo was limping because of his crushed toes. He tested himself, to see if he could hear what people were saying outside of normal range, but even in the comparative silence of the practice field, he didn't hear any better or any worse than he had before his ear was hurt. He didn't sleep as well as he usually did, as he kept thinking about the next Sunday, and Sibyl complained, saying he was making an insomniac out of her, thrashing around like a beached whale. On Thursday and Friday nights, he slept on the couch in the living room. The clock in the living room sounded like Big Ben to him, but he attributed it to his nerves. On Saturday, the whole team went to a hotel for the night, so Sibyl had nothing to complain about. Hugo shared a room with Smathers. Smathers smoked, drank and chased girls. At two in the morning, still awake, Hugo looked over at Johnny, sleeping beatifically, and wondered if perhaps he was making a mistake somewhere in the way he led his life.

• • •

Even limping from his crushed toes, Sunday was a remarkable day for Hugo. In the middle of the first quarter, after the opposing tackle had given him the knee to the head on a block, Hugo discovered that he not only could hear the signals in the other team's huddle but *knew what they meant*, just as though he had been studying their playbook for months. "Brown right! Draw fifty-five . . . on two!" came through in the quarterback's voice to his left ear, as though on a clear telephone connection, and was somehow instantly translated in Hugo's brain to "Flanker to the right, fake to the fullback over right guard, hand-off to right halfback and cutback inside left end."

Hugo still lined up obediently in the defensive formations called by Krkanius; but once the plays got under way, he disregarded his regular assignments and went where he knew the plays were going. He intercepted two passes, knocked down three more and made more tackles than the rest of the team put together. It was with somber satisfaction mixed with a curious sense of guilt that he heard Gates, the opposing quarterback, snarl in the huddle, "Who let that fish face Pleiss in there again?" It was the first time that he had heard any quarterback in the league mention him by name.

It was only as he was leaving the field that Hugo realized that Smathers hadn't called a play to him once during the whole game. He tried to catch Smathers' eye in the locker room, but Smathers always seemed to be looking the other way.

On Monday morning, when they ran the game films, the coach kept stopping the film on plays in which Hugo figured and rerunning those bits in slow motion over and over again. Hugo began to feel even more uncomfortable than he usually felt at these Monday-morning entertainments. The coach didn't say anything, except, "Let's look at that once more"; but seeing himself over and over again, in the center of plays so many times, embarrassed Hugo, as though he were showboating in front of his teammates. It was also embarrassing to see how often, even though he was right there, he allowed himself to be knocked down by blockers who were primarily going for another man, and how many tackles he had made that should have been clean but that developed into dogged, drag-me-along-with-you-Nellie yard-eating affairs. It was a stern rule with the coach that no comments were allowed by the players at the showings, so Hugo had no notion of what his teammates' estimate of his performance might be.

When the film was finally over, Hugo tried to be the first man out the door, but the coach signaled to him and pointed with his thumb to the office. Leaning heavily on his cane, Hugo hobbled into the office, prepared for the worst. The cane was not merely window dressing. The toes on Hugo's right foot looked like a plate of hamburger and, while he waited for the coach, Hugo thought of ways to introduce his infirmity as an excuse for some of the less glorious moments of his performance as revealed by the movies of the game.

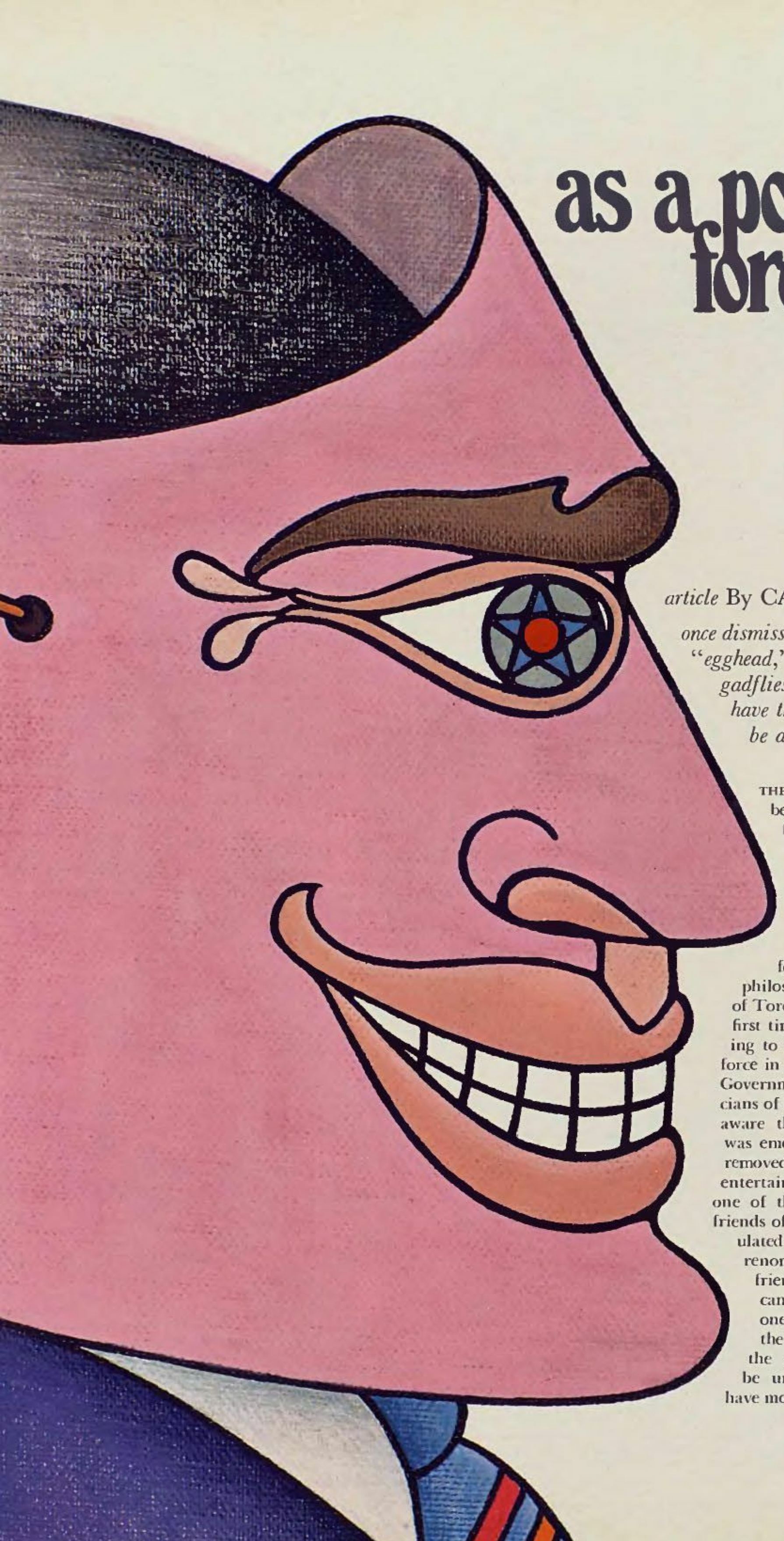
The coach came in, opening the collar

(continued on page 206)

"When my roommate returns, who shall I say called?"

the intellectual

ILLUSTRATION BY THE PITT GROUP



as a political force

article By CAREY McWILLIAMS

once dismissed with the slurring epithet "egghead," the erstwhile captives and gadflies of the establishment now have the numbers and strength to be a potent impetus for change

THE 1968 CAMPAIGN will be remembered as the year intellectuals first emerged as a new national constituency in American politics. As individuals, intellectuals have long been attracted by power and fascinated by politicians. But today, as Lewis S. Feuer (the former University of California philosopher, now at the University of Toronto) has pointed out, "For the first time, the intellectual elite is trying to assert itself as a self-conscious force in the making of decisions by the Government." For some years, politicians of both parties have been vaguely aware that such a new constituency was emerging, but the events of 1968 removed any doubts they may have entertained of its political potency. In one of the numerous pieces in which friends of President Johnson have speculated on why he decided not to seek renomination, one of his "closest friends" is quoted as saying: "You cannot put your finger on any one thing that happened to start the reaction. However, attacks by the so-called intellectuals cannot be underrated. These intellectuals have more voice than real power. They

represent minority opinion, but the attention paid them gives the impression that theirs is the voice of majority opinion." There is, of course, much more to the growing influence of intellectuals than this statement implies, but it is true that today they form a key link in the process of communication between politicians and the public. As much as any single group, they can shape or distort or destroy a politician's image.

Today, intellectuals are no longer content to serve politicians as speech writers, occasional consultants or brain trusters; they are insisting on a role for themselves in politics as a group, as a new constituency. In 1968, intellectuals set the stage for the revolt that resulted in Johnson's decision not to run. At the outset, he made the mistake of not taking their protests seriously; he can count votes as well as the next man and he knew that intellectuals were not numerically significant. But the bitter and eloquent criticism of the Vietnam war by intellectuals evoked the "constituency of conscience" that Senator Eugene McCarthy tapped in New Hampshire. From 1965 on, intellectuals had marched, picketed, demonstrated. They had issued manifestoes, circulated petitions, prepared full-page advertisements for *The New York Times* and other papers. They had conducted teach-ins, write-ins, poetry readings; they had staged antiwar art-and-poster exhibits. Arm in arm, they marched on the Pentagon in October 1967. Even before the ballots were counted in the New Hampshire primary, it was apparent that their protests had created a strong opposition movement.

This new importance of intellectuals in politics should not be regarded as a transient phenomenon. On the contrary, it is an ongoing trend of major historical importance and world-wide interest. What we are witnessing, as Alan Trachtenberg of Pennsylvania State University puts it, is "the process whereby history is invented in the chambers of consciousness." This process is obviously at work in Prague, Belgrade, Paris, Warsaw, Rome, Mexico City, West Berlin and even, in a tentative way, in Moscow. In Czechoslovakia, writers set in motion a new kind of revolutionary protest that is about the only kind of "revolution" that postindustrial societies can generate. In Paris, students formed the avant-garde of a similar protest that paralyzed the government. In Belgrade, the strike of 40,000 university students, supported by intellectuals, had major political impact. In the view of Herbert Marcuse, the philosopher of the New Left here and in Europe, these and other recent events of the same order have healed once and for all "whoever still suffers from the inferiority complex of the intellectual." The fact is that the traditional idea of a working-class revolution is no longer relevant in postindustrial societies. The new waves of protest that will generate social change in these societies will be set in motion by intellectuals, who have become the prime articulators of discontent. Oddly enough, the dramatic demonstrations of this past year in Prague, Rome, Paris and Belgrade were foreshadowed by similar developments at an earlier period in this country. "The old European notion of the intellectual as the 'conscience' of society," writes Gianfranco Corsini, literary editor of *Paese Sera* in Rome, "has found for many its embodiment mainly on the other side of the ocean, and travels back to Europe in American dress."

To get at the significance of this extraordinary—and most surprising—development, one must meditate briefly on the meaning of the tricky term "intellectuals" and then trace the emergence of the type in American society. Once this task is out of the way, I propose to examine why intellectuals here and abroad have become a new force in politics and to suggest what their role should be.

Who are the intellectuals? The imprecision of the term "intellectuals" has bugged historians and sociologists for a long time, and with good reason. A certain vagueness is inherent in the term; then, too, it has meant different things at different times and places. Intellectuals have never constituted a social class as such; they hail, as economist Joseph Schumpeter said, "from all corners of the social world." They are defined more by attitude than by status; that is, they think of themselves as "intellectuals." But they do share certain interests and concerns and they have at least one common bond. All intellectuals are either self-educated or formally educated. Not all educated persons, by any means, qualify as intellectuals, but any educated person is a potential intellectual. And as Schumpeter noted, the fact that "their minds are similarly furnished facilitates understanding between them and constitutes a bond."

Despite the notorious vagueness of the term, intellectuals constitute a distinct social type. Robert A. Nisbet, sociologist at the University of California in Riverside, in one of the better attempts at delineation, stresses three characteristics. The first is "commitment to ideas as such. Intellectuals are 'gatekeepers of ideas and fountainheads of ideologies.' " They transform conflicts of interest into conflicts of ideas; or, as Lewis Coser, one of the editors of *Dissent*, once noted, they "increase a society's self-knowledge by making manifest its latent sources of discomfort and discontent." Second, they have a strong "moral commitment," that is, a pronounced concern with the core values of a society. And, third, they take delight in the play of ideas.

So far so good. But rapid social change—and the tumultuous history of the past few decades—has poured new wine into the old bottles. For one thing, today's intellectuals are products of the cultural fragmentation that seems to characterize postindustrial societies. The old social components tend to break down into new parts, each with a kind of subculture of its own. "Adolescents" is one example; "intellectuals" is another. As with adolescents, intellectuals have acquired a new consciousness-of-kind and are asserting themselves in new ways. In present postindustrial societies, intellectuals are coming to constitute a new political constituency.

The new significance the term is acquiring relates to an earlier usage. In Europe, the term was adapted from "intelligentsia," which the Russians had begun to use in the 1860s to designate a new social class that did not fit into any of the conventional social categories. A small minority of Russians who had been educated in Europe felt a deep sense of responsibility to "modernize" Russia on the European pattern. They came to think of themselves as a kind of dedicated order, held together by a strong sense of solidarity and kinship. "Isolated and divided," writes Sir Isaiah Berlin, "by the tangled forest of a society impenetrable to rational organization, they called out to each other in order to preserve contact. They were citizens of a state within a state, soldiers of an army dedicated to progress, surrounded on all sides by reaction." Although the setting is much different, intellectuals today are coming to think of themselves in much this same light.

In Europe, the term "intellectuals" had a different connotation. European intellectuals were a product of the secularization of society. When the Church lost its monopoly of intellectual life, lay intellectuals began to take over some of the functions churchmen had once discharged. In fact, Julien Benda (author of *The Treason of the Intellectuals*) referred to intellectuals as "priests of the mind." As the Church had once enunciated general principles to guide public conduct, so the postmedieval intellectuals, as Harvard historian H. Stuart Hughes has written, "began to elaborate a richer and less confined pattern of behavior to offer their fellow citizens." In the first phases of this transition, intellectuals served as advisors to the ruling dynasties. Erasmus and Bacon addressed themselves to princes and the government elite. They were, as we would say, very much a part of the establishment, of the power complex.

But at a later date, the relationship began to change. Initially, intellectuals had been allies of the rising middle class; but as this class more firmly entrenched itself in power, it had less need of the intellectuals and began to regard them as a nuisance or worse. The turning point came during the anti-Dreyfus

(continued on page 94)

SHINDAI!

humor **BY WOODY ALLEN** *a sexy seminar in the ancient, formal art of japanese pillow fighting*

SHINDAI, or the Japanese art of pillow fighting, is probably as old as the Orient itself. Maybe even a week older. It is the last word in Eastern eroticism. (Nobody knows what the first word is, a serious problem when trying to start a dirty conversation.)

Shindai, it is said, picks up where the *Kama Sutra* leaves off, although my copy of the *Kama Sutra* leaves off abruptly after the Double Cart Wheel Position, a posi-

tion my wife and I were accidentally locked in for six days until the New York City Emergency Squad managed to pry us apart with the help of a crowbar.

A charming anecdote is told about one of the great masters of *shindai* that best explains it. In his 50th year, the master Lao-tsung journeyed to India, where he was asked by one of his younger pupils, "Master, what is it, suddenly, with this pillow-fighting bag?" The master appraised the younger man with cool, knowing eyes and replied, "Could you speak up a little?" Much was made of his answer by scholars and priests alike; and years later, when Lao-tsung was castrated by a group of admirers, he was heard to muse wistfully on the relationship between Zen and *shindai*, and how nice it would be if the Japanese controlled Pearl Harbor.

In picture one on the preceding page, I have just hurled the traditional *shindai* challenge by smacking the girl on the rump; next, I mount the mat with the *shindai* leap. Shortly after, I tried mounting the girl, also with the *shindai* leap. Shortly after that, I became the first *shindai* master to suffer a dislocated groin.

In picture two, we are engaging in the *shindai* prayer. As you can see, her robe has fallen slightly open. It then becomes obvious what I'm praying for. In *shindai*, it is honorable for a man to peek at a woman, should the occasion arise. This peeking is part of the pleasure of pillow fighting and should not be confused with voyeurism, which is Western and immoral. In voyeurism, you stand on a box outside a window until the police come.

In picture three, both combatants have assumed the traditional prefight position of Total Awareness. Just what we are aware of escapes me at the moment. I think it has something to do with scrutinizing each other's erogenous zones, which later come into play—and go out of play just as quickly.

In picture four, the girl is raising her pillow to deliver a No-Blow while she shouts, "*Shitsurei*," the traditional challenge. I, frankly, am not through peeking. (Peking Duck, the Chinese dish, was originally a *shindai* term telling the man to duck and stop peeking. This was later changed to an order of Beef Lo-Mein.)

In picture five, I am countering the head blow by executing a Kuchi Kamina; that is, a biting blow to the pillow. In other words, I am biting the pillow. This may seem silly to Western observers, but fortunately, there were none at the time.

In picture six, the girl is engaging in a Deceit and a Foul. She has steamed my glasses by breathing on them (the foul)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY YULSMAN

and is pointing over my shoulder (the deceit); she is trying to convince me that a minstrel show is passing by. I, like a fool, turn my head, as I love good banjo playing, and receive the Smother (picture seven). In picture seven, she has hit me a shot with her pillow that could stun a plow horse. The feathers fly into my eyes and mouth, and before I know it, I cough the traditional Oriental cough, or, as *shindai* masters call it, Asthma.

In picture eight, the feathers drained from her pillow, she surrenders and asks for forgiveness. I stand over her and decide to be merciful, as her exposed buttocks remind me of my mother's passport photo—a lovely picture of a most honorable and venerated woman, of whom the emperor himself once said, "She swims out to meet troopships."

In picture nine, the battle is over and a different one is about to begin. In addition to being a black belt at *shindai*, I am also the world's greatest "feel copper." Here I cunningly employ the classic left-handed "thumb pass," knowing that left thumb "feel copping," which is entirely Western, normally precedes another Western phenomenon called the "Quickie." Not in this case, however, damn it.

the intellectual as a political force

(continued from page 90)

craze, when the *bourgeoisie* turned viciously against *les intellectuels*. From then on, the intellectual became a critic of the society he had once served as an advisor. The transition was not difficult; the intellectual found it easy to be critical of a bourgeois establishment that claimed to have no further need of his services. With no fixed position, he could afford to play the role of social critic. He was less secure than the doctor or lawyer; he earned less, saved less and owned less. Standing apart from society, he could view it with detachment.

For the most part, however, the intellectuals of the West centered their fire on middle-class culture and middle-class values. It would have done them little good to assert a right to participate, as intellectuals, in the decision-making process; they were not numerous enough. Besides, the Western regimes were not nearly as oppressive as the czarist type. The educated classes were larger and provided a better, more responsive audience for intellectuals. Western Europe and the United States developed a sizable middle class; Russia did not. In the West, most intellectuals belonged to the middle class or were middle class in origin. While they were often critical of the middle class, they did not think of themselves as a class apart, as did the Russian intelligentsia.

But the fact that intellectuals were so few in number, and isolated from the centers of political power, increased their feeling of alienation and predisposed them to reflect the discontents and concerns of less privileged groups. As historian Richard Hofstadter has written, "It is the historic glory of the intellectual class of the West in modern times that, of all the classes which could be called in any sense privileged, it has shown the largest and most consistent concern for the well-being of the classes which lie below it in the social scale." Oddly enough, as intellectuals have discovered "the wretched of the earth" both in their own countries and in today's world, the more conscious they have become of their own identity as "intellectuals," the more they have thought of themselves as a class apart.

More important, the very qualities that differentiate intellectuals as a distinct social type have forced them to reassess their role and function in today's world. Intellectuals are to be distinguished from "intellectual workers" in one basic respect. The "intellectual worker," as the late Paul A. Baran, a Marxist economist who taught at Stanford University, put it, "takes the existing order of things for granted and questions the prevailing state of affairs solely within the limited area of his immediate preoccupation. This preoccupation is with the job in hand. . . . Putting it in negative terms, the intellectual worker *as such* does not address himself to the meaning of his work, its significance, its place within the entire framework of social activity. . . . His 'natural' motto is to mind his own business." He is the kind of person who says "I just work here," who disclaims any responsibility for the use that is made of his talent, his brains. But what marks the real intellectual and distinguishes him from intellectual workers and from all others, as Baran stressed, is that "his concern with the entire historical process is not a tangential interest but permeates his thought and significantly affects his work. To be sure, this does not imply that the intellectual in his daily activity is engaged in the study of all of historical development. This would be a manifest impossibility. But what it does mean is that the intellectual is systematically seeking to relate whatever specific area he may be working in to other aspects of human existence . . . it is this effort to interconnect which constitutes one of the intellectual's outstanding characteristics."

It is precisely this characteristic that today has catapulted the intellectual into a larger—certainly a more significant—political role. Intellectuals have vivid memories and imaginations. They do not need to visit Vietnam to know what is happening there. They experience no difficulty in making those interconnections to which Baran referred. In an age of "news management" and manipulation, in which small armies of intellectual workers help keep public opinion in line with establishment policy, intellectuals feel that they have a special responsibility to speak out *as intellectuals*. In a famous essay on *The Responsibility of Intellectuals*, Noam Chomsky hammered home the proposition that "The question 'What have I done?' is one that we may well ask ourselves, as we read, each day, of fresh atrocities in Vietnam—as we create, or mouth, or tolerate the deceptions that will be used to justify the next defense of freedom."

This heightened sense of responsibility might not imply a larger political role for intellectuals were it not for the fact that their numbers are increasing and so is the size—and the responsiveness—of their audience. Wars, revolutions and depressions produce "social critics" pretty much as certain strains of mold secrete the antibiotic known as penicillin. For much the same reason, the audience for relevant social criticism is growing. More and more people want it told the way it is. And today, no great gap separates the intellectual from "the people"; he is not isolated in the same manner or to the same degree as the Russian intelligentsia. Today, to quote a leading French leftist intellectual, Maurice Duverger, "the intellectuals . . . have no wider range of potential choice than the rest of mankind—the amateur thinker or those who believe themselves to be quite devoid of thought. The only difference is that they are better at explaining their attitudes, describing their states of mind, depicting their internal struggles."

For years, American intellectuals complained that they had little political influence and that society took scant notice of what they said or thought or wrote. Indeed, until quite recently, there was far more discussion about "anti-intellectualism" than there was, say, of the role of intellectuals in politics. In 1955, I took part in a discussion of anti-intellectualism that focused entirely on the attacks then being directed against intellectuals (the papers were later published in *The Journal of Social Issues*). Intellectuals were not marching or demonstrating then; the "confrontations," such as they were, took place before inquisitorial Congressional committees. The public was then concerned not with student power but with student apathy; with the silence of a generation, not with the noise it was making. Sharp political conflict, we were then told, belonged to the past; consensus politics marked an end to warring ideologies. Today, just a few years later, students are rioting and intellectuals have become a new force in politics. To understand why this dramatic turnaround has taken place, one must first trace the emergence of intellectuals as a significant force in American politics.

The emergence of the intellectuals. The emergence of intellectuals as a distinct social type is a recent phenomenon in American life. Nisbet has no recollection of the serious use of the term much before the 1940s. True, individual intellectuals have always been interested in politics. But until quite recent times, intellectuals did not constitute a distinctive social group capable of exerting a cumulative influence on a national scale. The native intellectuals were too few in number, too thoroughly isolated and too thinly distributed to constitute a distinct element.

In the aftermath of World War One, many "sad young men" ran off to Europe, where living was cheap, and thumbed their noses at the America of Harding and Coolidge. It was a nice time to be young, but we have it on the authority of Scott Fitzgerald that the Jazz Age had "no interest in politics at all." The exiles were committed to living their own lives and to little else; and those who stayed home, for lack of funds or whatever reason, shared H. L. Mencken's disdainful view of politics. The issues then were personal: individual emancipation, a desire to escape from

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can a respectable young research chemist with only one failing find happiness married to a beautiful girl?

MIDNIGHT SNACK

fiction **BY T. K. BROWN III**

SOME PEOPLE turn into werewolves from time to time without the least desire to do so. Moonlight is what does it to them. The moon that matters in cases of involuntary lycanthropy is not the full moon, as many imagine, but the rather lopsided moon that rises exactly at midnight from five to twelve nights later, depending on the season. On that night, the unfortunate victim, who knows from bitter past experience what to expect, tries to be in the area that is his to haunt or range; he knows what difficult problems he encounters if he is late. Western werewolves, with their wider and less populous terrains, are somewhat less troubled by this consideration; Connecticut werewolves must be very careful, indeed.

We are, it happens, concerned with a Connecticut wolf; and on this particular night of the midnight moon, he was late, by reason of a flat tire incurred just as he left home. Now, halfway to his destination, he was obliged to park his car and make a dash for the trees; for the midnight moon was already rising and about to cast its pale glare over the hillside. He was running through an orchard when the light struck him; poor fellow, he emitted a low moan. He hurried on; the moon rose higher above the subdivision. Our Connecticut chap's moan became a subdued howl; his hurry became a scamper and then a lope. He raised his face—or was it his muzzle?—to the source of his torment. Exhausted, he dropped to his hands and knees—or was it to forelegs and hind?

It was the latter; and now the sleek gray wolf loped with lolling tongue and blazing eye toward the cemetery of the First Unitarian Church of Darien, which was his beat. (Students of lycanthropy have long disputed the question of what happens to the human's clothing when he assumes lupine form. We are now able to provide the definitive answer to this question. The clothes, being in a very real sense a part of the man—they *make* him, in fact—are involved in the transformation and become the pelt of the animal, which, in turn, makes the animal. *Vide* the leopard that cannot change its spots or, for that matter, the wolf whose sheep's clothing is a fruitless disguise.) Anyone seeing this beast from a distance might have supposed it was someone's German shepherd on the make for some German shepherdess; but it was, in fact, poor Freddy: by day and on all nights save one each month, a very respectable and much respected research chemist, who was, moreover—how deplorable in a wolf!—a vegetarian. Thus, inconvenience was conjoined to jeopardy; for, obviously, his community status was endangered by his compulsory excursions into quadrupedality. Furthermore, he was at a loss how to explain things to his girl, whom he hoped, not unnaturally, to marry. She was a sweet, conventional, quite proper young lady, who was not likely to receive his news with equanimity. But it had to be told; and one evening, when they were nice and cozy in her apartment, he managed to get it out into the open.

"Darling," he said, "there's a big problem we have to talk about. Have you ever noticed that we never have any dates or even see each other on nights when the moon rises just at midnight?"

She pondered the question. "Why, no," she replied. "I hadn't noticed. Does the moon rise at midnight sometimes?"

So Freddy had to explain to her first about how the moon rises 48 or more minutes later each night, and all that, before he could go on. But he stuck with it, and his summation was as follows: "Well, it's true that we don't meet on those midnight-moon nights. And the reason is that . . . well, darling, I know this will come as a shock, but once a month, I turn into a werewolf."

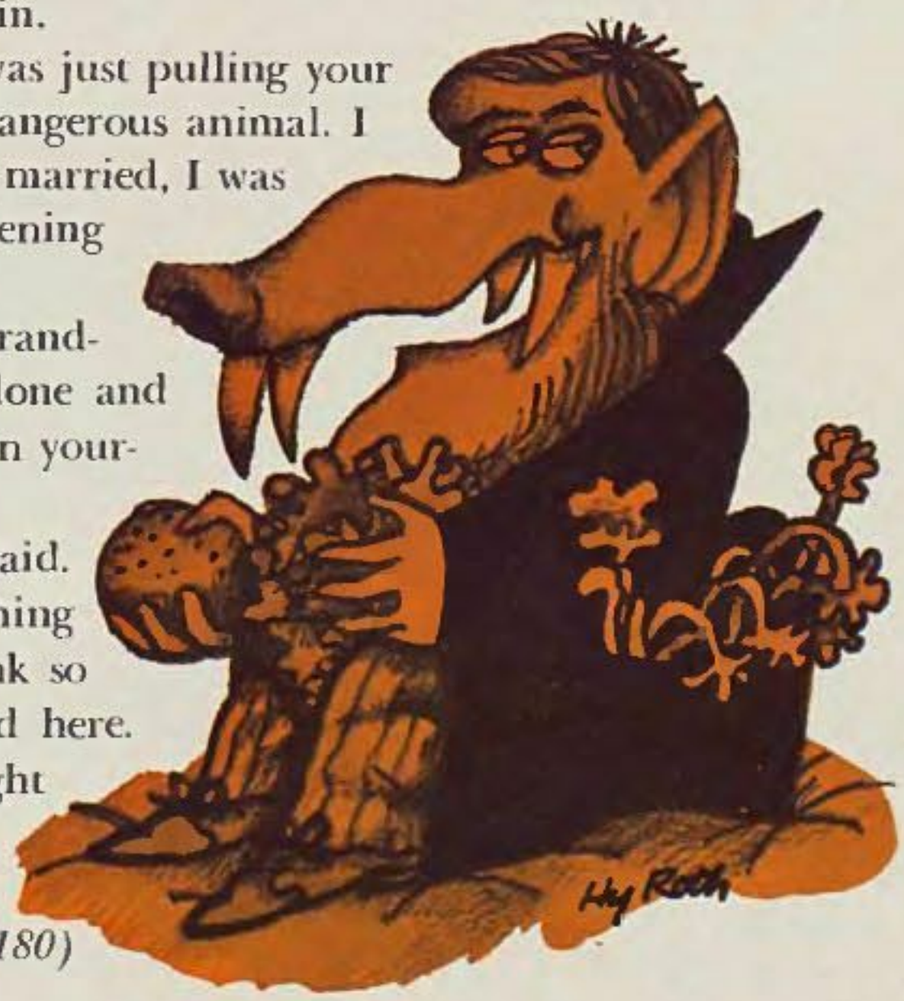
As he had feared, she didn't believe him; she took it as a joke and tittered. "Oh, Freddy. You, a *wolf*. And you want one whole night a month to be unaccounted for? But I'm not complaining—you can be a wolf when the moon rises at midnight. That will be your night to howl." And she tittered again.

"You poor sweet kid," he said gently. "I can see how you'd hope I was just pulling your leg—but I'm not. I really do get that way; and when I do, I'm a very dangerous animal. I mean, this is something we have to be clear about. Suppose, after we were married, I was home in bed with a cold or something on that night. I'd turn into a ravening beast. I mean, I really would."

"Oh, Freddy! You, a ravening beast. Like Little Red Ridinghood's grandmother? Oh, you're so cute!" The humor of it would not leave her alone and she asked, just to prolong the yaks, "Tell me, sweetheart, why do you turn yourself into a werewolf?"

But Freddy remained serious, of course. "I don't want to do it," he said. "It just happens to me. And I'll tell you something else. This sort of thing is a lot more widespread than people imagine. Maybe you wouldn't think so from the look of our neighbors, but I'm not the only werewolf around here. Either that or some mighty big police dogs run around Darien at night that you never see during the day."

Obviously, she still did not believe him. It was only after long and earnest persuasion, and more from the evident *(continued on page 180)*



THE ORIENT EXPRESS

mystery, legend and intrigue still ride that crack continental train

travel **By WILLIAM SANSOM** "I WAS SITTING . . . in the outer seat of a table for four in the Pullman dining car of the Orient Express. Another man was seated on my left, and the two-seat table . . . on the other side of the gangway was occupied by an Austrian lady and gentleman. On a curve just outside Munich, owing to a rail being out of place, our carriage suddenly leaned over hard to the left and I was forced violently *(continued on page 100)*

"I certainly enjoyed the Valentine ball, Mr. Prentiss, and the dance was fun, too."

Vargas

ORIENT EXPRESS

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against my companion. When the carriage righted itself, I found that the Austrian couple had both fallen over, making a complete somersault. The lady's head had got underneath our table and her legs were upright in the air. While the other ladies in the carriage screamed with laughter and the men endeavored to keep grave faces, I grappled with the difficult task of holding the inverted lady's petticoats together and at the same time freeing her head from the table legs.

"After I had succeeded in disentangling the lady, her husband thanked me and handed me his card. He was an archduke. I handed him mine and thought the matter was at an end. But three days later, in Vienna, I received a pressing invitation from the archduchess, asking me to call at her house at the hour of afternoon coffee, as she wished to thank me personally for the service I had done her. When I went into the room, the archduchess got up from her chair and came forward to meet me, telling her guests, who were chiefly ladies, 'This is my English friend, who saved my life, and has seen more of me than my husband himself.' "

Thus wrote the good Colonel Crompton in his *Reminiscences* of golden days long before the Kaiser came to mess up Europe. Since then, over the 85 years and the millions of bumpety-bump, polyglot miles it has traveled, the Orient Express has become a legend. Like other legends, it is both true and changeable. Sure enough, the great train ran, and runs, all the way from *la ville lumière* of the West down across Europe to the first topaz glow of the minareted East. Sure enough, you can still tap its iron wheels with your portable hammer. It is there.

But with the years, with changes of economics and society, the long, luxurious snake has played the chameleon. In fact and fiction, it pops up decade after decade, according to the virtuosity of its storyteller, either glaring with gas and pearls or fulminating with electricity and spies. One moment it tinkles with bone china, dons a deceptive diesel the next; flowers with a turn-of-the-century *chef du cordon-bleu*, years later abases itself to a salami sandwich; glitters in the 1880s with diamonds, smirks in the 1930s with the rolled gold of smuggled watches. Yet whatever its quality, it still attracts. Those 1800 miles of track between Paris and Istanbul are like flypaper to the romantic traveler.

Curiously, a key to its character and appeal is not found best in the first days of grand dukes and high courtesans—but, rather, in the mid-1920s, when a French novel, *La Madone des Sleepings*, was written by Maurice Dekobra. The book was a shocker at the time, and a thumping success. Today, the period detail is an eye opener. Even in Dekobra's potted biography at the beginning of the book, one comes slap up against an astonishing exploit: The author "made an extended automobile tour of central Europe for the *Figaro*." *Parbleu! Sapristi!* What intrepid safaris were then afoot? It is, indeed, salutary to look back on this fairly recent-sounding period between the Wars and find that even the automobile was still an individual. Yet it was an era already modern in many of today's senses—jazz, abstract painting, high explosives, short skirts, ferroconcrete. However, here was the automobile playing the knight-errant. Even more important, there was no public air transport to speak of. The wheels were still It, which underlines the vital need then of these *wagons-lits* that in their thousands streamed bluely through the European night—allowing the lovely Lady Wynham, tireless heroine of *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*, up-to-the-minutely modish in her little hat and her whole risqué aura of *eau de Nil*, to say: "In the course of my peregrinations of Continental railways, I have experienced every thrill that a woman can know" and to be feared by a rival as "one of those beautiful English women who travel, those sleeping-car pets who carry a Pekingese in their arms and a lover at their beck and call."

But it was not only in fiction that intriguing liaisons occurred. There is a story of the Mystery Man of Europe, international financier and arms merchant Sir Basil Zaharoff, who was walking one night through the Orient Express when a young woman fell through a doorway into his arms, crying, "Save me! My husband is about to kill me!" Zaharoff saved her, found out that her husband was a duke, that she had been married to him for only 24 hours, that her name was Maria de Pilaranjile Patricimo Simonia del Mosiso Iborate and that he, Zaharoff, was in love with her. So he gave the duke a check for £1,000,000 and kept the lady for himself. So the story goes.

The femme fatale has always been much of the tale of the Orient Express. But women were only a part of a more general luxury, for there is no doubt that from the 1880s right through to World War Two, the Orient Express was the fastest and smartest way to get to the Near East. Let us go back to 1883, when the first Orient Express stood blazing with gas under the electroliers of the *Gare de l'Est*. Its brown teak-and-brass carriages gleamed richly. It showed, through large glass windows, a wondrous luxus of white table linen, silver, lincrusta, gaseliers and polished mahogany. Real furniture on wheels! Beds that went hurtling through the night! The nearest to this before, apart from private and royal trains, had been the equipage of a steamboat. (And, indeed, the French novelist Edmond About, invited to take the trip that year, considered taking with him antiseasickness tablets.) And so, off into the night this amazing edifice would go, laden with ladies in huge hats and gentlemen in toppers and bowlers, all bound for the long, luxurious, but also arduous, journey to the minarets of old Constantinople, and possibly thereafter points farther East.

Constantinople was not only a terminus but also a point of departure. Beirut and Baghdad beckoned, or it could be the junction for a ship to Egypt or India. The political shadow of Berlin's *Drang nach Osten* was at work with dreams of further railways to the East. And from all over Europe, from St. Petersburg and Warsaw and Berlin and Prague, the trains came shunting through the Balkans to that remarkable terminus where one moment you may walk on European pavements and the next ferry across the Bosporus to the first solid earth of Asia; whence, given the time and the footwear, you could presumably walk to China.

Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest—the original way of the Orient Express was studded with capitals of character and kinds of glamor. Even before Austria and the Balkans, one passed through three separate Germanies: the grand duchy of Baden and the two kingdoms of Württemberg and Bavaria. Each provided its own locomotives to haul all that international bedding, those sleeping princesses and snoring swains, lulled, as a London *Times* correspondent put it, "by the *berceuse* of the wheels." The snorting great locomotives of the day resounded with sonorous names of their provenance . . . "of the Lines of Communication of the Kingdom of Bavaria," "of the Royal General Management of the Romanian Railways"; and this, of course, meant a little opera of different-colored uniforms, highly brassed and polished, at each frontier. It must have been a regular peacock run. One looked out of the carriage window at Budapest and expected to see a blue hussar or two; the stop at Karlsruhe saw the spiked *Pickelhaube* and trailing scabbard; Bucharest showed elegant Romanian cavalry officers with rouged lips. Even today, such main railway stations, relatively uniformless, smell of their countries—Vienna of old coffee urns, Paris of black Gauloise tobacco, Milan of sooty pomade, matters seldom to be noticed in an airport.

Off then, in the 1880s, across 1800 miles of a bemedaled Europe, with two lavatories per 20 persons. When we think of such journeys today, it is in terms of mohair suits and light underwear. The experience then was much

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SIGHTS & SOUNDS OF '69

the latest and best in hi-fi and tv—from solid-state compacts to stereo components and all-in-one consoles; from miniaturized portables to large-screen color-tv sets and video recorders

$7700: Twin corner speakers in walnut cabinets that house separate bass and midrange horns and a horn-type tweeter, $804 each, are designed to flank a Cornwall II speaker, $415, all by Klipsch. Electrostatic stereophones have a level indicator in each earcup to protect against overload, by Koss, $95. Thorens turntable that features a low-rumble transistor-governed motor, by Elpa Marketing, $175, can be used with an SME Series II independent tonearm, by Shure, $106.50, and an Ortofon S-15T stereo cartridge, by Elpa Marketing, $75. Model 7T solid-state preamplifier, $325, can be coupled with two amplifiers, thus ensuring identical performance on both channels, $790 the pair, all by Marantz. FM tuner flashes frequency numbers in the front-panel window, by CM Laboratories, $1050. Model AG-440-2 tape recorder operates on ¼-inch and ½-inch tapes, by Ampex, $3070.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

$3100: Two A7-500 "Magnificent" speakers in walnut cabinets that house a 15-inch woofer and a sectoral horn, by Altec Lansing, $1074 the pair. Model TTS-3000 manual turntable driven by a rumble-reducing D.C. servomotor, $149.50, can be used with a PUA-237 professional tonearm, $85, both by Sony, and a V-15 Type II cartridge, by Shure, $67.50. Stereo headset has 14-kt.-gold-plated hardware and walnut-grained ear domes, by Clark, $85. Model SA660 amplifier puts out 60 watts per channel, by J. B. Lansing, $435. Solid-state stereo tuner, by Fisher, $452.90, including cabinet. Tape deck operates at 15 ips, shuts off automatically, by TEAC, $749.50.

$1800: A pair of AR-3a speakers feature a 12-inch bass, independent midrange and high-frequency driver-level controls, by Acoustic Research, $500 for both. Model ARW-15 solid-state AM/FM receiver contains two calibrated tuning meters, by Heath, $550, including walnut cabinet. Miracord 50H automatic turntable has four-speed selector, antiskate adjustment and illuminated speed indicator, $161.45, including wood base, can be coupled with an Elac Model 444E magnetic stereo cartridge, $69.50, both by Benjamin. HA-660/Pro headphones with separate volume controls, by Sharpe, $60. Model 77A two-speed tape deck takes spools up to 10½ inches in diameter, by Revox, $499.

HI-FI AFICIONADOS, FM FANCIERS, dedicated tapesters and discriminating TV-niks have never had it so good. At their beck is a copiously stocked market place bursting with top-quality ear- and eye-filling electronic goodies. In pointing up some of this year's best equipage, we've put together several stereo systems—pictured here and on the preceding and following pages—and categorized them according to approximate total price. Our suggested rigs, of course, don't begin to exhaust the potential combinations available. But they will serve as handy guideposts for those of you seeking one or two components—or a completely new hookup to replace your old unit—especially if you don't know what the cost will be.

For the minimum in stereo essentials, the price begins at about $300. For this figure, we recommend that you buy an integrated compact system, rather than separate components. Dollar for dollar, the three-piece compacts can't be matched. Naturally, they make no claim to be the ultimate in either power or flexibility. A stereo compact compares with a sumptuous component rig about the same way a Volkswagen does with a Ferrari. But if your listening requirements are fairly modest and your budget limited, a compact can fill *(text continued on page 106)*

$1200: A brace of Model 2000 "end table" speakers with 10-inch high-compliance woofers can be used with optional marble tops or seat cushions (not shown), by Empire, $219.90 the pair. Model SL95 automatic turntable features a synchro lab motor and manual cuing control, by Garrard, $129.50, can be coupled with an ADC 770 cartridge, by Audio Dynamics, $29.50. Model HS-2 stereo headphones, by Jensen, $24.95. Model S-8800a solid-state FM stereo receiver puts out 80 watts of music power per channel, by Sherwood, $399.50. Model 560D solid-state four-track tape deck in a walnut cabinet features a recording amplifier and playback preamplifier, by Sony, $349.50.

$800: Twin Model 17 acoustic suspension speakers, by KLH, $139.90 the pair. Rugged manual turntable, by Acoustic Research, $78, can be used with an XV-15 cartridge, by Pickering, $45. SE-50 headphones, by Pioneer, $50. Model 341 FM receiver with leather-grained vinyl front panel, by Scott, $219.95. "Symposium" tape deck features dual capstan drive for eliminating wow and flutter, by Panasonic, $249.95.

$130–$1065. Clockwise from TV: Swivel-based Space-80 color TV with a 23-diagonal-inch screen is housed in a walnut cabinet with tambour doors; sliding panel on top covers push-button controls, by Andrea, $1065. Solid-state stereo console with AM / FM and four-speed changer, by Admiral, $299.95. Solid-state cassette changer with push-button controls plays through a hi-fi or radio, by Norelco, $130. Solid-state 23-band global radio receiver picks up short-, medium- and long-wave stations, by Sony, $695. Eight-track recorder is designed to be integrated with a hi-fi hookup, by Kinematix, $299.95. Compact music system in walnut includes two omnidirectional speakers with 8-inch woofers and a wide-dispersion tweeter, FM tuner, cassette record-playback unit and a Garrard four-speed automatic changer, by Harman-Kardon, $499.50.

Clockwise from console: Circa 701C teakwood console houses an air-suspension speaker system with 10-inch woofers, AM/FM tuner and Dual 1015F automatic turntable, by Electrohome, $699.50. Model 2513 compact system features two S-15 speakers, a Dual 1009F automatic turntable with Pickering cartridge and an AM/FM tuner, by Scott, $529.95. Model A-20 stereo cassette tape deck with dual VU meters, by TEAC, $139.50. Solid-state 8-track cartridge recorder plays back through home hi-fi system, by Sony, $129.50. Two Model RE15 supersensitive microphones, by Electro-Voice, $153 each. Model 20 compact system includes an acoustic-suspension speaker system with two 10-inch woofers, a Garrard automatic turntable with Pickering cartridge and an FM tuner, by KLH, $399.95. On the Electrohome console is an AC/DC battery-powered stereo cassette-corder with built-in speaker, by Sony, $169.50.

the bill nicely. At the heart of the system is a central electronics module that contains a tuner, an amplifier and an automatic turntable. Inasmuch as the program sources and electronics are consolidated in a single tidy box, a compact makes as few demands on available space as it does on a bank account. Furthermore, there's an abundance of models from which to choose. The modular concept was originally promulgated by the KLH Research and Development people, and their cleanly styled Model 24 ($319.95) remains a strong contender in the field. Its walnut-encased central module houses a remarkably efficient FM tuner, a Garrard changer built in Britain to KLH specifications and a special amplification system designed to compensate for the innate strengths and weaknesses of the matching bookshelf speakers. Because of its intimate amplifier-speaker integration, the KLH 24 sounds a good deal more impressive than its modest dimensions might lead you to expect. If your listening tastes incline toward AM in addition to FM, you might want to consider as an alternative the Fisher 125 ($329.95). This set utilizes another British changer, the BSR 400, and has provisions for plugging in stereo headphones and an additional pair of remote speakers.

Moving up to top-of-the-line compacts will bring you additional power and refinements. The Benjamin Model 1050 ($549.50) has a rated music-power output of 42 watts per channel that does a fine job in driving a pair of EMI speakers; its tuner offers both AM and FM reception and its automatic turntable is the highly regarded Miracord 50 from Germany. For the man who craves tape as well as discs, Harman-Kardon has developed the all-purpose Model SC 2550 ($499.50), which packs a cassette recorder into the central module, along with a Garrard changer, an FM tuner and an amplifier. Instead of the usual bookshelf enclosures, the system features a pair of freestanding omnidirectional speakers. All modular outfits, of course, are fully transistorized.

The threshold of component stereo is crossed at about the $800 level. For that amount, you can get a good component system for use in an average-sized room. From there, the costs increase, but so do the benefits—in the form of higher power, less distortion and cleaner separation. Of course, the advantages don't rise in direct proportion to cost. A $4000 hookup, for example, won't outperform an $800 rig by a ratio of five to one, but it will embody more than enough plus factors to make it eminently worth while. Let's go back to the Volkswagen-Ferrari analogy. They'll both get you from point A to point B, but you'll never mistake a ride in one for a ride in the other. (Incidentally, since all the prices included here are list, bear in mind that discounts are often available. Just be sure they're not offered at the expense of customer service.)

With separate components, your latitude of choice begins to widen appreciably. Instead of settling for one manufacturer's preassembled system, you can follow your own fancy, choosing from a variety of speakers, tuners, receivers, tape decks and turntables, according to what most pleases your eye and ear. The choices, of course, ought to fall within certain limitations. It would make no sense to mate an ultrapowerful and responsive amplifier to a pair of tiny budget speakers, nor to use one of the more sensitive and compliant cartridges in a run-of-the-mill changer. But aside from such obvious misalliances, you can put together your own rig with a free hand and relish the sparkling galaxy of equipment available today.

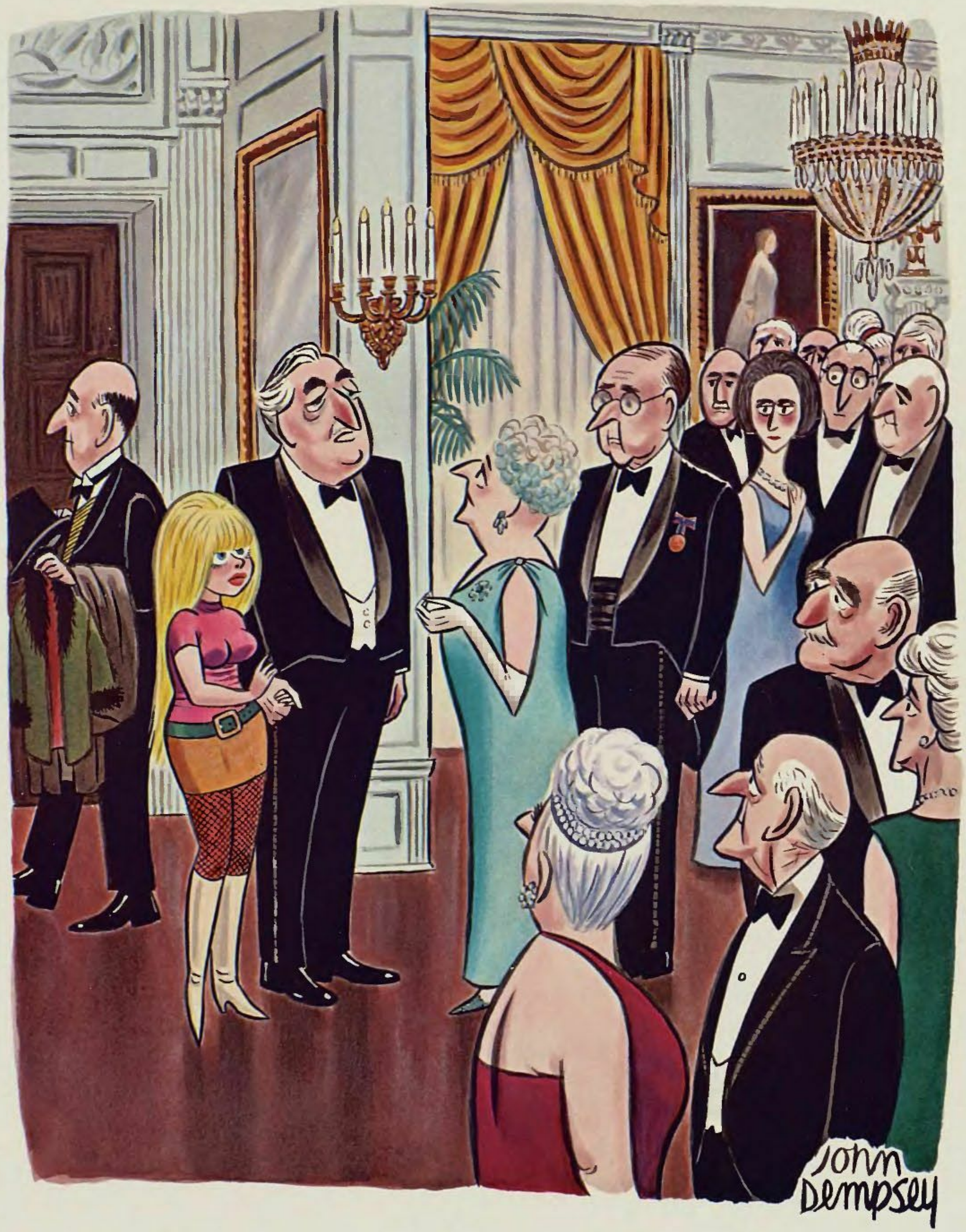
Let's now turn to the electronics, since it forms the nucleus around which the rest of your stereo setup will be built. Unless you're planning to put together an ultralavish rig, you'll probably want to put a sizable percentage of your funds into a stereo receiver. This is a complex piece of solid-state electronics that consolidates the tuning and amplification functions in one trim unit. Since it's the most popular breed of equipment on the market, you'll have an abundance of riches from which to choose. The Scott 341 FM stereo receiver ($219.95)—which we've selected for our $800 system pictured on page 103—is typical of the species. Like other competitively priced models, it utilizes such up-to-date devices as integrated circuits, field-effect transistors and solder-free epoxy circuit boards to achieve a notable level of trouble-free performance. The 341's front panel exhibits all the expected accouterments—stereo balance control, separate bass and treble controls, tuning meter, stereo indicator light and headphone jack. Continuous power is rated at 15 watts per channel—an output that's perfectly fine for small- to medium-sized rooms—and there are provisions for switching both main and remote speakers on and off independently. If you crave AM as well as FM, check out the Sansui 2000 ($299.95), the Bogen RX150 ($299.95) or the Electro-Voice 1182 ($222). This last receiver features plug-in construction, having seven separate modules—each corresponding to a major section of the circuit—for easy replaceability in the event of trouble.

These three models are splendid pieces of equipment. (A few years ago, you couldn't begin to get this kind of performance for this kind of money.) Nevertheless, as you move up the line, you'll encounter some tempting increments. Heath's ARW-15 ($550) and Sherwood's Model S-8800a ($399.50), shown in our $1800 and $1200 systems on pages 102 and 103, are admirable examples of state-of-the-art receiver gear. The Sherwood is an FM-only unit rated at 40 watts of continuous power per channel. In addition to the usual headphone jack, it sports a front-panel tape-recorder jack that's useful when time is of the essence. The ARW-15 puts out 50 watts of continuous power per channel and exhibits a dazzling array of controls—including such recherché items as stereo phase, squelch and threshold adjustments. There are dual tuning meters (one indicating signal strength, the other center of channel) and dual headphone jacks, plus a high-temperature indicator to warn you when the set has lost its cool. An excellent alternative to either of these is Sony's Model STR-6060 ($399.50). It's noteworthy not only for its electronic muscle (an ample 45 watts of continuous power per channel, plus superb FM selectivity and stereo separation) but also for its cleanly styled front panel. Infrequently operated controls (muting, loudness, tone and remote speakers) are concealed behind a hinged panel, so that in normal use, the only visible controls are those for tuning, volume, program source, tape monitoring and line power—a helpfully uncluttered arrangement.

Despite the sophisticated engineering of today's all-in-one receivers, you still must go to separate electronic components to garner the ultimate in versatility. The Fisher TFM-1000 FM stereo tuner ($452.90) in our $3100 rig on page 102, for example, offers such goodies as a clear signal indicator to help in positioning the antenna, a three-step selector for varying the muting threshold, an indicator to show when automatic overload-suppressor circuits are in operation and individual level controls for headphone and amplifier outputs. Some equally imposing attributes are to be found in its companion, the JBL SA660 control amplifier ($435), which employs 60 silicon transistors and diodes to produce 60 watts of almost distortionless power per channel. As an alternative, you might also consider the highly regarded McIntosh Model 5100 control amplifier ($449), an exceptionally handsome unit that puts out 45 watts of continuous power per channel.

For our $7700 setup, we've chosen the CM Laboratories Model 804 FM tuner ($1050), a unique piece of electronics that replaces the conventional FM dial with computer-style digital readout tubes. Instead of rotating a tuning knob, you simply actuate a channel selector switch that flashes numerical frequency readings within a black rectangular window. It's a great conversation piece—and, of course, a well-endowed FM program source as well. To do it adequate justice, nothing less than a separate stereo preamplifier and power amplifier will

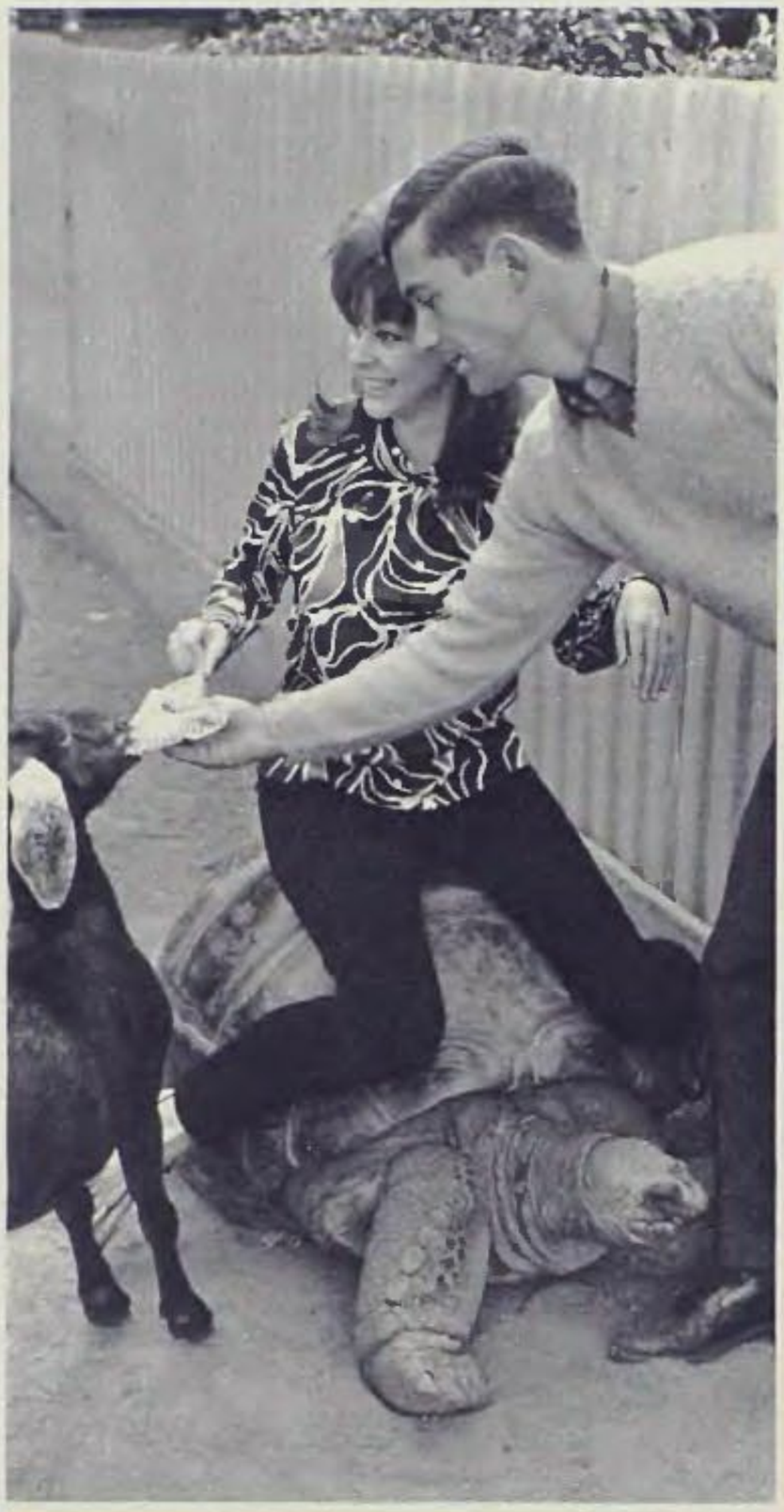
(continued on page 192)



"I didn't say I was bringing my childhood sweetheart."

Tuesday's Child...

is full of grace,
and lorrie menconi—
a bright-eyed brunette
from san diego—
lives up to her birthright



Perched on a tortoise, Lorrie shows her cousin Jerry (on leave from the Air Force) how to feed a goat at San Diego's Children's Zoo. "These animals are so cute," she says. "They just brazenly march up and steal the food right out of your hands." Below right: A pig-tailed Lorrie pools her resources.

ASTROLOGICALLY SPEAKING, Lorrie Menconi has her pretty head in the stars. "I was born on Tuesday," our valentine Playmate told us, "February 24th 1948. That makes me a Pisces, so I think it's perfect to appear in the February issue—it just *has* to be good luck. I guess you could call me a zodiac nut. But so many Piscean characteristics are true of me that it's hard not to believe in it." Exhibiting a prime Piscean trait —talkativeness—Lorrie goes on: "Pisces is a water sign, which may explain why I'm so crazy about living in California. We moved to San Diego when I was very young, so I don't know what it's like to live away from the water. The beach scene here is terrific. But the mountains in northern California are great, too. I went to a combination boarding school and camp up there, around Manzanita Lake, which is beautiful country. Cooking and sleeping out, sailing, swimming—really most *all* activities in or around the water—that's my kind of life."

When Lorrie isn't involved in the aquatic life, she indulges another Piscean fancy—a love of animals—by hying herself off to the San Diego Zoo. "Maybe it sounds like I'm bragging," she says, "but we have one of the world's finest zoos. In fact, I'm pretty sure it's the largest collection of wild animals anywhere. One of the best things about it is that there aren't many bars or wires, just moats or waist-high walls; it looks

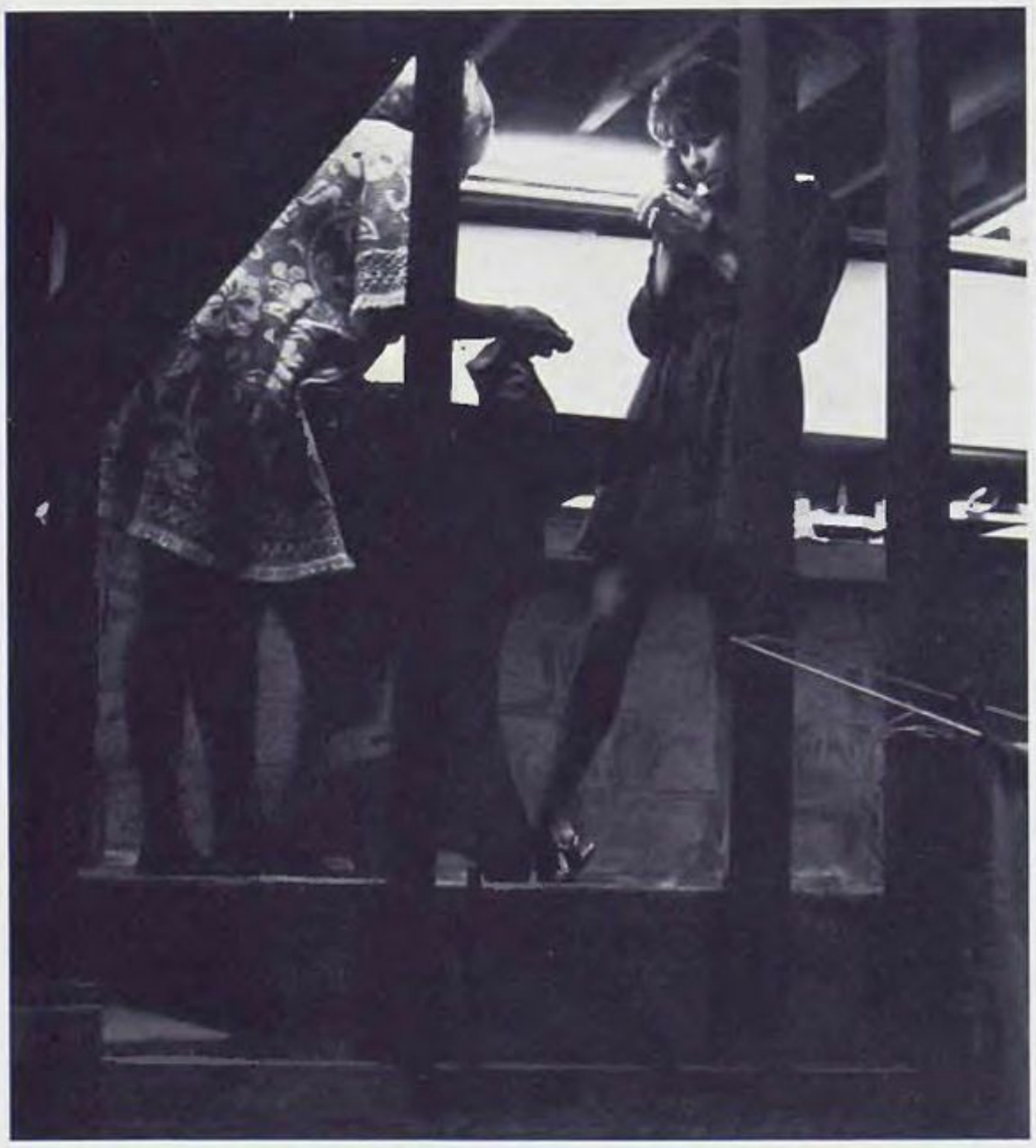
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FIGGE AND ED DELONG

more natural that way. And because of this gorgeous climate, the animals are outside all winter long. I'm so crazy about it, I think it might be fun to *own* a zoo someday." Lorrie attributes some of her fondness for fauna to her mother, who wrote a children's book called *The Pony Who Lost Her Neigh.* "All the animals in the story," Lorrie explains, "were based on our family: my father, my three sisters and me. There was billy goat Harry, pony Susie, porky Marilyn and duck Rosane. I was a turkey—you know, gobble, gobble—because I talk so much; there's that Pisces again."

Many Pisceans have an aesthetic sense that's particularly attuned to interior decorating, and Lorrie is one of them. Along with her sisters, she works part time at the House of Rattan, a shop managed by her mother. "We sell just about anything you can imagine that's made of rattan," Lorrie says. "My mom is a fabulous decorator, and I enjoy going along with her to Los Angeles when she's on a buying trip. But it's always nice to get back home again. You know, San Diego is called the place where California began, because the Spanish padres founded their first mission here in 1769. So this year, we're celebrating our 200th birthday. I'm really proud of this city—it's sunny and warm and beautiful." We think it's a safe bet that San Diego is just as proud of Lorrie.

Below: Miss February takes a dust rag to an antique picture frame before tackling the job of refinishing it, a new hobby of Lorrie's.

At San Diego's House of Rattan, Lorrie tells a prospective customer how to be a swinger in her own back yard. Successful saleswomanship prevails, whereupon Miss February writes up the order. Says Lorrie, "I don't know whether my interest in interior decorating is because of my mother's influence or because I'm a Pisces. But I have a very strong creative urge." Below: Friend Marilynne Ellis helps along Lorrie's creative instincts by giving her instruction in the fine points of wood refinishing in Marilynne's basement workshop.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS FEBRUARY

After removing the varnish stains, Lorrie has a manicure and a cup of coffee; then Marilynne's son, Kevin, appears for a goodnight kiss. Later that evening, Lorrie takes a long walk with her French poodle, Go-Go, stopping to check what's new in shoes. Below: Still not quite reody to call it a night, a freshly shampooed Lorrie settles down for some reading and snacking before bedtime. "I can't just drop everything and fall asleep," she says. "I have to unwind slowly, think awhile and resolve any problems, and then everything's all right."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I never slept with a man until I married your father," declared the stern mother to her wild young daughter. "Will you be able to say the same thing to *your* daughter?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "but not with such a straight face."

The confident defense attorney approached the witness stand. "My client is only five feet tall and you are five feet, eleven—and yet you claim that he raped you, standing up," rasped the lawyer. "Could you explain to the court how this was possible?"

Squirming in her chair, the blushing victim admitted: "I guess I might have stooped a little."

"How do you do so well with girls?" the frustrated sophomore asked his roommate.

"You've got to have a gimmick," the roommate responded. "For instance, I've painted a white circle on the dashboard of my car. My dates always ask about it. From there, I turn the conversation to white things in general, then to abstract white things, like virginity; and after that, it's easy to talk them into it."

"That sounds simple enough," the friend agreed. That evening, he painted a white circle on his dashboard before picking up his date.

"That's rather unique—to have a white circle painted on your dash," the girl said, soon after she got into the car.

"Yes, isn't it?" the young fellow replied. "Do you want to screw?"

A psychiatrist we know says that one good thing about being a kleptomaniac is that you can always take something for it.

"How about making the evening a Dutch treat?" cooed the delectable blonde to her handsome escort. "You pay for dinner and drinks—and the rest of the evening will be on me."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *debate* as what lures de fish.

The impecunious young couple finally hit on a way to save money. Each time they made love, the husband would deposit all his change in a huge porcelain piggy bank in their bedroom.

After about a year of this, they decided to break open the bank and spend the money. Counting up all the proceeds, the husband remarked: "This is really strange—there's all this currency here. Fives, tens, even some twenties. I don't remember putting in any bills."

"No," responded his wife, "but not everyone is as cheap as you are."

When the announcer on the Armed Forces radio network finished the newscast, he closed with the correct time. "For you Navy men," he said, "it's now eight bells. For you men in the Army, it's now 0800. And for all you officers," he concluded, "the little hand's on eight and the big hand's on twelve."

Then there was the sweet young nymph who hated to be laughed at but didn't mind being satyrized.

Two industrial robots decided to leave their factory to investigate some of the human pleasures they had heard about. After several hours of individual exploration, one noticed the other standing on a corner in front of a mailbox and a fire-alarm box.

"Looks like we're going to get some action," said the new arrival, crossing the street.

"Forget it," answered the other. "The dumpy green one doesn't say a word, and as soon as you touch the red one, she screams her head off."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *the Saint Valentine's Day massacre* as a gang bang.

A guy with money to burn has a good chance of finding a perfect match.

On impulse, the young man stopped at the flower shop and purchased a dozen roses for his girlfriend. When he presented them to her, she immediately tore off all her clothes and leaped onto the couch. "This will be for the flowers," she announced, stretching languorously.

"Oh, come, now," he replied. "Surely you have a vase somewhere in this apartment."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *poise* as raising only your eyebrows on your first trip to a nudist camp.

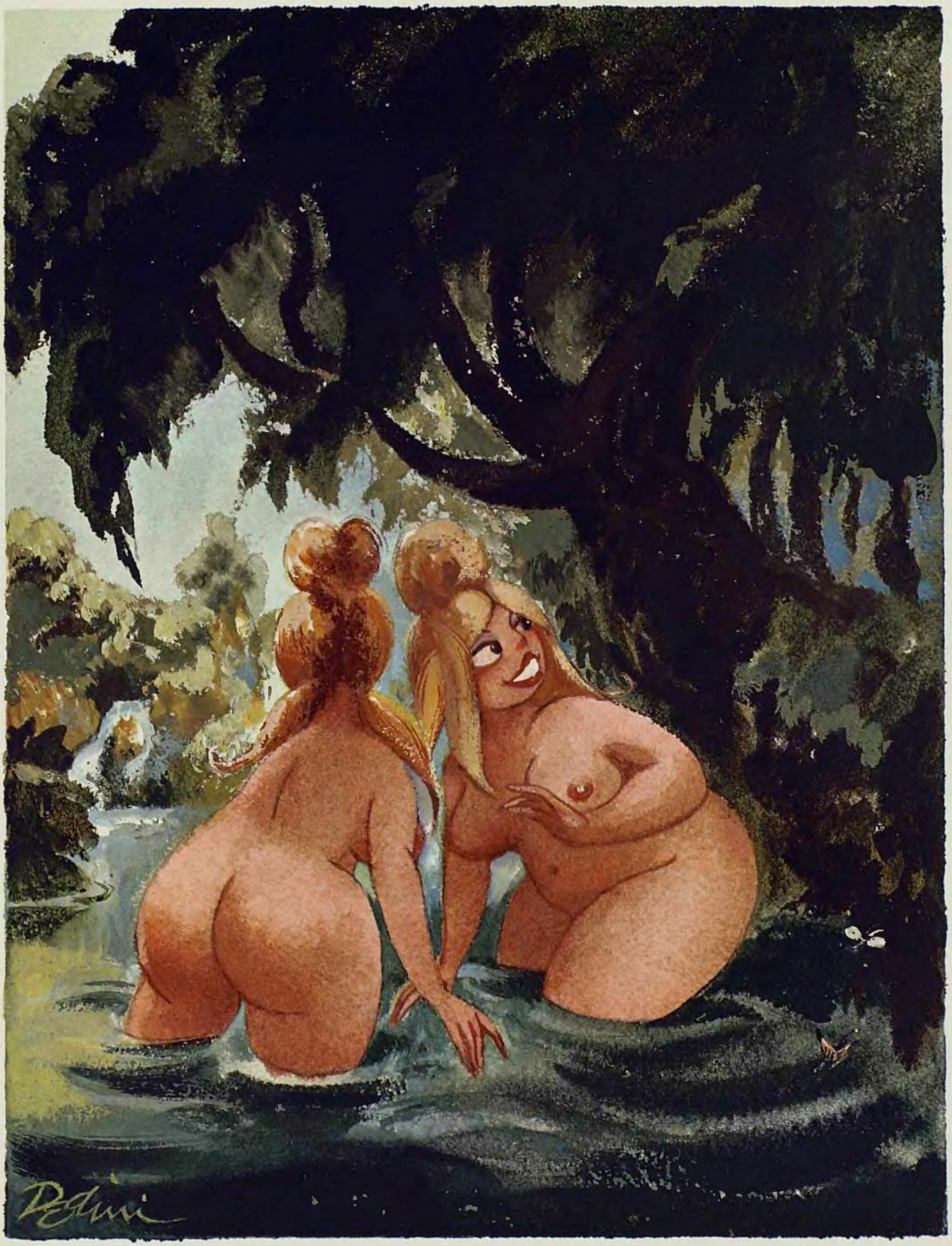
"How did this accident occur?" asked the doctor.

"Well," explained the patient, "I was making love to my girl on the living-room rug when, all of a sudden, the chandelier came crashing down on us."

"Fortunately, you've only sustained some minor lacerations on your buttocks," the doctor said. "I think you're a very lucky man."

"You said it, doc," exclaimed the man. "A minute sooner and it could have fractured my skull."

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



"I hope nothing has happened to those two satyrs who always surprise us at our bath."

ORIENT EXPRESS

(continued from page 100)

different, with dresses and furbelows of very great volume, with hatboxes and pins and, for the men, with sticks and hats and spats and shawls and ankle-length overcoats. All this took up room. The very acres of cloth must have stuffed those early compartments with fussation, asthmatic fog. The ladies steamed with scent—patchouli, opopanax—and with rice powder. Moreover, the journey had its athletic interruptions. Everybody and all the luggage had to leave the sleepers in Romania, take a ferry across the Danube, enter a further train to the port of Varna on the Black Sea and then sail for 15 hours down the coast to Constantinople. Moreover, there was a real possibility of being snowed up for days somewhere on the Balkan way. In 1907, the Orient Express was marooned in snow drifts in Turkey. The train's heating system broke down and cold crept inexorably into the splendid comfort of the carriages. The story has it that an Indian maharaja who was ensconced in a special car with seven wives found that their filmy clothing was no protection against such an intrusion. He had to use solid gold to buy clothes for them from other passengers. Just as well—it was ten days before a snowplow arrived and the Express moved on to Constantinople. There was also a difficult mountainous part of Romania, where trains were sometimes derailed by shiftings of slag subsoil. Added to this, a lot of minor disturbances were probable in a not-too-tame terrain (even within the past dozen years, a Bulgarian peasant threw a brick through one of the windows, in retaliation for the death of a goat by the Express some days earlier). Yet this was the chosen route of the *haut monde* of traveling society; though, of course, despite their frills and flounces, they were, on the whole, a hardier lot than today's transients, being only a generation removed from the merry upheavals of horse and carriage.

Had James Bond traveled in those days, he would have had a fine time with the esoteric detail of those haulage engines that were changed at every border. His technical romancing might have run: "The whole length of the great teak-and-iron snake shuddered. Bond felt the new, giant pull of the 104-ton Golsdorf Compound 2-10-0, which would take them across Servia. First, third and fifth axles allow one-inch side play, he mentally noted, and sniffed the pungent fumes of the thinner Slav coal through the snow-crisp window draft." Or: "He awoke with a start. A smell of burning wood! Fire? Bond turned peacefully over to his other side and slept. They were in wood-burning Bulgaria. The basin-shaped funnel of a Four-cylinder Compound would be curving through the Balkan night and the reassuring knowledge of a wire-mesh-work spark arrester quietened Bond's dreams." And Hemingway might have had a go, too: "Now it was good. They were not in the mountains now. Between Avricourt and Paris, they made it at 46 miles the hour. Bill filled the glasses. They felt fine."

The real literature of the Orient Express always brings us to espionage and murder. Graham Greene's *Stamboul Train*, Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Orient Express* and, in cinematic terms, Alfred Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes* set a tone not officially substantiated by the facts. Records, in fact, show only one unnatural death—when an American military attaché left the train in a tunnel in the Austrian Alps: No one, it is said, yet knows how or why. However, much else might have occurred and gone unrecorded. After all—so many different countries, so many decades, so many different politics and police. Such an international train is an obvious milieu for keeping quiet about what might have happened—even supposing it was ever discovered. Heaven knows how many near misses there might have been; or what tales the lonely lavatories could tell; or what torsos vanished into whose trunks. "The gentleman has been taken ill," so it is quite reasonable for him to be "helped" out by "friends" at some place sounding like Grch. And the gentleman, he is never seen anywhere ever again.

But such affairs are no concern of the civil passenger. And, as we know, spies these days spend all their time in parks and shopping centers, handing each other packages. Let us be more concerned that, as we book for the Orient today, we get the *right* express. The one that goes all the way to Istanbul has a new title—the Direct Orient. There are still other "Orient" expresses going only as far as Prague or Budapest, for the Orient to a Parisian has always begun around Vienna—a reasonable assumption when one remembers that only a few hundred years ago Hungary and Romania were Turkish provinces.

So now let us see what it is like to travel on the Direct Orient today.

At 11:30 on either of only two scheduled nights a week, passengers for Istanbul and stations en route begin to gather at the *Gare de Lyon* in Paris for the moment of departure, 23 hours, 50. So—nearly midnight, and the great gray station already has a tired, deserted look. Café tables are piled up. Only groups of serious long-distance travelers are now left to sidestep the avaricious electric luggage trucks that have been trying all day to overturn the wary *boulevardier* of the platforms.

Along the Direct Orient platform, one searches for the one sleeping coach that bears the word ISTANBUL. And there it is, a dark-blue and yellow house on wheels bearing the momentous facia COMPAGNIE INTERNATIONALE DES WAGONS-LITS ET DES GRANDS EXPRESS EUROPÉENS and a white sign on its side defining the long route through Bern, Interlaken, Lausanne, Stresa, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Zagreb, Belgrade, Sofia to Istanbul—each station carefully announced in its own national language.

Special private smoke belches from the roof of this one *wagon-lit*. One's immediate thought: Is the sleeping carriage on fire? Will this mean sitting up for three nights somewhere else in the train? No. It is only the coal fire that heats our private hot water and central heating. But it is the first of a number of private anxieties that invest this whole route, which is so long and crosses so many frontiers that each passenger, as one may clearly read from his or her face, is sure that something somewhere must go wrong. Yet, the *wagon-lit* attendant in his chocolate-brown uniform and smart kepi is a reassuring sight: He takes our "bulletins" ("tickets" or "*billets*" are infra-dig words on a sleeping car) and personally ushers each passenger to his allotted bunk.

And who are these people who eschew the quicker way by air? First, there will always be people who hate flying; then there are those who, for some physical reason, cannot fly; and there are those taking too much luggage to fly. But only these—the cautious, the lame and the burdened? Add to them the mildly adventurous, the curious; and the occasional philosopher who knows that here, close to the earth, lies the true sensation of travel, the passing of time and of different landscapes. The original clientele of hallowed memory—the rich, the lovely, the criminal, the diplomatic—are *en avion* above the clouds: butterflies, hornets, bees returned to their airy element.

Within immediate eye-view, we have a fierce-looking Balkan gentleman wearing the wide trousers of middle-aged communism; an English family going to live in Turkey; an elderly American couple on a roundabout trip to Russia; several French and Italians due for easier stations on the way. And along the platform there buzzes a huge brown-skinned party of men and women with string-bound luggage, all speaking a language difficult to define at first—possibly Turkish, possibly Serbo-Croatian—who turn out to be destined for a second-class upright night, for the train is a mixed one of all classes and many non-sleeping carriages.

Otherwise—subdued partings. It is late. None of the midday bustle. And at last, as the hand of the electric clock whips round like a cane to 11:50, somebody peeps a little whistle and, imperceptibly, most casually for such a long

(continued on page 182)

JAZZ & POP '69

a look at the
current music scene—plus
the winners of the 13th annual
playboy poll and readers' choices
for the playboy jazz hall of fame
and records of the year

article By NAT HENTOFF

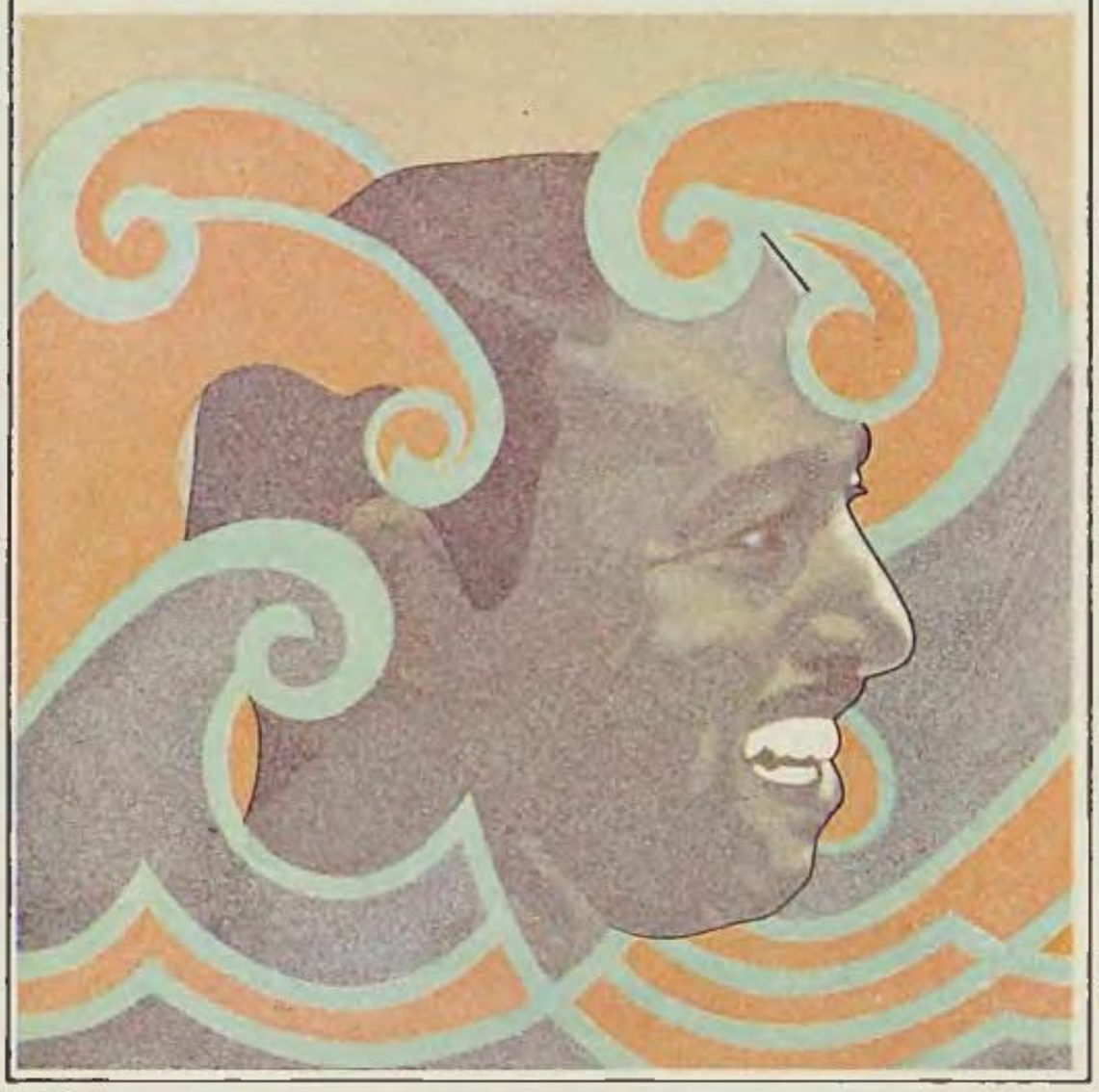
**THE 1969
PLAYBOY ALL-STARS'
ALL-STARS**

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY alto sax, instrumental combo

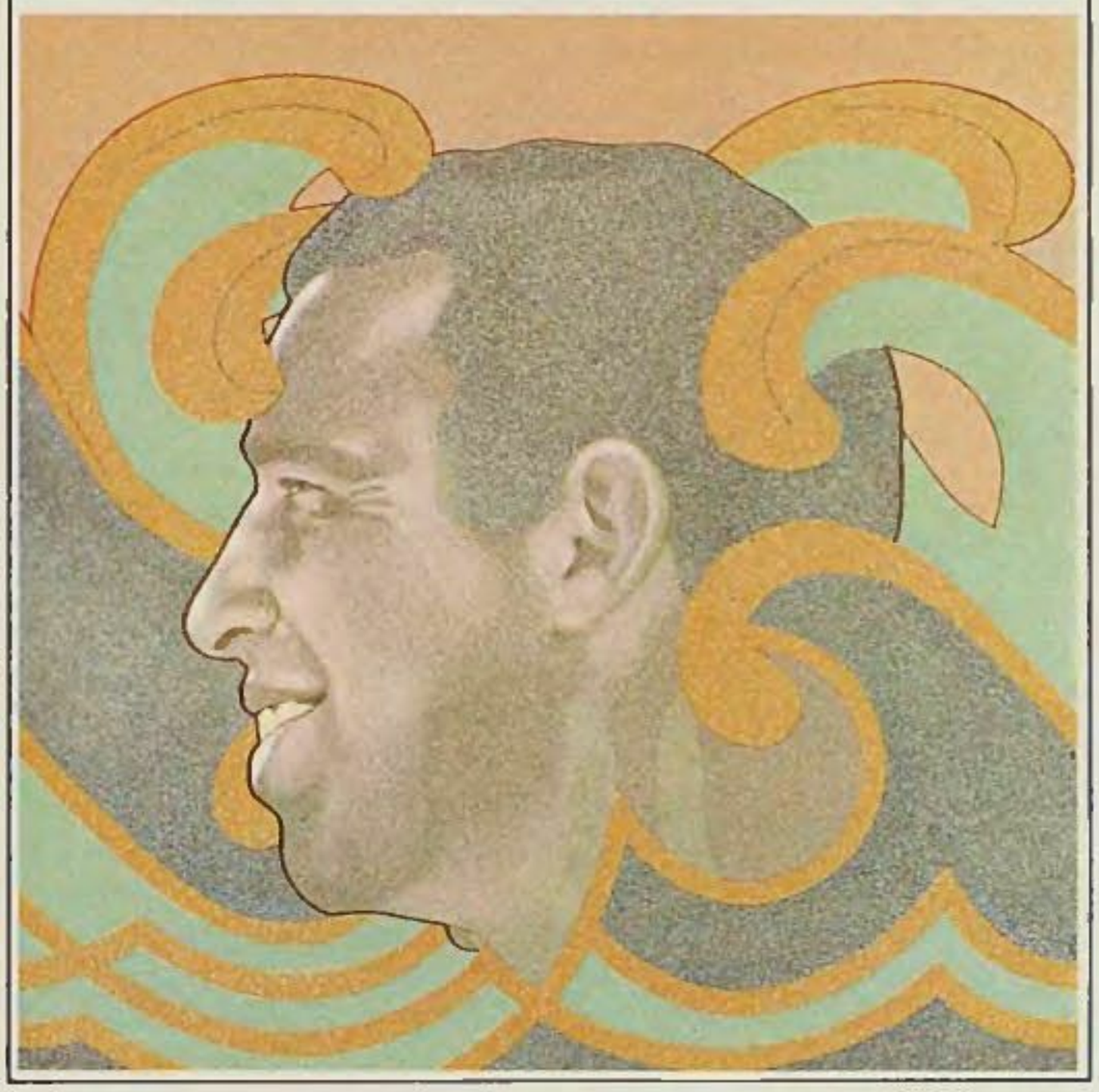
THE 1969 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

IN A YEAR of social and political upheaval—assassinations, growing racial polarization, the end of innocence for the Eugene McCarthy crusaders—the young of all political persuasions, including none, found a center of emotional gravity in music. Only there, it often seemed, was direct, open communication possible—transcending race and class and politics. And the artists, themselves feeling the need for secure foundations as fissures deep-

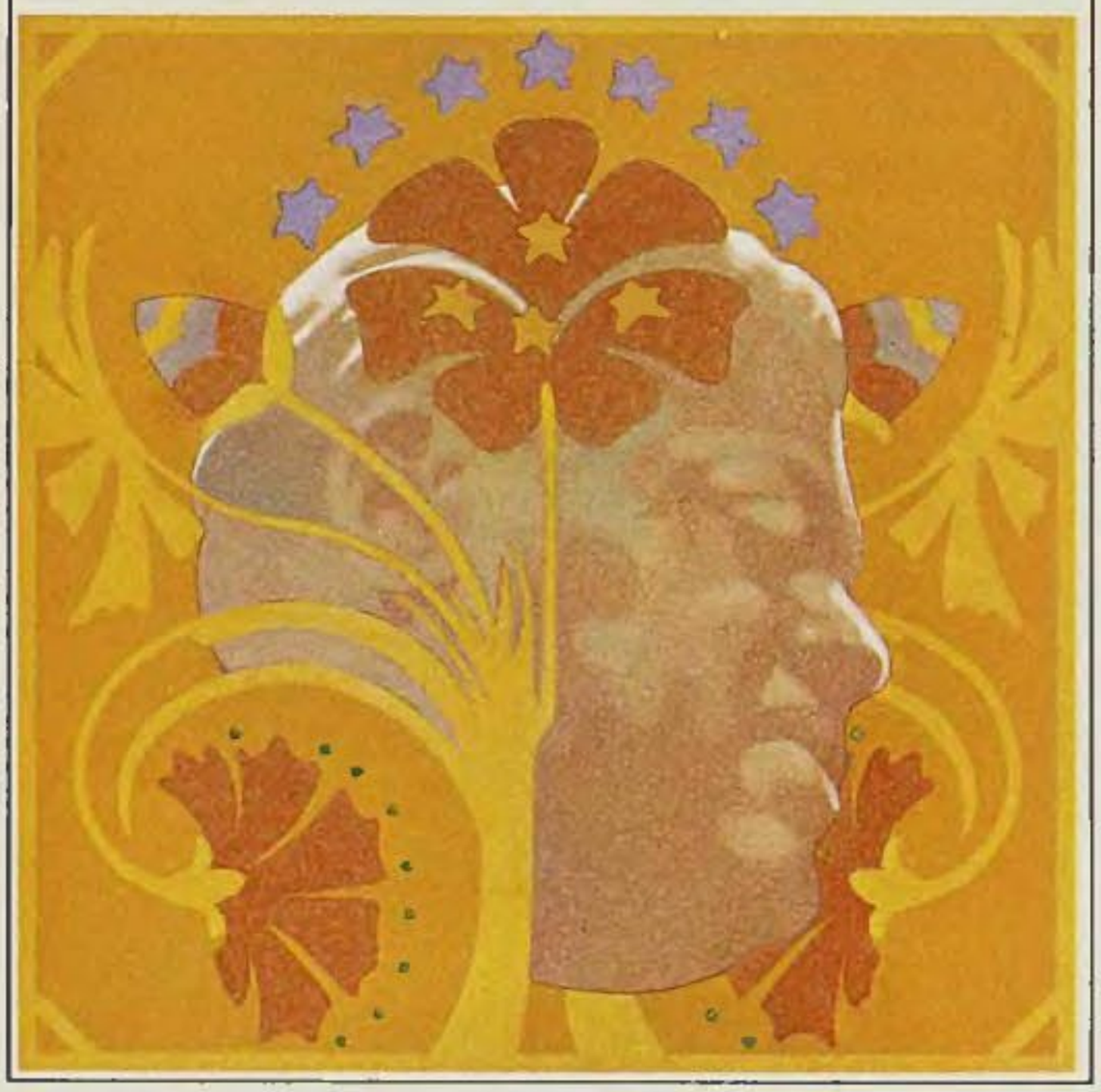
RAY BROWN
bass



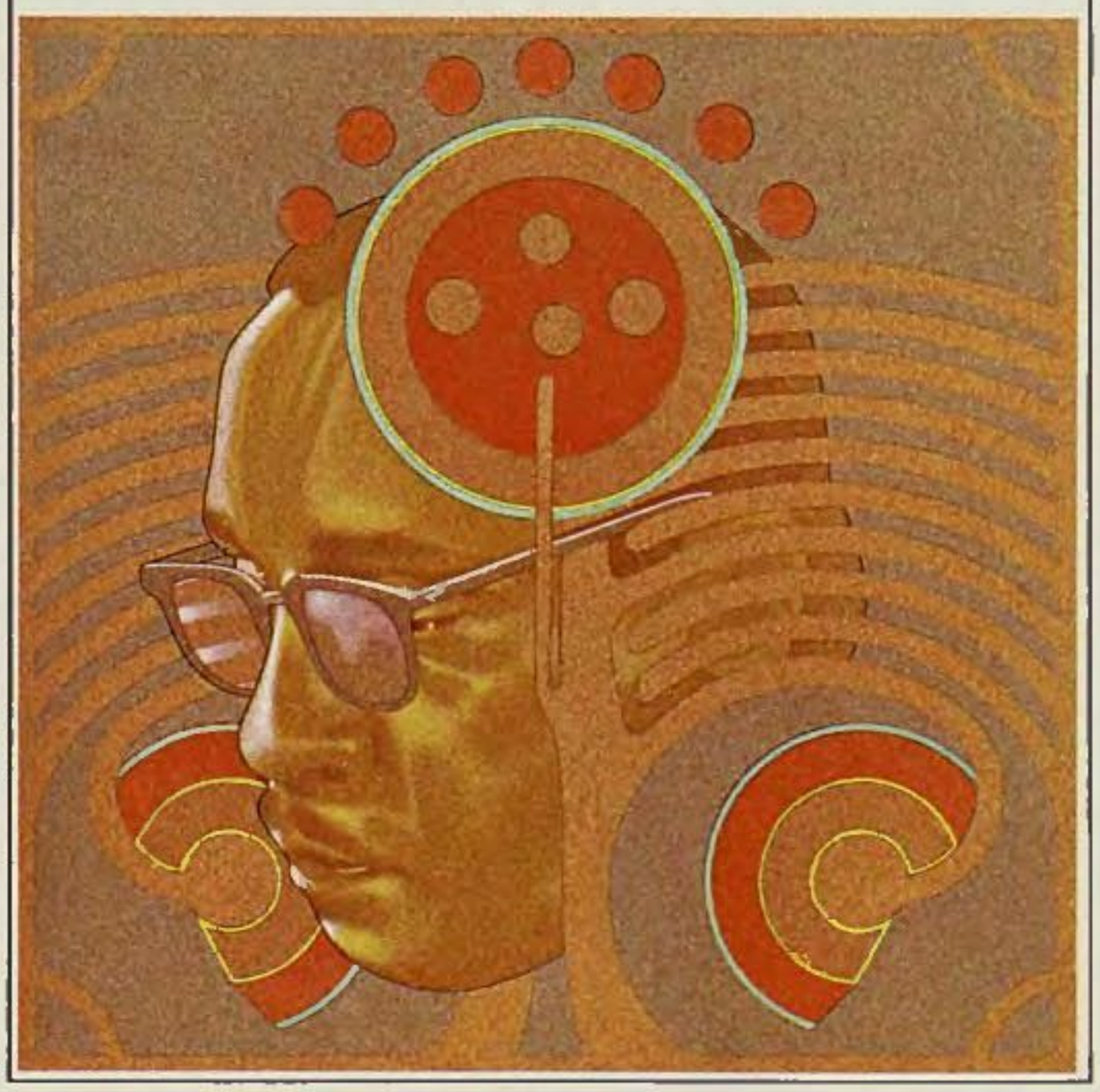
BUDDY RICH
drums



OSCAR PETERSON
piano



MILT JACKSON
vibes



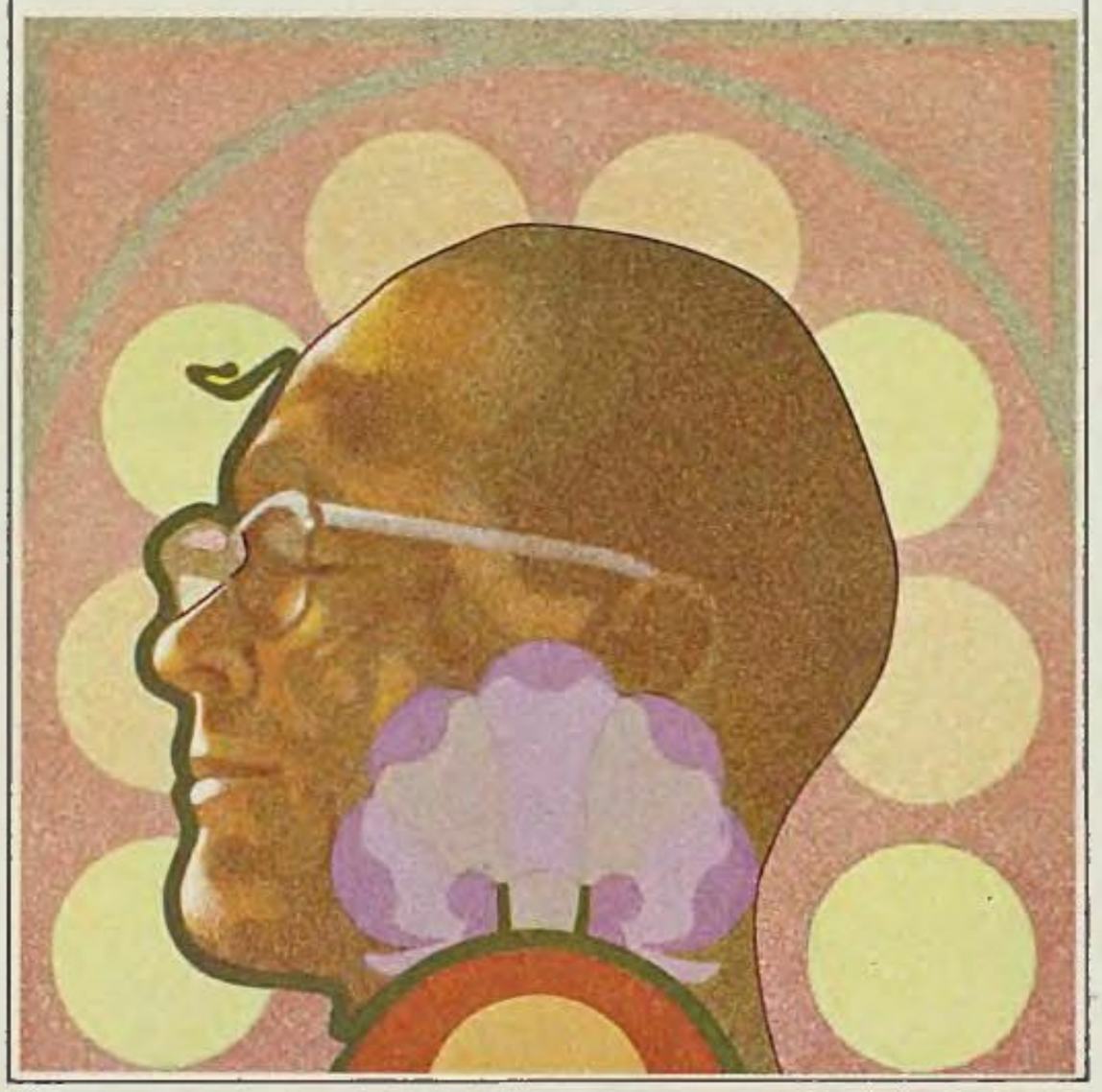
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

ened in the outer world, devoted much of the year to getting back to roots.

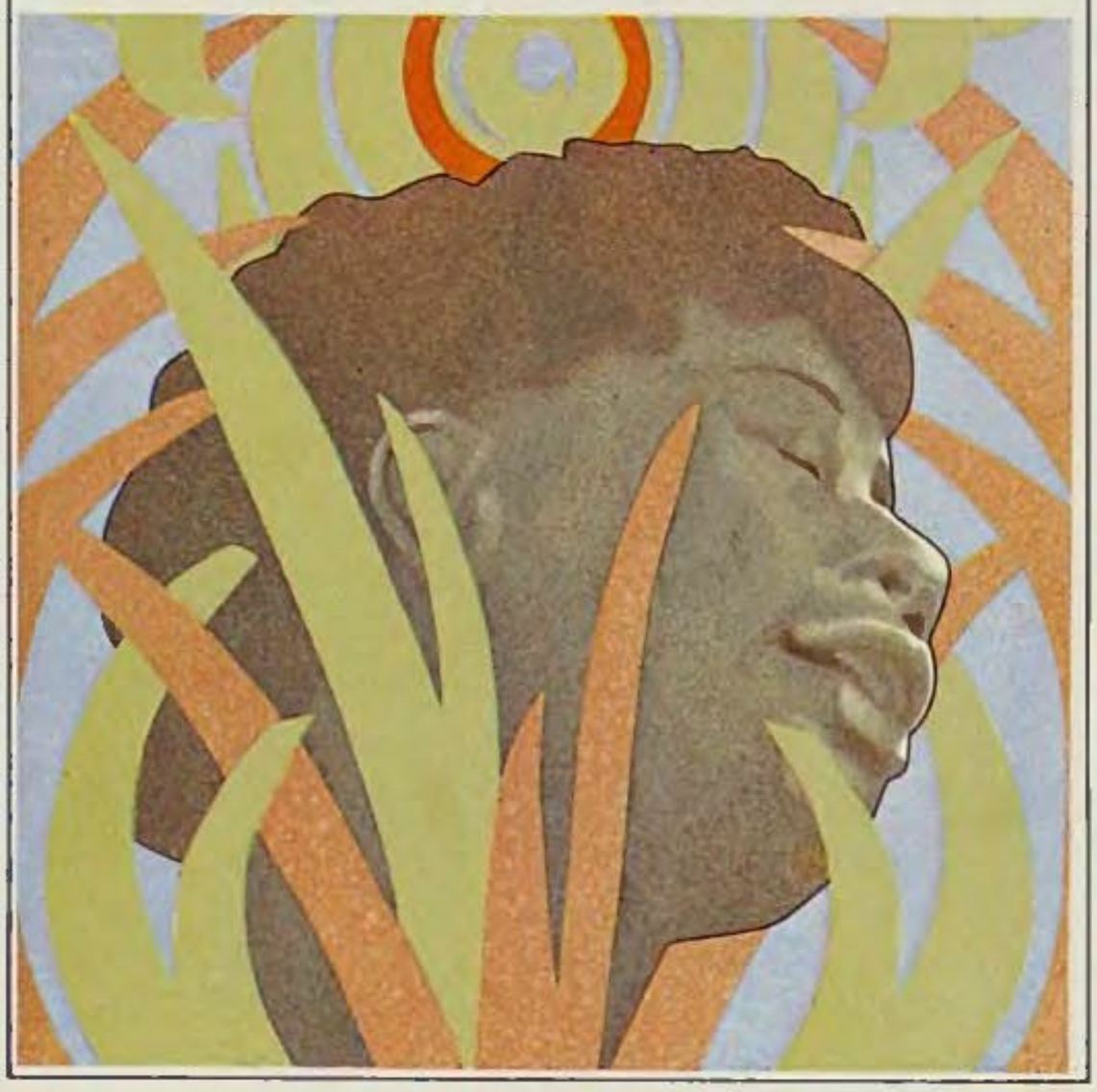
The Rolling Stones returned to the raw energy of hard rock in *Beggars' Banquet*; the Beatles focused on lyric simplicity in *Hey Jude*; and Bob Dylan emerged from his long sabbatical with the spare, elemental *John Wesley Harding*. The vital urgency of soul music was also a primary force. Black soul powered the secularized Gospel of Aretha Franklin, the earthy conviction of Albert King and the electrified experience of Jimi Hendrix. Colleges and rock gathering places were increasingly visited by such soul bards as Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Junior Wells, B. B. King, Buddy Guy and Chuck Berry. The Staple Singers found new audiences at Fillmore West in San Francisco and Fillmore East in New York. White soul music was also in the ascendant

FRANK SINATRA
male vocalist

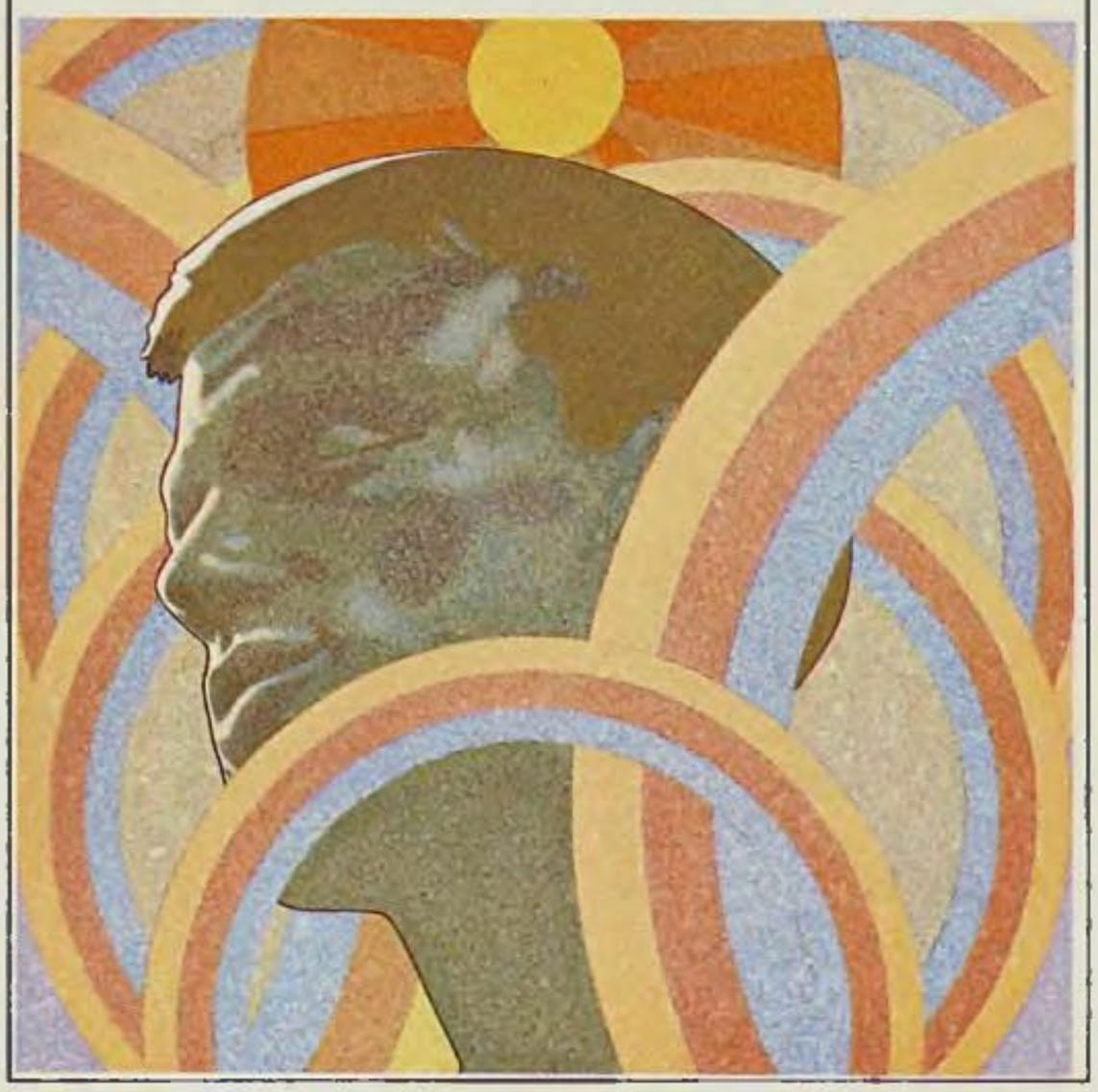
JIM HALL
guitar



ELLA FITZGERALD
female vocalist

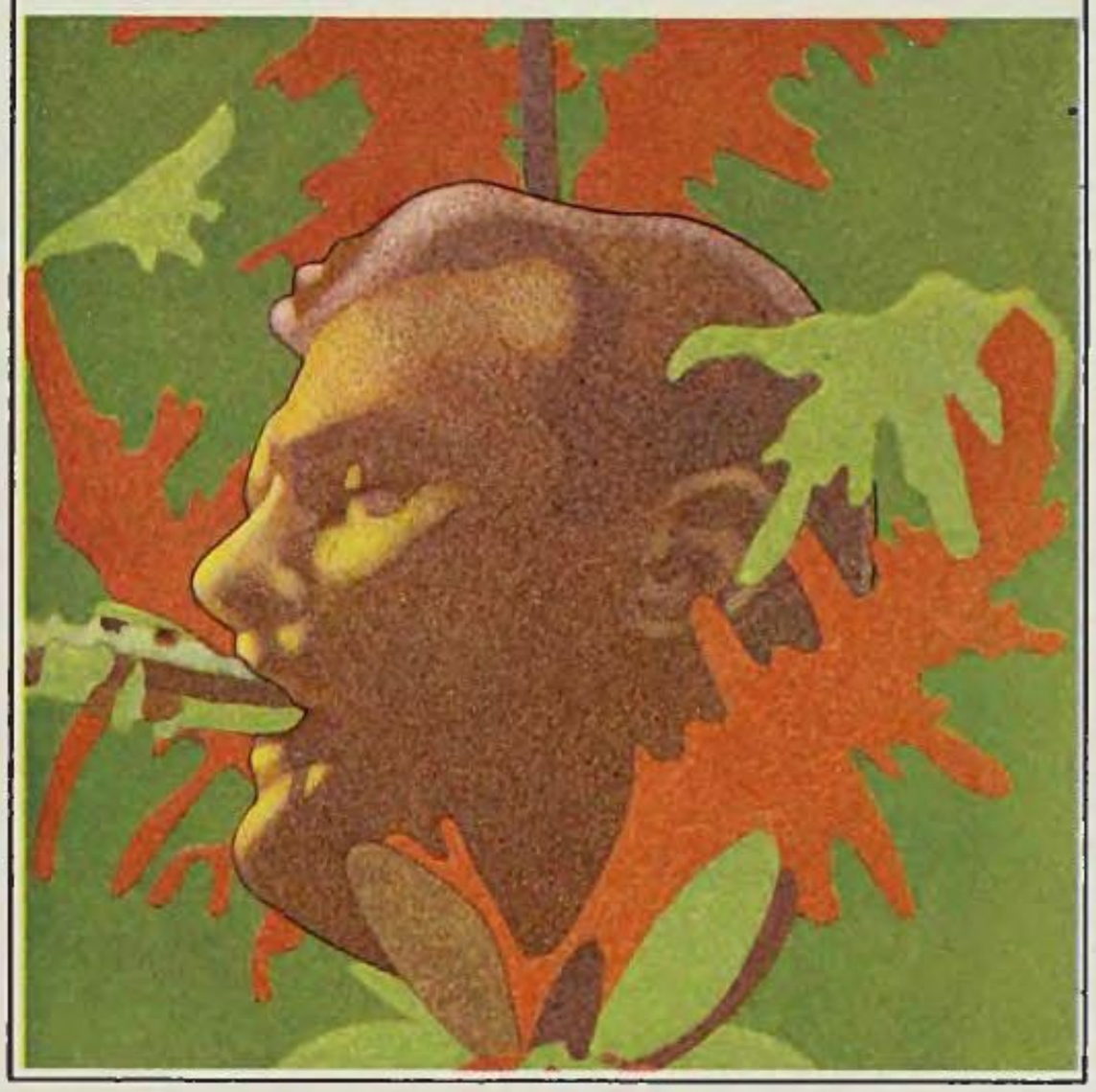


GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

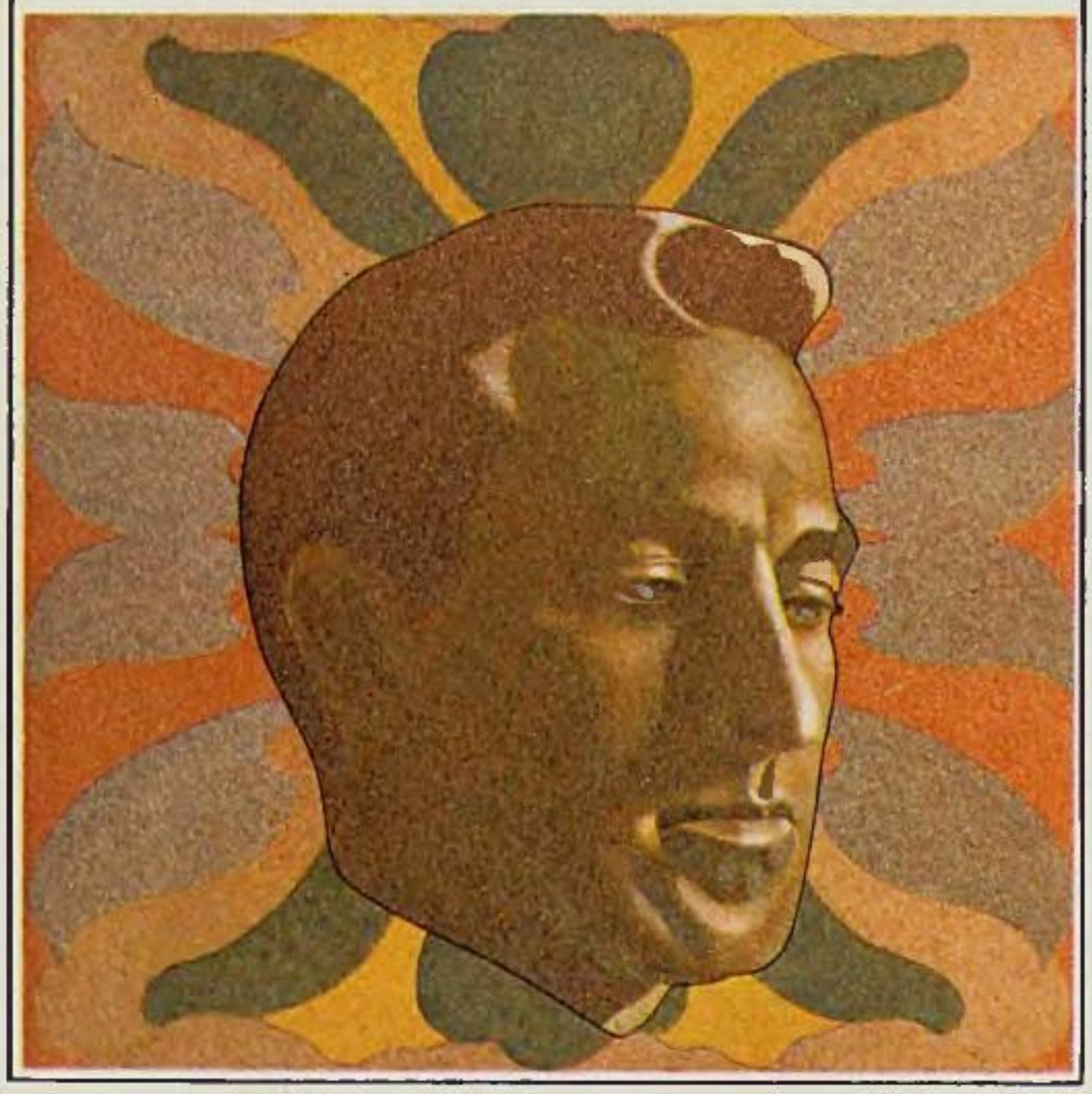


DIZZY GILLESPIE
trumpet

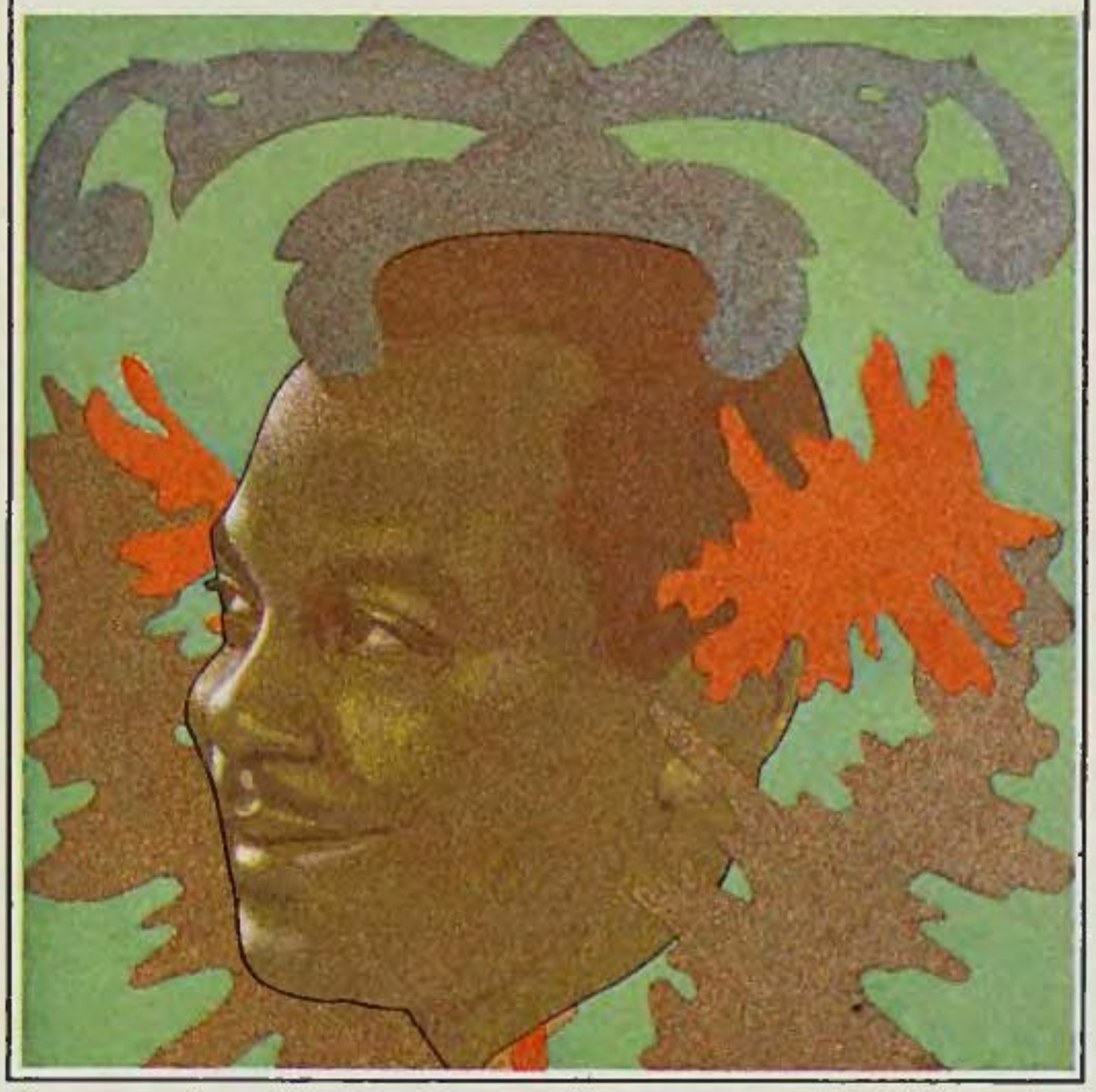
STAN GETZ
tenor sax



BUDDY DE FRANCO
clarinet



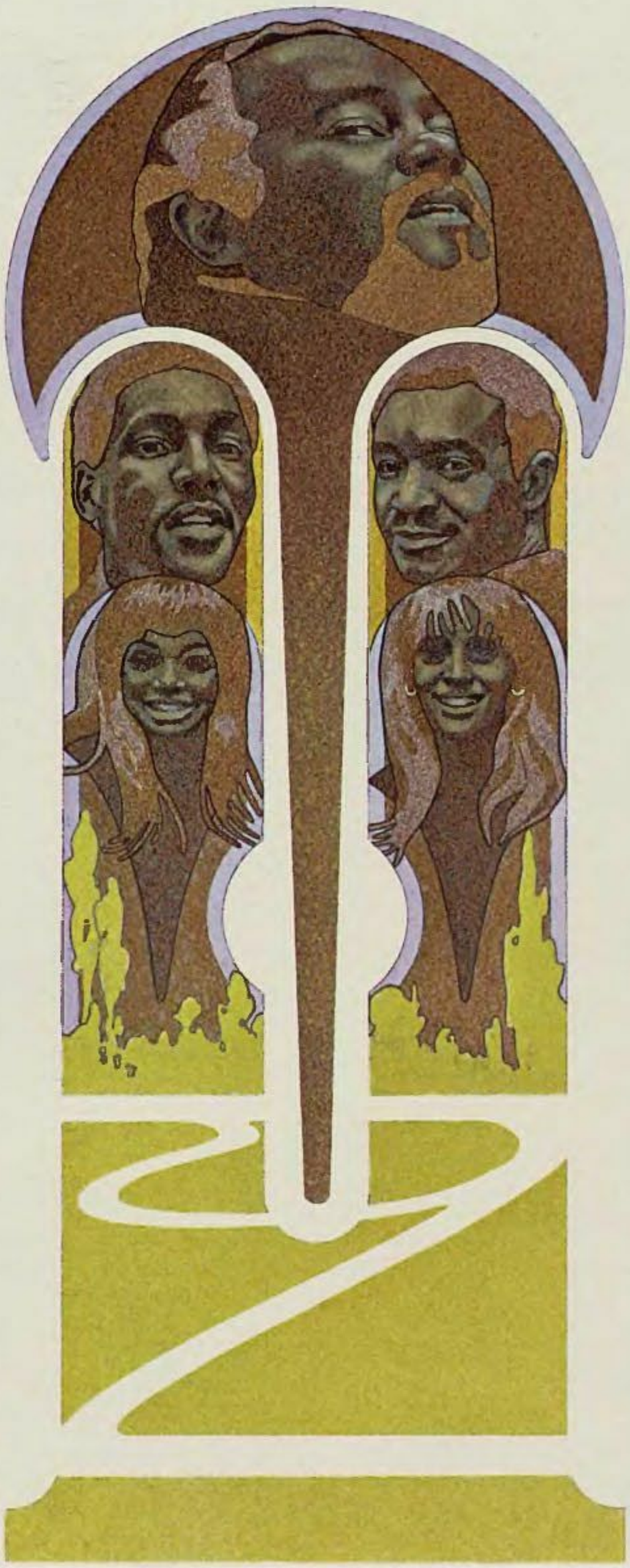
J. J. JOHNSON
trombone



in the uninhibited sensuality of Janis Joplin (see this month's *On the Scene*) and in the driving energy of such units as Steppenwolf and the Jeff Beck Group, a British import. As Janis Joplin put it, "I keep trying to tell people that whites have soul, too. There's no patent on soul. It's just feeling things."

Along with the re-emphasis on "just feeling things" through blues and basic rock, another rising influence

FIFTH DIMENSION
vocol group



DUKE ELLINGTON
leader

was that of country music. Country sounds were part of *John Wesley Harding* and were incorporated by the Byrds, Moby Grape and many other rock units; and even Buffy Sainte-Marie, a Cree Indian, found the need to go to Nashville for an album declaring *I'm Gonna Be a Country Girl Again*. The movement was in both directions. Country performers—Glen Campbell, Buck Owens, Jeannie C. Riley (*Harper Valley P. T. A.*)—moved onto the pop charts; and Johnny Cash, already firmly established with both country and pop audiences, released the most compelling album of his career, *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison*. It was Cash who explained the appeal of country music in a time of troubles: "People go back to it to find the basic thing, the grass roots. People like my songs because they have true human emotions as well as being real stories." In

THE 1969 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND

HERB ALPERT
instrumental combo

BEATLES
vocal group

HERB ALPERT
first trumpet

AL HIRT
second trumpet

MILES DAVIS
third trumpet

J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone

SI ZENTNER
second trombone

KAI WINDING
third trombone

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
first alto sax

PAUL DESMOND
second alto sax

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

BOOTS RANDOLPH
second tenor sax

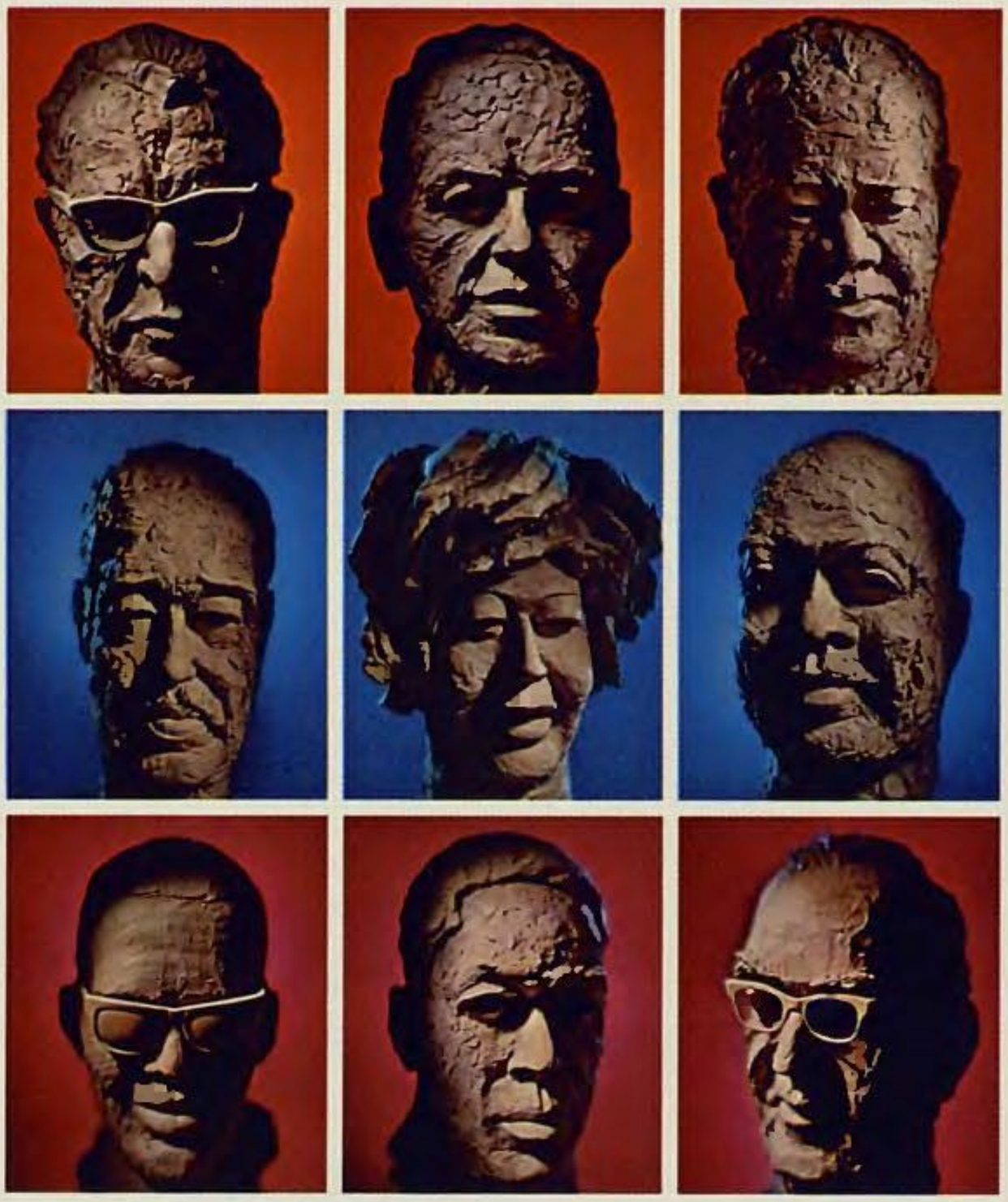
GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

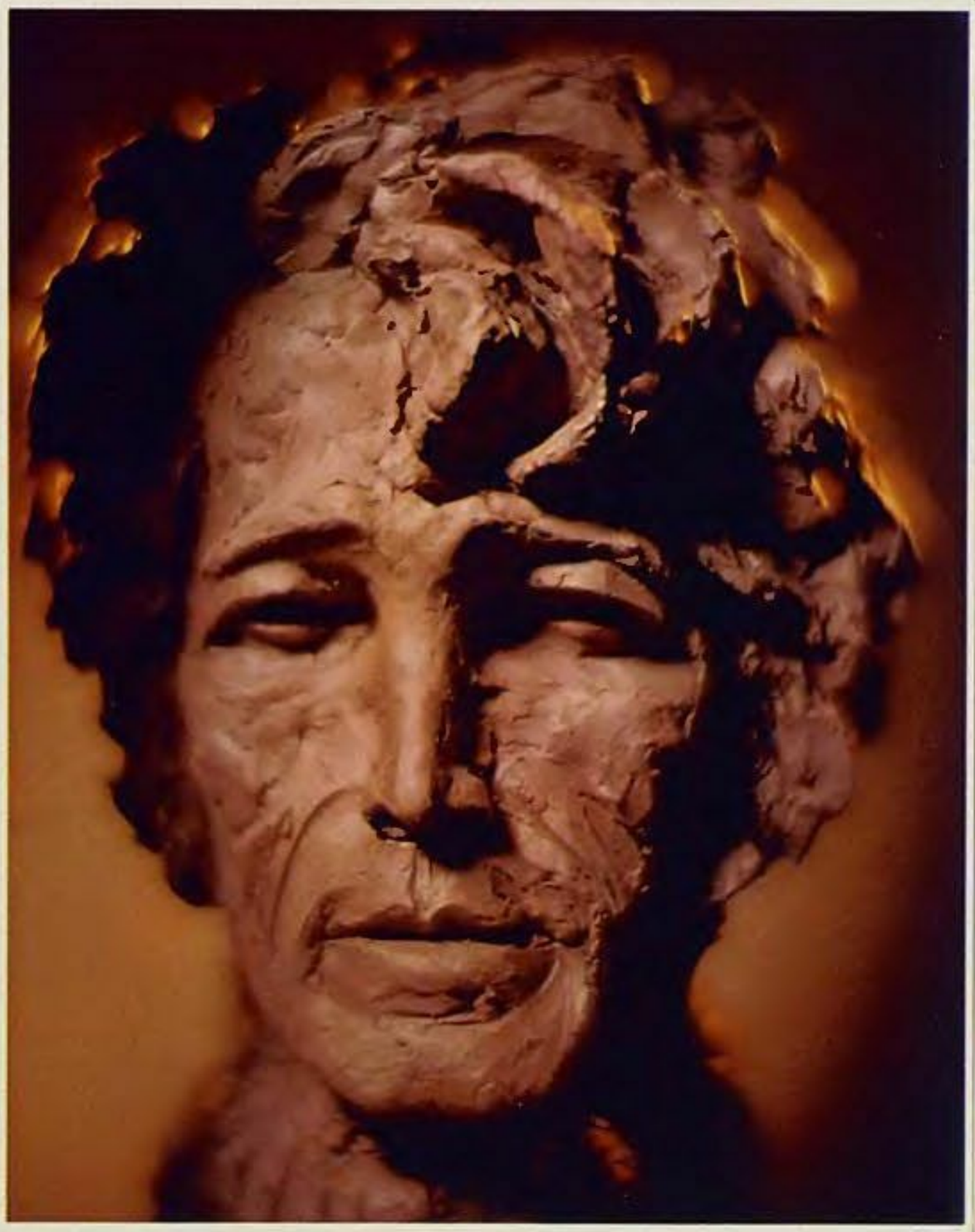
RAVI SHANKAR
sitar

HENRY MANCINI
leader

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

Three years ago, the first trio of greats named to our Hall of Fame were Dave Brubeck, a titan of mainstream jazz, nonpareil vocalist Frank Sinatra, and Louis Armstrong, America's ageless musical ambassador. In 1967, they were joined by Duke Ellington, the incomparable conductor and composer, Ella Fitzgerald, reigning queen of songstresses, and Count Basie, whose band continues to spread jazz' joyous message. Last year, soul genius Ray Charles, saxophonist John Coltrane, who died in 1967 at the age of 40, and Benny Goodman, the King of Swing, joined the honored group. And again in 1969, artist Jack Gregory's sculptures depict our newest Hall of Fame inductees—two trumpeters, whose poll-winning sounds are poles apart, and a great jazz guitarist cut off in his prime.





THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALL OF FAME

Beginning in 1966, PLAYBOY *readers have each year selected three of the jazz world's outstanding artists—vocalists and instrumentalists alike—for membership in our Jazz Hall of Fame. Counting 1969's charismatic contingent, the* PLAYBOY *musical pantheon now includes an even dozen performers who share the distinction of having achieved artistic eminence. Almost all forms of jazz—from Dixieland to avant-garde, from swing to soul—are now represented in the Hall of Fame. And as our roster of greats grows annually, so does the music we honor. Jazz, despite the Cassandras who keep predicting its demise, continues to adapt itself to the country's life style—adding the best from contemporary idioms, augmenting its basic structure and remaining America's one truly indigenous art form.*

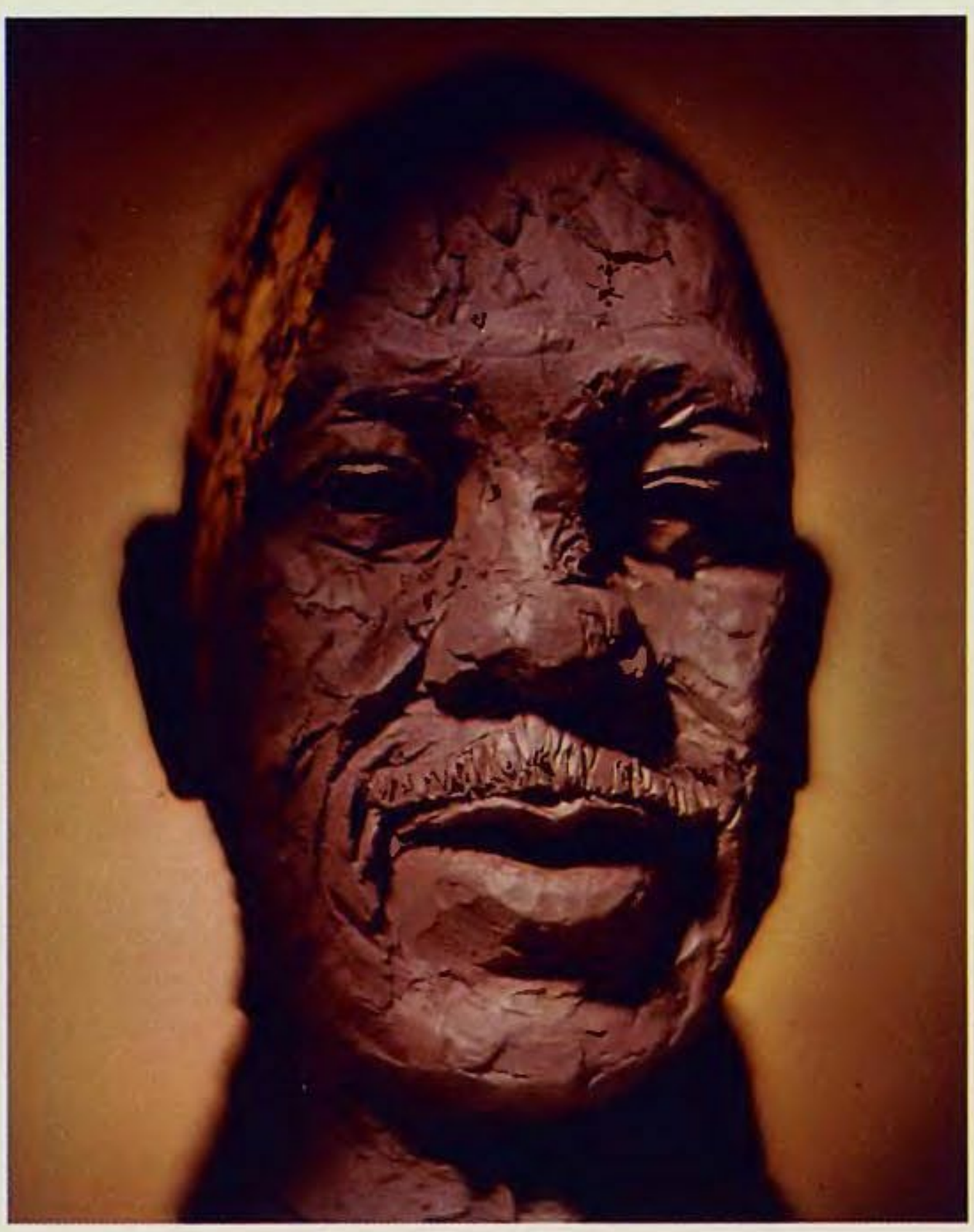
jazz, too, the expression of "true human emotions" preoccupied the avant-garde, as it always had the mainstream jazzmen. Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Pharoah Sanders—all, in their different ways, were involved in making contemporary the original "cry of jazz." Technique, though increasingly sophisticated, was useful only as a means of letting out and shaping the deepest of feelings. And the search for roots also characterized the vanguard of jazz. Black musicians in particular, through forming such groups as SRP ("an organization of self-reliant musicians and artists") and through playing in schools, were intent on communicating with the black young. As Archie Shepp emphasized, "Jazz must return to the ghetto, where it began. We have to reach the kids and become part of the whole cultural experience, the whole history

HERB ALPERT *No instrumental group in recent years has come close to building the kind of massive following enjoyed by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. In 1962, Angeleno Alpert was an independent record producer who moonlighted as a drummer on sound tracks for such films as "The Ten Commandments." Tuned into and turned on by the bull-ring music of nearby Tijuana, Alpert blended mariachi, a swinging beat and a dollop of jazz into a unique sound that has become internationally acclaimed: The Tijuana Brass' first ten LPs—all recorded on the A&M label co-owned by Alpert—have sold more than 32,000,000 copies. A perfectionist, Alpert sometimes spends three months in the studio before he's ready to release an album. Herb is also an arranger par excellence who can ingeniously wed the Tijuana Brass beat to such diverse melodies as "A Taste of Honey," "What Now, My Love?" and "Zorba the Greek." Alpert debuted as a singer last year and, perhaps predictably, his recording of "This Guy's in Love with You" was America's top pop tune for two months. At 33, leader-trumpeter-entrepreneur Alpert becomes the youngest member of the Playboy Hall of Fame.*

out of which jazz came." But Shepp went on to point out: "I wouldn't limit the experience of the music to ghetto children. White kids also need to know what jazz has to say, if they're going to live in a real world."

While work in jazz clubs declined this past year, the public schools did begin to show a way in which more and more jazz musicians may be able to reach and recruit a new generation of listeners. In New York City, drummer Horace Arnold and alto saxophonist Robin Kenyatta played 60 concerts in schools under the aegis of Young Audiences, which previously had been almost exclusively concerned with classical music. And under a grant to Jazz Interactions from the New York State Council on the Arts, combos led by, among others, Billy Taylor, Joe Newman, Roland Kirk and Benny Powell gave over 50 school concerts. On Long Island, in the high schools and junior highs of Huntington, Marian McPartland presented 28 concerts; and similar incorporation of jazz into the school experience took place in Los Angeles, Chicago and St. Louis.

On the college level, trumpeter-composer Donald Byrd became the first Rutgers University jazz artist in residence. In addition to composing, teaching and developing curriculums, Donald's responsibilities include the recruitment of ghetto youngsters for Rutgers' new Livingston College. "Jazz," the university announced, "will perform a vital function in this recruitment drive," with Donald functioning as a roving ambassador for Rutgers to high schools in New Jersey. In developing a model for what may become a new kind of academic career for the jazz musician, Byrd also became a professor and head of the Institute of Jazz Studies at Howard University—the



WES MONTGOMERY *Last June, Montgomery—the most electrifying jazz guitarist since Charlie Christian—died suddenly at his Indianapolis home of a heart attack at the age of 45. For eight consecutive years a Playboy All-Stars' All-Star, he was also a highly popular performer: Near the end of the year, three of his LPs ("A Day in the Life," "Down Here on the Ground" and "Best of Wes Montgomery") were still among America's top ten jazz best sellers. Wes, who bought his first guitar when he was 19, learned to strum with his thumb instead of a pick, which resulted in the full, rich tones that characterized his work. Montgomery toured with Lionel Hampton's band from 1948 to 1950; weary of one-night stands, Wes returned to his home town of Indianapolis, where he worked 15 hours a day—in a radio-parts factory and two night clubs—for six years. After that, he and his brothers—pianist Buddy and bassist Monk—were the mainstays of the Mastersounds quintet until 1960. Five years later, Montgomery, backed by a big band, recorded "Movin' Wes," an instant hit LP. The secret of his art? Wes told an interviewer a year before his death, "I found out a long time ago that you've got to appreciate life first, before you can do anything else." He will be missed.*

MILES DAVIS *The distinctive, tautly disciplined sound that flows through the Davis horn has been described as jazzdom's most lyrical; certainly, it has influenced a whole generation of aspiring trumpeters. Born in Alton, Illinois, Miles received his first trumpet when he was 13; while still a high school student in East St. Louis, he was blowing with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie during their appearances in the Gateway City. When Davis was 19, he went to New York, where he studied at Juilliard, roomed with the legendary Parker and turned up as a sideman in a number of leading Manhattan jazz galleries. After experimenting with a few small combos of his own—and following a self-imposed exile in Detroit, where he consolidated his sound—Miles formed a quintet in 1955, and has been a standout ever since. Much of the Miles mystique hinges on his apparent unconcern for show-business etiquette: The introspective 42-year-old musician rarely seems aware of his audiences, eschews the amenities involved in the many awards that come his way and performs only infrequently. "I never work steady," he says. "I play music more for pleasure than for work." As his legions of fans know, one need not—and should not—ask more of an artist.*

first jazz department at a black college.

The rising emphasis on black culture on American campuses also indicated a new role for the jazz musician. In July, Byrd was co-organizer of The Quest for Black Identity in the Fine Arts, a festival-symposium at North Carolina College; and David Baker was set to head the first Institute of Black Music at Indiana University. Funded by the Office of Education, the eight-week seminar was to be based on four courses in black music and related cultural elements. Yet another augury of the future importance of jazz in the universities was the presence last spring of Cecil Taylor as "artist in residence" at Stanford, on invitation of the student body.

There were other signs of the legitimization of jazz. Gil Evans and Jimmy Giuffre were awarded Guggenheim Fellowships for composition (Ornette Coleman had been the first jazzman to receive one). And following the Music Educators' National Conference in Seattle, 500 school music teachers signed up as charter members of the new National Association of Jazz Educators. But, as vibist Gary Burton, whose audience spans jazz and pop listeners, pointed out during the year, the liberation of school music instruction has only begun. He and other young musicians called for teaching that takes into account the overlapping of cultures that is the essence of today's music scene—the intertwining of rock, jazz, country and western, classical, blues and experimental electronic music.

As it is now, with college music departments only starting to become aware of jazz, student-directed campus concerts are an increasingly important booking circuit for the vividly diverse pop and rock performers. During the current season, for example, fees range from $1500 (the Chambers Brothers, Richie Havens), $4500 (the Vanilla Fudge, Spanky and Our Gang), $6000-plus (Glen Campbell), $10,000-plus (the Supremes), to nearly $20,000 (Jimi Hendrix). But in terms of home-grown music, jazz is still a vital factor on many campuses. Again, there were well-attended regional jazz festivals and two climactic events. In March, 13 colleges and universities were represented at the tenth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame. There, the University of Illinois Jazz Band, conducted by John Garvey, was selected as both the best big band and the best over-all jazz group. In June, the national finals of the 1968 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival were held in St. Louis. With an original field of 750 colleges having been narrowed to 15 finalists, the University of Illinois Jazz Band again won major honors. The Illini went on to triumph among the professionals at the Newport Jazz Festival in July before touring Yugoslavia, Romania, Ireland, Sweden, Austria, Finland, Norway and Iceland, under the auspices of the United States State Department.

Newport, the diadem of the festivals programed and directed by George Wein (the last of the big-time jazz promoters), set attendance records, with more than 54,000 at the four evening and three afternoon performances. Among the other celebrations staged by the peripatetic Mr. Wein were events in Boston; Charlotte, North Carolina (sponsored by the city, as part of its bicentennial); Mexico City and Puebla, Mexico; Hampton Institute, Virginia (the first full-scale jazz fete at a black college); Austin, Texas (The Longhorn Jazz Festival); and Pittsburgh. Some of those dates were included in an eight-week, 20-city tour that Wein packaged for a large brewing company, with such consumer attractions as Dionne Warwick, Cannonball Adderley, Thelonious Monk and Herbie Mann. On the basis of his far-flung experiences, Wein decried talk of the death of jazz, pointing to larger festival audiences than the year before and to the significant fact that these audiences are increasingly interracial. "We look to the black people for the future of jazz," Wein told syndicated music columnist Ralph Gleason. "The attendance of Negroes at the festivals is up 60 percent to 70 percent over last year."

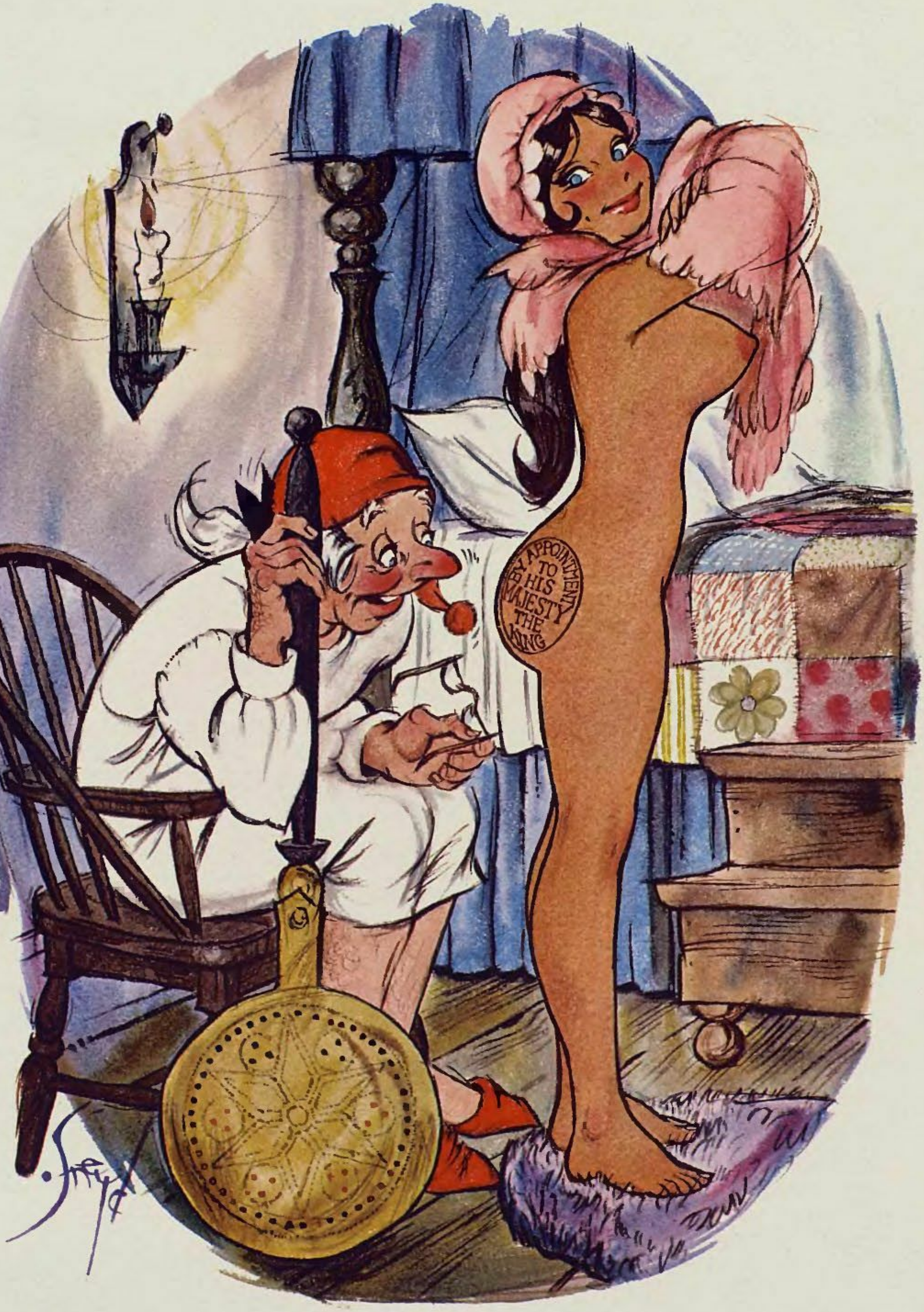
Among other substantial festivals was Jazzfest '68, marking the 250th anniversary of the founding of New Orleans. Held in May, it began with a jazz Mass at St. Louis Cathedral, where the Most Reverend Phillip M. Hannan, Archbishop of New Orleans, declared that "Jazz has been an open-end dialog for all men" and that its most important aspect "is its spirit of exultation." There were parades, a jazz trip up the Mississippi in a riverboat, and concerts. At one of the concerts, Louis Armstrong came home to a standing ovation and a plaque from the state of Louisiana in recognition of his contributions to music. So successful was this New Orleans tribute to the music it helped spawn that there will now be an annual festival under the direction of Willis Conover. The 11th annual Monterey Jazz Festival, in late September, did well in attendance but was sharply criticized for its too predictable and poorly coordinated programing. Once known as the musicians' festival, Monterey would seem to be in need of spiritual regeneration.

Similar, though less vehement, charges were made by some concerning the Newport Folk Festival; but even its critics appreciated that event's wide-ranging variety—from Roy Acuff and Pete Seeger through B. B. King and Junior Wells to The Kaleidoscope, a Los Angeles rock group that not only fuses country music and blues but is also fond of electronically flavored Turkish dances. Indicating the elasticity of the term "folk" in this time of ceaseless musical interaction was the presence at Newport of Janis Joplin, then still with Big Brother and the Holding Company. And further illustrating one of the year's strongest trends, Joan Baez' performance included a set of country songs with accompaniment by a Bluegrass band. As for attendance, all records were broken, as more than 70,000 went to Newport during the five folk days in late July.

Another festival that underlined the year's expansion of musical definitions and the blending of idioms was the third annual Memphis Blues Festival, also in July. There were rural, black country blues, Gospel, soul sounds of the city and the Electric Blue Watermelon—a ten-man combo that may provide a portent of the freewheeling diversity of the next generation of musicians. The full group plays modern electrified rhythm and blues; a quartet occasionally breaks off from it to play contemporary free-form jazz; and yet another internal unit, The Insect Trust, creates new forms of pop music based on blues traditions.

Of the numerous annual European festivals, among the more interesting were those in Montreux, Switzerland (June), and Pori, Finland (July). Although such American notables as Bill Evans and Nina Simone appeared at Montreux, its essential contribution is the emphasis on European jazz, with groups last summer from 13 countries—including Yugoslavia, Hungary, Poland and East Germany. The Pori International Jazz Festival, started and sustained by young enthusiasts, mostly students, has in three years become the main musical event of the Finnish summer scene. There, too, in addition to American guests, the concerts provide a valuable forum for the best of European jazzmen. Elsewhere in Europe, there was hardly a country without a jazz festival, from Poland (Wroclaw) in March through the U. S. S. R. (Tallin and Moscow), Yugoslavia (Bled), France (Antibes–Juan-les-Pins), Norway (Molde), Poland (the 11th international festival in Warsaw) to the Berlin Jazz Days in November. And in an unprecedentedly ambitious promotional endeavor, the United States Travel Service of the Department of Commerce and Pan American World Airways sponsored a tour of 18 major European cities in October and November by Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie and the Newport All-Stars. At the organizing center was, of course, the ubiquitous George Wein.

The political overtones of both jazz and the new pop were also evident this past year in Europe and other countries. After the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, for example, *The New York Times* reported from Moscow: "At the railwaymen's club on Komsomolskaya Square, a ragtime, blues and spiritual group from Prague, called the Traditional Jazz Studio, was playing a



"You came highly recommended, but I had no idea . . . !"

concert. A gutsy Gospel singer had the final number. For the first and only time during the evening, she translated the English words for the audience. 'I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield—down by the riverside,' the Czech girl said in Russian, slowly and with emphasis. 'Ain't gonna study war no more.' 'Perhaps they'll understand,' a Czech in the audience said to his neighbor."

In October, a *Times* dispatch from Vienna disclosed that the year-old *Austria 3*, a pop radio station, has enjoyed such success with the young in Austria and her Communist neighbors that it has become "a powerful influence in the popular culture of this part of the world, helping to shape the way of life of the generation under 25." Pop recordings transmitted by the Vienna station are taped by youngsters in Communist countries and replayed indefinitely. *Austria 3*, moreover, "is credited with having been one of the most important vehicles for the spread of American 'soul' music in the Communist world." And from Cuba, toward the end of the year, came news of a growing number of rebellious youths with long hair, wearing beads, who, according to an official spokesman, had been "debauched by the Beatles and that other epileptic music, which is also perversion."

But American music as an expression of rebellion and resistance was not for export only. Early in the year, Joan Baez, having married draft resister David Harris, former president of the student body at Stanford, went on a tour with her husband that included a series of lecture-discussions on the Vietnam war and the draft. Meanwhile, Peter, Paul and Mary took a stand by being the most prominent of the pop groups in Gene McCarthy's campaign. In the spring, during the Columbia University rebellion, the Grateful Dead gave a free concert on the "liberated" campus. Ornette Coleman and his quartet appeared at Resurrection City in Washington during the Poor People's Campaign. And among the founders of the Youth International Party (the Yippies) as it announced it would stage a Youth Festival in Chicago during the Democratic Convention were Country Joe and the Fish, the Fugs, Arlo Guthrie and Phil Ochs. When the time came, between tear-gas assaults, Phil Ochs and a number of rock groups were, indeed, in Chicago. However, by the end of the year, music as a political instrument lost—perhaps temporarily—its lure for many performers. When the conventions were over, none of the candidates appeared likely to be responsive to *Alice's Restaurant*. To no one's surprise, for instance, Spiro Agnew's favorite musicians turned out to be Mantovani and Lawrence Welk.

But ironic dissent did continue to be part of the new music, along with its affirmation of doing one's own thing—energizing qualities that intrigued more and more film producers, particularly in view of the interest created by Simon and Garfunkel's score for *The Graduate*. Explaining the reasons for the increasing use of rock in movies, Larry Turman, producer of *The Graduate*, noted: "First, there has been a tremendous explosion of talent in this field; pop music is best suited to what a lot of kids are expressing. Second, there's a thing about the combination of this music and movies; you find someone hip about Kurosawa or Fellini and he probably likes the Rolling Stones. And, third, the publicity from the radio play of songs from a film is a valuable lure."

It seemed logical, therefore, when Jean-Luc Godard began filming his *One Plus One* in London with the Rolling Stones as featured performers and later in the year focused on the Jefferson Airplane while shooting his *One American Movie* in New York. And Donovan, having finished the script and score for a film, announced that discussions were taking place that might result in Ingmar Bergman's directing it. Released during the year was *Revolution*, a documentary on the hippies, with music by Country Joe and the Fish, Mother Earth, the Steve Miller Blues Band and the Quicksilver Messenger Service. Rock was also a prominent element in *Wild in the Streets*; and the musician-performers in Peter Yarrow's *You Are What You Eat* included Tiny Tim, the Band from Big Pink, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and the Electric Flag.

The Mothers of Invention recorded the sound track for a documentary, *Uncle Meat*, and are planning to make their own films. Eric Clapton's next major project, following the final breakup of the Cream (if it is final), will be a movie that he intends to write, direct and coproduce. Arthur (*Bonnie and Clyde*) Penn indicated his awareness of the attraction of the new music by scheduling a film version of Arlo Guthrie's *Alice's Restaurant*. Arlo will also probably appear in *Bound for Glory*, a forthcoming feature-length picture on the life of his father, Woody. At the other end of the spectrum from Arlo Guthrie's quixotic life and musical style, Petula Clark, having scored in *Finian's Rainbow*, has gone on to star in another movie musical, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, with Peter O'Toole.

An important advance in the use of black soul music in films was Jules Dassin's commissioning of Booker T. Jones (Booker T. and the MG's) to write and arrange the score for *Up Tight*, a film on revolutionary black consciousness costarring Ruby Dee and Julian Mayfield. And Dionne Warwick turned actress in *The Slaves*, a picture about slavery in the South, with Ossie Davis and Stephen Boyd.

Jazzmen were also engaged in filmwork—as composers, performers and subjects. Marcel Camus, who directed *Black Orpheus*, assigned alto saxophonist–writer Marion Brown to write and play the music for his next film, *Le Temps Fou*. Charles Mingus was the subject of a film portrait, Tom Reichman's widely discussed *Mingus*; and Shirley (*The Connection, The Cool World, Jason*) Clarke was working on a 90-minute documentary on Ornette Coleman. Elvin Jones, for a long time the late John Coltrane's drummer, was further proof this past year that jazz and jazzmen are likely to become more involved in films, particularly as the numbers of young, independent film makers inevitably increase. Jones scored and played the music for *The Long Stripe*; and he will add acting to those two functions in *The Third Bird*. Meanwhile, in Hollywood, composer graduates of the jazz scene continued to be prominent in writing for movies. Lalo Schifrin was represented during the year with the scores for *Cool Hand Luke* and *The Fox*; and his 1969 credits will include *Hell in the Pacific* and *The Brotherhood*, starring Kirk Douglas. Quincy Jones, who created the memorable theme for *In the Heat of the Night*, included among his projects the music for *Mackenna's Gold*.

In the theater, jazz has appropriately been designated the musical foundation for *Lenny*, a stage kaleidoscope of the essential Lenny Bruce. Jazzman Charles Lloyd was appointed the production's musical director. After *Lenny* tours the college circuit, its Broadway opening is scheduled for late spring of this year. The big news in theater, however, has been the revolution in expectations of the musical stage as a result of the rock invasion. *Hair*, which set directions for musicals to come, continued its long Broadway run and triumphed as well in London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Munich and Los Angeles. By year's end, additional companies were being rehearsed for Acapulco, San Francisco and Tokyo. *Your Own Thing*, a rock adaptation of *Twelfth Night*, was set for production in 12 countries; and a film version will be shot in London and New York in 1969. John Sebastian, formerly of the Lovin' Spoonful, also moved the new music onto the stage by writing the score for Murray Schisgal's *Jimmy Shine*, starring Dustin Hoffman. Meanwhile, Burt Bacharach and Hal David were writing the score for *Promises, Promises*, a Broadway version of the 1960 Academy Award–winning film *The Apartment*. In describing his plans for the show, Bacharach revealed how basically the Broadway musical was going to change: "The sound I want to get in the theater is the one we achieve in the recording studio. I'll probably use a sprinkling of electrical instruments and I plan to use a variety of mikes, as well as different groupings of my musicians."

(continued on page 154)

THE MYTH OF THE ORGANIZATION MAN

THAT CORPORATE STEREOTYPE OF THE BLAND LEADING THE BLAND DOESN'T EXIST—AND FOR GOOD REASON

ARTICLE **BY J. PAUL GETTY** I IMAGINE that almost everyone is familiar with the age-old, perennially popular game "Bait the Businessman." But for the benefit of those who, by some freak of fate, have remained ignorant of the game, permit me to describe its rudimentary form.

Any number—from one to millions—can play. There are no rules—or, rather, as long as the player remembers to derogate businessmen for selfishness, misdeeds and effronteries, the player can make his own rules. Beginners may improve their technique by studying the effusions of professional coaches, such as the German socialist August Bebel, whose 19th Century handbook recommends such classic opening gambits as: "The nature of all business is swindling."

I do not intend to topple the towers of Bebel or to battle other *aficionados* of the game. My immediate concern is with a much-refined version of the original sport that has gained favor in recent years. Unlike the parent pastime, the objective of this variant is not to tar and feather businessmen but to dress them in the drab cloak of conformity. There are two ways to score points. One is by maintaining that a business career is a deadly bore, a rat-race or a soul destroyer (select one or coin your own). The other is by steadfastly averring that businessmen are dull, achromatic creatures devoid of initiative, creativity and courage.

Bonus points are awarded for negative characterizations couched in the heliotrope prose of the dead gray-flannel-suit days. For example, a player would be assured of an upper-division rating if he declared, "Businessmen are faceless automatons plodding seriatim through the deepest grooves of organization, constantly glancing over their shoulders in fear, unfeelingly trampling the bodies of their fellows who fall by the wayside."

Of course, I reject the contention that business is boring. For those who enthusiastically decide to make it their career, business offers challenge, excitement and risks galore—as much of each as any man could desire or handle. "Business *is* an adventure," John Brooks has written, and the emphasis is his.

Take, for example, the romance of the oil business—which is the business I know best. Its romance is reflected even in the normally dry-as-dust legal precedents that govern the industry. Many years ago, American courts established the legal concept of the "law of capture," ruling that oil is like the wild animal in the jungle: It belongs to the man who finds and captures it. The analogy between oil and jungle beast can be carried considerably further. Both are elusive, unpredictable—and frequently dangerous. Although it is possible on rare occasions to stumble across either unwittingly, in the vast majority of instances, both must be hunted down with patience, brought to bay with caution and subdued swiftly. Furthermore, both oilmen and big-game hunters are likely to range over remote and forbidding regions in search of their prey, facing great hardships in the process.

Excitement in business? I remember one incident—by no means unique in my experience—when, in 1923, my father's Nordstrom well, located *(continued on page 164)*

A TOAST TO TIFFIN

jet-set cinema star pamela tiffin pauses between overseas movies for an exclusive—and revealing—playboy pictorial

TWO OF THE MOST ENDURING MYTHS in the mythmakers' paradise of Hollywood hold that every star should be discovered by accident and that any girl who gets typecast as a scatterbrain is really an intellectual. Pamela Tiffin in each instance happens to be the exception that proves that myths aren't always untrue. On a Thanksgiving trip to Hollywood in 1960, Pamela took a tour of the Paramount Studios with friends, was approached

in the commissary by lieutenants of producer Hal Wallis and that afternoon found herself reading for the role of Nellie in Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*. She got the part, of course, and within the year had finished work on two more films—Billy Wilder's *One, Two, Three* and 20th Century-Fox' *State Fair*. And she got the Hollywood superbuild-up: "Pamela is the greatest film discovery since Audrey Hepburn," said Wilder. "She learns so quickly,

I can't understand why she isn't on the Supreme Court bench." None of her eight subsequent American films revealed Pamela's acknowledged braininess, though not all were mindless: Besides such forgettable beach-and-surf epics as *For Those Who Think Young* and *The Lively Set*, she also appeared in *The Hallelujah Trail* with Burt Lancaster and in *Harper* with Paul Newman. Now 26, a veteran of art-history courses at Columbia and language courses at

Berlitz—she's fluent in French, Italian and Spanish—Pamela has spent the past few years filming in Rome. For *Kiss the Other Sheik*, in which she became the first American actress to play opposite Marcella Mastroianni, Pamela reluctantly bleached her brunette locks—but loved the results: "Go blande, gain weight and lose yaur inhibitions," she told her fans through a reparter soon after the change. Herewith, then, the uninhibited Pamela.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHIARA SAMUGHEO

James McMullan

**when the prison gates
were blown, forrester had
fulfilled his end of the bargain—
but he still had no guarantee
his kidnapers would keep theirs**

Conclusion of a Novel

By FRANCIS CLIFFORD

ANOTHER WAY OF DYING

SYNOPSIS: The little fat man was a born loser and, after his last disastrous venture in roulette, he took poison in the night. Neal Forrester, who happened to be staying in the next hotel room in that Sicilian resort town, was left with the job of dealing with the police on behalf of Inger, the lovely and bewildered blonde companion the fat man had left behind.

En route by car to Palermo on their way home to England and Norway, Forrester and Inger were kidnaped by a sinister pair of Sicilian brothers and taken to a lonely mountain hut, where their uncle Salvatore was awaiting the brothers' delivery of a rich couple named Russell, for whom they had been mistaken. The ransom was to provide the 5,000,000 lire needed to spring nephew Angelo from the local jail. Forrester and Inger were not only the wrong couple, they weren't rich. Salvatore soon discovered, however, that Forrester was an explosives expert. If you couldn't bribe Angelo's way out of jail, you could always spring him by blowing up the main gate, Salvatore figured. Forrester was outraged by this proposed use of his expertise; but, cooled off by Salvatore's threats of the horrible things that could happen to Inger should he refuse, he finally agreed to instruct the gang in dynamiting. Under the eye of Margherita, the jailed man's pretty wife, Forrester reconnoitered. He tested the stolen explosives, prepared the fuse assembly and returned to the hut.

INGER HAD TAKEN a candle into their room. Forrester went in after her and shut the door. He sat on the side of the bed and began making up the 12 plaster gelatin charges, using one and a half slabs for each. Candlelight was good enough for this but not for grafting fuse. Inger was lying down; the damp chill was rising again and soon she pulled the blanket across her legs.

Outside the window, the pines stood motionless in the strengthening starlight. One of the men left the hut and presently one came back—Luigi, relieved of his stint; his accent was less marked than any of the others. A chair scraped, a bottle clinked against glass, footsteps sounded about the room and the various voices mingled, clashed, bridged the silences on their own.

He heard Salvatore say, "Come, *ragazza*, you have worked enough, and tomorrow night you will need your strength. The last hours are always the longest"—and, as usual, there was that rare affection in his tone, a genuine concern, as if he knew from the past what it was to have been softened by a woman.

Forrester slid his feet under the blanket, not tired so much as weakened by everything the past two days had done to him. He lay with his hands behind his head, gazing at the mildewed ceiling in the dim yellow glow of the single candle, deliberately distracting himself from the pathways in the shadows of his mind.

"The other day," Inger spoke, "you said you had been married."

"That's right."

"Were you divorced?"

"She died in a car crash."

"I am sorry."

"Seven years ago. We were in Portugal." For some reason, Forrester felt impelled to go on; even this was a distraction. "There was no other car—it wasn't that sort of accident. Diana was driving and she misjudged her speed as we came into a corner. She braked and we skidded through the posts and over the top. Both of us were flung out as the car somersaulted. About fifty feet from the road, the hillside plunged straight down—a sheer drop. The car disappeared after the first bounce and I thought for a moment Diana had gone with it—until she called, that is. All I could see were her head and arms; she was literally clinging to the edge of the cliff. I started down and got very near . . . very near. But there was a lot of loose stone and the edge kept crumbling away. . . . Our fingers must have been within a foot of touching." He broke off for a few seconds, then added: "She was an excellent driver normally."

"You need not have told me," Inger said. "I didn't mean to——"

"It's all right."

He wasn't one of those who found it easy to unburden himself, to expose the secret places, the lost hopes, the shattered dreams. Only twice in his life had he been overwhelmed by the need to speak of what was buried in him, and both times he had just arrived home—once from Korea and once from Portugal, once to an enthusiastic welcome, once to shocked commiserations. Home was the place where you went and they took you in; yet it was also where what he had tried to squeeze out of himself never came when it mattered. Inside, he'd been crying for help—both times, desperate to let someone share every numbing gun-flash cameo of that rearguard action, or how Diana's eyes had stared at him when her grip started to go and the slithering sound of the sliding shale as it swept her away, or Corporal Dunbar's scream, "My legs, sir! Jesus, my legs!" as the blood pumped onto the mud from the jagged stumps of his thighs. All that and more, more. Sharing it would have helped, but each

attempt had been a failure. Instead, there was his father at the party and the embarrassing little speech, champagne in hand; his father on the telephone, ringing his cronies ("Yes, Neal's home. In very good shape, thanks, none the worse for wear, from the look of him."), his father alone with him and saying: "The M. C.'s a damned fine decoration. Well done, Neal. I'm proud of you." No help there, no ability to pierce the stiff-lipped barriers between them, neither then nor after Portugal and Diana's funeral, walking together between the pruned roses, their collars turned against the wind—"You did everything a man could, Neal. My God, you almost went, too. Now you've got to be practical and think of the future, only the future. There's no other way, believe me."

Salvatore coughed at the table. There were fewer of them with him now; two, at least, had gone to the other rooms, and no one went on watch after Carlo. "Bring him in," Salvatore had muttered around nine o'clock. Some minutes earlier, Forrester had heard a scratching sound at the door and guessed that they were being locked in. He accepted it without bothering to make sure; there were no options open to him and never really had been.

"What kind of place is Peterborough?"

Inger's face was profiled by the candle glow. He said lightly: "Do you honestly want to know, or are you just filling in time?"

Salvatore belched and shoved away his chair. The sliver of light under the door angled and vanished as he passed along the room. He must have been alone, for as soon as he went, the soft splashing of the waterfall was the only sound in the silence of the night.

"Monday, Palermo," Forrester said. "Tuesday or Wednesday, Oslo and Peterborough. Just think of that, nothing else."

She reached out and touched his face, as if in gratitude. And all at once, desire flooded him. And suddenly he was lost in the sensation of his mouth and body against hers, clumsily, painfully; it had been a long time. For a few seconds, a wordless passion possessed them; then she pushed him away, partially releasing herself to twist round and extinguish the candle on the floor beside the bed. The dark swallowed them and the room vanished. "Neal," she whispered.

The skill of her lips and, fumbling, the coolness of her breasts. A glimmer of starlight touched her spread hair and hinted at the structure of her face. She giggled like a guilty child when the rusty bedsprings creaked. And when the frenzy came, a tiny corner of Forrester's mind was prepared to stifle her cry. But there was only the smallest whimper from her. Presently she curled away, and he lay on his back, the blood-red darkness beating behind his closed eyes, his brain wonderfully at a standstill.

• • •

He was the first to go outside next morning. Pinned to their door was a scrap of paper on which was scrawled in capitals NON DISTURBARE. Angrily, he tore it away.

When he came back from the falls a few minutes later, Margherita had the coffee on the table. The sketch of Monteliana was smudged by the passage of hands and the movement of elbows but remained perfectly distinct. Forrester studied it; a few arrows pointed cryptically; and clear of the north wall, Salvatore had placed a cross and ringed it round, but a worthwhile interpretation was impossible.

"So eager, friend? You surprise me." Forrester looked up; Salvatore had emerged from the end room, buckling his belt. "How are the explosives? We leave here late afternoon."

"I'll have them for you by noon. And this afternoon, I can give detailed instruction to whichever one you nominate."

One by one, they all came into the big room as Salvatore downed the last of his coffee and began darkening the lines of the sketch with a new piece of charcoal, whistling tunelessly between his teeth. He continued like this for several minutes, sometimes glancing at one or the other almost as if he were deliberately provoking an opening question.

Eventually, he succeeded; from the window, Giuseppe grumbled rebelliously: "When are we to be let into the secret?"

"Sit down," Salvatore said. "Sit down and listen—all of you. You, too, Margherita. Each of you has a part to play. Listen as you have never listened before. And remember——"

"Who remains here?" Giuseppe again.

"Do you hope it will be you? Monteliana will be no place for boys."

Giuseppe flushed. "I wouldn't take that from anyone else."

"Calm yourself," Salvatore said easily. "Calm yourself and listen. Luigi stays. Luigi is the youngest."

"That is unfair," Luigi protested, hands spreading.

"You stay, and that is final."

Standing by the wall, Forrester was relieved: anyone but Giuseppe.

Salvatore bent his shoulders over the outline on the table. "Everything will depend on timing—so I begin with the timing. At dusk, we leave and travel by the back roads. By five in the morning, all must be ready—and this is why. At five, the priest will be roused at his house; at half past, entrance will be made through the side gate." He indicated the small gate in the southwest corner of the west wall. "At a quarter to six, Angelo will confess through the speaking hole in his cell door."

"Ayee," Carlo broke in uneasily, quick-witted for once. "Where is this leading?"

"Instead of the priest at the door, it will be one of us. Angelo will confess nothing, but he will learn everything." Salvatore stared at them, the pale eyes bloodshot. There was a long pause. "Are you suddenly saints? Are you all so pure?"

Giuseppe licked his lips. "I don't like it."

"You I expect not to like anything," Salvatore flared. "But listen, all of you—how else can we warn him? You know about the letter Margherita delivered. It was asking the priest to say a Mass for your mother on the anniversary of her death and for Angelo to be——"

"Monday is not the anniversary."

"*Esatto!* You know it and Angelo knows it. Wasn't she his mother, too? Put yourself in his place. He has been waiting for something from us—a sign, a hint. We promised him, remember?" Salvatore paused, looking across at Margherita. More gently, he said: "Does it offend you, *ragazza?*" And when she refrained from raising her eyes to him, he began tapping his chest with both hands. "If there is a sin, it will be mine and mine alone. I am dealing with the priest. I shall be wearing his clothes. He comes and goes without restraint and so shall I. It is still dark at that hour. The morning Mass is at a quarter to seven, but there will be no Mass. Other things will have happened before Angelo is escorted to the chapel." He paused. "Very well. Now we come to the bulldozer. That surprises you, eh? The driver enters the service gate a little before seven; but tomorrow morning, Giuseppe will be inside before him. Giuseppe, you will come through the priest's gate with me and wait in the chapel enclosure." Salvatore pinpointed the place with a blackened fingernail. "At six-thirty, you climb the enclosure wall and start the bulldozer."

"And——" Giuseppe prompted.

"You don't like it, do you? Your face is as good as a second tongue."

Giuseppe. Luigi, Salvatore. That meant Carlo would place and detonate the charges: not an encouraging choice.

"You're the mechanic," Salvatore said. "That is why I chose you for this. You are the one to get the bulldozer working. If you can't, we fail. So listen. There is a towing chain on that bulldozer—you have seen it when looking into Monteliana from the cliff. You will hook it to the bars of Angelo's cell and rip them out. I have watched grilles removed during clearance work in Agrigento and they come away like dead wood from a tree."

"Grilles, maybe."

"These bars will be no different. Within two minutes of starting the

(continued on page 148)

LOOKING OVER THE OVERLOOKED ELBOW

humor

BY RICHARD ARMOUR

for eons man has rejoiced at a well-turned leg, a saucy derrière, a full-bloomed, proud bosom—the time has come to savor a sadly neglected corner of the female anatomy!

FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, I have lately been thinking of the female elbow. Perhaps I have been thinking of the elbow out of perverseness. By this I do not mean that I am perverted or that I have an elbow fetish or anything of the sort. It is merely that so few have given any thought to the elbow that it seems high time to give this important part of the body its due.

The female breast has been widely photographed and highly praised. Sometimes, indeed, it has been highly photographed and widely praised. At any rate, both height and breadth have entered into it. The female leg, too, has been pictured and described without stint. (Had a stint been of any help, I am sure it would have been used also.) But the elbow remains unsung and largely ignored.

One reason may be that the female elbow is so much like the male elbow. It is not so different, for instance, as the male chest and the female breast, no matter how you look at it. It may be a little softer and, when relaxed, a little smaller. But there is nothing very sexy about it. Freud, who saw something Freudian in just about everything, completely overlooked the elbow. So, also, have Albert Ellis, Havelock Ellis and Krafft-Ebing. If there is anything dirty about the elbow, I am sorry to say, it can usually be washed off.

Discouraging as this is, the female elbow is with us to stay. It is part of the whole package. You can't take it or leave it; you have to take it. Perhaps I am especially mindful of the elbow because the German word for elbow is *Ellbogen* or, in its earlier form, *Ellenbogen*. What interests me about this is that I knew a girl in high school whose name was Ellen Bogen. If anyone were to have distinctive elbows, comparable with a 42-inch bust, it should have been Ellen. Her elbows ought to have been especially large or firm or well shaped or something. But as I think back on it, or them, they were just ordinary elbows; and if any of the boys turned to look at Ellen, it was not her elbows that caught their eye. I was one who always turned and looked, and I know. Ellen had a peculiar but attractive wiggle as she walked; and by the time I had finished looking at this, she was too far away for me to notice anything special about her elbows.

If anyone who reads this is named Ellen Bogen, she should not feel unduly self-conscious. After all, an elbow in French is *un coude*; and though I have never known anyone named Un Coude, or Anne Coude, the word has a salacious sound. Of course, it takes a little of the thrill out of it when you realize the word is masculine. This means, I suppose, that Frenchwomen have male elbows, which is a somewhat unsettling thought to anyone who had thought of Frenchwomen as being especially feminine. On the other hand, this shows how dangerous it is ever to say of some luscious creature, "She is every inch a woman." Remember those elbows, at least when you are in France.

Elbows, in case you have never noticed, are much like knees, except that they work backward. That is, they bend in the opposite direction. If you are despondent about something, just think how much worse a fix you would be in if your knees bent the way your elbows did and your elbows bent the way your knees did. Walking would be difficult, though you would be able to scratch your stomach with your toes, should you wish to. Shaving oneself would be almost impossible, and this would be a boon to business in barbershops, though a barber would have to stand with his back to the client in the chair and shave him while looking into a mirror.

Elbows and knees have one thing in common: They are both joints. It was Lady Astor, I believe, who once said, "Next to a hamburgerstand, a woman's knee is the ugliest joint in the world." But this is the opinion of a woman, or a lady. Actually, the female knee is something the normal man, and perhaps even the abnormal man, can gaze upon with pleasure. Women know this, and that is why they keep raising and lowering the hemline of their skirts, in a kind of now-you-see-it-now-you-don't game. The female knee is attractive in itself, being smooth, sometimes dimpled and pleasing not only to the eye but to the touch. The knee is also titillating, because when you get as far as the knee, you think you are beginning to get somewhere. Whatever Lady Astor may have thought, Lord Astor probably had other ideas. Indeed, it may have been because of Lady Astor that he never said publicly what might have made an even more interesting quotation than his wife's.

But what of the knee's fellow joint, the elbow? The elbow is, after all, higher placed than the knee and perhaps has been unduly demeaned. Though I must confess that my inspection of the female elbow has had little or no effect on my libido, I think a few good words can be said for this *(concluded on page 195)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROY MOOOY

GIRLS' LEATHER OUTFITS BY (L TO R) MALLORY, PIERRE CARDIN FOR BONWIT TELLER AND PHILIP SILLS. LEATHER SCULPTURES BY KALINOWSKI FROM LEFEBRE GALLERY.

LEATHER'S NEW LOOK

the latest sartorial skin game—elegantly tailored hide-and-sleek trappings

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

Within the past year, acknowledgment of leather as a fashionable male trapping has inspired a plenitude of sophisticoted new wearables. Smartly tailored adaptations of classic trench- and greatcoats in calfskin have the urban scene snugly wrapped up, while supple kid-leather suits and sports jackets are being warmly received by elegantly togged indoor spartsmen. Here, our artful gallerygoers stand ready for leather weather—after having wisely added slick new items to their wardrobes. From left to right: Lad favors an imported French calfskin double-breasted jacket with hacking pockets, by De Noyer, $225. Tall chap in turtleneck stonds out in an imported antiqued-glove-leather double-breasted greatcoat with a fox fur collar and a deep center vent, by Euraphilia, $275. The next polished gentleman prefers a grained kid-leather double-breasted shoped suit with wide lapels, deep center vent and flared legs, by Ericson of Sweden, $195. Our end man also sports a stylish hide; he's donned a soft glove-leather double-breasted coat with notched lapels, a half belt and a yoke bock, by Pierre Cardin for Bonwit Teller, $375.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

"Cranston, it's time we faced facts about Inez.
Nobody, but nobody, makes two hundred dollars a night
selling cosmetics door to door."

a story from the Turkish

the meek wolf among the savage lambs

Ribald Classic

IN THE REIGN of our Sultan Abdul Hamid, it suddenly became very fashionable among the infidels to visit our glorious capital. Overnight, great trains, real caravansaries on wheels, with bedrooms, bathrooms and restaurants installed in their railroad carriages, seemed to have unloaded, on the platforms of Sirkeji station, the oddest assortment of monocled and side-whiskered gentlemen accompanied by their unveiled women, who wore dead birds on their heads and had the voices of petulant screech owls. All of them were intent, with an indecent curiosity, on violating what they believed to be the mysteries of our enigmatic Orient.

The news of this still relatively peaceful invasion soon penetrated the harems of the more elegant yalis, or waterfront villas, inhabited by the great Ottoman families, along the shores of the Bosporus. In the absence of their husbands, most of whom now played poker all day in the halls of the Pera Palace Hotel in the Beyoğlu quarter of Istanbul, these idle ladies of our harems began to organize tea parties, known in French as "*le five-o'clock*," at which they entertained, with such outlandish delicacies as ham sandwiches, foreign ladies who wore monstrous artificial bottoms that could fool the eye of no reasonable man. Recruited by tourist agencies that promised to arrange that they be admitted to the most inaccessible of our harems, these impudent unveiled creatures paid substantial fees, shared by the touts of the tourist industry with their equally impudent hostesses, for the privilege of then swapping clothes all afternoon with Turkish ladies, who were just as fascinated when they preened themselves in front of a mirror as they tried on a Paris hat or a Viennese *corset brutal* as the assorted foreign visitors were when they discarded their lorgnettes and feather boas for veils or their artificial bottoms for harem robes.

Up to a point, all this was still innocent fun, though it heralded worse to come—I mean the excesses of the present age, when a Turkish gentleman who responds to his country's call and presents himself for a medical examination before joining the armed forces may suddenly find himself fully undressed in the presence of a bevy of shameless women, who claim to have medical degrees from foreign universities with unpronounceable names, while male film stars run around our streets heavily veiled, to protect their insured complexions from the rays of our relatively mild sun.

Be that as it may, it came one day to pass, in those innocent days of the reign of Sultan Abdul Hamid, that a French poet reached Istanbul with an assignment, from the editors of *La Vie Parisienne*, to enter one of our harems under false pretenses in order to reveal to ribald Parisian readers the secrets of our modest family life. Sacrificing his waxed mustache and goatee to the cause of what is now known as the free flow of information, this poet dolled himself up, in his Pera Palace Hotel apartment, as a rather athletic-looking English lady, all tweeds and tobacco-stained finger tips, and then

arranged, through the touts who swarm around the entrance of the Thomas Cook and Son travel service, to be included in one of their organized tea parties, together with a Muscovite princess, two wives of Jewish bankers from Berlin, the late Mrs. Potter Palmer from Chicago, a French cocotte who was traveling as the Comtesse de Mirabelle with a drunken American millionaire from the Barbary coast, wherever that may be, and a tight-lipped English suffragette who already planned to distribute leaflets, specially printed in Turkish, among her unfortunate sisters, her ignominiously secluded hostesses.

The French cocotte, like many ladies of her profession in that culturally enlightened age, happened to be quite a patroness of the arts and of letters, a friend of Pierre Loti and others of his kind. She recognized our distinguished French poet, in spite of his hairless chin and upper lip and odd disguise, at the first glance. But she was a woman of some wit, endowed with a curious mind, and decided to say nothing and to wait and see.

So it came to pass that our party of ladies proceeded, in an assortment of arabas, victorias, barouches, landaus and other carriages, all the way from the Pera Palace Hotel to a yali, situated on the shores of the Bosporus just beyond the Jewish suburb of Ortaköy, where they were all expected that day by one of the more conservative harems of our Ottoman aristocracy. The ladies of this very proper household had, indeed, decided but recently, under the pressure of their lord and master's gambling debts, to violate their cherished privacy by entertaining, for a considerable fee, only the most carefully selected groups of foreign women.

It was a warm day and the drive was longer than our poet had expected. The carriage where he sat was crowded and he was ill at ease in the tight corset to which he was quite unaccustomed. When the party reached the yali of its hostesses, he was already suffering from brief dizzy spells. As the atmosphere of the party became more relaxed, informal and intimate, the ladies began to exchange clothes with delighted squeals. Terrified of being unmasked, our poet sat bolt upright on a divan, the beads of cold sweat trickling down his face and smearing his carefully contrived make-up. The Comtesse de Mirabelle watched him with malicious glee. Suddenly, he swooned.

When he came to the next day, he was surprised by the obsolete pitch of his own voice that rang in his ears like a memory of his almost forgotten and innocent boyhood. With a shock, he realized that he was already an integrated inmate of this harem into which he had been unwise enough to venture. His hostesses, he then learned, had kindly rushed to his rescue, when they saw him swoon, and promptly unlaced his corset. To their horror, they had then discovered that a man was in their midst. Only one thing could now be done to save their honor. The chief eunuch had been hastily summoned and instructed to make our poet immediately acceptable as a harem guest.

When he finally recovered from his operation, a few weeks later, our poet was entrusted, as a kind of French *mademoiselle*, with the education of the young girls of the harem, teaching them to recite *par coeur* the poems of Lamartine and of Eugène Manuel. To his editor at *La Vie Parisienne*, he explained, in a somewhat evasive letter, that he had fallen in love with the Turkish way of life and would probably never return to his old haunts on the Paris boulevards.

Far from ever violating, for ribald French readers, the secrets of our mysterious Orient, he remained content, in the ensuing years, with writing every once in a while a book describing Turkish family life in the most glowing but decorous terms. Several such manuscripts went the rounds of the Paris publishing houses before one could be found with enough courage to risk publishing such unusually decent accounts of the secluded life of our harems. Unfortunately, our poet died relatively young, but his works are now cherished in France as veritable classics of a rare kind of exoticism that concentrates on the virtues rather than the vices of an alien civilization.

—Adapted by Edouard Roditi

ANOTHER WAY *(continued from page 142)*

bulldozer, Angelo will be out of his cell. You will have at least that amount of time before anyone raises the alarm; you are hidden from the reception block and the inner guard on the main gate and no one will immediately question the bulldozer's going into action half an hour early."

This had all the makings of a shambles, one gamble precariously balancing another: it was a house of cards of a plan.

"Then Angelo rides with you across here." Salvatore traced a confident line from the punishment block. "When you are halfway to the gates, the dynamite will be set off and you can crash through what remains of them."

"The wall at Monteliana is as high as three men," Carlo protested. "If I am to blow the gates, how will I know exactly where the bulldozer is?"

Salvatore shook his head. Straightening, he said: "You will be on top of the cliff. The sun will have risen and you will flash a hand mirror when the bulldozer is halfway to the gates. That is your job, Carlo, that and no more." He looked at Forrester. "Our friend will be outside the walls, waiting for your signal.

"You are the expert, you see," Forrester heard Salvatore saying. "The specialist. We are all incompetents, not to be relied upon—you have made that very plain. I am being wise and acting on your advice."

Forrester's voice shook. "I gave you no advice."

"It was implied. You stressed the difficulties, the technicalities."

"I can still teach someone precisely what to do. In an hour. In detail. The assembly will have been made ready, everything prepared."

"We have risks enough without taking on another."

"I am a risk." Desperately, Forrester stepped forward. "You've gone back on your word. You said you would have no interest in us after a certain stage. I've paid enough." He could feel their eyes on him. "*Ho pagato abbastanza.*" With the rage of the deceived, he bawled at Salvatore: "I won't do more."

"But you will. I have already warned you of the consequences."

"Warn away—and be damned. Two can play at this game." He turned, unaware that Inger had come out of their room, cannoning into her. He caught her by the elbow, meaning to retreat with her, lock themselves in, find safety of a sort—God knows. His mind was spinning.

"What's happening?" she began, startled. Giuseppe blocked the way, his flick knife like an extension of his right hand.

"*Lasciami passare,*" Forrester gritted.

Without warning, Salvatore gripped him from behind, one arm round his throat; he must have moved like a cat. Inger let out a cry as Forrester was snatched from her.

"There are more than two. That is your misfortune, *amico*. Now"—to Giuseppe—"take her outside."

"No!" Forrester shouted.

"Outside," Salvatore commanded. "Who cares?" Giuseppe prodded the knife into the small of Inger's back.

"Neal. Oh, God, Neal!" She was wide-eyed as she passed Forrester.

"Stop it!" he appealed to Salvatore. "Call him off. Call him off, d'you hear?"

"You understand now?" The grip was released. "How many times do I have to tell you this is not a game?"

Coughing, Forrester leaned against the wall. Through watering eyes, he saw Inger come like a blur across the room, and he took her in his arms as if she belonged to him.

"You understand now?" Salvatore repeated.

No one was moving. Forrester said bitterly to Margherita: "Is this what you lit your candles for?" Then to Inger: "It's all right. It won't happen again. I'm going to do as they say."

"Do what?" She was trembling.

"Blow the gates for them." He wasn't able to decipher what was in her look. Relief, was it? Nothing more? A part of him wanted more. "At first I refused. It was never part of the deal. They lied to me."

Or had he deceived himself? There and then, he couldn't make sense of his thoughts. All he knew for sure was that he would never forget this place, this lousy room, the dark cynical faces of these people and what they had brought him to; and he feared what he might be brought to yet.

• • •

Forrester gazed at the outline of the lockup in a state of dismay. Technical know-how was not enough. In his mind's eye, he could picture the gates and the culvert and the distance between and the patrolling guard. He was going to be dangerously exposed, in need of all the luck there was; and if luck ran out for any single one of them, it would run out for him, too. All he could visualize was disaster.

"Afterward," he asked Salvatore woodenly, "where do I pick you up?"

"At the fork outside the town—Carlo and me. Giuseppe and Angelo came through the gate, you and Margherita——"

Forrester echoed her name in astonishment.

"You said the dynamite would need two pairs of hands. She will be your other pair." Salvatore measured him with his bloodshot stare. "It is her wish. She won't fail you, if that is what you're thinking. She is not that kind."

• • •

Twice more they covered the details, leaning over the table, pointing, gesticulating, arguing nervously. Only Margherita took no part. And Forrester soon left them; he knew enough. With a kind of heartbreak, he went into the small room and set to work on finishing the fuse assembly.

"The girl's coming with us," he told Inger. "But it could have been worse. Luigi stays with you. At least he's got a little English." Dapper, pigeon-toed Luigi, almost a boy still, the least dangerous of them all. "It won't be so bad."

The fuses were already cut to length. Forrester began fitting the detonators to the branch leads. Somehow, nothing seemed quite real again. He was years removed from the sharp end of danger, unpracticed, unprepared. In a way that he couldn't explain, he wanted Inger to fear for him; and as he bound the first leads to the main stem of instantaneous fuse, he wondered whether she really understood the situation. She seemed withdrawn, calmer again but remote, very quiet as she watched him, as if she couldn't yet grapple with the turn of events. And he wondered for a moment whether she had watched Nolan spin himself to ruin with the same lack of awareness. Yet she had been warm and fierce and generous when she gave herself; did she know no other way?

"It goes on and on," Inger said, the curious accent suggesting blame. "And every time, they ask more."

Forrester's retort was sharper than he realized. "They're warped and bitter and empty-handed, but they've got what they want out of us now."

"If the raid fails? They told you if the raid failed——"

"You mustn't talk that way." Viciously, he snapped off some binding tape. "I'll be here by nine tomorrow morning. Somehow, I'll make it."

"You wouldn't be interested in me afterward."

"You're wrong," he said. "You don't know how wrong you are. More than anything else, I want time in Palermo with you when this is finished."

He bent over the snaking assembly of fuses, trying to give all of his mind to it. The world beyond here was a different place; he could cope with its demands; nothing there would be as extreme as this. But he could see a continuing need for her when they were safe again and his present strained version of himself could be shed like a second skin. A longing like an ache mingled with the raw, prickling anxiety over what lay between and had to be accomplished first.

• • •

He had the assembly finished by 11.

(continued on page 167)

ON HIS WAY TO EPLEY'S BIKE SHOP CHARLEY MEETS A GIRL WITH TWELVE DOGS

lying there in only her miniskirt and calf-high moccasins, she asks him: "will you sort of dump those puppies all over my chest and stomach?"

fiction **BY JAMES D. HOUSTON**

TEN O'CLOCK ON A SATURDAY MORNING and here comes Charley in his big VW bus, red white and blue like a mail truck. He's crossing town to a bike shop to have his gear cable fixed, exhilarated by the brand-new feel of this day, thinking how rain has rinsed it clean and vaguely watching the road for hitchhikers. He likes to pick up hitchhikers on such a day. He'd like to pick up a high school girl. He sees so many on the roads now, wrinkled boots, ranch coats, straight long hair. Something about the long hair gets him, some flash of recklessness. He'd like to flirt a little, seduce one, maybe, if he could figure out a way. He stretches to see his face in the rearview, pushes back his forelock. Charley is 31; his wife and two kids are out of town for the weekend. His bus is equipped for random outings, mattress in back, tin skillet, kerosene stove and, at the moment, one bicycle with cable wires dangling. As he rounds a corner ten blocks from home, he sees the girl he might be looking for sitting on a curb.

She hovers over a box full of puppies, arranging them and reaching out to stroke the hair of a white, black-spotted Dalmatian mother. As Charley passes, the girl extends one pale and leisurely thumb, without looking up. This in itself attracts him. He stops. The Dalmatian climbs in back onto the mattress, among spokes and handle bars; the box of puppies is squirming on the seat between Charley and the girl.

She's around 17, maybe 16, wears calf-high moccasins and a skirt *(continued on page 187)*

Soul Satisfying

from the slave quarters of the old south to today's dinner tables all over america, a rewarding array of simple yet savory dishes

food **By THOMAS MARIO** WHAT'S COOKING in some of the poshest kitchens across this land? Soul food. More and more gourmet chefs are doing it gustatorially with ribs, black-eyed peas, collards and spoon bread—and the reaction of first-time delvers into soul cuisine is usually total delight. Once denigrated as little more than sustenance for the poor, soul food is coming into its own, and justly so: Its imaginative variety and hearty robustness appeal to all except the most confirmed calorie counter. The dishes that today fall under the soul umbrella (trying

to pin down an exact definition of soul food is like attempting to codify the permutations of rock; it's almost impossible) were created out of the direst economic necessity by slaves in the Old South, who had to make do with their masters' discards and leftovers and what they found growing wild in the fields around them. There are African, Cajun and American Indian influences bubbling felicitously together in the savory soul-food cooking pot. There's also much colorful folklore. Take hush puppies, for instance. Legend has it that they got their name from

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

Negro cooks who, after frying fish, would make small corn-meal fritters. They would then throw some of them to the hungry hounds begging around the frying kettle, to keep them from baying. Thus—hush puppies.

It's been argued that soul food is really Southern food and should not be ascribed to one race; but inasmuch as most of the cooks in the pre–Civil War South were Negro, the point is almost academic. Back in those days, the "good and proper" slave was one who obeyed but didn't think. One of the few places on the estate where slaves were allowed to kindle their imaginations was the kitchen of the great house. There, an ingenious and improvisational spray of hot African pepper or ground thyme or Indian sassafras leaves would transform a nondescript gumbo into the most luscious of seafood stews. When the mammy in the kitchen decided to lay on the sugar in the sweet-potato pie, the mistress, who probably never cooked a whole meal in her life, wouldn't dream of crossing the mammy's path.

Nowhere was the black man's culinary ingenuity more apparent than in his ability to transcend the basic foodstuffs with which he had to work. Chitterlings, almost always called by their colloquial sobriquet, chitlins, make an excellent case in point. The intestines of the swine, chitlins rarely found their way to the master's table, even though the English at one time considered them a delicacy. (Thomas Hardy wrote of the "tender links of chitterling" served at an English wedding party.) But in America, it remained the lot of the black man to give the dish its proper due. He spent endless hours scrubbing, scalding and scraping, to get chitlins ready for the pot. Nowadays, most of the time-consuming effort can be bypassed by finding a pork specialty shop that can supply chitlins that have already been cleaned and scraped and are ready for boiling. They should then be simmered for about two hours in salted water, flavored with onion, thyme, vinegar and hot pepper. Once this step is out of the way, the chitlins are split, cut into small pieces, dipped into a fritter batter and deep fried. The crisp, lightly fried morsels that emerge from the kettle will quickly overcome any preconceived notions about the inelegant status of chitlins. Other staples have come in for upgrading in recent years. The once lowly grits are now grist for the party table. Spoon bread has become a delectable corn-meal soufflé, rich with eggs, to be eaten with mountainous applications of fresh butter.

There's a distinctive soul approach to commonplace dishes. Chicken can be fried innumerable ways, but if it's done soul style, it will have been dipped in flour —with almost indecipherable flavors of paprika, cinnamon, pepper, salt and sugar—fried in transparent fat two fingers high and taken off the fire only at the moment of tender truth.

Soul fare features its own particular set of gustatory ground rules. The best of the country hams, the Smithfield from Virginia, should be served either ice cold, sliced paper thin, or warm, combined with the mildest of fresh cream sauces, to balance the intense saltiness of the meat. Light biscuits should never be eaten later than ten minutes after they've been snatched from the oven. As with biscuits, spoon bread should be taken to the table posthaste. To delay in the serving of this feathery deification of the corn god is to court disaster. And speaking of corn meal, soul cooks prefer the white variety over yellow meal. The best corn meal is known as "stone ground," an old process that results in a fluffy meal, less refined than the yellow kind but rich with the sharply etched country flavor of dried corn.

Bachelors who need fresh crab meat but who haven't the time to cook them and extract the meat should buy freshly cooked iced crab lump in screw-top cans—not the hermetically sealed cans. Ask for the grade called deluxe, which means big lumps; the smaller flakes are usually commingled with countless pieces of crab shell.

Any chef who's captain of his soul food must know his spices and face the rewarding fire of cayenne and Tabasco sauce. Unused gumbo filé will not languish on his shelf for years. Pepper will be freshly ground, nutmeg freshly grated. Whenever possible, fresh rather than dried tarragon, chives and parsley will be procured. Since all dried herbs and leaf spices begin to lose their bloom the first time the stopper bottle is unstopped, one should go through his spice shelf and promptly discard those spices that have lost their pungency. Finally, soul cooks must learn how to work quickly, as in frying hush puppies, but also must have the patience to proceed at a deliberate pace when slow cooking is the success secret of dishes such as gumbo or barbecued spareribs.

The following recipes are designed for six hungry soul seekers.

SEAFOOD GUMBO

2 dozen large oysters, freshly shucked
1 lb. deluxe fresh crab lump
1 lb. medium-size shrimps
½ cup shortening
1 cup onion, small dice
½ cup celery, small dice
¼ cup green pepper, small dice
¼ cup sweet red pepper, small dice
2 large bay leaves, chopped fine
½ teaspoon leaf thyme
⅓ cup finely minced fresh parsley
¼ cup flour
1½ quarts chicken broth, fresh or canned
1-lb. can tomatoes
1 cup long-grain rice
Salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
½ teaspoon curry powder
2 teaspoons gumbo filé

Examine crab meat very carefully, lump by lump, and remove any pieces of shell or cartilage. Store in refrigerator. Place shrimps in a saucepan with 1 quart cold water and ¼ teaspoon salt. Bring water to a boil; turn off flame and let shrimps remain in water 5 minutes. Drain shrimps, reserving liquid. Peel shrimps and return shells to cooking liquid. Store shrimps in refrigerator. Simmer liquid and shells *(continued on page 196)*

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"See here, Carstairs—it's my turn to give her a shot!"

JAZZ & POP '69 *(continued from page 130)*

While rock sounds were made manifest frequently *on* television throughout the year—via guest shots on network programs and the growing number of local music shows—there was still no major, regular, prime-time forum devoted entirely to the scope of the new sounds. There were a number of specials, among them *Soul* (with Lou Rawls and Martha & the Vandellas), which was also intended as a pilot for a possible NBC series. Also slotted were *Aretha's World of Soul* on NBC and a Motown collage starring Diana Ross and the Supremes along with The Temptations. On the jazz front, National Educational Television showed four one-hour programs shot at the 1967 Monterey Festival, in addition to four new segments in Ralph Gleason's *Jazz Casual* series. The most deeply affecting jazz television program of the year was a hastily assembled threnody for Robert F. Kennedy on New York's WCBS-TV the day after his funeral. For two and a half hours, with Father Norman O'Connor introducing the artists, and readings from poems, novels and plays, *A Contemporary Memorial* comprised, among others, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, the Thad Jones–Mel Lewis Orchestra, Joe Williams, Bill Evans, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Horace Silver.

The obituary list of musicians during the year included guitarist and new Playboy Hall of Fame member Wes Montgomery; composer-leader Johnny Richards; pianists Luckey Roberts, Hank Duncan and Cy Walter; drummer George Wettling; trumpeters Ziggy Elman and Dick Reudebusch; alto saxophonist Hilton Jefferson; clarinetist Bill Stegmeyer; trombonists Earl Swope and Cutty Cutshall; singer–harmonica player Marion "Little Walter" Jacobs; entertainer-songwriter "Little" Willie John; Ernest "Pop" Stoneman, a patriarch of country music; bandleader Willard Robison; and, in New Orleans, banjoist-guitarist "Creole" George Guesnon and Dr. Edmond Souchon II, a jazz enthusiast, string player and vocalist.

In the churches, not only prayers for the dead were heard but also increasingly the life-affirming sounds of contemporary music. For many Sundays, the most crowded church service in Rome was the "beat Mass" at a seminary close to the Vatican. There, teenage boys accompanied the Mass with electric guitars, drums and organ. In this country, jazz and rock resounded in churches from Greenwich Village to El Cajon, California, where, in April, a Roman Catholic priest celebrated a Mass in a Protestant church to the beat of electric guitars and drums—a fusing of musical and religious ecumenicism. And Dave Brubeck completed what he considers his most important work so far, a religious oratorio, *The Light in the Wilderness*. After its world premiere in Cincinnati in March, Henry S. Humphreys, music critic of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, called the Brubeck composition "a very brilliant highlight of modern man's earnest search for an answer to the riddle of a 20th Century torn asunder by two world wars. . . ."

On the secular scene, the Beatles, having lost spiritual touch with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, established their own kingdom on earth, Apple Corps, Ltd., a world-wide group of companies with divisions for films, electronics, merchandising and music. The music principality includes recordings, music publishing, the management of artists and recording studios. In process was a London studio intended to be the most comprehensively modern in the world. In the first batch of Apple Corps record releases in August was a hit, Mary Hopkin's *Those Were the Days*. Toward the end of the year, other releases included a double LP by the Beatles themselves, George Harrison's film score for *Wonderwall*, and the first album by the Modern Jazz Quartet in its new affiliation with the Beatles' empire.

The setting up of that empire did not

appear to have changed the Beatles' impatience with the ordinary and the predictable. Having established, for instance, an Apple Boutique in London, the Beatles closed it down after seven months. Paul McCartney explained: "The shop was to have been a beautiful place where you could buy beautiful things, but it was in danger of becoming an ordinary chain store." And instead of holding a closing sale, the Beatles simply gave away all the beautiful things left in stock. "We didn't want people to think," McCartney added, "we had become mercenary." Also in character, the Beatles turned down a Command Performance before Queen Elizabeth in April. The reason: They were not yet ready to appear again in live performance; and, said Ringo, "It's better to say no to all than yes to one and no to 99 others."

Among the Beatles' recent ventures was a feature-length animated cartoon, *Yellow Submarine*, which, along with their movie *A Magical Mystery Tour*, was released in the United States late in the year. A play by John Lennon, *In His Own Write*, was staged in London by the National Theater. He also appeared in a movie made by his close friend Yoko Ono, in which he simply smiles for 90 minutes. But although a magnate and an artist, John Lennon was not entirely immune to the sudden reverses that afflict other mortals. In October, he and Miss Ono were busted in London on charges of possessing marijuana.

While the Beatles forged ahead in many directions, there was also continuous expansion and experimentation elsewhere. As many of the lines between jazz and rock blurred, so did those between rock and classical music. The Who, for instance, announced plans to perform and record a rock-'n'-roll opera; and in October, at New York's Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducted the premiere performance of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia*, which contained electronic music and the Swingle Singers as vocalists. Avant-garde classical composer Earle Brown prepared to do a piece in London with the rock group the Soft Machine; and, along with Brown, many other composers began to investigate rock and free-form jazz during the year. Harold Schonberg, chief music critic for *The New York Times*, prophesied the eventual result of what Brown calls interpenetrating exchanges: "The new generation of composers is taking some elements of the serial school, some elements of the Cage group, some elements of traditional music . . . a great dollop of electronic music, huge washes of jazz, and [is] blending them into something that quite literally is a new entertainment form."

And the interpenetrating exchanges between jazz and rock themselves were intensified during the year. The vintage jazz concept of a jam session combining stars of different groups took on a rock cast in Al Kooper's album *Super Session*, in which he was joined by blues guitarist Mike Bloomfield and rock-a-billy guitarist Steve Stills, a key member of the now-disbanded Buffalo Springfield. Responding to the added spontaneity afforded by the date, other rock performers have set up future "supersessions." And within such rock groups as the Grateful Dead, the Jefferson Airplane, the Cream and Steppenwolf, there were increasingly extended blues-based solos that would be called jazz if present categories could be transcended. And the signs are that barriers *are* coming down. In the fall, tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler recorded with an electrified rock rhythm section (as Steve Marcus, a Woody Herman and Stan Kenton alumnus, had done before); and a growing number of jazz-inflected horns were appearing in rock groups. As Mick Jagger, of the Rolling Stones, put it: "Really, one shouldn't get into the habit of talking about music in categories. I suppose people think they know what they are talking about if they say, 'Oh, he's blues, and he's jazz,

Taste that beats the others cold!

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF PepsiCo, INC.

and this bloke's classical.' But usually, they don't know what they are talking about. . . . What am I talking about? Just groove! Play another record!"

Obviously, not all distinctions are disappearing. Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and Duke Ellington, among other jazzmen, continued to flourish during the year on their own musical terms. Dave Brubeck was reenergized by joining forces with Gerry Mulligan in a thoroughly jazz context; and such younger players as Robin Kenyatta, Marion Brown, Roswell Rudd, Charles Tolliver, and the members of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians are extending the jazz language. But as both the jazz and the pop streams expand, with even younger players and listeners drawing from each with lessening concern for categories, jazz and pop will increasingly meet in ways not yet conceived. Ferment and change are, more than ever, the fundamental characteristics of indigenous American music.

In the year ahead, the unexpected will continue to be the norm, as another wave of performers and composers joins and challenges such already established influences as Jimi Hendrix, Richie Havens, the Byrds, The Doors, Donovan, Country Joe and the Fish, Mama Cass, Janis Joplin, Aretha Franklin, Simon and Garfunkel and the Jefferson Airplane. Among the names and sounds that should figure prominently in 1969 are those of Joni Mitchell, Randy Newman, the emerging Tim Hardin, Van Dyke Parks, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Jerry Jeff Walker, Traffic, Sly and the Family Stone, Pearls Before Swine, the Incredible String Band, The Kaleidoscope, and Bob Dylan's friends and associates, the band from Big Pink, a house near Dylan's Woodstock, New York, home. Significantly, the music from Big Pink is a distinctive mixture of blues, rhythm and blues, country and rock.

If any one credo is shared by all these heterogeneous forces in the new music, it is their adherence to what jazz used to be called—and still is—"the sound of surprise." It is the surprise that comes from continuous exploration of your own capacities, without worrying about labels for what you find. Bob Dylan, in an interview during the year, summed it up when he was asked if he thought he could keep contact with the young audience that buys most of his records. "That's a vague notion," Dylan answered, "that one must keep contact with a certain illusion of people that are sort of undefinable. The most you can do is satisfy yourself. . . . If you don't satisfy yourself and if you don't know why you're doing what you do, you begin to lose contact. If you're doing it for *them* instead of you, you're likely not to be in contact with them."

Above all, then, the best of those creating today's unprecedentedly diversified range of sonic and emotional surprises are most concerned with being in contact with themselves. Accordingly, they are concerned with *being* rather than just existing. Asked whether she was worried that her voice might go because she hurls all of it into each performance, Janis Joplin revealed why the new music has such impact: "Maybe I won't last as long as other singers, but I think you can destroy your now by worrying about tomorrow. If I hold back, I'm no good *now*. I'm twenty-five and, like others of my generation, and younger, we look back at our parents and see how they grew up and compromised and wound up with very little. So the kids want a lot of something now rather than a little of hardly anything spread over seventy years."

And that's what the jazz-and-pop year was all about.

"Can I stop taking the pill now?"

ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

Each year, our incumbent All-Stars are asked to select their own All-Star Band. The 1968 medal winners eligible to participate in the voting were Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Chet Atkins, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Petula Clark, Bill Comstock (Four Freshmen), Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Henry Mancini, Paul McCartney (Beatles), Charles Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Ravi Shankar, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding and Si Zentner.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: Duke Ellington and Count Basie held onto their number-one and number-two rankings, respectively, this year, with Don Ellis ousting Woody Herman for third. **1. Duke Ellington;** 2. Count Basie; 3. Don Ellis; 4. Buddy Rich; 5. Thad Jones–Mel Lewis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: Dizzy Gillespie again gained the top spot over Miles Davis, and *Tonight* show bandleader Doc Severinsen supplanted Art Farmer in the top five. **1. Dizzy Gillespie;** 2. Miles Davis; 3. Freddie Hubbard; 4. Clark Terry; 5. Doc Severinsen.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: J. J. Johnson continued to far outpace the competition, with Bob Brookmeyer heading the also-rans. **1. J. J. Johnson;** 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Carl Fontana, Kai Winding; 5. Urbie Green.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: No change in the two leaders from last year, but Johnny Hodges and Phil Woods traded positions, and Ornette Coleman replaced Sonny Stitt in fifth place. **1. Cannonball Adderley;** 2. Paul Desmond; 3. Johnny Hodges; 4. Phil Woods; 5. Ornette Coleman.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: The medal winner in '69 was again Stan Getz, with two-way ties for third and fifth places. **1. Stan Getz;** 2. Paul Gonsalves; 3. Sonny Rollins, Ben Webster; 5. Boots Randolph, Wayne Shorter.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: For the second year in a row, the fourth and fifth rankings changed hands, with Cecil Payne and Charles Davis reclaiming the niches taken from them last year by Bud Shank and Charles Fowlkes. **1. Gerry Mulligan;** 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Charles Davis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Buddy DeFranco remained well ahead of the field, but the proverbial eyelash separated the next four finishers. **1. Buddy DeFranco;** 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Pete Fountain; 4. Jimmy Giuffre, Tony Scott.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Erroll Garner jumped back into the ratings in third place, while the Big O remained the pace-setter. **1. Oscar Peterson;** 2. Bill Evans; 3. Erroll Garner; 4. Herbie Hancock; 5. Hank Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: Perennial leader Wes Montgomery's untimely death last year resulted in Jim Hall's being crowned guitar king. **1. Jim Hall;** 2. Herb Ellis; 3. Kenny Burrell, Tal Farlow; 5. Larry Coryell.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Ray Brown, Richard Davis and Ron Carter repeated their one-two-three placings of last year. **1. Ray Brown;** 2. Richard Davis; 3. Ron Carter; 4. Charles Mingus; 5. Andrew Simpkins.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: 1968's top threesome were dittoed this year, but Mel Lewis and Grady Tate replaced Joe Morello and Shelly Manne in the balloting. **1. Buddy Rich;** 2. Elvin Jones; 3. Tony Williams; 4. Mel Lewis; 5. Grady Tate.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: Milt Jackson dominated the division once more, with Gary Burton, unranked last year, making a strong second-place showing. **1. Milt Jackson, vibes;** 2. Gary Burton, *vibes*; 3. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*; Jimmy Smith, *organ*; 5. Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch.*

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Ray Charles moved up from fourth place to second this year but was still far from presenting a serious challenge to the Chairman of the Board. **1. Frank Sinatra;** 2. Ray Charles; 3. Tony Bennett, Mel Tormé; 5. Joe Williams.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Ella Fitzgerald has owned the award since its inception, but in the future she may have to keep an eye on Dionne Warwick, who broke into the big five for the first time this year. **1. Ella Fitzgerald;** 2. Carmen McRae; 3. Peggy Lee; 4. Sarah Vaughan; 5. Dionne Warwick.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The Cannonball Adderley Quintet moved up from second spot to take top billing this year, while 1968's winner, the Oscar Peterson Trio, dropped to third. **1. Cannonball Adderley Quintet;** 2. Modern Jazz Quartet; 3. Oscar Peterson Trio; 4. Gary Burton Quartet, Miles Davis Quintet.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: Third-place finishers in their first appearance on our charts last year, the 5th Dimension comfortably carried away 1969's laurels. **1. 5th Dimension;** 2. Four Freshmen; 3. Double Six of Paris; 4. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66, Simon and Garfunkel.

"I can't, Al, I just can't!"

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

Voting for the best LPs of the year is a wide-open affair; no albums are nominated, and any record in each of three categories—best LP by a big band, best LP by a small combo (fewer than eight pieces) and best vocal LP—is eligible.

BEST BIG BAND LP: ***Blooming Hits / Paul Mauriat* (Philips).** The lush petal-smooth Mauriat sound, crystallized in the LP's *pièce de résistance, Love Is Blue,* brought Mauriat to the top of the pop charts.

BEST SMALL COMBO LP: ***The Beat of the Brass / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M).** The inimitable Mr. A. and his gringo *amigos* copped our small-combo LP award in 1969 for the third straight year. The medal-winning album featured a handful of hits—*This Guy's in Love with You, Cabaret, Monday, Monday, She Touched Me* and *Talk to the Animals.*

BEST VOCAL LP: ***Bookends / Simon and Garfunkel* (Columbia).** The innovative and impressionistic duo's prize-winning disc demonstrated why S. & G. were still the best interpreters of Paul Simon's meaningful lyrics. *At the Zoo* and *A Hazy Shade of Winter* showed the trouper-troubadours at their very best. Obviously,

there were many other records that merited attention. Following are the top 25 in each category.

BEST BIG BAND LP

1. **Blooming Hits / Paul Mauriat (Philips)**
2. *Electric Bath / Don Ellis Orchestra* (Columbia)
3. *Big Swing Face / Buddy Rich* (Pacific Jazz)
4. *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly—Sound Track* (United Artists)
5. *The New One! / Buddy Rich* (Pacific Jazz)
6. *". . . And His Mother Called Him Bill" / Duke Ellington* (Victor)
7. *Music from The Good, the Bad and the Ugly / Hugo Montenegro* (Victor)
8. *A Day in the Life / Wes Montgomery* (A & M)
9. *The Great Arrival / Doc Severinsen* (Command)
10. *Reach Out / Burt Bacharach* (A & M)
11. *2001: A Space Odyssey—Sound Track* (MGM)
12. *Child Is Father to the Man / Blood, Sweat and Tears* (Columbia)
13. *Big Band Shout / Buddy Rich* (Verve)
14. *Encore! / Henry Mancini* (Victor)
15. *Mauriat Magic* (Philips)
16. *A Long Time Comin' / Electric Flag* (Columbia)
17. *Lumpy Gravy / Mothers of Invention* (Verve)
18. *Far East Suite / Duke Ellington* (Victor)
19. *The Mason Williams Phonograph Record* (Warner Bros.)
20. *Music from Mission Impossible / Lalo Schifrin* (Dot)
20. *The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw / Butterfield Blues Band* (Elektra)
22. *Stan Kenton Conducts the Jazz Compositions of Dee Barton* (Capitol)
22. *Wave / Antonio Carlos Jobim* (A & M)
24. *Thad Jones / Mel Lewis Live at the Village Vanguard* (Solid State)
25. *K. & J. J.: Israel / Kai Winding & J. J. Johnson* (A & M)

BEST SMALL COMBO LP

1. **The Beat of the Brass / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass (A & M)**
2. *Wheels of Fire / Cream* (Atco)
3. *Super Session / Mike Bloomfield, Al Kooper, Steve Stills* (Columbia)
4. *Look Around / Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66* (A & M)
5. *Herb Alpert's Ninth / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)
6. *Doin' Our Thing / Booker T. and the MG's* (Stax)
7. *Down Here on the Ground / Wes Montgomery* (A & M)
7. *Up Pops Ramsey Lewis* (Cadet)
9. *The Electrifying Eddie Harris* (Atlantic)
10. *S. R. O. / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)
11. *Hip Hug-Her / Booker T. and the MG's* (Stax)
12. *Lofty Fake Anagram / Gary Burton Quartet* (Victor)
12. *Nefertiti / Miles Davis* (Columbia)
14. *Wow / Grape Jam / Moby Grape* (Columbia)
15. *Maiden Voyage / Ramsey Lewis* (Cadet)
16. *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy! / The Cannonball Adderley Quintet* (Capitol)
17. *$1,000,000 Weekend / Ventures* (Liberty)
18. *The Promise of a Future / Hugh Masekela* (Uni)
19. *Disraeli Gears / Cream* (Atco)
19. *Glory of Love / Herbie Mann* (A & M)
19. *Respect / Jimmy Smith* (Verve)
22. *74 Miles / Walk Tall / The Cannonball Adderley Quintet* (Capitol)
23. *Sorcerer / Miles Davis* (Columbia)
24. *Duster / Gary Burton Quartet* (Victor)
24. *Whipped Cream and Other Delights / Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass* (A & M)

BEST VOCAL LP

1. **Bookends / Simon and Garfunkel (Columbia)**
2. *Wheels of Fire / Cream* (Atco)
3. *The Graduate—Sound Track* (Columbia)
4. *Disraeli Gears / Cream* (Atco)
5. *Cheap Thrills / Big Brother and the Holding Company* (Columbia)
6. *Look Around / Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66* (A & M)
7. *Feliciano! / José Feliciano* (Victor)
8. *A Tramp Shining / Richard Harris* (Dunhill)
8. *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band / Beatles* (Capitol)
10. *Orpheus Ascending / Orpheus* (MGM)
11. *Are You Experienced? / The Jimi Hendrix Experience* (Reprise)
12. *Magical Mystery Tour / Beatles* (Capitol)
13. *John Wesley Harding / Bob Dylan* (Columbia)
14. *Francis A & Edward K / Frank Sinatra and Duke Ellington* (Reprise)
15. *By the Time I Get to Phoenix / Glen Campbell* (Capitol)
16. *Lady Soul / Aretha Franklin* (Atlantic)
17. *After Bathing at Baxter's / Jefferson Airplane* (Victor)
17. *Simply Streisand / Barbra Streisand* (Columbia)
19. *Valley of the Dolls / Dionne Warwick* (Scepter)
20. *Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66* (A & M)
21. *Aretha Now* (Atlantic)
22. *Strange Days / Doors* (Elektra)
23. *Their Satanic Majesties Request / The Rolling Stones* (London)
24. *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison* (Columbia)
25. *Hickory Holler Revisited / O. C. Smith* (Columbia)

JAZZ HALL OF FAME

Although the majority of our 25 finishers in 1969's balloting were traditional contenders, three outstanding performers in a variety of contemporary bags—Aretha Franklin, the late Otis Redding and Cream guitarist Eric Clapton—made their initial appearances in our Hall of Fame poll. Previous winners—Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Dave Brubeck, Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Ray Charles, John Coltrane and Benny Goodman—were ineligible. Following are this year's 25 top favorites:

1. **Wes Montgomery**
2. **Herb Alpert**
3. **Miles Davis**
4. Henry Mancini
5. Paul McCartney
6. Otis Redding
7. Al Hirt
8. Stan Getz
9. Bob Dylan
10. Barbra Streisand
11. John Lennon
12. Dizzy Gillespie
13. Buddy Rich
14. Aretha Franklin
15. Dean Martin
16. Gene Krupa
17. Cannonball Adderley
18. Nat "King" Cole
19. Herbie Mann
20. Stan Kenton
21. Ramsey Lewis
22. Tony Bennett
23. Sammy Davis Jr.
24. Eric Clapton
25. Nancy Wilson

ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

While the majority of last year's jazz winners held their favored spots in the '69 poll, the complexion of pop music continues to depend on the rapidly changing tastes of its audience. Remarkable shifts occurred in all vocal areas, due to the pop influence; but one of the most noteworthy changes occurred in the leader category.

Although Henry Mancini continued first among the leaders, the *Tonight* show's Doc Severinsen emerged in second place—an extraordinary achievement, since he failed to appear among last year's major vote getters. A number of minor changes were noted as well—Duke Ellington slipping from second to third and Ray Charles advancing from sixth to fourth.

Herb Alpert still headed the trumpet section, with Al Hirt, Miles Davis and Louis Armstrong following in the same positions they held a year ago. Hugh Masekela climbed from 15th to 7th, but most other changes involved shifts of one or two places.

J. J. Johnson, Si Zentner, Kai Winding,

"It's like they say, Miss Marchbanks. If you can't beat them, join them!"

Bob Brookmeyer and Slide Hampton didn't allow anyone to horn in on their top five trombone spots, but J. C. Higginbotham and Jimmy Cleveland traded sixth and seventh places.

The three first alto positions remained occupied by Cannonball Adderley, Paul Desmond and Bud Shank, while Ornette Coleman and Zoot Sims both moved up, pushing Johnny Hodges back from fourth to sixth.

Stan Getz, Boots Randolph and King Curtis repeated top honors on tenor sax; but Charles Lloyd and Sonny Rollins swapped the fourth and sixth places, with Coleman Hawkins holding his own in the fifth spot. Electronically inclined Eddie Harris came on strong to take eighth position, behind "Fathead" Newman, after failing to appear in the '68 poll.

Gerry Mulligan continued his longtime domination of the baritone sax. Charles Davis made a significant move from seventh to third, while Frank Capi appeared from nowhere to garner the eighth spot.

There were no surprises in the clarinet section, save Herbie Mann's phenomenal showing on an instrument seldom used by him; he claimed second, behind Pete Fountain.

In spite of the breakup of his longtime quartet, Dave Brubeck still reigned as first bench in the piano section, followed again by Ramsey Lewis. However, Sergio Mendes climbed in popularity from ninth to third and Peter Nero dropped from third to sixth, while Roger Williams surged from nineteenth to a fine fifth-place finish this year.

Riding the crest of his new-found pop prestige, Jimi Hendrix made his first poll appearance as top guitarist, followed by last year's leader, Chet Atkins. Eric Clapton, playing lead for the now-defunct Cream, rated a move from twelfth to third, which moved jazz great Charlie Byrd back to fourth. The untimely death of Wes Montgomery during the peak of his career left the jazz world and our poll minus one of its finest solo guitarists.

While Charles Mingus and Ray Brown rated one-two honors on bass, Monk Montgomery edged into third position from his eighth spot in '68, while last year's third man, ex–Brubeck aide Gene Wright, moved back to sixth. Paul Chambers climbed from thirteenth to fourth and Buddy Clark was again fifth choice.

The Cream's Ginger Baker drummed his way from 12th last year to a solid 2nd behind Buddy Rich, the repeat potentate of the skin trade. Beatle Ringo Starr moved up one notch to third, while some other worthies suffered setbacks. Art Blakey and Chico Hamilton, in last year's top ten, dropped to fourteenth and fifteenth, respectively.

In miscellaneous instrument, Ravi Shankar's ragas again brought top honors for his sitar playing, and flutist Herbie Mann and organist Jimmy Smith each advanced one place, to pull down the second and third spots. Notable, however, were the first poll appearances of several instrumentalists: Bob Dylan, for his harmonica work, Jack Bruce, electric bassist for the Cream, Ray Manzarek, The Doors' organist, and Earl Scruggs, regarded as the country's finest Bluegrass banjo player.

The poll for male vocalist revealed a great number of changes, but Frank Sinatra remained the undisputed favorite of PLAYBOY readers, followed by Glen Campbell, a surprise second who didn't appear among the '68 leaders. The Doors' Jim Morrison also made his first appearance, a respectable fifth, as did Jimi Hendrix, twelfth. Tony Bennett and Dean Martin suffered significant setbacks, while Paul McCartney and Donovan advanced several places.

Soulful Aretha Franklin jumped from sixth to first among female vocalists, and the kinetic Janis Joplin, of Big Brother and the Holding Company, made a tremendous advance from twenty-second to third, behind Dionne Warwick. Barbra Streisand continued to hold down fourth position, followed by last year's favorite, Pet Clark. Nancy Wilson also moved back, from second to sixth; but the Supremes' Diana Ross took ninth, for her first showing among the top finishers.

Leading the instrumental combos again this year was Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass, followed in the same relative order by last year's choices. The Herbie Mann Quintet managed to advance seven places to seventh, one jump ahead of the Hugh Masekela Quintet, making its first showing on the strength of recent popular hits.

The Beatles, still changing with the times, held onto first place among vocal groups, with Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 a strong second. However, Simon and Garfunkel, rock poets, moved from tenth to third; and the short-lived Cream made their first and probably last appearance on the poll, in fourth. The Doors also scored for the first time, in sixth, as did the Jimi Hendrix Experience, in ninth. Based on the setbacks suffered by The Mamas and the Papas, The Association, the Rolling Stones and the Jefferson Airplane, it appears as though any pop group will find it difficult to maintain dominance in that constantly shifting scene.

Opposite are the most popular artists in each category, with the musicians who earned All-Star status listed in boldface type. All will receive silver medals, as will winners of the Hall of Fame balloting and the artists who—in the opinion of PLAYBOY readers—produced the top records of the year.

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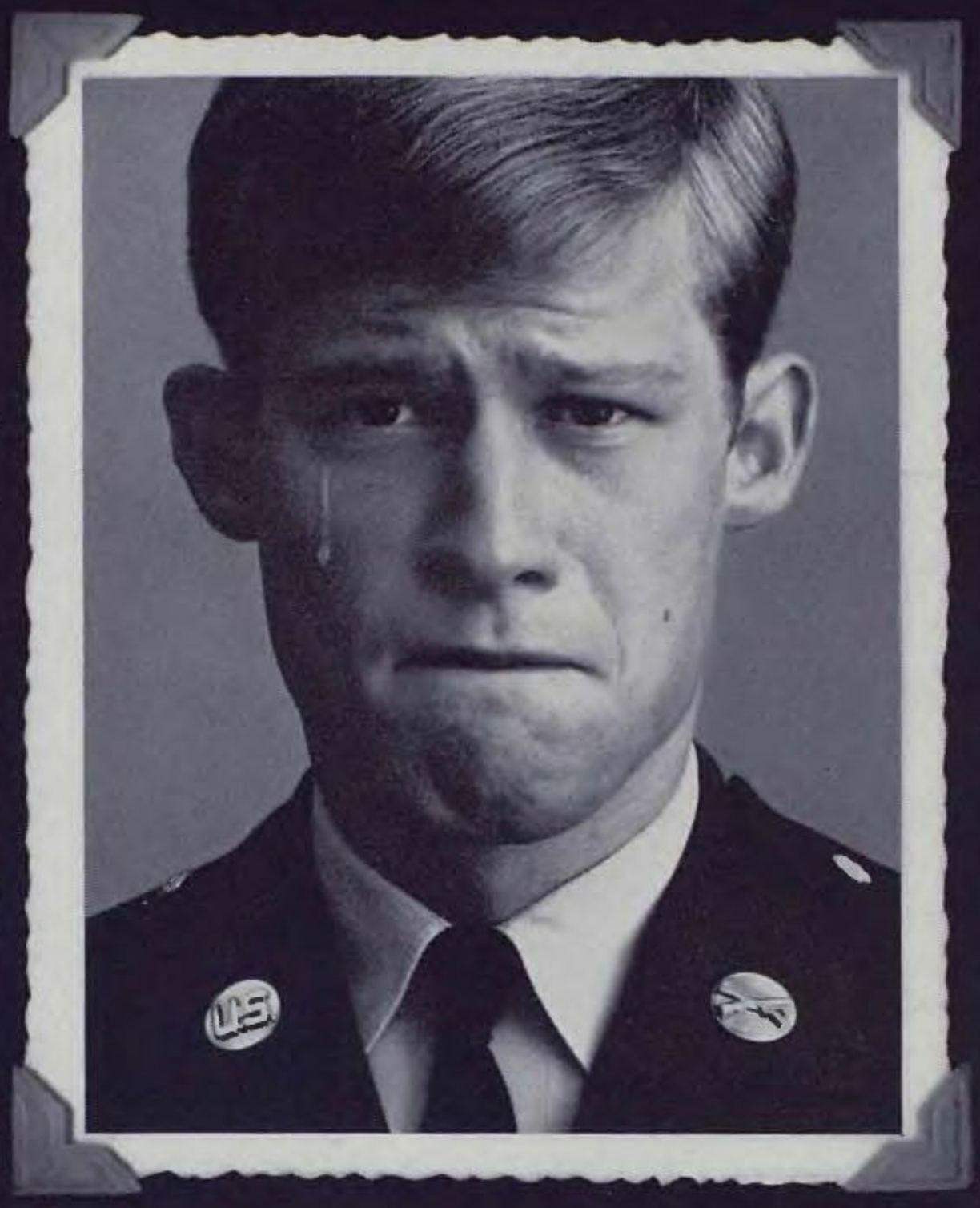

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9. Stan Kenton
10. Ray Conniff
11. Nelson Riddle
12. Don Ellis
13. Quincy Jones
14. Dizzy Gillespie
15. Oliver Nelson
16. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
17. Les Brown
18. Benny Goodman
19. Charles Mingus
20. Si Zentner
21. Sun Ra
22. Lionel Hampton
23. Woody Herman
24. King Curtis
25. Gerald Wilson

TRUMPET

1. Herb Alpert
2. Al Hirt
3. Miles Davis
4. Louis Armstrong
5. Doc Severinsen
6. Dizzy Gillespie
7. Hugh Masekela
8. Clark Terry
9. Nat Adderley
10. Harry James
11. Maynard Ferguson
12. Bobby Hackett
13. Billy Butterfield
14. Jonah Jones
15. Don Ellis
16. Chet Baker
17. Art Farmer
18. Donald Byrd
19. Freddie Hubbard
20. Lee Morgan
21. Pete Candoli
22. Roy Eldridge
23. Don Cherry
24. Thad Jones
25. Wild Bill Davison

TROMBONE

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2. Si Zentner
3. Kai Winding
4. Bob Brookmeyer
5. Slide Hampton
6. J. C. Higginbotham
7. Jimmy Cleveland
8. Urbie Green
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11. Curtis Fuller
12. Turk Murphy
13. Frank Rosolino
14. Bennie Green
15. Buster Cooper
16. Harold Betters
17. Wayne Henderson
18. Quentin Jackson
19. Grachan Moncur III
20. Garnett Brown
21. Al Grey
22. Dick Nash
23. Bill Harris
24. Milt Bernhart
25. Lawrence Brown

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Paul Desmond
3. Bud Shank
4. Ornette Coleman
5. Zoot Sims
6. Johnny Hodges
7. Benny Carter
8. Paul Horn
9. Sonny Stitt
10. John Handy
11. Art Pepper
12. Ted Nash
13. Lou Donaldson
14. James Moody
15. Phil Woods
16. Fred Lipsius
17. Charles McPherson
18. Hank Crawford
19. Jimmy Woods
20. Charlie Mariano
21. Al Belletto
22. Sonny Criss
23. Anthony Ortega
24. Walt Levinsky
25. Eric Kloss

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz
2. Boots Randolph
3. King Curtis
4. Charles Lloyd
5. Coleman Hawkins
6. Sonny Rollins
7. "Fathead" Newman
8. Eddie Harris
9. Yusef Lateef
10. Roland Kirk
11. Zoot Sims
12. Al Cohn
13. Joe Henderson
14. Stanley Turrentine
15. Sonny Stitt
16. Illinois Jacquet
17. Corky Corcoran
18. Eddie Davis
19. Paul Gonsalves
20. Buddy Tate
21. Bud Freeman
22. Bob Cooper
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2. Chuck Gentry
3. Charles Davis
4. Pepper Adams
5. Sahib Shihab
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7. Artie Kaplan
8. Frank Capi
9. Lonnie Shaw
10. Jerome Richardson
11. Harry Carney
12. Bill Hood
13. Butch Stone
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15. Jack Nimitz
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20. Ronnie Cuber

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain
2. Herbie Mann
3. Benny Goodman
4. Acker Bilk
5. Woody Herman
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7. Paul Horn
8. Jimmy Giuffre
9. Pee Wee Russell
10. Buddy Collette
11. Peanuts Hucko
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19. Alvin Batiste
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PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck
2. Ramsey Lewis
3. Sergio Mendes
4. Ray Charles
5. Roger Williams
6. Peter Nero
7. Oscar Peterson
8. Erroll Garner
9. Thelonious Monk
10. Count Basie
11. André Previn
12. Duke Ellington
13. Ahmad Jamal
14. Skitch Henderson
15. Herbie Hancock
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17. George Shearing
18. Bill Evans
19. Earl "Fatha" Hines
20. Otis Spann
21. Joe Zawinul
22. Mose Allison
23. Floyd Cramer
24. Keith Jarrett
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GUITAR

1. Jimi Hendrix
2. Chet Atkins
3. Eric Clapton
4. Charlie Byrd
5. George Harrison
6. Kenny Burrell
7. João Gilberto
8. Mike Bloomfield
9. Tony Mottola
10. Laurindo Almeida
11. Duane Eddy
12. Gabor Szabo
13. Mason Williams
14. B. B. King
15. Herb Ellis
16. Howard Roberts
17. José Feliciano
18. Jim Hall
19. Larry Coryell
20. Johnny Smith
21. Luiz Bonfá
22. Robby Krieger
23. Les Paul
24. Bola Sete
25. Muddy Waters

BASS

1. Charles Mingus
2. Ray Brown
3. Monk Montgomery
4. Paul Chambers
5. Buddy Clark
6. Gene Wright
7. El Dee Young
8. Joe Byrd
9. Art Davis
10. Ron Carter
11. Chubby Jackson
12. Percy Heath
13. Richard Davis
14. Bob Haggart
15. Sam Jones
16. Jimmy Garrison
17. Bob Cranshaw
18. Steve Swallow
19. Eddie Gomez
20. Pops Foster
21. Sebastian Neto
22. Leroy Vinnegar
23. Cecil McBee
24. Al Stinson
25. Don Bagley

DRUMS

1. Buddy Rich
2. Ginger Baker
3. Ringo Starr
4. Joe Morello
5. Gene Krupa
6. Sandy Nelson
7. Shelly Manne
8. Elvin Jones
9. Louis Bellson
10. Charlie Watts
11. Cozy Cole
12. Mitch Mitchell
13. Grady Tate
14. Art Blakey
15. Chico Hamilton
16. Red Holt
17. Joe Cusatis
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19. Willie Bobo
20. Tony Williams
21. Rufus Jones
22. Al Jackson, Jr.
23. Ed Thigpen
24. Philly Joe Jones
25. Mel Lewis

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

1. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
2. Herbie Mann, *flute*
3. Jimmy Smith, *organ*
4. Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
5. Booker T., *organ*
6. Paul McCartney, *electric bass*
7. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
8. Jack Bruce, *electric bass*
9. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
10. Ray Manzarek, *organ*
11. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
12. Al Kooper, *organ*
13. Cal Tjader, *vibes*
14. Earl Grant, *organ*
15. George Harrison, *sitar*
16. Gary Burton, *vibes*
17. Milt Jackson, *vibes*
18. Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
19. Noel Redding, *electric bass*
20. Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, stritch*
21. Charles Lloyd, *flute*
22. Yusef Lateef, *flute*
23. Walter Wanderley, *organ*
24. Rufus Harley, *bagpipes*
25. Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*

MALE VOCALIST

1. Frank Sinatra
2. Glen Campbell
3. Lou Rawls
4. Paul McCartney
5. Jim Morrison
6. Ray Charles
7. Donovan
8. Andy Williams
9. Dean Martin
10. Tony Bennett
11. Bob Dylan
12. Jimi Hendrix
13. Sammy Davis Jr.
14. Johnny Rivers
15. Ed Ames
16. Johnny Mathis
17. James Brown
18. Jack Jones
19. Glenn Yarbrough
20. Tom Jones
21. Mick Jagger
22. Elvis Presley
23. Mel Tormé
24. Richard Harris
25. Richie Havens

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Aretha Franklin
2. Dionne Warwick
3. Janis Joplin
4. Barbra Streisand
5. Petula Clark
6. Nancy Wilson
7. Grace Slick
8. Ella Fitzgerald
9. Diana Ross
10. Nancy Sinatra
11. Vikki Carr
12. Cass Elliott
13. Bobbie Gentry
14. Joan Baez
15. Lulu
16. Astrud Gilberto
17. Carmen McRae
18. Eydie Gormé
19. Chér
20. Lana Cantrell
21. Peggy Lee
22. Judy Collins
23. Lainie Kazan
24. Barbara McNair
25. Claudine Longet

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

1. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass
2. Ramsey Lewis Trio
3. Booker T. & the MG's
4. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
5. Ventures
6. Charles Lloyd Quartet
7. Herbie Mann Quintet
8. Hugh Masekela Quintet
9. Miles Davis Quintet
10. Stan Getz Quartet
11. Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
12. Gary Burton Quartet
13. Modern Jazz Quartet
14. Oscar Peterson Trio
15. Jimmy Smith Trio
16. Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
17. George Shearing Quintet
18. Charlie Byrd Trio
19. Cal Tjader Quintet
20. Peter Nero Trio
21. Ahmad Jamal Trio
22. Jazz Crusaders
23. Thelonious Monk Quartet
24. Vince Guaraldi Trio
25. Erroll Garner Quartet

VOCAL GROUP

1. Beatles
2. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66
3. Simon & Garfunkel
4. Cream
5. Diana Ross & the Supremes
6. Doors
7. Fifth Dimension
8. Association
9. Jimi Hendrix Experience
10. Temptations
11. Rascals
12. Mamas and Papas
13. Peter, Paul & Mary
14. Jefferson Airplane
15. Four Freshmen
16. Lettermen
17. Union Gap
18. Big Brother and the Holding Company
19. Rolling Stones
20. Vanilla Fudge
21. Mills Brothers
22. Bee Gees
23. Buffalo Springfield
24. Beach Boys
25. Spanky and Our Gang

ON THE SCENE

PETER MAX *creativity, inc.*

EARLY IN 1965, Peter Max was "the wonder boy of Madison Avenue," by his own account. His designs for everything from posters to soap boxes were sought by every hip ad agency in Manhattan and had garnered 68 awards in two years. Then, acting on intuition, Max suddenly quit, shut himself in his huge Riverside Drive apartment and indulged in a disciplined orgy of creativity. Working 18-hour days, he produced 4500 fresh ideas—all of them, characteristically, mixing nostalgia, cosmology and psychedelia, and somehow epitomizing youth. "And," says Max, who is now 29, "I met myself. I figured out what I wanted to do and how." What he wanted to do was turn the world on to his visions, and he decided big business could help him do so. He was right. Today, close to 1000 products are getting the Max treatment—from a series of wild patterns for the old-line Iroquois China Company to a clock whose hands emanate from the tip of W. C. Fields' nose. The artist's own half-dozen small companies and his tie-ins with such corporate giants as General Electric earned him more than $1,000,000 last year. Recently, he closed a deal with New York's Kane-Miller Corporation, which appointed him designer for the company's new chain of 60 restaurants. "I assume that by 1970, we'll be taking in quite a few million every year, but all that's superfluous," says Max, a yoga-oriented vegetarian with philosophical convictions as original as his work. "My designs produce a relaxing, harmonic feeling. I'm trying to bring order to the planet. I want the whole world to be a gallery." At his current pace, much of it soon will be, with many of the pieces bearing Max' own sought-after signature.

WENDELL PHILLIPS *rocks to riches*

EXPLORER, ARCHAEOLOGIST, paleontologist, author and perhaps the West's leading authority on southern Arabia. Wendell Phillips is all of these and more. "As a hobby," he says, "I also dabble in oil." Some hobby. Phillips (no relation to Phillips 66) is the world's biggest private oil concessionaire, with rights to more than 100,000,000 acres of land in all parts of the globe, and is worth, by his own estimate, nearly a half-billion dollars. California-born Phillips worked his way through the U of C at Berkeley as a jazz drummer and, at 26, led a Cairo-to-Capetown archaeological expedition. Several years later, while exploring the ancient kingdoms of Qataban and Sheba, Phillips and his expedition were attacked by Yemenite bandits. He fled to the neighboring sultanate of Oman and there was befriended by—and appointed economic advisor to—King Said bin Taimur. In recognition of his efforts, the sultan named Phillips the first American sheik in history, a laurel he values more than his 11 honorary degrees. Oman at the time was that geological rarity—an Arabian sheikdom in which oil had not been discovered. But one day the sultan told Phillips, "By the will of God, we *shall* have oil, for I am granting you the oil concession for Dhofar," an Oman dependency about the size of Ohio. "Overnight," says Phillips, "the sultan had made me a millionaire." Although his home is a lavish penthouse overlooking Waikiki Beach, the 47-year-old dynamo spends most of the year traveling the world to lecture on archaeology and the Middle East, the subjects of his three critically acclaimed books. If he keeps up his hegiras on behalf of Islam, Wendell may soon be known as Phillips of Arabia.

JANIS JOPLIN *blues-blooded*

"AH *need* . . . a man to . . . *love* me," she sings in an anguished whine that turns into an earthy whisper and then roars into a heady blues shout that's all her own. She is Janis Joplin, a wild-haired 25-year-old blend of little girl and truck driver whose number-three rating in our annual Jazz and Pop Poll proves she's the finest and funkiest white singer of rock blues around. For the past two years, she's bettered the fortunes of Big Brother and the Holding Company—a luke-warm San Francisco group that made it mainly by adding her raw energy to its repertoire—hurtling them from house-band status at the Avalon to a million-dollar LP called *Cheap Thrills*. Though she's got a voice that can split single notes into electrifying polyphonics, Janis has never formally studied music. Born and raised in Port Arthur, Texas, she got tuned in to blues in high school. "Somebody played me a Leadbelly record when I was about fifteen and I freaked," she says. After that, she made a steady diet of blues, dropped in and out of three colleges ("That's just not where my head's at"), sang casually with a small group ("Just for fun and free beer"), traveled the entire country and became a self-professed beatnik. "Hippies believe they're going to change things—but beatniks know they're not. They just try to get through the best they can under the circumstances," she explains. For Janis these days, that means splitting from Big Brother ("New directions and all that shit") and putting together a group of her own so she can groove with her first love: socking it to audiences. "I try to come on so strong they can't even think anymore. Just dance and scream—that's what this music is for."

ORGANIZATION MAN

(continued from page 131)

in a Southern California field, blew out. For days, every effort had to be concentrated on extinguishing the roaring blaze —which melted structural steel as though it were butter—before the flames spread to adjacent wells and storage tanks. This could have caused a major disaster. Believe me, once you fight a few conflagrations like that, you have tasted high adventure.

Parenthetically, there's an amusing side light to this story. The Nordstrom well was situated only 150 yards or so from the Santa Fe railroad tracks. When the well blew and it became obvious that we had a serious fire on our hands, I hastened to telephone the traffic superintendent of the Santa Fe in Los Angeles. I told him what had happened and warned him to stop all rail traffic along the line. Any trains passing through would be in grave danger.

The Santa Fe official—possibly thinking I was some sort of crank—got his hackles up and refused to halt or reroute traffic on my say-so. Fortunately, however, he decided to make an independent check. One of the railroad's employees made a quick visit to the scene. I called the superintendent back a little while later—for the fire was getting worse—and repeated my urgent request.

"Yeah, I know," he growled dourly. "You really do have a fire—traffic's been stopped all along the line." With that, he hung up—a very unhappy traffic superintendent.

There may or may not be close parallels to emergencies such as oil-well fires in other industrial and commercial spheres; nonetheless, the drama of business extends across a very broad spectrum. I shall have more to say on this later; but for the moment, let us turn our attention to the businessman and seek to determine whether he is as drab as some hold him to be.

Now, I do not deny that there are archconformists, yes men and Caspar Milquetoasts to be found in the business community. You will find these types in *any* community. Such men do not require others to dress them in the 1969 equivalent of a gray-flannel suit; they don the cloak of conformity voluntarily, as camouflage, hoping to blend into a background of mediocrity, because they are insecure, incompetent—and in the wrong field. Decades of observation and experience have led me to believe they are the persons least likely to succeed in the business world.

Interviewed not long ago by *Nation's Business*, Walter E. Heller, head of the large commercial finance company that bears his name, was asked: "What do you think are the major skills and qualities that today's manager needs?"

"The two things he has to have or he doesn't make the grade are courage and vision," Heller replied. "Those are the sheer essentials."

Who will get the promotions and the best jobs? According to Paul H. Kiernan, managing director of the international recruiting firm of Kiernan & Company, it will not be the bland conformist but "the man with vision and enough guts to change things."

These are only two samplings from the vast number of similar assessments made by individuals who, having reached the summit the hard way, are in an excellent position to speak. Clearly and unanimously, the qualities they cite as "musts" for success are the absolute antitheses of those implied by the Milquetoast cliché. And the higher the individual climbs up the slopes of the business world's Annapurnas, the headier is the atmosphere—and the greater the attendant risks and the concomitant needs for creativity and individuality.

In their incisive and valuable study *The Managers*, Roy Lewis and Rosemary Stewart argue that "the man who founds a successful business is still likely to be . . . aggressive" and will see "his company as a tangible projection of himself. He seldom wears the mask of modesty that is standard for the corporation man."

Dissecting successful businessmen in his book *The Multimillionaires*, Goronwy Rees contends that the man who passes the magic million mark, "in addition to being a calculator, patient, thorough and scrupulous in his regard for fact, however distasteful, [is] a gambler on a colossal scale."

Rees continues: "It is the willingness to accept . . . huge risks that psychologically distinguishes the multimillionaire, in his classical form as an individual entrepreneur backing his judgment with his own resources, from his fellow men and even from those very rich men whose abilities are employed within the framework of great joint-stock companies and corporations."

Rees provides many illustrative examples to support his theorems, including an anecdote about my good friend and recent headline maker Aristotle Onassis. "When Mr. Onassis first proposed to build a tanker of 60,000 tons, he was regarded by the banks . . . as a dreamer of the most impractical kind; and, indeed, he says he was able to do it only by concealing from everyone the size of the giant he proposed to build."

Of course, Ari's dream has long since proved thoroughly practical. Oil tankers much larger than 60,000 tons are now sliding down the ways of shipyards all over the world. Nevertheless, Rees renders Ari Onassis a well-deserved salute by commenting: "Such actions might not provoke surprise if carried out by huge corporations; [but] on the part of an individual, they involve a degree of risk that can affect his entire fortune."

I myself am hardly a stranger to such risks. Like many other businessmen, I have frequently found it advisable to take them during the course of my career. Such was the case when I began my campaign to gain control of the Tide Water Associated Oil Company in the Depression years of the 1930s. It was unquestionably a gamble and, by my standards, it was an enormous one. I was then a relatively small wildcatting operator setting my sights on one of the nation's major oil companies. My stock purchases were financed by every dollar I possessed and every cent of credit I could obtain. Had I lost the campaign (and I was defeated in several preliminary skirmishes and came within heart-stopping hairbreadths of total failure on several occasions), I would have been left personally penniless and very deeply in debt. However, the campaign was a success. By 1940, Getty interests held 1,734,577 shares of Tide Water—about one fourth of the voting stock. The company was recently merged into the Getty Oil Company. The market value of this holding is now well over one billion dollars.

At least an equal degree of risk was involved when I authorized the purchase of a Middle Eastern oil concession for $12,500,000—cash in advance—before anyone was certain there was a drop of oil to be found anywhere in the area covered by the concession. Years would pass and many more millions of dollars would be invested before the first producing well would come in. Had there not been oil in the area—well, I'd just as soon not even think about *that* possibility.

All in all, it is my opinion that the Dullsville image of the businessman fits only a very small, notably unsuccessful segment of the business community. I have observed that the suave, superconformist éminence grise of the executive suite is mainly a mythical creature. As I noted, I will grant that the species *does* exist, but its members are few and they seldom attain suiteworthy rank. If they enter the board room at all, the chances are it is only to set out the writing pads or to empty the ashtrays.

I contend that the individualist—the man who risks unmarked roads and takes a great many hard knocks en route —possesses an immense advantage over any conformist, organization type. My views on this subject began to form as far back as 1914, when I started my own career as a businessman in the oil fields of Oklahoma.

In those days, I lived at the Cordova Hotel in Tulsa (rent: six dollars per week) and took my meals at a boarding-house close by (weekly board bill: another six dollars). Several men destined

to become millionaires shared the table at the boardinghouse. Among them was my close friend R. A. Josey, whose nature and personality were the opposite of what would be considered standard for the typical organization man. "Josie," as he was predictably nicknamed, was a complete individualist; and, although he later became a very wealthy man, he remained the same person—good-natured, self-reliant and -resilient, as far a cry as one could imagine from the achromatic stereotype.

Many other friends and acquaintances of that period preveniently refuted the myth of the bland businessman and, in fact, seemed to demonstrate that the more multihued an individual's character, the better his chances for achieving success. Certainly, their careers proved that imagination, initiative and resiliency are infinitely more valuable assets than the ability to fit into a mold, to move with the crowd or to allow the judgment of others to influence one's own actions.

For instance, I am sure that many people would have insisted that R. M. McFarlin was finished when he failed in the cattle business; they would have doubtless advised him to seek safe and steady employment and to forget about trying to make a fortune. But, undaunted by failure, McFarlin went to Oklahoma and started over—and became the multimillionaire part owner of the McMan Oil Company, one of the country's most successful oil-producing enterprises.

Then there was Bill Roeser, who, though then not yet 30, had made—and lost—two or three fortunes. In 1914, he was in the process of making yet another fortune. He habitually sported a $10,000 bill as a boutonniere, to advertise that he was on his way up again. Marion L. Travis, then only 28, had started on the slenderest shoestring only a few years before and made millions. John Markham, ignoring the advice of the "experts," followed his own instincts and took what the consensus held to be a sure step to bankruptcy by buying the unproved Sarah Rector Lease on the northern edge of the Cushing Field in Oklahoma. John knew it was a gamble, but he won. After the first well was drilled—it came in a gusher—the property proved to be one of the richest in the state. It made John Markham a multimillionaire.

Oddly enough, I had an experience almost identical to Markham's a short time later. Throughout Oklahoma, it was virtually an article of faith that no oil could exist in the so-called red-beds area. Without exception, geologists, major oil-company experts and wildcatting operators agreed that the region was bone-dry. I wasn't so sure. In fact, I had a strong hunch that the unanimous opinion was based on nothing more than superstition and guesswork. The hunch was bolstered by the information that only the most haphazard and desultory exploration had been carried out in the red beds. I therefore decided to take a very big risk. I obtained a lease in the region, began drilling and opened up a new producing area. Thenceforth—to put it mildly—I no longer needed to live at the Cordova or to eat at the boardinghouse.

The roster of colorful, individualistic—and notably successful—businessmen I have known throughout the years could be extended far beyond the space of this article. Suffice it to say that these men achieved their successes in many different spheres of industry and commerce and that all had traits that set them apart from the herd. Foremost among these qualities was that each was a distinctive personality—each was fearlessly himself, not what he thought others might want him to be. Almost all had taken many hard knocks on their way to the top—and each and every one possessed the courage and vision that Walter Heller called the sheer essentials for success.

Notwithstanding cant and claptrap to the contrary, the operative human factors haven't changed. The same characteristics that proved decisive in the past are still adding that extra thrust that

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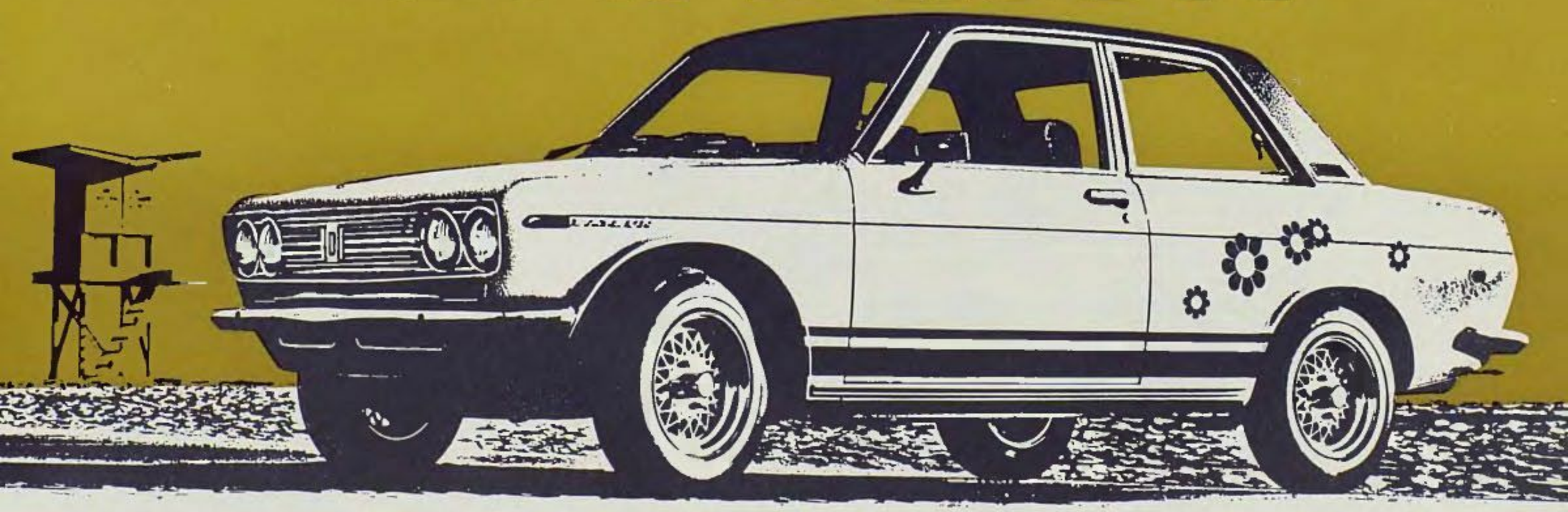
GR-R-R-ROOVY



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distinguish a moderate achievement from an outstanding business success.

There is more challenge, adventure and opportunity than ever before in the business world for young men who have courage and vision, who are able to roll with the punches and recover from them quickly—and who are willing to disregard all they have ever heard about the organization-man myth. One needs only to glance over published reports to sense the climate of unparalleled opportunity and to realize the exhilaration (to say nothing of the financial rewards) that accrues to those who seize their chances.

Last year, the Internal Revenue Service estimated that there were 100,000 millionaires in the United States—an astounding 150-percent increase over 1958, when there were 40,000 in the millionaire category. (A millionaire, of course, is a person whose possessions would realize $1,000,000 or more if they were sold.) However one studies the IRS figures, they are phenomenal—and extremely heartening to anyone who argues, as I have been doing for decades, that the American free-enterprise system is neither dying nor ailing and that its future is more promising than its past or its present. What I find especially encouraging about the multiplication of millionaires is that a very considerable percentage of the new arrivals is comprised of young men.

The successes achieved by individuals in their early 40s, their 30s or even their 20s has been widely publicized. For example, when *Time* devoted a cover story to the younger generation of millionaires in America, it profiled several men who began with little or no capital but managed to become millionaires before they reached 40. These successful businessmen of the 1960s had amassed their fortunes in a wide range of enterprises —from real estate and electronics to show business and presqueezed orange juice. All, said *Time*, "built productive wealth by creating jobs, purchasing power and useful ideas. . . . [They] realize that even a million-dollar idea is useless unless the man who has it knows how to put it to work and has the courage to take risks."

There are hundreds, even thousands, of such young men among America's 60,000 new millionaires.

How did they do it? The answer is simple: in precisely the same way as their predecessors. They had the vision to recognize the commercial potential for certain products or services and, having the courage of their convictions, addressed themselves to the task of realizing that potential.

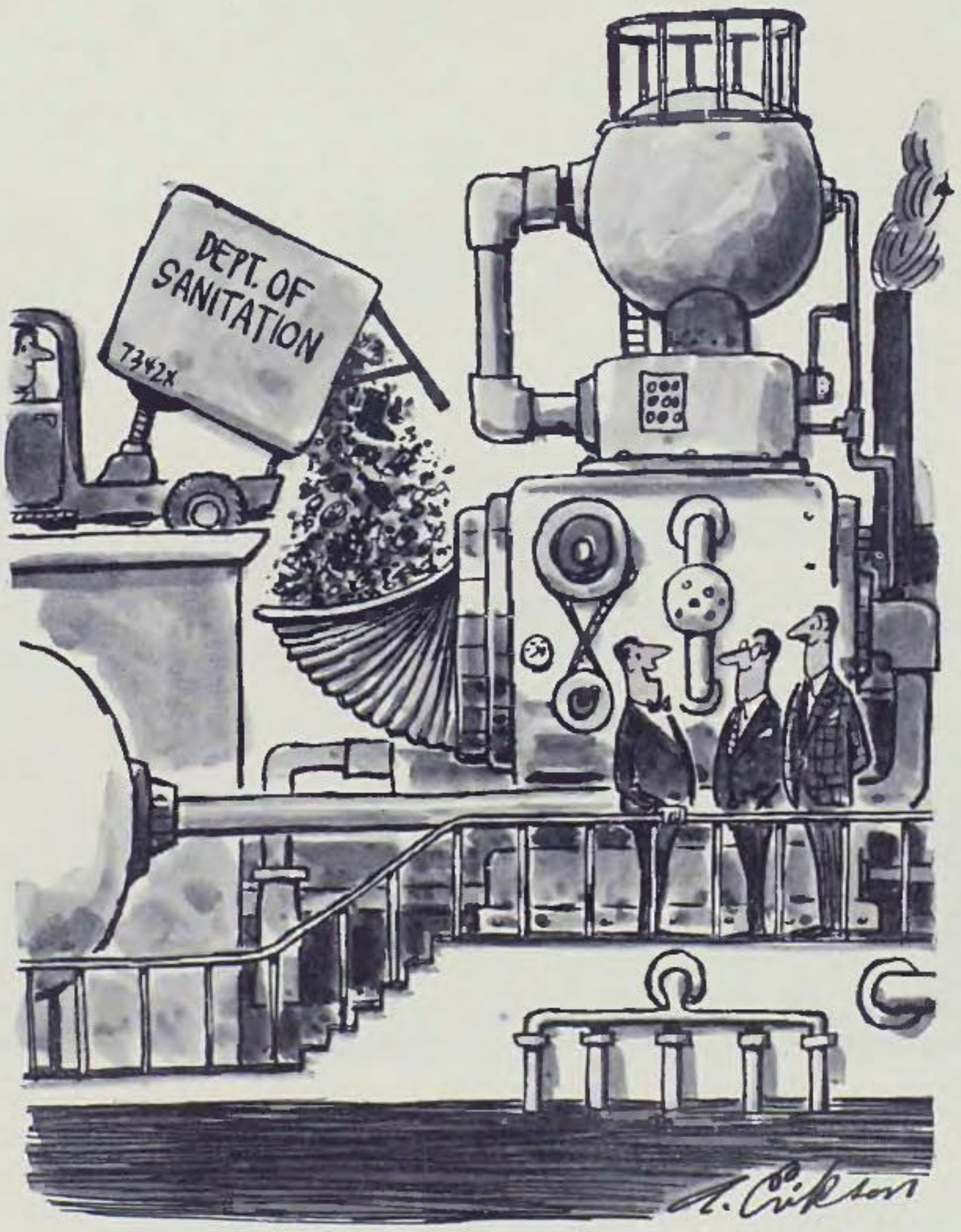
A definitive summation can be found in the published statement of youthful entrepreneur Robert K. Lifton, who, speaking of businessmen and their drive to succeed, declared: "This is our form of creating. If artists give up the world's pleasures to pursue their calling, people understand it. What they don't understand is that many businessmen have the same creative drives and derive the same satisfactions as artists—but what they are doing is translated into dollars and cents. When I come up with a good deal, that's creative. Successfully merchandising a product is creative. Taking a business idea and making it work is creative."

Young men who want to make a career of business will find nothing drab or boring about industry and commerce. They will find their work as invigorating and as exhilarating as any they could imagine. They will confront the challenge of the market place and feel the thrill and the satisfaction that come from business creativity.

Despite all the efforts of their detractors, it is simply not possible to color such men gray or any other shade of drabness. Exceptionally successful businessmen are not men who have been fitted in standardized slots; each is a man unique unto himself. The dowdy vestments of conformity and mediocrity can never be tailored to fit such men or their philosophies, no matter how their critics may tug in their efforts to shape the cloth.

I anticipate—indeed, I confidently prophesy—that there will be an even greater multiplication of young millionaires in the next few years. And it would not surprise me in the least if, as their number increases, their average age decreases.

Yes, by all means: Let him who—for whatever reason—scorns a business career go in peace to find his rightful place wherever else he wishes. I most sincerely wish him good fortune in whatever field he chooses. On the other hand, if he wants to be a businessman, he should not permit the businessman baiters to discourage him. He should take his priceless assets of vision and courage—and head for the peak.



"Think of it, gentlemen—not only do we cease polluting our lakes and rivers but we produce eighty-million gallons a year of the best darn soft drink you've ever tasted!"

ANOTHER WAY *(continued from page 148)*

For once, Margherita was not at the stove or the sink; she was sitting on the steps, repairing the hem of her skirt.

Forrester went to her and said: "Unless you intend to be a passenger tonight, there are one or two things you'd better learn."

She followed him in and watched while he roughed out on the table a diagram of the main gate and the culvert. In the simplest possible terms, he then explained what had to be done, drawing in the instantaneous fuse branches that would lead to each of the six hinges. They fanned left and right in pairs, the second pair longer than the first and the third longer again, in order to reach the higher hinges: the over-all assembly had the look of a squidlike body with enormous tendrils reaching out from its head, and each tendril then split to form a kind of claw. When they got to Monteliana, Forrester told her, he would tip each of these ends with a detonator and one prefabricated charge: then, too, he would tape to the base of the central stem the short ten-second piece of safety fuse and the initiating detonators. Not before, not with the kind of roads they'd meet on the way.

"You needn't concern yourself with this," he said, "but it will take time, perhaps half an hour. I'll need you from then on, though. Salvatore says the guard circles every hour."

"There is another one who patrols inside the wall. We have not been able to check his movements, but he comes and goes from the reception block."

Forrester ran a hand over his mouth. How much more would he learn—and perhaps too late? "Are you certain about the outside guard?"

"Quite certain. We have watched him from the cliff. On several nights. He is away from the gates for about fifty minutes at a time, in front of them for ten."

"Look," he said, indicating the diagram. "The fuses will lead out of the culvert, on either side, and stretch across the ground to the bottom of the gates. They've got to be buried, covered over; otherwise, the guard will see them. They needn't go deep—a couple of centimeters will do—but it means we'll have to score the ground flanking the surfaced drive-in." It was baked weed-sown earth, as he remembered it, iron hard, probably. "There's a tire lever in the boot of the car; we'll see if it's of any use in a moment. If not, we'll find something that is. . . . Now, tonight, covering the fuse is a job you can put your hands to. If you're correct about the guard, we'll have three quarters of an hour or so.

"The next problem will be the upper hinges. They're too high to reach, unless you climb to them, but I doubt if there are any easy footholds." He'd thought of getting to them by inserting himself between the pivot end of the gate and the recessed angle of wall, forcing himself up like a rock-climber in a chimney, with knees and shoulders wedging him in position. But with help, there was a better way, quicker and quieter. "So, for the top hinge in each gate, you can stand on my shoulders."

Carlo had come to listen. "Mind how he holds your legs," he grinned at Margherita.

"*Lasciami sola!* Go away and practice with your bit of glass."

"Phweee," Carlo said, raising his hands as if to ward off a blow. "You should hear yourself—dynamiter."

Carlo was tense, despite the show of teeth; they all were, keeping clear of one another—Giuseppe cleaning the shotgun at the other end of the room, Salvatore somewhere outside, Luigi at the door, where Inger was. "You want to play checkers, *signorina*? Pass the time? I will beat you today, you see. . . . No? Sure?" The sense of unreality swept Forrester again and, with it, there was something like a momentary touch of fear, a tightening in the belly and the thighs.

"Come," he said to Margherita. "I'll show you how to lay a charge."

• • •

At five, Salvatore called everyone together and held what passed for a final briefing session. Forrester didn't wait for him to finish. He started loading the explosives into the car. Very carefully, he coiled the fuse assembly and wrapped it in a blanket that he had obtained from Margherita. The gelatin slabs he packed into their original rope-handled box; unarmed, they were harmless enough, no matter how much jolting they received. Spare detonators and a fresh roll of tape he carried on his person. The wrapped assembly fitted comfortably into the boot and the box of explosives he loaded separately, wedging it on the floor in front of the driver's seat.

It was soon done. When he went back in, Margherita was clearing the table for a meal. They ate soup, bread and cheese, in silence. The dusk was thickening, but they sat there in the gloom. Only when they had finished did Margherita drag the sacking across the windows.

When the time came, Forrester whispered to Inger, "Wish me luck." He couldn't bring himself to say more. There was a feeling like lead in his heart. His smile, he knew, was a failure. He squeezed her on both arms, then turned away; and as he walked to the door, he remembered he had first seen that lost look on her face when Nolan had abandoned her and left her to fend for herself.

He clattered down the sagging steps into the dark blue of the evening. Luigi followed them out, nervous, trying to joke. Salvatore got in beside Forrester; Carlo, Giuseppe and Margherita, into

"Gee, I, too, want to 'stroll through life enjoying it to its fullest,' but so far it's been grab, grab, grab!"

the rear. The doors slammed. Forrester switched the headlights on and fired the engine.

"*Ciao*," Luigi was calling, tapping the glass. "Safe and sound."

Then Carlo, winding the window down: "Look after the Englishwoman."

Forrester turned the Fiat in the clearing, the tires not gripping well in the yielding ground, pine needles spitting out behind them. The door of the hut was shut as they rocked slowly by, and Forrester threaded through the trees, dismayed for Inger as never before and filled with a sense of deprivation that seemed to choke his mind.

• • •

There was no moon, only the stars. Twenty past six and they were pricking through. The landscape was even more forbidding in the silvered darkness, even more lonely. When they eventually struck the highway that lay across their front, Forrester made his turn without prompting. He drove with dipped beams, not fast, taking no risks; and two or three times they were overtaken, once by a low-slung Lancia that snorted past and away.

The villages Forrester remembered: they loomed up out of the night and trapped them for a while in their narrow slots of streets. Figures silhouetted in lighted doorways, a few shadowy people on the pavements, singly or in pairs, and the same hot, ancient smells that seemed to reek of decay.

Then the dog-legging began, the endless changes of direction through the wilderness. For perhaps 20 minutes, almost the only words spoken came from Salvatore—"*Alla destra. . . . Alla sinistra. . . . Dritto, dritto.*" He sat forward, hunched, watching the road as it bucked and twisted into the swinging beam of the headlights. The hills reared up and fell sheer away; the warm night air came licking in through the vents.

A T-junction lay ahead; vaguely, Forrester recalled it. He swung right, onto a paved surface; and all at once, his heart missed a beat. A truck was askew across the road, half in the ditch, and someone flashed a torch at them in warning.

"*Carabiniere*," Salvatore hissed. "Keep moving."

Forrester cut the headlights and nosed forward. The torch kept flashing at them. "It's a breakdown."

"*Merda!*"—Giuseppe.

Half blinded, Forrester shielded his eyes. All this in moments. They drew level with the *carabiniere*, who stepped aside, waving them on. He bent forward, looking in at them as they went past. Then they were clear, drawing away, and everyone started jabbering at once, gesticulating with relief. All except Forrester; he hadn't these safety valves; but the sweat seemed to chill on his skin as his pulse thudded.

"You should have blessed him, Salvatore," Carlo laughed, high pitched. "You are the priest."

And Salvatore erupted: "Enough of that!"

Forrester glanced at him hurriedly, seeing him in profile—the hooked nose, the crinkled hair. There were other fears—sins as well as crimes. But to each his own. Forrester drove on. An animal's eyes glowed in the headlights and he dabbed the brake; God, he was jumpy.

A few kilometers more showed on the clock. His eyes and arms ached from the concentration. Seven twenty-five. A car passed in the other direction, one of the few they'd met. "Watch out for the sign," Salvatore said.

A minute later, it showed in the lights, as if in obedience to his will: MONTELIANA—3 KM. Then the zigzags met them, plunging them into and raising them out of a trough, the road finally leveling off, the drop to one side, the narrow plateau appearing on the right.

"*Fermi, fermi.* Now, Carlo, out."

Carlo opened the nearside door and dropped stiffly onto the shoulder. His face looked star-green in the dimness.

Margherita pulled the door to. Forrester headed past the fork and along the road that curved down to where Monteliana lay on the hill shelf at the base of the cliff. Halfway down, four men walked toward them in file, wheeling bicycles, and their stares seemed to imply knowledge.

"Slowly into the town," Salvatore said. The lights of the place came at them as if a curtain were being drawn aside; a sprinkling first and then the main concentration, topped by the illuminated dome of the church. They were into the fringes, wasteland scattered with single-story buildings and clumps of prickly pear, hoardings and rubble. Salvatore delayed, exercising his authority, before saying: "Here." Forrester braked.

"Do what you have to do," Salvatore said as a parting shot, "and you will have no regrets. If it should enter your head to abandon us and drive to the hut alone, I warn you it will do you and the woman no good. Luigi has been told. Either we return there together or you carry a written message from me. Which will happen I shall decide tomorrow."

Standing on the edge of the road with Giuseppe beside him in his cloth cap, Salvatore seemed to have shrunk. Forrester glared one last time at these awful allies, who had bungled and lost once before.

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Music blared from a bar in the main street. A Franciscan friar flapped in sandals along the pavement. Forrester nosed the Fiat carefully through the evening strollers who spilled onto the carriageway. In the small square, a crowd watched a puppet show and lovers sat in pairs on the public benches. Sunday night: normality was everywhere. He drove on through and out of the center of things, on the alert for uniforms. He made the two remembered turns, right and left, and the town began to break up again as the road to the lockup ran parallel to the rising cliff face.

He was hard under the cliff, perhaps 50 yards from the strip of road, when he braked and switched off. As the engine died, the silence came flooding in, unnerving, more intense than he could remember, no waterfall, nothing except the stillness and the continuing sensation of movement after the drive.

He lifted the box of explosives after him and put it on the ground; pocketed the car keys. Action eased the grip on his nerves. As quietly as he could, he pushed the door to. Then he went to the boot, pulled the blanket away and removed the fuse assembly and the tire lever. The dirt-streaked white Fiat looked dreadfully conspicuous, the windscreen's pale reflection a giveaway, and he made an effort to camouflage it. He scavenged round with Margherita until they found a couple of sheets of rusted corrugated iron, and these they propped across the front of the bonnet and partially along one side; the coarse blanket, spread out and weighted down, covered most of the glass.

They kept close to the cliff and staggered over the rough ground. As they reached the crest, the lockup became visible, its great sandstone walls grayish under the stars. Two hundred yards. They must have taken five minutes to reach halfway. Every few paces, Forrester paused, searching for a sign of the guard, but in vain. Once, Margherita kicked against a stone and it dislodged others, freezing them between strides until the rattling ended.

They covered perhaps 30 yards more. They were slightly less exposed than if they'd been out in the open, yet they were casting pale shadows; the stars were strong and there wasn't a sign of a cloud. Obliquely, the main gates were edging into view now. Just ahead, there was a very slight concave depression in the base of the cliff; and when they reached it, Forrester indicated to Margherita to go to ground. He laid the weighty fuse assembly flat, then sat down, back to the rock.

Something throbbed in the distance, faint to begin with, growing louder. A plane? Yes. Presently, Forrester saw it, not too high, a fixed pattern of lights plowing through the quivering sky, slow-wheeling toward Palermo, he reckoned. And he thought, with an immense envy, of the people up there, imagining them with their final duty-free drinks, their traveler's checks and lire, their cameras and baggage. Whoever they were, they were his kind, Inger's

kind, and nothing as nightmarish as this would happen to them.

Six minutes past eight. He could feel his heart beating against his drawn-up knees.

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A dry cough was the first indication of the guard's arrival. Margherita nudged Forrester and pointed to the far corner of the lockup wall, near the observation point. Forrester soon picked him out; he patrolled clockwise, then. The guard ambled along the length of the wall and each gritty step on the gravel traveled as if amplified by the silence. He took his time, certainly. As he neared the gates, he coughed again, then cursed quietly. At that range—60, 70 yards, say—he seemed to lack menace. But when he reached the gates, he stopped and pulled a chair from an angle in the wall, grunted and sat down. And, as he did so, Forrester saw that he unslung a rifle from his shoulder.

Eight twelve. The guard lit a cigarette. They sat watching, not moving, and they could see the red glow fade and brighten and the smoke swirl in the still air. Every minute seemed to stretch elastically into distortions of time. Now and again, the guard muttered to himself. At 8:20, he flipped the cigarette end toward the culvert. At 8:23, he got up and pushed the chair into the angle of the wall. Then he opened a slot in the wicket door in the right-hand gate, poked his head inside and called, in a bored voice that suggested he'd done it a million times before: "Leaving now." Was he speaking to the other guard—or to someone on duty in the reception block?

Eight twenty-five. The guard slung his rifle and proceeded on his round. He'd turned into view at nine minutes past, and now he reached the near corner at exactly 8:27: they would therefore be exposed to him for anything up to 20 minutes at a stretch, 20 minutes in every hour.

Forrester uncoiled the fuse assembly and spread it out: from end to end, it stretched all of 50 feet. The detonators were in his shirt pockets, wrapped in handkerchiefs, and he put these on the ground also, together with the binding tape. Then he opened the box and removed the first of the 12 made-up charges. Margherita watched him intently. With expert care, he began arming the fuse ends—a detonator first, crimping it with his teeth until the open end bit into the fuse, then inserting the detonator into the explosive, sandwiching it between the double slabs, finally taping it firmly into position. The starlight was wonderfully strong; too strong.

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The guard reappeared at precisely five past nine. So his tour took less than an hour; he wasn't as like clockwork as Margherita had made out. But his ritual was much the same—the leisurely approach, the break to rest his feet, the cigarette. He was younger than Forrester had supposed; he sang quietly to himself as he lolled on the chair, and it wasn't an old voice. This time, instead of opening the slot in the wicket door, he twice rapped the rifle butt against the gate and called: "Going round." All in all, he remained in view for 21 minutes.

Reluctantly, Forrester got to his feet. He couldn't reasonably delay anymore. The fuse assembly was completely armed, ready, but he wouldn't move it until later. The culvert had to be inspected first, and it was up to him to do it. "You stay here," he said.

He took the tire lever from her. Instinctively, he crouched as he went forward. The stunted bushes dotting the hard, stony soil were no more than knee-high. He covered the 50-yard distance at a walk, skipping into the dwarfed ghost of his shadow, eyes darting left and right. The ditch was deceptively deep and he staggered down its bank to the open end of the culvert, the gates hardly more than 20 feet away, the walls towering. It was a brick culvert, square shaped, wide enough to take them both but silted, partially blocked with dead thorn wood and heaps of detritus, a faint glimmer showing through from the other end.

He squirmed in and the tire lever struck against the brickwork with a hard, ringing sound. It was pitch black inside: something springy brushed his face and he clawed it away. He could just about crouch on hands and knees under the low roof. Moss-covered sides, dried slush and muck beneath him. As a refuge, it would serve, but the air was foul and for a few claustrophobic seconds he struggled for breath. With difficulty, he managed to turn himself round, so that he faced outward; the small noises as he did so seemed to megaphone past him into the open.

Looking back under his right armpit, he could see a bush partly screening the other end. All to the good. He groped about, fingers like antennas, trying to establish shape and substance, clearing the culvert of everything loose that might rattle and betray them; it was going to be a tight fit with Margherita in there as well.

He scrambled out of the ditch, tiptoed across the road and headed through the scrub, and with every step, his nerves were braced for a shout from behind, a challenge. He came along the base of the cliff to where Margherita was and squatted beside her, breathing hard, his face glistening.

Then Forrester began looping the assembly into manageable size, careful not to disturb the junctions or tangle the leads. The dark of the culvert was no

"Sure you've never met him—but it's not like you're going out with a total stranger. Don't forget, he has been living with us for the past three weeks."

"Oh! Pardon me!"

place for repairs or involved unraveling. With the charges taped on, it was considerably heavier and more unwieldy than before.

Once again, he looked at his watch; they had just about long enough before the guard's return. He lifted the end where the charges were bundled and Margherita took the other. "Ready?" he whispered.

She nodded. They went side by side, cradling the assembly between them, moving slower than when Forrester had been alone. A tiny part of his mind registered the fact that a flock of small clouds had gathered low in the southwest, but this was only a fleeting, almost unconscious distraction. He was back in a no man's land where stealth and tension were the measure. They reached the road without incident. He thought they were going to be all right then; but as they made for the ditch, they heard the guard's dry cough and for one awful moment Forrester almost panicked.

They all but lost their balance in the frantic stumble down the slope to the culvert. Anyone on the alert inside the gates could hardly have missed the disturbance. Whether the guard had turned the corner, Forrester didn't know, and he wasn't waiting to check. Crouching, he hissed: "Get in! Get in!"

Margherita didn't need telling; she disappeared headfirst, dragging the assembly after her. As soon as her legs vanished, Forrester followed, sculling on his elbows, the two of them creating an almost continuous resonance. Her feet struck him in the face and he bit his lip to seal the grunt of pain. But he was in, desperately sliding the last of the fuse alongside—or trying to. Suddenly, it went taut in his hands and wouldn't move.

Stuck, the charges caught on something.

He started to swivel round, contorting himself in the narrow tunnel, hoping to release them; but the guard coughed again, from along the wall now, and Forrester knew it could be fatal to move another inch. And he dared not tug the fuse any more, in case he damaged the connections. Peering through the blood-beat in his eyes, he could just discern the darkish bundle of charges protruding into the starlit ditch.

The guard's footsteps crunched on the path below the wall. "Where is he?" he wanted to ask; Margherita could probably see him. Then, as if she read his mind, he felt the pressure of a shoe against his neck. Close, very close, a stone's throw. In despair, he made one more furtive attempt to free the charges, twisting until he thought the muscles in his back would snap, reaching as far as he possibly could, but in vain.

"Ayee," they heard the guard sigh, and the sound funneled in to them. Footsteps, the scrape of the chair being shifted, an unintelligible mutter, another cough, then the strike of a match. They lay motionless.

At last the guard moved again. Yawning, he stood up. And all at once, a shower of sparks cascaded over Forrester's end of the culvert, dying as they drifted down to the explosives. The guard swore quietly and walked forward, his footsteps vibrating through the brickwork. Immediately above them, he stopped, heeling out the lighted cigarette stub; and it was beyond Forrester's understanding how it was that he didn't notice the dull glint of the aluminum detonators jutting from the charges or the charges themselves.

A rough, grating sound, and the butt was swept over into the ditch. Then, after an age, the footsteps retreated. Thump, thump on the gate. "On my way."

And relief broke through Forrester like a dam bursting, dribbles of sweat salting his lips.

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He edged to the culvert's entrance and released the charges: they were caught behind tufts of weed, but the junctions were intact, as far as he could tell.

His eyes had adjusted to the darkness; no longer was he groping. He brought the thick central stem of the assembly to the center of the culvert and began fanning the leads left and right, six to one side, six to the other, moving them with great care. It was enormously difficult, the space too cramped, the leads too long. But eventually he was satisfied.

"This way," he breathed to Margherita. "Don't ever use that side—the bush there's good camouflage."

She followed him, bringing the tire lever, crossing herself as she emerged. They crouched in the ditch, the massive iron-studded gates seeming to rise sheer above them, the wicket door like a trap that could spring them to disaster. To test the ground, he took the lever and showed her where to score a shallow trench up the side of the ditch—half an inch or so deep, half an inch wide.

He left her and crept out of the ditch. Twelve to fourteen feet separated him from the gates—four to five strides—yet it must have taken him all of a minute to reach them. He kept to the rough shoulder beside the tarmac strip, transferring his weight from leg to leg with the caution of someone moving on thin ice.

The gates were set slightly back from the end pillars of the wall and the chair the guard used stood in the recess on the right. Forrester slid into the one on the left and began to examine the heavy strap hinges; with relief, he saw that they presented no unexpected difficulties. Through the narrow gap between wall and gate, he could just make out the squat shape of the reception block: it was about ten yards away. A light glowed in the end window, but there was no sign of occupation; nor could Forrester see or hear anything of the guard who was said to patrol the lockup grounds. Inside, everything was deathly quiet; but twice behind him, Margherita struck stone; and to him, the tiny sound seemed enormous, making him wince with alarm.

He studied the hinges once more, professionally satisfied that he hadn't underestimated the weight of explosive; they were old and rusted and would shear through without trouble. This was a gamble that could be—and had been—calculated. But the long-drawn business of placing the charges and burying the fuses could not; and then, in the last resort, the success of the demolition was going to hang on whether the guard was observant enough to notice either what was taped to the hinges or the fuses branching up the recessed sections of the wall.

Forrester sidled clear and stepped back, searching the sky beyond the sandstone arch for the clouds he had seen an hour ago, willing them to thicken, drift, kill the telltale brightness. There was time yet, though not too much; he couldn't delay beyond one o'clock, and already it was nearing eleven. He went on his toes to the ditch and hurried down. Margherita was bent like a reaper at the other end of the culvert.

"The guard's due back in a matter of minutes," he whispered. "According to you, he's relieved at midnight. So, to be on the safe side, we won't move until the new man has made his first circuit. The new one may have a different routine."

"But that means we must wait here for two hours!" Margherita's whisper was aggressive. "No. It is madness." Small echoes of her voice seemed to snap in the culvert.

"You are all alike," Forrester answered. "None of you knows how to wait. Just think, if you can't afford a little patience right now, Angelo will have to be patient in prison many years." He waited and at last she sighed and settled back quietly. It was his only lever of control and he hoped he wouldn't have to use it too often.

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The guard reached the gate soon after 11; Forrester didn't check the exact time. They lay doubled up in the culvert, listening to every move he made, every sound he uttered. The air seemed more stifling, more dust-laden, as the minutes crawled by, and Forrester dreaded that he would sneeze or reflexively clear his throat. He tried to calm himself by letting his thoughts go free, away from here and the pulsing beat of his heart's measurement of time.

Had Carlo had them under observation from the cliff top? What were the others doing? and Inger? . . . Most of all, Inger.

A faint swishing suddenly reached his

"As you know, Miss Delmon, in matters of dress, we generally allow a good deal of latitude."

ears. Mystified, he looked down the ditch and, to his horror, he saw a dog loping along its bank. He caught Margherita by the arm and drew her close, lips pressed into her hair, mouthing the warning. "*Cane.*"

A bitch, skin and bone, like a greyhound, teats swinging. Jesus, if it came to the culvert. . . . As if mesmerized, Forrester watched it sniff hungrily about among the weeds, pause, urinate and move nearer. Then the guard saved them.

"Go away! Hey! Hey! Off with you!"

The bitch halted, ears flattened. There was a scraping noise by the gates, as if the guard had jumped to his feet. A stone clipped into the ground. The bitch spun round and scurried away, bounded over the ditch and vanished. "Yaaah," the guard growled, settling back onto his chair. "Filth, you."

Relief seesawed down through Forrester again; under the skin, his flesh tingled. Their luck was holding. He touched Margherita, conveying that the danger had passed. Long, spun-out minutes elapsed. When he shifted his weight from one bent arm to the other, the elbow seemed to crack like a pistol shot. The guard was in no hurry to get going. And when, at last, he chose to dispense with the chair, he didn't stray far from the gates. He patrolled the front wall only, back and forth a couple of times, cap askew, yawning frequently, covered all the way by either Forrester or Margherita, according to which side of the gates he was on. Toward 12, Forrester saw the leading edge of packed cloud beginning imperceptibly to push northward above the lockup wall and he stared up at it in thankfulness. It was coming at the right time, but when it had spread over and the worst of the light had gone, the worry would be that the cloud wouldn't last. The starshine had reached a peak now; he could make out details of the guard's shabby uniform and the narrow, lopsided features.

At midnight sharp, the wicket door opened. They heard the bolt pulled, the door creak and someone step through.

"*Ciao*, Silvio," the newcomer said without enthusiasm. "How's it gone?" Older, this one; gruff.

"As usual."

"Cheer up. It's a living." The door creaked to and the bolt was rammed home. Without waiting, the new guard set off on patrol, clockwise again, his pace a shade quicker than the other's. Forrester followed him with his eyes—short, fat, with a sailor's roll. And at last, he and Margherita could relax, stretch their numbed limbs, speak.

"In an hour, or as soon after as possible, we tackle the right-hand set of hinges. You can complete the channel all the way to the recess in the wall, lay the leads in and bury them. By the time you've done that, I'll be ready for your help on the top hinge. We'll need to work fast. There ought to be some cloud cover, which will help, but twenty to twenty-five minutes should be about long enough."

He crawled into the ditch with the tire lever. The pinkish sky glow over the town had dimmed a little, but the mottled clouds hardly seemed to have shifted. For a second or two before clambering out of the ditch, Forrester was tempted by the comparative nearness of the car, the keys in his pocket. Margherita was powerless; she wasn't armed. But Luigi was; and whether he could cope with him, surprise him at the hut, was really all that stood between his breaking away—and had from the start. Salvatore had foreseen this gap in his hold on him and had warned Luigi, purposely left him the shotgun.

For a long moment, the choice swung like a pendulum, before Forrester turned and made his way cautiously across the tarmac strip to the ditch at the culvert's other end. Better the risks you knew; at least they carried what passed for a guarantee.

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The light began to thicken not long before the new guard completed his first tour. They heard his gritty approach from the far corner of the wall at three minutes after the hour; he was more of a schedule keeper. When he reached the gates, he made use of the chair, but only briefly: he was soon on his feet again, circling aimlessly, idly kicking at stones, as if he found moving about lessened the inevitable tedium.

Even from inside the culvert, Forrester could perceive that the clouds were hazing the moon at last. Not too early; the luck was lasting like a dream. So far. . . . All the way, for Christ's sake, *all* the way.

The chair was pushed aside. One fifteen. . . . Now the worst was coming. The guard shuffled off, head and shoulders rolling as he passed along the wall. Forrester waited until he had turned the corner.

"Yes?"—almost inaudibly.

"Yes," he answered thickly. "Come on."

He crept immediately to the far side of the culvert, where the bush was, and pulled out the right-hand leads of the fuse assembly. They came freely, like well-coiled cord, the main lead a single stem of fuse that branched into six only over the last quarter of its length. He backed up the bank and then went sideway toward the gates, stepping as if his feet pained him. It was decidedly darker, the clouds like ice floes. He moved the guard's chair, eased into the wall recess and squinted through the gap, getting a direct view of the lighted window in the reception block; it framed a shirt-sleeved man reading a newspaper. Roughly, Forrester measured the fuse branches against the distance between hinges and found he'd estimated well; not too little, only a shade too much. Glancing round, he then saw that Margherita was first scraping a guideline across the level ground and the path the guard used.

For hours, the binding tape had pressed against Forrester's left thigh. Now he crouched in the recess and started taping the two lowest charges.

The straps of the hinges joined as they left the wood, angling sharply from back and front of the gate, narrowing down, metal to metal. The light seemed to be going all the time, but he could just about see; and in any case, he was skilled enough to have done this blindfolded. The charges fitted snugly against the hinge and there was an adequate gap to put his hands through when stringing the tape round. Again and again, he lifted his eyes nervously to the lighted window; it was half open; and when the man turned the newspaper, the rustle sounded crisp and clear. In places, Margherita was having to chip gently at the ground and the noise, small though it was, undermined Forrester's hard-held control. Was he deaf in there?

He straightened: the middle hinge he could manage standing, reaching up. He guided the second pair of fuse branches up the wall by way of fissures between the worn sandstone blocks, doing his best to hide their presence. The black tape and the chocolate-brown slabs merged well with the rusted metal—at least while the clouds dulled everything down—but the fuses would be there for anyone with eyes to see. At dawn, too.

The first of the second two charges was in position when the man on duty tossed the paper aside, stood up and came to the window. For an appalled moment, Forrester believed the *funzionario* had heard something; lips parted, stock-still, he squinted through the gap. But the man pulled the window to and shut it, as if the night air was now too sharp for him. For Forrester, there was no such chill; a sweaty fever seemed to be on him. He sucked in air and taped the other charge into position on the reverse side of the hinge, separating them by about half an inch to produce a shearing effect, fingers shaking as he ran the tape over.

Margherita had worked to within a yard or so of him. One thirty-five. . . . He left the last two charges dangling and edged out of the recess to give her room, everything in him urging her to hurry, and every strike on stone, every granular crunch as she moved, made him want to tear the lever from her and complete the job himself.

At last, she finished. In dumb show, he instructed her to prop the lever against the wall and climb onto his shoulders. The chair wouldn't give him the necessary height. He stooped to receive her, hauling her up until her feet straddled his neck. Awkwardly, using the wall to keep balanced, he sidled into the recess and passed up the tape, then the first of the remaining leads, relying on her now, wishing he could repeat his instructions, yet not daring to, eying the man in the window ten bare yards away, Margherita's legs against his ears, partially blocking his hearing.

He seemed to bear her weight for an impossibly long time before she kicked him gently on the shoulder to indicate that she needed the second charge. He passed it up and waited, fretting the minutes through. Quarter to? Ten to? Come on, his mind said. Come *on*. . . . Then she kicked him again and, bending, reached down with the tape. He backed out of the recess and leaned, so that she could scramble off his back.

Forrester gazed up at the charges she had placed; they looked all right. Here and there, he was again able to bend a fuse lead into a wall crevice, but some were at impossible angles, so he licked his fingers, ran the wet along the leads and showered them with dust scooped from the recess, doing this repeatedly, masticating spittle onto his tongue, transferring the taste of the explosive to his mouth until he could bear it no more.

Gently, he lifted the chair back into the recess. For the last time, he tiptoed away from the right-hand gate. The man in the window was drinking from an enamel mug. Margherita had by now channeled two thirds of the way to the ditch. Forrester picked up the tire lever and moved behind her, treading the repacked earth a shade firmer. When she reached the ditch, he went past her and roughly buried the fuse into the shallow cut, not so carefully here, where weeds and an uneven surface made natural camouflage.

Once again, they went back into the culvert, where his heart hammered as if it were in an echo chamber and the bittersweet stench from his hands made him want to retch. Seven minutes to two. They'd taken longer than he had bargained for; but now that it was done, it seemed like a miracle that they should have got away with it without a hitch.

"That was good, eh?" There was something like elation in Margherita's voice. "All right?"

"All right, yes." Forrester swallowed, mouth dry, sweat running in greasy streams. "Now there's just one more time."

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Again, they waited for the guard. There had been so much waiting, and there was plenty still to come; but from now on, there was a difference. From now on, with hourly regularity, they had to trust in the guard's blindness, instinctive and otherwise, to the fact that something might be wrong.

He was round at five minutes after two. There must be other stopping points, Forrester decided; if this one kept to his rolling pace for three quarters of an hour, he would circle the lockup at least twice.

They heard him drag the chair forward and subside, the thump of his rifle butt. Five times now, they had strained and listened, deciphering the meaning of sounds; but, as always, the silences prickled the nerves. Was he sniffing, having caught the very slightest whiff of the explosive? Hardly—and yet. . . . Staring at the ground between his feet,

"They went together, doctor!"

curious about some loose soil? God alone knew. They could only wait and hope, afraid to stir, willing him to get up and mooch away again. Had Margherita known what it would be like? Not once had she faltered.

At 2:15, the guard sighed and lifted his rifle—they heard the slap of the sling. Then he rose and shoved the chair back into the recess. If he were going to notice anything, it could be then; but no. Unlike his colleague, he didn't signal his departure by banging the gate. Watching, Forrester dimly saw him move along the top of the bank: thank God for the clouds; the night was all shadow now. *One more time. . . .*

He gave the guard a minute, then wriggled into the open and dragged the other half of the assembly after him, paying it out as he climbed the bank. They had a pattern to follow, a successful drill; but this time, he found it harder—harder because he was clumsy, harder because he seemed to have depleted himself already, harder because he couldn't observe the man in the window and use him as a partial safety gauge. In every way more jittery, less efficient, more prey to speculation. And slower, every error time consuming.

Twice, he botched taping the bottom charges. Once, the tape dropped from his fingers, and only by reaching through at arm's stretch did he retrieve it from the other side of the gate. And at one point, Margherita jarred the tire lever so heavily against rock that fear clutched at his throat. He managed the middle hinge better, though still like a novice, vital minutes slipping away. A crossed lead, an insecure detonator. . . . They were cutting it desperately fine. Margherita had finished gouging the channel well before he was ready for her and so she started burying the fuse, covering it loosely with her hands, then treading it down. She was into the ditch when he signaled her.

Almost three. . . . Frantically, he hauled her onto his shoulders and edged into the recess. They could still make it. A few minutes more. The tape and one of the charges handed up. Hurry, hurry, for Christ's sake. . . .

And then, with a stab of terror that seemed to disintegrate his mind, Forrester heard the guard on the path only yards away.

All control went in the first elemental rush of panic. He started to twist clear, about to run, meaning to run, but Margherita prevented him—not only her weight on his shoulders but the hissed command.

"Don't move!"

Suddenly, in contrast, he was petrified, his brain numb. Crunch, crunch, on the stony path. There had been no warning. Forrester's insides seemed to be dribbling away, his legs trembling, Margherita motionless above him. Together, they leaned into the dark within the dark, faces to the corner. The guard sauntered to a standstill when he was level with the gates, broke wind, then dragged the chair from the other recess. It was beyond belief that he hadn't seen them. He was terribly close; they could hear his rasped breathing, the dry sound of his hands being rubbed together, the small pressure creaks of the chair as his weight was shifted.

Time seemed to have run to a stop for Forrester. As if in a coma, he remained motionless, muscles quivering in legs and arms but the rest of him still frozen, scarcely conscious of Margherita's weight and the bite of her heels into his shoulders. Eyes shut, taking air through the mouth, pulse like a pile driver.

"A lot of fools," the guard complained, abruptly giving vent to some private grievance. "They should have known."

The suddenness of his voice raised the hairs on Forrester's neck. Sweat stung his eyes when he opened them. Dimly, the remaining charge dangled in front of him on its length of fuse. Simultaneously, time started to pick up again, his mind beginning to clear. Margherita's legs had his head in a vise and he couldn't shift it, couldn't risk a slight turning motion to look round. With heightened awareness, he heard a blob of sweat plop onto his shoe, then another. He tensed for some reaction from the guard, but nothing happened—no scuffling of feet that could follow a searching sidelong glance, no alarmed snatching for the rifle.

"Camillo," the man muttered, "you bastard, you. . . . *Bastardo*," he repeated with relish.

Margherita remained like a statue. How long? Five minutes? And how much longer? It couldn't last. Forrester gritted his teeth. For a drawn-out moment, the starlight seemed to swell, as if coming again, but the dark held steady. On and on, not a movement from them, wire taut, the charge close to Forrester's face bouncing in and out of focus with every beat of his heart. Far off, a dog was barking somewhere. The smell of the explosive hung in the recess. Behind him, the chair creaked and creaked again. More leaking drips of sweat. His thoughts were going frantically in all directions at once. Thank God she'd buried the fuses: it would have ended already but for that. . . .

Silence, time crawling by. Dust in the mouth, nerves pricking needle points of ice and fire. And something rising slowly within him like a bubble in oil, something unidentified, waiting to surface as soon as the tension snapped. Either way.

The guard whistled softly to himself, feet tapping a gritty rhythm. Another minute, another lifetime. Then, as suddenly as he had arrived, he decided to go. He got up and dragged the chair back to its usual place. Forrester cringed: now it would come, now. Shapes in the far recess, shadows among shadows —the man *must* see. . . . But with disbelief, he heard the guard sling his rifle, cross the tarmac strip and start along the path beyond the end pillar of the wall.

A shudder surged through Forrester from head to toe, but neither he nor Margherita moved. They continued to wait for an unnecessarily long time after the guard had gone. Presently, though, Forrester felt Margherita reaching down for the last charge and he passed it up.

Relief was so intense that he was close to vomiting. In a daze, when Margherita had taped the charge and clambered off his back, he trained the leads into the wall crevices, wet them and powdered them with dust. By the time he turned to retreat, she had already re-trod any telltale blemishes where the fuses were entrenched and was waiting for him in the ditch.

"Mother of God," she said solemnly, but nothing more; not then.

• • •

Diana. . . . Unseeing, Forrester stared along the ditch toward the sleeping town. When the shale started shifting under his feet as he reached for her, there had been another selfsame moment, an instant of utter terror, making him draw back. Vividly, the scene overlaid his vision. Reaching for her, their fingers separated only by inches, gasping "Hold on! Hold on!" And then the loss of a foothold, the cold gust of fear and the cowardly pulling away from inches to feet, ankle-deep in the sliding surface of the hill, the shale spilling out over the cliff and Diana's eyes never leaving his. Hopelessly trying again, outstretched, fingers almost touching, only to see her swept suddenly into the ravine.

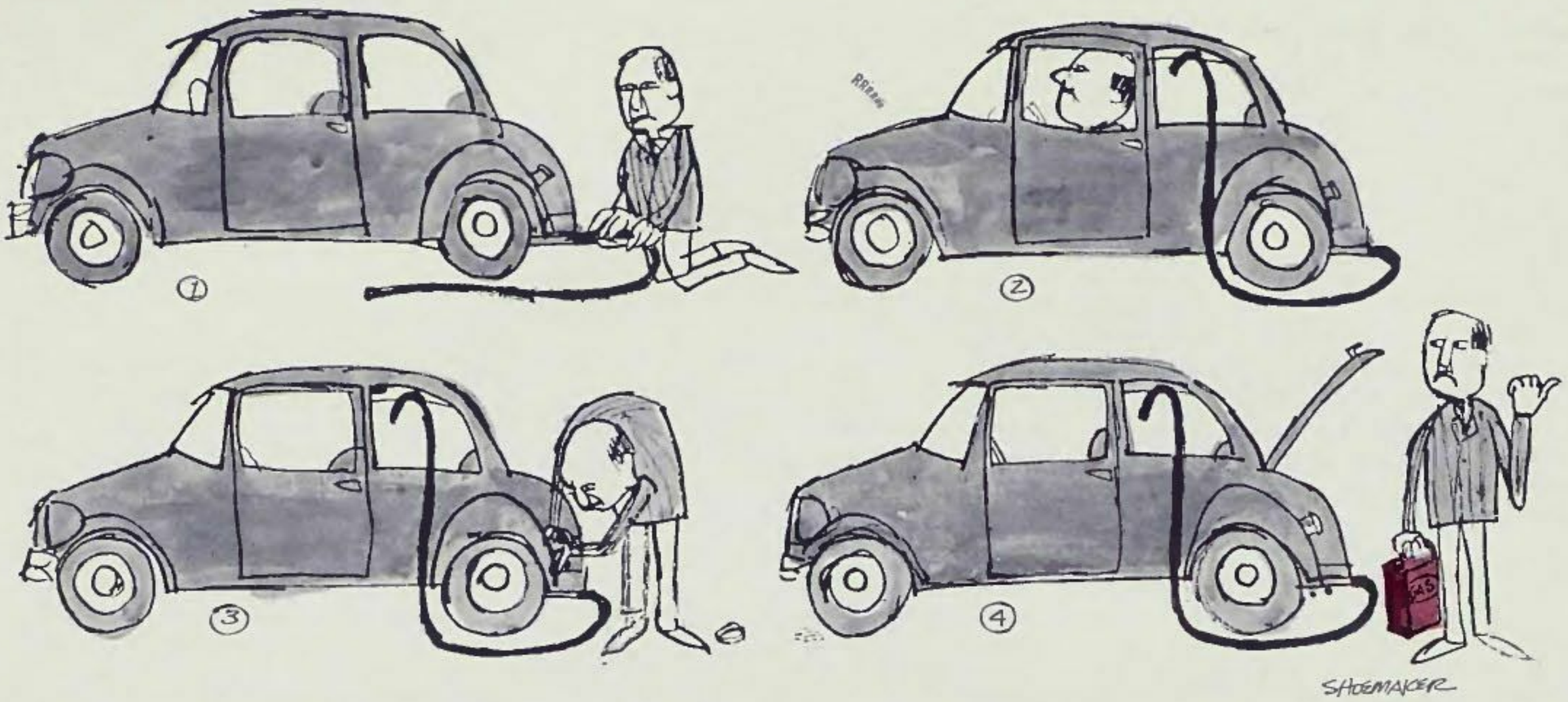
He clenched his hands, bewildered. His mind teemed with mocking images of himself, all bluff and bravado, ignorant of the flaw, the weakness now exposed like pus hidden from him by the scars and the healed memories.

• • •

With an effort, Forrester screwed his mind to meet the coming crisis. Ten to five. "At five, I deal with the priest. At five-thirty, Giuseppe and I enter the lockup by the chapel gate"—Salvatore's words had the ring of something recalled after waking. Salvatore, Giuseppe, Carlo, Luigi. . . .

Forrester stretched himself as best he could. An hour and a half more. Away in the town, the cocks were beginning to crow in the false dawn.

The first glimmer of light would test the camouflage, but chance must take its course. The guard had only one more turn to make before Forrester got the signal from the cliff. The main risks were elsewhere now. Already, the raid was under way—5:40; Salvatore and Giuseppe



would be inside. They must have got to the chapel gate round by the south wall; there had been no sign of anyone along this side, no sound except the guard's, only the night and the dawn slowly forming as the clouds thinned.

"Listen," Forrester told Margherita. "The instantaneous fuse could burst our eardrums in a confined space like this. We'll have a ten-second delay after ignition, exactly ten. The guard will have moved away by six-thirty, but we'll still have to keep under cover until the very last. So be ready to run for it the moment I ignite—up the bank and toward the cliff."

In the dimness of the culvert, he saw her nod.

Quarter to six. Angelo ostensibly confessing; Salvatore at the cell door, acting out his sin. No noise within the walls, no commotion: the house of cards hadn't collapsed yet. . . . Quietly, Forrester shifted position, easing his cramped limbs. In Monteliana, a bell began to clang.

Every time Forrester peered at his watch, it hardly seemed to have moved on. An age passed before they heard the guard traipse round the far corner. Three minutes after six. . . . The darkness was draining rapidly, colors seeping back. They heard the guard yawn as he sat down; idly, he began pitching pebbles at a rusty can a few feet along the ditch on Margherita's side. Once, he hit it and grunted approval.

A little more light, a little more color —browns, gray-greens and yellows, a fiery sliver of pink low in the east. Still no hint of a disturbance within the walls. Salvatore should be clear, Giuseppe biding his time in the chapel enclosure, Carlo ready on the cliff top, Angelo. . . . Six twelve. . . .

The guard continued with his game for another minute or two, then yawned again, rose and dragged the chair into the recess. If something were to catch his eye, it would be now; but no. He shuffled along the path, rolling as he went, and blearily, Forrester watched him go.

"Can you see Carlo?"

Margherita wriggled to the culvert's rim and looked out and up. "No," she said at last. Her calmness could only be a kind of fatalism.

Six twenty. . . . Day was shaping in earnest, pink turning to scarlet, an arc of sun rising above the town. Forrester took a crumpled cigarette from the pack and put it between his teeth, drew out a match. Wait a bit.

"A few minutes, now. Keep a watch on the cliff top. We'll hear the bulldozer first, but keep watching for Carlo's signal, all the same." Giuseppe over the wall? Carlo would know; he alone could see. Cupping his hands, Forrester lit the cigarette, extinguished the match and flicked it into the ditch.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for——"

Something: a hard metallic thud. Forrester stiffened. Then another, followed by a rattling, dragging sound. He drew on the cigarette; it shook in his lips. Clatter, clatter, and the bulldozer's engine suddenly roared.

They could hear it trundling parallel with the wall, moving farther away from them. The noise seemed to distort as it shuddered into the culvert. It diminished fractionally, as if the engine was idling. The hooks going on? Gear trouble? Giuseppe challenged? All this in the mind. Then, all at once, a guttural snarl and a continuous clanking sound rising together to a crescendo—second after second after second of it, until, with a tearing, snapping crash, something broke and they knew that the bars had ripped away.

Forrester had the short stub of safety fuse in one hand, the cigarette in the other. A hoarse voice could be heard through the clanking din, urgent, like a bark, and another joined in from near the gates.

"Now!" Margherita called. "*Now!*"

He applied the cigarette, watched the fuse spit alight. Then, like her, he was out, scrambling up the bank as if pursued, head down, running, the confused roar increasing behind them.

Seven . . . eight . . . nine. . . .

First a whipcrack, then a concussive crunch, almost inseparable: the air bounced and discolored. Across the road, Forrester spun in his tracks. Lines of earth spouted where the fuses were buried and a curdled mass of ocherous smoke bulged and swelled and soared; as if in slow motion, he watched one of the gates slowly topple forward and smack down. His head was singing, but he thought he heard a shot.

"Angelo!" Margherita cried, fists raised as if in supplication to the dust. "Angelo!"

And obediently he came, he and Giuseppe, the bulldozer bursting into the open, sluing as it clipped a wall pillar and met the flattened gate, losing direction, missing the culvert and pitching into the ditch, both men leaping clear, up and sprinting.

Forrester began to move, head turned like someone waiting to receive a relay baton. A jacketless guard was on the wall, rifle leveled; others were emerging from the thinning dust—three, four.

All running now, Angelo and Giuseppe gaining, almost abreast. In rapid succession, two shots rang out and Angelo stumbled, fell to his knees. Instinctively, Forrester sprang to him, got a shoulder under his armpit and, with Giuseppe, lifted, ran again, Angelo's legs like a rag doll's—a small man, slight, fierce-looking, with blood bubbling from

his mouth. Scared, Forrester took all this in. Margherita ahead of them, stopped, aghast. Another shot, sobbing off rock. Everything overlapping in a kind of dementia. A hundred yards to the car, some guards in pursuit and Giuseppe suddenly turning, pistol drawn, and firing again and again.

The pursuit faltered, scattering, going down. Margherita had reached the car and was opening the doors. Angelo coughed, belching blood. Almost there, Margherita coming with arms outstretched and grief such as Forrester had never seen—"Jesus, oh, Jesus." Staggering through muck, they pitched Angelo into the back seat, Giuseppe and Margherita clambering over him. Forrester flung himself behind the wheel, switched on, slammed into gear. With doors flapping, the car crashed out of its covering screen of rusted metal. Over the rough ground, the wheel jarring Forrester's hands, lurching diagonally toward the road, moaning in the back and Giuseppe swearing, winding the window down and leaning out to fire.

Bullets chipped the tarmac in front of them as the car skidded onto the road. Forrester drove like a man possessed, accelerating down the long, straight approach to Monteliana.

"Angelo, speak to me. . . . *Angelo.* . . ."

• • •

Through the town, people scattering from the cobbles, everything juddering past in a blur. Through the town and out, throttle and brake and horn, out the other side to where the road curled in a ledge along the hillside. In the mirror, Forrester could see they had stripped the smock from Angelo, exposing a gaping exit wound in his chest. Feverishly, Giuseppe was ripping his own shirt, Margherita cradling Angelo's head, blood everywhere.

Coming up to the fork. Goats on the road, bounding clear, a scarecrowlike figure waving a stick. And the mind in tatters. Then Salvatore waiting, Carlo, too, the car screeching to a standstill, bonnet dipped, dust showering over. And their faces as they climbed exultantly into the front and discovered what had happened.

All the voices in the world seemed to be concentrated in the Fiat—a babel of dismay, disbelief, anger, conflict.

"How? How?"

"We were halfway——"

"Through the shoulder. . . . *Madonna, perde sangue!*"

"Can he speak?"

"Try and stop that blood. Ayee——"

Forrester drove on, foot down. "Where to, for Christ's sake?" No one heard. "Where to?" he shouted.

"Get off the highway"—Giuseppe, stanching the wound with strips of shirt. "There'll be roadblocks."

"He wants a doctor. He'll die otherwise."

"Keep your advice." White wedges in the corners of Salvatore's veined eyes. "Drive and shut up."

The clash of voices never stopped. Still only the one corkscrewing road. Then, suddenly, Salvatore ordered: "Take the track to the left." And Forrester spun the wheel, slowing as he jolted onto an earthen surface that ran between lentil fields. Going northeast. In the mirror, Angelo's face was ashen: he'd never live, doctor or no.

Open scrubland studded with rock. No track, nothing. Hills to the south and wooded country to the north of them. Seven forty-five, only seven forty-five. . . . Forrester worked his way across the empty scrub, bearing northeast at Salvatore's urging. By eight, they came to a narrow road, turned right and followed it for perhaps a mile, until Salvatore said: "Left, now. Into the trees."

A stream glinted through the foliage: Forrester ran the car down to its bank. Reeds and grasses, willows and dappled light. He cut the engine and watched the others lift Angelo and carry him close to the bright water's edge. He stood apart from them and somehow apart from himself, incapable of emotion, and watched them do what they could for Angelo—cupping water to his lips, bathing the wound, wiping his face. The boy lay with his head in Margherita's lap, unaware, it seemed, of their mercies; and only the blood staining the makeshift bandages and occasionally coughing weakly from his mouth pointed to his being alive.

Even so, Forrester touched Salvatore on the elbow. "A doctor might save him," he ventured again. "A doctor, a hospital."

And Salvatore met his gaze as before, as if across a gulf. "Save him for what?" he said.

All the lines in his face were etched deeper. There was a pause, no hatred in it as so often before, no contempt. Salvatore rubbed his eyes with tattooed hands, like someone waking, salt rings showing under his armpits where the sweat had dried. "Go and tell Luigi to come. He will know where."

Angelo coughed again, a gargling sound that made Salvatore swing his head.

"Luigi will want more than my word. You said so yourself."

Salvatore grunted and dug behind his heavy belt into a pocket. He drew out a much-folded square of paper and handed it to Forrester. "You remember everything."

Forrester started to turn away. Then, to his surprise, Salvatore added: "Thank you, friend. . . . *Bravo.*"

• • •

He walked through the willows to the car and drove away: his legs weren't too steady. It was unbelievable to be free of duress, but there was still danger. A white Fiat, himself disheveled, unshaven, blood on his sleeves, blood on the rear seat: if he'd had sense, he should have done something about the blood. Eight twenty. . . . The hunt would be on, check points established round the compass. As the crow flies, he reckoned he was about halfway between Monteliana and the hut, but exactly where, he had no idea. There had been no signposts in the fields and scrub. Now he was driving east, the road deserted, his trust in its narrowness: they'd hardly block everything, and perhaps not as far out as this.

He drove as fast as he dared, lifting the dust, exploding birds out of wayside bushes and trees. Farm buildings sometimes standing back from the road, a yoked mule circling a well, a few people tending patches of crops; vaguely he noticed. The hills to the south retreated as he was led more and more to the northeast, but others rose up ahead and before long, he was having to use the gears. He must have covered five or six miles by the time he met a major road: VALLELUNGA 14 KMS., S. CATERINA 18 KMS. He found the map in the glove compartment and studied it, then crossed the highway and continued into the hills. Once, he pulled onto the side and unfolded Salvatore's note. *All well,* he read. *Let them go and hurry over. Until then—S.* It must have been written the evening before, while the dream still held.

In the mirror, his face was haggard, blotched with grime. He drove on, recalling with an intensity of feeling Inger's voice, her eyes, her walk, the promise of her smile that could be released at last like a renewal of life. Another part of his mind remained on the lookout for a cruising police car or the dwindling possibility of a check point, but there was never anything to cause him qualms. Presently, a signpost indicated a place off to the right that he couldn't discover on the map and he ignored it: ahead, and to the north, the land was beginning to take on a familiar desolation. Exactly at nine o'clock, he was turning onto the track that led to the hut.

• • •

The sound of the falls greeted him first: window down, he steered through the pines and the semaphore blink of the sunlight. Well before the hut was in view, he started using the horn; and as he nosed the Fiat into the clearing, Luigi came clattering down the steps with the shotgun, calling: "Yes? Yes?" Thumb hopefully up.

"Out, yes. It all worked." Inger appeared in the door and Forrester felt a surge in his heart. Stiffly, he swung his legs and pushed himself from the car, arm lifted in greeting.

"Why the blood?" Suspiciously, Luigi

"And please don't tell me again what you would do if you were in my shoes."

stared. "What happened?" He pointed at Forrester's sleeve.

"I cut myself." As if in proof, Forrester showed his torn hands. "There was glass in the culvert. Glass and wire." He moved toward the hut, fumbling for the note, Inger's eyes on him. He could have sworn Luigi was wearing one of his shirts, but he couldn't have cared less. "Here," he said. "Salvatore gave me this."

He left Luigi to read it and quickened his stride, saying: "Inger, Inger—are you all right?" He took the steps in one and kissed her clumsily. "Really all right?"

The nervous smile. "Of course."

Luigi whistled, finished reading the note, and his face brightened. All was well. . . . He stood in the clearing and looked at them both. "So—it's over. It's goodbye. There's no time to lose. Some girl you've got there."

Forrester tightened his arm round Inger's waist. He grinned wearily, rubbing his beard stubble.

"Some girl."

Forrester's mind prickled. Luigi started on his way, making for the mossy boulders and the pines beyond. On the edge of the clearing, he turned and called to Inger in that waiter's English of his: "Goodbye, beautiful miss."

Forrester let his arm fall. Uncertainty thickened his voice. "What did he mean?"

Inger shrugged. "That is the way he talks." She separated from him and moved inside the hut. "His English is worse even than mine. All the time it has been the same."

It was more than the phrase; there was the manner of it, the parting look Forrester had intercepted. Oh, God, he thought. No. . . . No.

"Neal." Now Inger came back. "Neal, you're tired. Was it bad for you? Where are you cut?"

Checkerboard drawn askew on the table, empty glasses, the remains of a candle. Forrester looked past Inger into the room that had been theirs and saw the rumpled blankets on the bed.

"Was he in there?"

She was silent, motionless. He strode closer and stared in. For seconds on end he stared, before something broke and he wheeled on her. "He was, wasn't he? That blatant little bastard was with you."

She didn't flinch from his raw-eyed challenge. "Yes," she said.

"You whore," he stormed. "You bloody whore."

He made for the door, wanting to get out, out, anywhere. He shouldered past Inger into the open and she followed as far as the steps, shouting after him. "I'm *not*! I'm *not*!"

He didn't listen, yet he heard, and the irony seemed like a final insult.

"I needed somebody. I always need somebody. Neal, *Neal*. . . . I'm not like you. I can't manage on my own. I'm afraid on my own."

• • •

Forrester found himself by the boulders. He felt sick. A kind of madness pounded inside his skull. Misty spray drifted over him from the skein of falling water, but he was unaware of it, unaware of everything except an enormous bitter hurt that seemed to possess him totally.

In dismayed protest, his thoughts flitted about for somewhere to settle, something to hold them steady, but in vain. Bitch, they hammered. Bitch—like a futile punctuation mark scattered through a pattern of images that reached all the way back to the casino at Messina and from there to the Capua and the kidnap on the road and this hut and that room and the raid and his own terror and the hope that had come from it because of her—all this disjointed, feverish, with one clear picture as he saw the parallel between his journey here and that of Luigi's to the rendezvous with the others and what he would find when he arrived.

Gradually, the confusion went out of him; his mind hardened, anger in sole charge. He turned from the boulders and crossed the clearing to the hut. Inger was sitting on the steps. She moved her hands when he approached, as if in appeal, but he went on by, avoiding her look.

The old number plates had been thrown at the back of the hut amid other rubbish: he retrieved them, returned to the car and extracted the tool kit. There was refuge of sorts in action. It took him 20 minutes to change the plates and Inger stayed away from him. When he next passed her to get the plastic bucket from the drainboard, she was smoking a cigarette, but she made no attempt to speak. Three times he filled the bucket from the falls, twice to shower the car and once to wash the rear seat, using the blanket for that and then to wipe the car roughly over. Then he traced his steps for the final time to the falls and washed himself, standing naked under the bluntness of the water until at last he was clean.

Back in the hut, he shaved, after which he dressed, folded the soiled clothes and packed them away, slipped his passport into a hip pocket and turned to leave—coldly, mind made up, the decision taken.

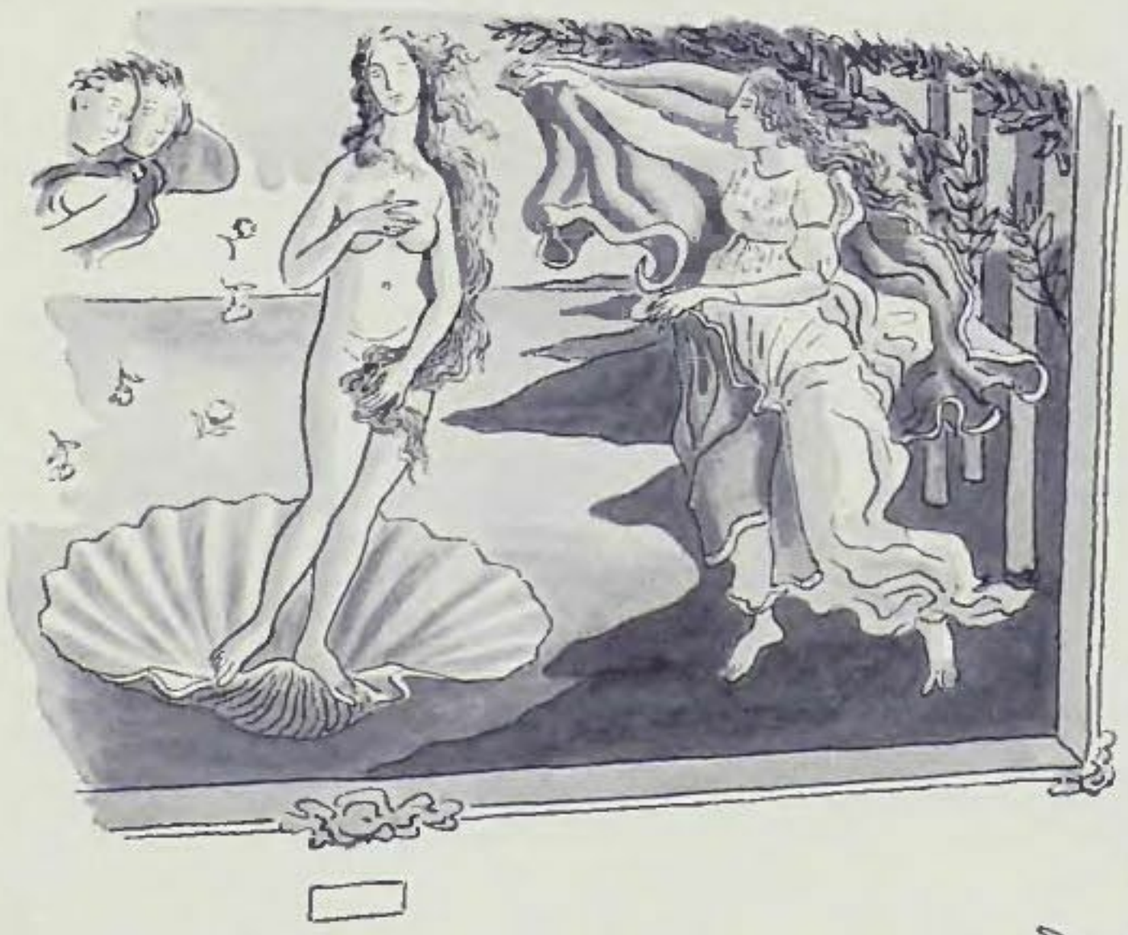
"You, too—eh?"—Nolan, at the casino, out of his depth and desperate but afraid to let it show. And Forrester thought with fury: not quite. Almost, but not quite. At least I didn't finish up dead.

But there were other ways of dying.

He came to the door with his two cases and descended the rickety steps. Only then did Inger rise, touching him, her voice suddenly querulous with alarm.

"What are you doing? Where are you going? *Neal.*"

He shook her off. The sun burned through his shirt. He opened the offside door and chucked the cases onto the back seat.



"Look! There's the Greens' Christmas card!"

"Neal. . . . For God's sake!"

Tight-lipped, he slid behind the wheel and slammed the door. Inger started beating her knuckles against the window, crying. Without a word or a glance, Forrester switched on, dropped into gear and drove away.

• • •

He turned right when he got to the track. As if he'd planned in advance, he already knew which route he would take: to Palermo was perhaps 70 miles. His eyes ached and he reached for his sunglasses. In and out of the hollows, then across the stark moon surface, where no one ever seemed to come.

"*Non toccare*"; Salvatore's words beat around in his brain.

What had she shouted? "I needed somebody. I always need somebody. . . ." What about me? Is that all I was —somebody? Just somebody? Another Luigi? Luigi—*that* pigeon-toed little sod. Forrester spat his disgust through the window. A time would come when he could reason, but it wasn't now. Bitch. The self-centered spin of his mind stopped only once. God, he should have known. If that's the way you are, he thought, couldn't you have waited? At least couldn't you have done that?

She'll manage. She'll thumb a lift when she reaches the highway. The world was full of men.

Further wayside information—PALERMO, 85 KMS. . . . Another snaking stretch. And Forrester's mind and heart still burning, still vicious. Then, as the car topped a slight rise, he saw something that shriveled his mood into a hard knot of dread, bringing him sharply to his senses.

A double row of tar barrels blocked the road, an army truck behind them, soldiers, an officer astride the crown of the camber, reaching for his pistol as Forrester slammed on the brakes and the car screamed to a standstill.

Two of the soldiers ran forward belligerently. "Out," the officer ordered curtly in the sudden silence. He jerked the pistol sideway, as if he were tapping something. "Out."

Forrester obeyed without hesitation. One of the men was already at the boot, the other opening a rear door, poking about inside. The officer came closer, studying the number plates; he was young and whippet thin, with quick, darting eyes. Forrester's fear was entirely cerebral: it wasn't a physical thing; yet this was how it always began. At last he could measure himself, even as he stood there, scared. There would be no running from this. "Yes?" he said shakily.

"Your car?"

"No, rented."

Until then, the officer must have assumed Forrester was a compatriot. But the white 1800 Fiat weighed with him more.

"Nationality?"

"British."

"Your passport, *per favore*."

Forrester drew it from his pocket. The "please" was a hopeful indication; but if they decided to search the luggage, his chances would be stone dead.

The officer holstered his pistol, then turned the passport's pages with deliberation. His cap's black-leather chin strap hung loosely round his pointed jaw.

"There is a police stamp here." Echoes of Salvatore. He twisted the passport upside down. "Taormina."

"A man committed suicide in a hotel room next to mine. I was asked to go to the police post to make a statement."

A frown. "This was six days ago."

"That's right." Sidelong, he could see the soldier had dumped the two cases in the road and was probing under the seat, which he'd lifted. With an effort, Forrester fought down the urge to bluster.

"And today your route has been——"

"Through Leonforte."

"Thank you, *signore*." The passport was handed back, but the luggage was still in the road. "Have you seen another white Fiat, by any chance?" Forrester shook his head.

One of the soldiers reported: "Nothing in the car, *tenente*. What about the cases?"

"Put them back in," the officer said, and a spasm of relief visibly plucked Forrester's mouth. He tried to smile politely; an innocent visitor.

"What's this all about, anyway?"

"There has been some trouble to the south. Wild men, bandits. They blew the gates off the lockup at Monteliana and a prisoner escaped. They were using a car like this—hence our thoroughness, *signore*, for which you must forgive me."

"*Prego*." Forrester sat in the car and pulled the door to. "D'you think you'll get them?"

"For certain," the officer said. "Not here, maybe, but somewhere. It is only a question of time. One of the men was wounded. Wild men, *signore*."

• • •

Forrester had covered half a mile or so before the giddiness and the reaction came. He pulled abruptly onto the side and switched off, crossed his arms on the wheel and let his head sink down.

Instinctively, he understood, head on arms and silence all around, the scene by the water's edge beneath the willows swimming in the darkness of his mind. "We are not what we are from choice. . . ." Maybe. But they knew what they were; there were no veneers, no doubts about the make-up of their natures or the limits to which they could go without breaking. And in their grief and bitterness, there was acceptance of the cost. It had always been so and would be again, even when they were run to earth: four days with them had taught him that. Famished, hunted, dying, alive and pathetic—they would take it as they would have taken triumph and the fulfillment of the dream, because this was life, all part of life, and they fought life with themselves and not with some version that they were not.

He had done that. Forrester raised his head. Time and again, the latent flaw in him unrecognized, smothered by events. Even when Inger had said: "Don't expect too much. . . . Trouble comes of expecting too much," he hadn't understood. Behind the façade he presented to the world, a tiny fretful part of him distorted his judgment, turning its need, its frailty under pressure, into the belief and vanity that he, too, was indispensable.

He listened to his thoughts. *He* was the odd man out. Inger had no delusions about herself, either. "I'm not like you. . . . I'm afraid on my own." She would survive. She knew what she was and she took what she could, like a child. But did that notion really justify him? In his mind, the scales of decision balanced a moment, then slowly altered.

• • •

The officer at the check point seemed to think he had returned to report a sighting. "What is it, then?"

"I left my camera in Leonforte. In a bar there."

A sympathetic cluck of the tongue. They rolled the barrels away to let the car through. "*Arrivederci*," the officer said, as if to imply that they would be meeting again. But already Forrester had decided against that. There were other roads: when he found her, if he found her, he would head north and make for the coast—Cefalù, Termini. . . .

Thirty minutes after acknowledging the officer's parting wave, Forrester reached the track. And there, a good quarter of a mile along it, he saw Inger. The blue trouser suit stood out against the bare, bleached, desolate expanses: she was lugging her two cases, and even at that range, he could tell that she limped.

And he felt nothing. Nothing—either way.

He ran the car toward her until he found a suitable place to make a three-point turn. Then he waited, watching in the mirror as she covered the last 50 yards or so, leaning over to open the offside door as she approached. Without so much as a glance at him, she limped level, pushed the cases ahead of her and got in. Not a word between them. Her face was stern, beaded with sweat as she slid off her shoes and leaned back, closing her eyes. And Forrester bumped slowly across the rough ground until they reached the road, then swung left. Nicosia, Cefalù, Termini. . . .

"As far as your consul," he said.

This is the conclusion of a new novel by Francis Clifford.

MIDNIGHT SNACK *(continued from page 95)*

sincerity of his manner than from his words, that she tentatively accepted the proposition that her guy might really be what he said he was. During this stage, she showed more curiosity than anything else.

"What kind of wolf do you turn into?" she asked.

"I'm a timber wolf," he said proudly. "*Canis occidentalis*. The kind you find in Ernest Thompson Seton. Of course, that's not surprising, in view of my family's being of such old American stock. But I happen to know of a German immigrant over in Westport. *He* turns into a miserable little coyote, *Canis latrans*. Back in the old country, he was nothing but a *Steppenwolf*."

"And what do you do when you're a wolf?"

"My territory is the graveyard of the First Unitarian Church. I sort of run up and down among the headstones and pretend to look for victims. Actually, I don't like that part of it—maybe because I'm a vegetarian. Anyway, I'm glad the church is so far out of town. Other werewolves enjoy getting victims in their power and take a positive delight in rending people to pieces—but not me. Though sometimes I just can't help hurting somebody myself."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if I come right on top of somebody suddenly, with no time to pretend I didn't see him, there's nothing I can do. I have to act. Do you remember that scandal last year when a couple of high school kids were making out in the cemetery and the boy was allegedly attacked by a mad dog? It was most unfortunate."

She was aghast. "Freddy, that was *you*?"

"Yes, it was. That's why we have such a problem. If we were together when my time came around, I just couldn't help going for your throat."

"I can't help thinking, Ellen, suppose there isn't a life after death?"

Her curiosity was turning to alarm.

"Another thing," he went on. "Like all werewolves, I'm much more bloodthirsty when I can't get to my territory. Suppose we were on our honeymoon in Jamaica—isn't that where it'll be? I'd have to sweat it out there. Even if I tried to get off by myself, I'd be sure to get into trouble."

"But this is terrible!" she cried. "Freddy, what can we do?"

"Now, don't you worry," he said reassuringly. "I'm working on it. It's a lucky thing I'm an organic chemist. I've already figured out that the change to animal form takes place because my system is upset by moonlight of a certain intensity. By measuring the wave lengths involved, I've got to the point of producing in the lab a hydrosol solution that has a definite effect on the mutation process. In fact, I tried it out last month."

"And what happened?" she asked with intensity.

"It was very interesting. At midnight, the time of transition from man to wolf was quite markedly prolonged. For a while, I thought it might not take place at all. Then, at dawn, the transition back to man was equally protracted. For a while there, too, I thought I might not make it back to human form."

"But, Freddy! Then you'd have been a wolf the rest of your life!"

"Yes," he said, "that's true. But the funny thing is, that wouldn't bother me too much. It's this damned switching back and forth that bugs me. I want to be either the one thing or the other. Of course, as a vegetarian, I might not be too happy in the form of a wolf. I've worried about that."

"A sheep in wolf's clothing," she said bitterly. "That's all that worries you. You don't even think about us."

He took her in his arms and placed little kisses on her neck and collarbone and in her ear and behind it. "More than anything else in the world," he said, "I want to make you my wife. You know that."

"But how are we ever going to do that, Freddy?" she asked tearfully. "If you get stuck in Lupusville, I'll lose you to that bitch next door."

"You mean Lassie?" he asked. "But that's ridiculous. She's not my type at all. And it's not hopeless," he said strongly. "I've improved greatly on my colloidal solution. I've isolated the active ingredient that, in its pure form, *must* keep the moonlight from having any effect on me. I'm going to try it next week, darling, and I have every hope of success."

In a shared community of concern, Freddy and his girl lived through the intervening days. The night of the full moon came and went, and they waited for the moon that rises at midnight.

"Do you look in your almanac to

know just which night it is?" she asked.

"I don't have to," he answered. "I just feel it coming on. I think it must be something like an epileptic's premonition of an attack."

"Or," she murmured shyly, "like a girl about to get the curse?"

At last the crucial night arrived, and at 11, Freddy took his prophylactic. His girl expressed the wish to accompany him to the cemetery, in order to observe (from a safe distance) the events at midnight; but she did so in a voice so laden with apprehensiveness that Freddy sternly rejected the idea.

"You wait here," he said. "If it works, I'll be back in half an hour. If it doesn't, well, I'll see you tomorrow."

"No," she said, "I couldn't stand it. I'm going home right now and take a sleeping pill. I'll know the worst, or the best, tomorrow morning."

So Freddy went to the graveyard alone, and waited. The moon rose over the mausoleum of rich old Mr. Frisby, deceased 1906. Freddy prepared himself for the familiar *frisson*—and it never came. The witching hour passed and he was still Freddy, not Whitefang.

"It works! It works!" he cried. "I'm free!" He hurried to take the glad tidings to his girl, but his repeated rings could not penetrate her drugged sleep and she did not come to the door. She was joyous, however, the next day. Then and there, they made plans for the wedding; and, indeed, they were married three weeks later (but not in the First Unitarian Church of Darien). The ceremony was preceded by several showers for the bride, the rehearsal and dinner and the groom's stag farewell to single blessedness, during which many dirty jokes were told; and it was followed by a reception and a wedding breakfast and, that night, by a consummation devoutly wished by both participants, which lost none of its delight for having been anticipated several hundred times. The next day at noon, they emplaned for Jamaica on their honeymoon.

Ah, the fun they had in Jamaica! The gaiety, the swimming, the snorkeling over the coral, the water-skiing, the lying in the sun, the daiquiris to steel-band music and the dancing, the calypso singing, the limbo competitions. And every night, after hours, the sweet communion of the flesh.

"Are you frightened, husband?" she asked the night of the midnight moon and while they were still entwined. "I mean, about what will happen an hour from now?"

"Not in the slightest," he declared. "I can tell already: I don't even have to take a second dose. I'm cured. Boy, if I had to be an involuntary werewolf, was

"Your dream has come true, Frank. I've come with you to the Casbah."

I lucky to be an organic chemist, too!" His voice became humble. "You know, sweetheart, some people would say that I was terribly unfortunate to be born with those werewolf tendencies. But I don't see it that way. I see how very favored I was not to have been one of those really vicious types, the kind that gain the confidence of those close to them and then attack them when they least expect it. Oh, how lucky I am not to have been that sort!" He snuggled up to her.

"And, oh, how lucky I am, too!" she murmured, and fell asleep on his shoulder, his tender bride. Ah, how his heart overflowed! And so he fell asleep also, at about 11:30.

What was it that awakened him at midnight? He was still in human form, so it was not that he had mutated, after all. Was it the persistence of his ancient habituation, which woke him up for an event that was not to take place? Or was it the interruption of a newer and sweeter habitude, the proximity and warmth of his beloved wife?

For the space beside him in the bed was empty. It was the first, mindless gropings of his arm for her body that brought him fully awake. He raised himself on his elbow and looked about the room and called, "Darling?" The moonlight was streaming through the open French doors in its peculiarly intense tropical way; and now the poor schlemiel understood, in a flash of ghastly insight, why his wife had never noticed his absences on the nights of the midnight moon, and why she had not answered the doorbell a month ago. For in the path of its light, her silhouette etched sharply against the sparkling sea, with her tongue lolling and her fangs gleaming, sat the sleekest, largest and least conciliatory coyote he would ever see.

ORIENT EXPRESS

(continued from page 118)

journey, the great train slides off.

We face the night and a corridor of pale, neat plastic doors. Initial impression—a sort of health clinic. The corridor is softly carpeted and the *wagon-lit* attendant, in his special uniform, has something of the careful benevolence of a uniformed hospital porter. Quietly attentive, he strips us of our bulletins and passports—in fact, of our identity. It is an immediately unnerving castration. But a little later, it induces a sort of repose, a sense of nothing-more-you-can-do-about-it. Then this new father figure presents a long form to fill in, all about your age and home address and how much currency you are carrying. Everybody retires to his cubicle with this homework, determined to do well. As for myself—carrying, as a precaution, small sums of six different currencies, I am at it for some time, and do splendidly, only to find out three days later that a few French francs or Italian lire or other internationally acceptable currency would equally well have seen me through.

"*Bonne nuit,*" says the keeper. "I'll call you tomorrow at Lausanne." The door closes and that's that. Beds already made up, two to a compartment; the day back rests slung down, mattressed, sheeted, blanketed and pillowed. Snug—even, once in bed, spacious. Reading light in right position. Chromium fittings everywhere. Everything opening and shutting into everything else, in a fine essay of compactness. And under the Formica-covered washbasin, a little cupboard with a unique chamber pot shaped like a sauceboat, one more reminder of our new, clinical situation.

And would some last-minute madonna of the sleeping cars, all fur and rouge and violet eyes, come to occupy the other bunk? No. Unmarried ladies and gentlemen are distinctly segregated. And, anyway, she is a few thousand feet up there through the white curved ceiling and the clouds, in a plane, if she exists at all. (My own last madonna was encountered on a French train, in a *couchette* compartment. At three in the morning, I awoke with a profound wish to go out to the little boys' room along the corridor, but found two ancient female eyes also awake—and glaring hard at me. "Would the gentle monsieur—*monsieur est bien élevé*—kindly assist me to the *toilette*?" The gentleman in me rose. This plainly had to be done. She was past 80. Together we limped along the corridor. And then I had to wait . . . and wait . . . before, at long last, the return escort; and then back, at a run, to my other duty.)

So to sleep, with the wheels beneath playing something like the opening of Beethoven's Fifth over and over again. A useful lullaby. Before you can say "*E pericoloso sporgesi,*" the long night is gone, and there is a tap on the door and the words, "Lausanne, monsieur."

Up with the washbasin, off with the pajama top. Up with the blind. Down with the blind. Forgot we were in Lausanne station, with a line of gray Swiss commuters staring straight in the window. Quick wash-over—remember, no bath now for two more nights—and dress and along the corridor to big cups of coffee and buttered rolls and cherry jam in a Swiss-served restaurant car of Italian origin. A brass notice plate appeals to us as SIGG. VIAGGIATORI; we begin to feel pretty international. And this is a reassuring old mahogany and brass dining car, a relic of the sumptuous years, now a bit battered but refreshed with brilliant white tablecloths. The sun and the white Alps roll along outside as we follow the blue flank of Lake Leman. All seems well, but little do most people know that it is their last sight of a dining car for the rest of the journey.

We know better. We have taken the simple precaution, valuable on any European journey, of asking beforehand. And we find that eating arrangements vary from country to country. Thus, in this second day through Italy, a cold tray will twice be provided in your carriage by a *wagon-lit* concessionaire; but on the second day through Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, there is no food at all, except what you may pick up from station buffets at the longer stops. So we have brought a hamper with us.

A hamper, a picnic, is vital—and, anyway, a delight. Since you start in Paris, you have the best cold food in the world to choose from. For the loaded purse, the first choices are obvious: Strasbourg *pâté de foie gras*, truffled game, and so laudably forth. But any fair-sized Parisian *charcuterie* will provide you with a tongue-twisting assortment of *pâtés de campagne* or *foie gras* or *rillettes*, tins of blackbird or thrush *pâté* (*de grives*) and tins of dreamy chopped whitefish and herbed oil, the redoubtable Provençal *brandade*. Tins of much else, and *quiches lorraines*, and sausage from Lyons, and ham from Bayonne, and Normandy butter and packets of toast. It should all keep; and keep you pleasantly diverted on that second complete day, when, with so much effortless time and space passing, you will want to busy yourself a bit.

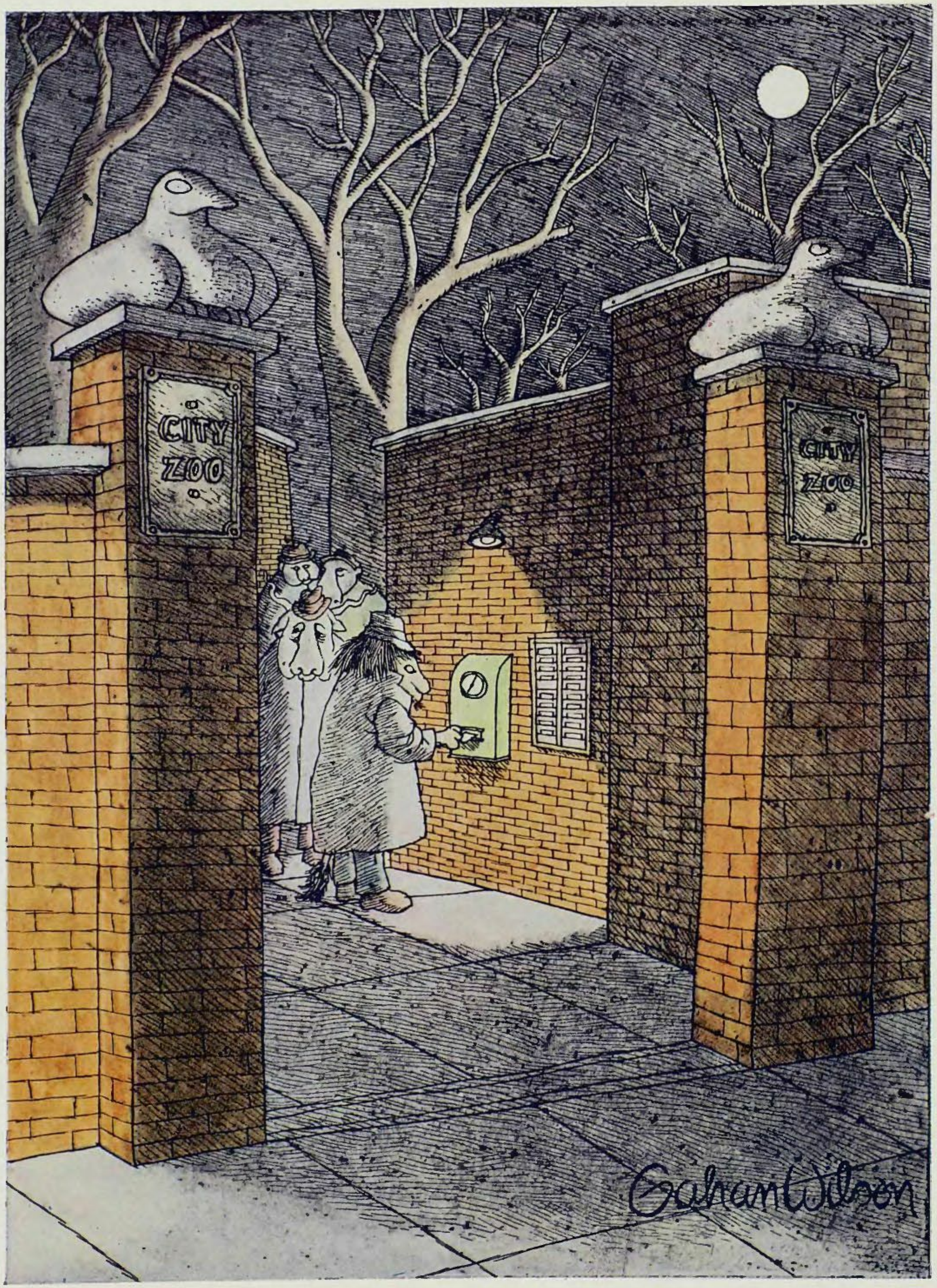
Now through green valleys lush with vine and orchard, high mountain walls going straight up to either side. The fast gray rivers of Switzerland flow backward past us, a smart new Swiss ordinary ticket collector flows forward in his pressed dark-gray uniform. Looking up at the snow-capped monsters above, one of the English says placidly, "I wonder if we're in Switzerland yet." We heave with silent superiority; and later pass through Sion, remembering that this twin-castled valley town—near which Rilke, the Austrian lyric poet, lived—has a mysterious rain record similar to that of the Sahara. And soon there is Brig, with the golden balls of the Stockalper Palace and a nice new version of old-harmonizing-with-new—Swiss linesmen in old-fashioned smocks yet harnessed with pale-gray plastic traveling radio apparatus. Somewhere from over the roofs, a military band blares nostalgia to the sunny skies and white slopes of Zermatt far, far out of earshot above.

Not long, these small intermediate stops that will occur throughout the journey. And now the black Simplon Tunnel takes us: we roar like a flaming worm into thousands of tons of rock and emerge miles and miles later to see the green, red and white flag of Italy masted at Iselle. Meanwhile, the beds have been swiftly made up: We return to a daytime-looking carriage that no one might ever have slept in but for the curious inconsequence of a handy washbasin.

More tunnel, and into Italy proper, remembering we have a time change of one hour forward. Such little matters become supremely important; they are red-letter moments of our relaxing days. And now a short stop in an old station with iron girdering and a few potted plants to signify Italy, along with the strangely funereal black overalls of the assumably gaudy-minded Italian linesmen and the primly straight squashed caps of officials. And then, in a blaze of color—Maggiore.

It looks like heaven. Why on earth go on all that way to the wretched Orient? Wide blue waters, distant mountains, little red-roofed lakeside towns, islands, the first flowering of the palm alongside a cool pleasantry of darker firs. The station at Stresa is covered with roses and hydrangeas—difficult, indeed, not to fling oneself off. But then—our keeper would be angry. Better not offend that chocolate-colored livery in whose satchels reside passports, bulletins and liberty itself: Better just lower the sun blind and taste the noonday shade of Italy, until, *hey presto*, Milano.

An hour layover here. Passports back, in case you have the courage to hurry down the long platform and go out to kiss the heroic marble-and-granite façade of *il Duce*'s monumental passé-modern station. If you do, or sit down at the station restaurant for a quick dip into the pasta, it will be ten to one you will find on your return that the train has disappeared. Wild spaghetti-dribbling inquiries, angst at a high pitch—but she has only been shunted to another platform, and there at last she is, your long blue bungalow on wheels, and all is well. It has been for a few desperate moments like the anxiety not to miss a cruise-ship. For your liberty has been of your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Graham Wilson

own election, there is no paternal roll call to save you: the train simply leaves on the peep of the appropriate whistle. This all brings about the birth of a strange kind of loyalty. You begin to love your carriage with a slavish gratitude and adoration usually reserved for such persons as lifeboatmen.

Italian carriages are mostly painted in the two colors of cappuccino coffee and milk chocolate, and we now have a number of these edible beauties attached as the resuscitated train diesels off over a well-poplarized Lombardy plain. A young god in a peaked cap takes our order for wine and lunch: this, cold, comes on a tray, airlines-fashion. Salami, boiled chicken and flakes of fried potato and cheese and an apple. Coffee follows. It is enough, according to contemporary habits. But is it a feast? I carried in my case a copy of an old Orient Express menu from ampler days. It read:

Hors d'Oeuvres Variés
Consommé à la Duchesse
Filets de Sole au Vin Blanc
Aloyau de Boeuf Róti
Haricots Verts
Poulet de Grain
Salades
Soufflé
Glaces
Fromages *Desserts*
Café *Liqueurs*

And now you may settle down for a tantalizing day with the window. First, the cypress-lined stations of Lake Garda; then the towers and river of Verona, at whose station the red-and-gold crown of the Rome–Copenhagen express makes us feel yet more in the excitable middle of outer things. A little later, Vicenza, with the concrete Jolly Hotel rearing up and not a sign of a Palladian villa; then Padua and more towers rising above a treasure of Giottos. Tantalizing, but nevertheless, the view and the feeling of Italy come strong through the window. The window, wide as it is, frames a picture—and so time and again stabilizes for you a vision of a pink campanile and a brown village, a medieval fortress sleeping on its grassy hill, a group of young people bright with the vitality and gracious deportment of their Latin land. In one way, you see Italy more purely than on Italian soil: for you are spared the omnivorous motor traffic that spoils and sours so much of everywhere today. Here in your window passes Italy as it was, and the scene convinces. The railway is a great insulator.

Now the factory chimneys of Mestre and off out to sea to the island of Venice, flat water to the side and the causeway beneath unseen, so that the Direct Orient seems magically transformed into a hydrofoil as it enters the sunset-gold Venetian dream.

There are no intimate Venetian views for, plainly, the train cannot run in among the canals; but one has a good prospect of the smooth mirror of the wide inner lagoon, of the black guide poles like lonely reeds, of a speedboat surfing its sense of holiday across the evening calm—and one has a last view of our French keeper as a new, Italian conductor takes over, demanding a further sacrifice of our bulletins. These attentions are no longer unwelcome; they begin to form happy little interruptions to the long day. But no more homework? None. Unbelievable, since we now approach Trieste and soon afterward the Yugoslav frontier—which is, though, no Iron Curtain but, as it were, Tito's Venetian blind—presumably, a place given to official form filling. Yet no declarations of anything? We would have liked to have made some, feel robbed. But feelings are diverted by the arrival of another meal, again airlines-tray fashion, with a carefully different selection of cold food.

The great bay of Trieste and the big green angel on its pillar, waving down the pink Adriatic. A pretty sunset, an imposing halt among dock sheds and a southern hubble-bubble of swarthier southerners—even a group of Moslem-capped Yugoslav workmen—and off, with watches one hour forward, into the dusk and Tito's liberalized communism. Trieste had offered on the platform a couple of *carabinieri* in their black half-moon hats, white gloves, faultless blue-and-red uniforms. Now in the dark of Sežana, equally faultless dove-gray uniforms invade the corridor, and one of these Croatian police, with a ruby-red star on his cap, takes our passports away, muttering affably, "Visa, visa." But was it really affably? What about the velvet glove? Passports and night and unknown frontier offices bode no good.

There is the true story of a woman somewhere on some other European border who was so deeply, but so mistakenly, suspected by customs officials that she was taken off the train by female police and made to strip. Vulture cries of eureka and I-told-you-so when the lady sleuths saw the naked posterior of the unhappy Venus: for both moons were scored all over with strange lettering in an unintelligible code. Only very much later, after chilly hours had been spent trying to break this unfortunate code, did the lady remember that she had recently visited the traveling *toilette* and, before settling to rest, had placed pages of a freshly printed newspaper round the seat. The news had made its impact.

With such thoughts in mind, an anxious half hour passes and the by-now-pajama-clad passengers keep popping their heads out into the corridor and saying, "But we understood no visas were necessary." Then, at last, the Croat comes back, smiling, with the passports freshly visaed. No charge, only part of the game. And off we go, for another eight hours of Beethoven's Fifth.

Early morning and over the broad brown Danube to Belgrade—or BEOGRAD, as in Cyrillic letters the battered old station-building pediment declares. An hour's wait and we descend to look for breakfast in the station buffet. Waiter service, as anywhere else. But no *café au lait*. Everyone is sitting around at this early hour drinking little cups of Turkish coffee and plum brandy (*šlivovitz*). Tito's photograph framed on the wall, new red-painted chairs in a restaurant whose basic-brown walls might have seen the *crème de la crème* off the old Express, when Belgrade was the capital of the kingdom of Servia. Immediate impression of the people is of a fresh, bourgeois lot: gone the elegance, the fleshpot look of the West. Little, if any, lipstick on women's faces, and men in unpressed suits and with, it seems, very wiry hair disinclined to lie down. Something of a down-to-earth energy in all this. The station itself is gray and old-fashioned, with one little line of modern plate-glass shops, and otherwise illuminated only by a merry apple-green express carriage from Moscow.

Once more the Direct Orient has disappeared: It is a familiar little joke; we can now smile with fond understanding. And wait. And perhaps again get a little nervous as we wait, smelling the new Slav coal smoke on the morning air and watching a man go the length of the East Berlin express, tapping the wheels with his little hammer. Whatever the politics, those little hammers are truly international. We are all tinkling brothers. And our own train comes pumping busily back, having taken on several carriages newly arrived from Germany.

Off we glide through the modern suburbs of Belgrade, glance a moment at a rust-brown river and one high baroque-towered church, and then away south and east on parallels now with Genoa and Warsaw. It was along another river, south of here, that the conductors of this anecdotal train at one time had instructions to lower the blinds to save the passengers' blushes, as the local ladies had a habit of enjoying the river quite naked. But in 1960, it was a driver who was in need of blinkers: Captivated by the sight of a Grecian beauty promenading in a bathing suit somewhere between Mount Olympus and the sea, near Platamona, in fact, he managed to ram the Orient Express into the less appealing rump of another train.

Rolling green country now, not so heavily cultivated as yesterday's, almond and plum trees and grazing land, old peasants in round fur caps and their women in head scarves in the fields: ox-carts, and each house with its well bucket raised on a long skyward boom, so that from a distance, the village looks like a port full of feluccas at rest. All a

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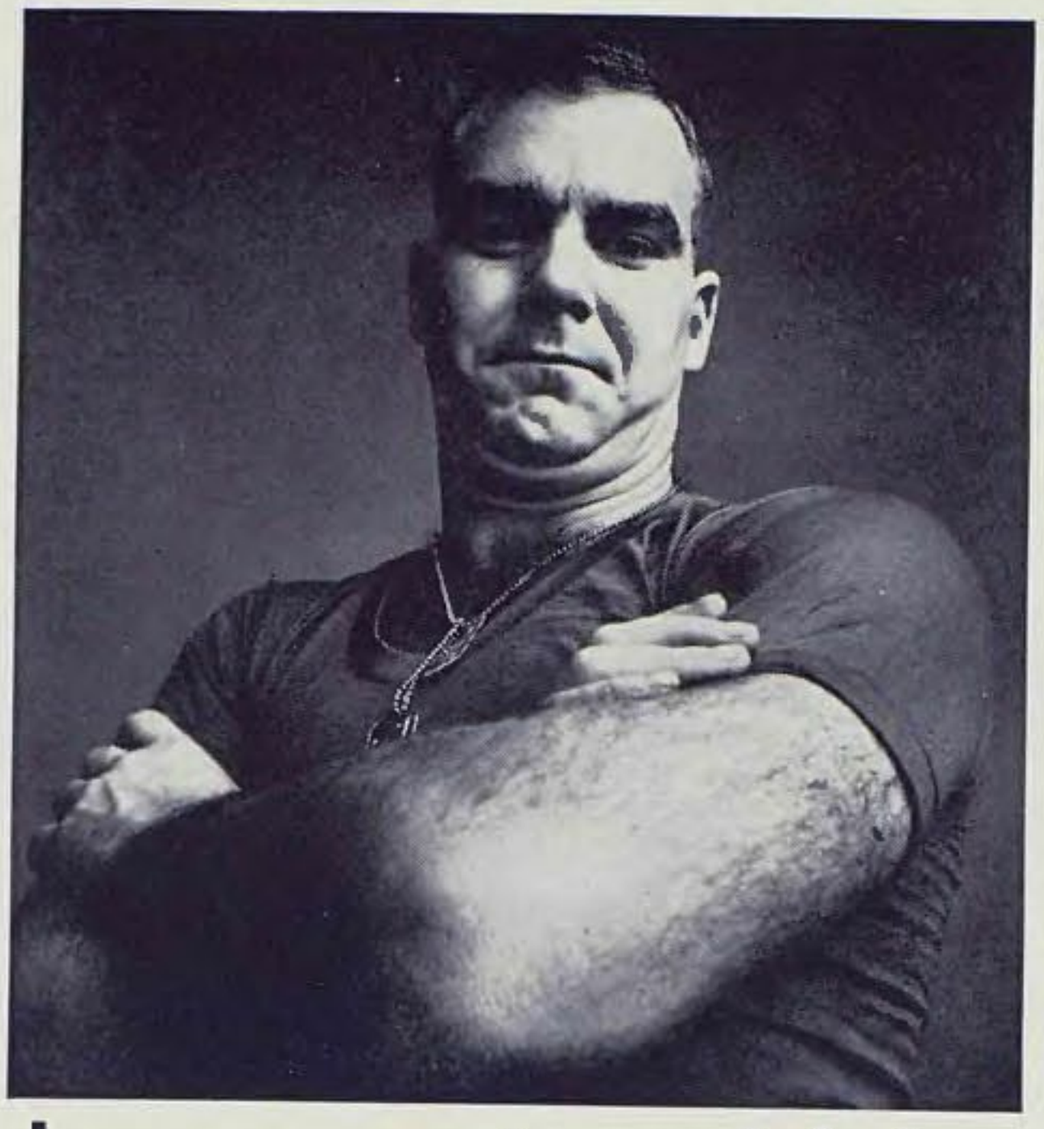

30 days ago I couldn't whip my own shadow.

— *By Pfc. Wally Halucha as told to Dan Abramson*

Me and my shadow.

No matter how often I used to shave, I always looked like I needed a shave. But somehow I got used to it. I figured my whiskers were tougher than everyone else's.

Then this sergeant started riding me about the way I looked. He kept calling me The Shadow. You know how chicken those guys can get.

So just to get him off my back I tried shaving closer. I'd scrape up, down, back and forth. Man, it was murder. My skin would get redder and redder. Especially my neck. Can you picture me, big tough Halucha, with a red neck?

I tell you, I'd about had it when one day the sergeant asked, "What do you shave with, Ace, a tin can?" I showed him the blades I used and he flipped. But I'd better not tell you what he said.

Next day, though, the sergeant brought me one of his blades. "Ace," he said, "you've got to stop killing yourself. I want you to wash your face real good, get your beard nice and soft. Then lather up and try shaving with this blade." He said his blade had a miracle plastic coating. Imagine that, miracle plastic.

Well, when a sergeant comes on strong like that, you do what he says. Right? So what do you know? For the first time in my life I got a really clean shave without half trying.

As it turned out, he'd given me a Gillette Super Stainless Steel blade. I used it the rest of that week, then I started buying my own.

I don't care if you have to shave once a day, twice a day, whatever, that blade is smooth.

Maybe I've gotten spoiled, but I'll never shave with any other kind.

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little different, the small, slower-looking stations denominated in both Cyrillic and Roman characters, local roads empty of motor traffic, and our new diesel locomotive painted a virulent yellow and green, like a snake's head to our long international body, and appropriately bleating like a half-swallowed sheep.

Now sometimes miles of maize, sometimes a cutting into mountains and, well after midday, Nis, with a big green Orthodox church and a few gypsies on the line trying to sell terrible, fresh-baked plaster statuettes. But not for eating. Now comes the picnic hour, the setting out of all those delicacies from Paris; and, if you have been lucky in the buffet in Belgrade, a bottle of hocklike *žilavaka* from Herzegovina, best of Yugoslav wines (there are also riesling-called wines, light and good—but avoid a sweet, thick fellow with the appealing name of Grk). Now, too, so much time has passed that the sense of clinical seclusion has been dissipated. Doors are opening and closing with the vivacity of a French farce, bottles are popping, food parcels crackling. People are chattier, too. One catches sentences of French blowing out of the compartments. Such French dialog seems always to contain the words "*le cinéma*" and "*le ski.*" I've heard it again and again. And now even the fierce-faced Bulgarian has begun to smile; he's seen someone buy a bottle of *šlivova*, and midafternoon will see his own border, after Dimitrovgrad.

Officials at passing stations are growing long black Balkan mustaches, becoming sallower, looking more contemplative and intense. Reformed bandit chiefs? And eventually, Dimitrovgrad arrives, and a long wait. A trolley comes alongside with bread and hard-boiled eggs and, curiously, the offer of a tin of sardines. And which femme fatale carries a sardine-tin opener in her stocking top? I well understand now what a friend meant when he heard I was going by train to Istanbul and, with a horrible hollow laugh, rasped: "So you're taking the *casse-croûte* route?" Well, some people have been *cassering croûtes*, all right—but not us, the wise and not so virgin in these matters.

Meanwhile, the customs people are going through the second-class carriages, though they hardly seem to be interested in ours. Yet an adjoining compartment is stacked with crates of amplifiers belonging to a young Italian musician bound for Turkey. He is having Italian kittens about his crates. But no need to worry: No more than a jolly-looking Bulgar in a blue-serge uniform comes to stamp our passports, and that is that.

So we are off behind the Curtain, which is demarked on the nearby motor road simply by two white modern motels, both bright with plate glass and, with a sense of holiday, flying their own flags. Goodbye to the red, white and blue of Yugoslavia; hello to the green, white and red of Bulgaria—land, I've often heard, of roses. And so it is. The wayside stations all have their little rose-filled gardens. And otherwise, the only changes seem to be a switch from gold to silver teeth, taller geese, the greater use of Cyrillic letters—giving us an adventurous Russian feeling—and a difference in the surface of the motor roads, which the Italian musician shows me are all nonskid cobbled, as in Paris, and so, he says, make a fearful noise when you are driving over them. And who on God's earth is he to talk about noise, with all those amplifiers?

A word here about the vaunted Curtain. It might not, objectively from the carriage window, exist. There are neither walls nor barbed wire nor apparent military emplacements. And the only noticeable difference in the people is, as we saw in Belgrade, of a bourgeois, orderly, less decorated nature. The percipient traveler must call upon his associative knowledge, the maps and guidebooks of the mind, to create a sense of I-am-thereness. This is, after all, what anyone does inside a bistro in Paris: Often there is nothing visible to tell the eye it is not in Dijon—yet the mind is full of the Paris feeling. But occasionally, here in Bulgaria, there will be a glimpse to heighten your sensibility—such as an army officer with Russian-type tabs to his uniform, or a train from East Germany. But much weightier than these will be older national qualities—casts of face, changes of vegetation, the long tresses plaited down a peasant woman's back, and hereabouts the overwhelming fact that we have passed from the northern Yugoslavian fields into a southern land with southern verve.

Sofia greets us somewhere around six, and with an instant air of gaiety. A bright evening crowd welcomes the train. Kisses, yelps, hoots, laughter everywhere, several girls with bouquets to greet descending passengers—we are suddenly like an evening ship coming into an island port. And there is, indeed, an essence of the island in Sofia's position. Nobody had ever told me that this city is situated in a basin prettily surrounded with mountains, some of them snow-capped, and just the right distance away. Clocks go one hour forward again; there seem to be many more porters than on any other platform yet; and beyond their bright-blue overalls, you see the little Dutch white curtains all along the windows of yet another bright-green Moscow express.

Two soldiers stroll along, slung with polished tommy guns, the only quiet ones of the evening crowd; and then, after a bit of shunting, we are off again with a new engine that hoots like an owl, or something bigger, a Stanley Crane in rut. These are the tracks, we remember, along which Boris, the last king of Bulgaria, used to mount the footplate and drive his country's trains. And dusk falls again for the third night,

"The nice thing about working here is that you can immediately lay your hands on whatever you're looking for."

with passengers now quite broken in, a little punch-drunk, perhaps, and some people still licking Yugoslav sardine tins. But hopefully, like good little philosophers, they will be counting their compensations. For instance, freedom from that aforesaid automobile traffic for two lovely days! And, on a more profound note, we have experienced a great sense of space and a diversity of people. Village after unknown village has passed hour after hour: Each lonely village, each lonely figure in the fields seems encompassed by its own most personal solitude of passing time. This very *amount* of lives and land is marked on no map; it can only be truly sensed from such a train as this.

For the first time, we are awakened in the night. At some ungodly time, we touch Pythion, on the Greek outward border, and a soft-voiced gentleman without a uniform pokes his head in and takes away the passports. All right, the hell with them at such an hour, but it is dawn and worth a quick look through the window at the Greek white-and-blue flag, a little gray wooden station and, again, a change of lettering into Greek. Further evidence of how far we have come and how complicated Europe still is. All innocence, we have been traveling through immortal Greece without knowing it: The cradle of Western civilization's only lullaby was Beethoven's potent miss-a-beat Fifth. However—nice to see the old place. But no evzones in skirts and pompons. Simply the evidence of an early-morning life, people slowly going about the new day, a clucking of hens and the wide silent echo of all the country all around.

Back to sleep, but another call in an hour's time. The passports back, and out of the window a suddenly different scene: the red flag of Turkey, with its white crescent and star, and, sure enough, the penciling of a minaret. A woman in baggy cretonne trousers, clutching her headcloth round her face; everybody about much browner. There are a lot of soldiers in Chinese-looking forage caps having their boots cleaned; and under shady acacias, the normal early risers of this small Turkish country town are sitting at the lineside café—no, careful, not café; in Turkey it is usually a teahouse. The Turk grows tea and drinks it in little glasses all day. Coffee is secondary.

So now again, a change of lettering back to Atatürk's Latin characters, and another change of religion. In the last days, we have passed through the *ambiance* of at least four main religions—Roman Catholic, Swiss Protestant, Serbian Orthodox, Greek Orthodox. Now Islam. And as we jangle away over the wide rolling Thracian heath, each brown-roofed village pokes up its white minaret like a lighthouse. White and black storks patrol the fields or clack their bills like machine guns on chimney-pot lookouts. It was here during the Thracian upheavals of the early 1890s that one of the few authenticated holdups of the Orient Express took place. The train was carefully derailed and four gentlemen of the Berlin Travel Bureau were kidnaped. They were later released—on payment of 100,000 francs' ransom. A few rice fields and men paddling up to the knees in cool liquid mud—one of the few agricultural pursuits that looks, to the hotfoot layman, an enviable delight. But now a more tangible pleasure blessedly arrives; the Turks have put on a real buffet car, and soon a real breakfast of cheese and olives and bread and butter and jam and tea is brought by a black-smocked waiter whose smile reveals what seems to be all the gold of Byzantium—and might very well be part of it, melted down and passed from mouth to mouth over the years.

As the last hours of gorse and scrub roll by, as we fondle our new Turkish lira notes decorated with the torso of Atatürk in full evening dress, it is time to recoup the immediate past. Lesson one: The Orient Express is no longer a *train de luxe*, though, apart from the food question, which we have solved, it is pretty comfortable. And lesson two is not ever to think you can get on and off these sleepers as spontaneously as you please, staying at, say, Venice or Belgrade on the way. The train is quite heavily booked; and unless you book according to your on-and-off schedule some time before, you may be unlucky.

And now a big moment—the reedy rural end of an inlet from the Sea of Marmara. The sea, the sea! Contact at last! And soon suburbs of various kinds begin to pass, the bathing resort of Florya, then a colored towering of modern apartment blocks, then a poorer quarter of those dark wooden houses that make patches of Turkey look like bits of a kind of hot Norway. Somewhere here, too, is Yesilköy and the airport where all those femmes fatales may at this moment be arriving, freshly powdered and rouged and quite oblivious of our faithful passing presence.

And at last the broken towers and walls of old Byzantium. And we are into Istanbul: and literally what that word means—"into the city." Immense gray mosques, many domed, like giant schools of stone bubbles, show themselves to the left; then the venerable high dome and yellow walls of St. Sophia; and rounding the point, the great Seraglio of the Grand Turk, fortress of felicity and murderous intrigue, its kitchens for 10,000 people fretting the sky with chimneys, and a huge buzzard slowly wheeling above the surrounding trees. Now to the right the Bosporus; big ships passing on fast flowing waters come from the Danube, the Don, the Volga, to mingle with the Marmaran salt. On the right-hand southern coast, Asia ten minutes away by ferry—and, standing out very clearly, the big barracks where Florence Nightingale lit the lamp of nursing.

Sirkeci station, the terminus. And out into a milling, sweating, battering crowd that declaims that Asia has come to Europe: no need for geographical niceties about the Bosporus neatly dividing two continents. And into a taxi and across the Golden Horn to your hotel—and what? Lashings of Circassian chicken? Grilled swordfish? The sweetmeat called Lady's Navel? Or true navel—for, as once the dervishes whirled, now hired navels from all over the Near East rotate each night in a hundred *danses de ventre* down in the night clubs. Or just a row of iced rakis on the marble quay of a restaurant by the Bosporus?

After 1800 miles, five religions, seven borders, three literations and God knows how many peaked caps, there is all this offered to the person of him described now on his Turkish return bulletin as "Sansom Bey." And there is also the expected great architecture of mosques and of Byzantine relics, and the vaunted Covered Bazaar, and the Seraglio now made into a museum, with its amazing treasure of jewels, its wealth of porcelain and costumes and coaches and everything else that went to make up the pleasure dome of the sultan—including a moment that marks the epitome of royal indolence, that garden once filled with rare tulips where, in the warm dusk, the sloe eyes of the Grand Turk watched tortoises race, each with a candle upon its back. Add all the rest that the guidebook promises of a complex, ancient city. Yet there is always more to be found. Thus, not only bare dancers but dancing bears, trapped in local forests. And an island of peace an hour away—Büyük, where only horse traffic is allowed and the horses must wear silent rubber shoes. And, in mighty contrast, one of the loudest man-made musics on earth, a performance in high-turbaned costume of old Turkish military marches, remorseless, composed largely to inspire terror—at one time, the drums were so large they had to be played on elephantback. And, in season and beyond belief, wrestling matches between camels. And, in any season on the chance menu, a foodstuff called *amanex*. Amanex? Ham and eggs. No end to the subtle tricks of the wily Turk. The journey was worth it. It would have been madness to descend at Maggiore.

EPLEY'S BIKE SHOP *(continued from page 149)*

as wide as a hand towel, so all but a few inches of her smooth legs are visible next to his gearshift. Plum-colored shawl, square-rimmed specs, red hair to her waist but drawn back by a plum-colored ribbon, grandma style, and her face scrubbed clean. No make-up. Her smile has a chaste, benevolent wholesomeness Charley associates with nuns and candy-box illustrations and certain passionate women who are holding it all inside.

"You going out to the edge of town?"

"I have to stop at this bike shop first. But if you don't mind waiting in the car a minute, I can take you right to the highway. Where you headed?"

Her voice is soft and breathy, ethereal, hard to follow because she speaks so slowly, as if trying to recall how each sentence is supposed to go. "Up to Mendocino, actually . . . to visit a friend of mine . . . who might have a baby at any moment."

Charley glances at the wriggling pups. "Mendocino is two hundred miles away."

"Yes . . . it will be very . . . difficult for her. She already has three children. . . . This will make five . . . if it's twins."

"Well," Charley says, "it's a good day for traveling."

With eyes clear and unblinking, with the same benign and guileless smile, the girl regards him. "Yes, I'm glad. . . . I want the dogs to enjoy it."

Charley has to listen hard to hear her. In back, the Dalmatian whines, straining to jump the seat and join her puppies. "She's high-strung," the girl explains. The pups themselves are yipping and squealing and climbing over one another, heading nowhere, 11 snouts, 22 ears, 44 black and white and gray and spotted legs.

At Epley's, the girl covers most of them with one arm and reaches back to hold the mother by the neck while Charley pulls his bike out. He's wearing his long-sleeved paisley shirt—yellow cuffs and swirling turquoise—his wide-grain hip-hugger corduroys with broad black belt. He figures he must look pretty good wheeling his bike up the concrete path.

Epley waits in the doorway. His black hair is the inverted base of a triangle head. The inverted apex, his chin, is nearly black, too, with stubble almost too tough to shave. Charley feels sorry for the skin below his jaw, all the scrapings that have made that skin like a scraped bicycle patch. It hangs a little loose. He's nearly 50. Black Frisco jeans. Black T-shirt.

Thick glasses distort Epley's huge black eyes. He looks startled as he tells Charley the trouble with his gearshift is inside the wheel, not in the cable, and he doesn't have the part in stock to fix this model. Charley follows him inside to the catalog.

Epley's shop is the front room of his house. In one corner, lightning streaks crackle over seated bluish figures, sparks of static through the loud moderator's pixy smirk:

> "Sixty seconds left, folks. Big Clock counting it down. Your mother was here an hour ago. Is it real? Is it rumor?"

Worn sofa, six reading lamps, old bicycles, one lawn mower, three electric heaters he's working on, scattered spare parts, metal desk piled with tags and bills; against one wall, an old glass-sided adding machine and, next to the sofa, a tape recorder into which Epley sings from time to time, since he once tried to break into show business. Charley learned this on his last trip to the shop, three years earlier, when Epley played a few yards of himself singing *Stout Hearted Men*. Charley can't tell whether Epley remembers him or not.

He watches gears and rods clank inside the adding machine as Epley computes ahead of time how much the repairs will cost. It's something under four dollars, and Charley is moving toward

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the door, anxious now to drive the red-haired girl up the Coast a few miles himself. At least to the next town. He has no clear idea of what he will say or do. But maybe something will happen. He has plenty of time.

Epley says, "Do you realize what they're trying to pull? I can't even put bicycles on my lawn anymore."

From between the cushions of his old sofa, Epley takes a sheaf of legal-size paper, flipping pages too fast for Charley to see the title.

"Just look at this, this sentence right here . . . '*pertains to all businesses, regardless of location or gross profit.*' I call that dictatorship, buddy. That's what it's coming to. Thirty-seven years in this town, just to watch it turn into a goddamn dictatorship."

The magnified eyes widen, as if witnessing some atrocity. He sways, shifting weight from foot to foot, whirls suddenly to face the set:

> "Big Clock rewinding, folks. Contestants changing places for Declaration Three. The man you're about to hear is the brother of a former ambassador to one of our NATO allies. Listen closely, now. Is it real? Is it rumor?"

Charley makes his exit. He plans to use his bike gearless till the part comes in. Seeing that he might appear wishy-washy wheeling it back to the car, he starts to shrug his shoulders and make some comic face. But the girl isn't watching. She's hunched over her pups. Epley's angry voice is right behind him.

"Hey, listen! Do you realize what would happen if that building over there burned down? They could put a parking lot in there, which means this other fellow, two lots away, might have to paint his side window. Just cover it up!"

The big Dalmatian is barking, still trying to climb the front seat. The girl decides to leave her puppies and sit in back. She steps out, ignoring the two men.

Epley has started to parade along the sidewalk. "Over fifteen hundred people signed the petition," he shouts. "Here, lemme hold that bike for ya. Me and Mrs. Spragg did almost all the work singlehanded. Living dynamo, that woman, nearly seventy, though you'd never guess it."

While they're lifting the bike, the Dalmatian finally leaps over the seat. In her excitement, she tips the box, and all 11 puppies come tumbling through the still-open front door, out onto the sidewalk.

The girl slowly kneels. Three puppies are waddling up the walkway. Charley moves to grab them. At that moment, the Dalmatian unaccountably bounds past him, across the grass and through Epley's front door.

"Hey! That black-and-white dog of yours just ran into the shop!"

"It isn't my dog," Charley says.

Epley clutches black thighs, stares wildly through his glasses, like a man surrounded by savages, first at Charley, then at the girl where she kneels ministering to her pups.

"Wha d'ya mean, it isn't your dog?"

She looks up at him, her lips spread slowly into that nun's smile. Epley grimaces, trying to hear. "It's . . . my dog. Nell is . . . very high-strung."

Charley catches the wandering puppies. "Here, hang onto these. I'll try to find the dog."

"Oh . . . thank you . . . thank you . . . very much."

There's so much space between her words, he has crossed the lawn before she finishes. Epley's already inside. Charley hears him yelling in back. Lightning streaks punctuate the voice, disfiguring a blue-white row of faces:

> "You're wrong, Mrs. Notley. There's the buzzer, and Big Clock says everybody's wrong this time. It wasn't a rumor at all. Canadian Riley is still alive and she'll be on stage here in just a couple of minutes."

Charley kicks old milk cartons out of the way to get through Epley's kitchen. On the table lies an overturned king-size Corn Flakes box with top torn back, some murky Pyrex bowls. Pans are stacked on the stove and drainboard. Cupboard doors stand open.

Epley's in the bathroom, wrestling with the dog, who has rooted out some stained and grimy underwear. "Look here, mister! Tell this goddamn dog of yours to let go my shorts!"

Charley tries to grab her, but she's snarling now. He draws back, afraid she'll claw his corduroys. "Why don't you let her have the shorts?"

"Are you nuts?" Epley yells. "Are you crazy, pal? What the hell is going on around here, anyway?"

"I'll have to get the girl. It's her dog."

Back through the cluttered kitchen, Charley's heading for the front door when he finds the girl sitting on the floor, back against the adding machine, holding the box of puppies in her lap, watching the screen. Her shawl has fallen open and underneath it, Charley sees nothing but white skin from neck to belt, and below the belt about eight inches of denim skirt before her legs start.

She isn't self-conscious about this. She doesn't even look at him.

"A fellow answering that description was here ten minutes ago but left right after flipping a coin."

"You'd better call your dog. She's chewing up Epley's shorts."

She stands, draws the edges of her shawl together, walks into the kitchen, lifting moccasined feet as if picking her way across a floor covered with guitars. Her steps make no sound. When she's gone, Charley squints in amazement at the row of puzzled faces in the corner.

In back, the dog snarls. Epley's yelling, "Goddamn you, black-and-white dog bastard. Let go! Will ya let go?" Charley hears him yelling at the girl. "Hey, what the hell *is* all this?"

Then Nell shuts up, and the girl's in the kitchen, dragging her by the collar. Right behind comes Epley, stuffing torn shorts into his back pocket and trying to step around them, shifting from foot to foot as the girl pauses in his doorway.

"Jesus Christ, lady. Why'd you have to bring all these dogs into the shop?"

She turns to him. "Do you happen to have any oats?"

"Oats?"

"Dried oats." The smile again, everybody's grandmother, everybody's saint. One hand holds Nell, who strains to reach Epley's back pocket. The other holds the edges of her shawl. "It's what I feed the puppies after they nurse awhile. Just a big cupful, and anyone who didn't get enough milk can fill up on dried oats."

Epley starts to massage his scalp, digging grimy fingers into the black inverted triangle of hair. He strides to his desk, kicking old sprockets with his heavy boots. One broad sweep of his arm clears half the desk of papers and tags. They flutter to the floor.

"Jesus Christ Almighty!"

He grabs the handle of his lawn mower, shoves it across the room and right out the door, so that it clangs down three steps and overends into the grass.

"Look at that lawn mower, for Christ sake. Now what am I gonna do? Lady wants it fixed by three this afternoon. And look at it now!"

All this noise scares the pups. They're yipping and wiggling under one another to escape it. The girl joins Charley at the adding machine, squats, reaches in with one hand to knead and reassure. The way she squats, with knees spread, it's clear to Charley she's wearing nothing under that short skirt, either.

Nell has started barking again. On the screen, small faces open wide in loud guffaws, cameras cut from mouth to mouth. Epley has switched on his tape recorder; his own warped baritone fills the room:

> *"Give me some men who are stout hearted men,*
> *Who will fight for the right they adore."*

And now he's rushing around, grabbing bikes that lean against his walls. He runs them out the door one by one and they bounce down the steps, piling up around the lawn mower.

"Look at that!" he shouts. "Look out there on my lawn. A week's work, all shot to hell! What am I supposed to do now?"

Nell strains and snaps at the torn back pocket of Epley's Frisco jeans. The girl murmurs, "Nell. Nell, sit down."

"Maybe we'd better get going," Charley says. "Why don't I carry the pups out to the car? Nell might follow them."

Epley yells, "Hold it! Hold it right there, buster! I got a week's work stacked up on that lawn, ya know—busted wheels, a mower that'll probably never go again."

"I guess I could help you bring all that stuff back inside," Charley offers.

"What good would that do?" The grizzled face contorts.

"Didn't you say you couldn't park your bikes on the grass anymore?"

"Fuck 'em!" Epley shouts. "Fuck the bikes! Fuck the rules! Fuck 'em all!"

Nell tears loose from the girl's grip and lunges at Epley's rear, rips the back pocket off his jeans, mouthful of old shorts and black pocket patch, bucking her head with the prize.

"Here. Gimme that, you goddamn dog bastard. Gimme that!"

Epley dives for the dog, hunched and hairy-armed, chasing, lurching. Charley grabs the puppy box, hurries toward his bus. Nell bolts after him, Epley right behind. Charley opens the front door of the VW, sets the pups on his seat, then opens the double side doors in time for Nell to bound up onto the mattress.

"C'mon," he shouts to the girl, "let's get going!"

She appears in Epley's doorway like a sleepwalker, surveying the scene—the bike-littered lawn, the dog-filled bus, Epley sprinting the concrete walkway—with her benign smile, as if about to raise arms and bless it all.

From behind, around her shawl and out the door, come Epley's phlegm-spattered lyrics, into a second chorus, the voice louder now and trembling, as if with anger, as if Epley is an incensed revolutionary crying out for men and equipment:

> *"Shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder*
> *We grow as we go to the fore.*
> *Then there's nothing in this world*
> *Can halt or mar a plan. . . ."*

"What about my bikes?" Epley yells. "What about my lawn mower? What about my underwear?"

She slides into the bus. As Charley pulls out into traffic, Epley sprints to his tangle of bikes, frees one many-geared racer, hops on and starts across the grass, bouncing over the curb. With knees pumping furiously, he catches Charley at the first stop light and pulls alongside, yelling, "Hey, where do you think you're going, for Christ sake?"

Red light snaps green. Charley guns it. But in this traffic, top speed for his VW bus is 30. Epley keeps up, pedaling along next to the window.

"You son of a bitch, with your bastard dog! Gimme back my underwear!"

Charley shuts his window, switches the radio on, up full:

> "The next caller is Miss Rosalie Dimond over there in Pacifica. Our operator is ringing her now. I can hear it buzzing." (*Click click*) "Hello, Rosalie? Rosalie?" (*Click*)

At the edge of town, where the street becomes a highway, traffic is still just heavy enough to hold Charley back. He can't pass or pick up speed. Epley's right behind him. Charley's afraid to drop the girl here, worried about Epley's harassment. Yet there's no point in driving her up the Coast, not while Epley's tagging along. Nell is howling now. Some puppies have spilled out onto the floor. Charley has to watch his feet on the pedals. The girl leans to gather the pups. Her shawl falls open again, white breasts hanging, and she lifts her eyes to look at him with her saintly smile, while outside the window, Epley's stubbled, sweating and tortured triangle of a face yells over the radio and Charley's engine, "Turn around. Will ya turn around? You think I can leave my shop open all day with nobody to watch it and bikes scattered all over hell? I've gotta get back to town, for Christ sake! Turn this rig around, buddy. Goddamn it, my legs are getting tired. What'd ya pick a track like this for, *any*way?"

The town is two miles behind when Charley spots a narrow road off to the right. It's unmarked and unpaved but graded, and it winds steeply into mountains that lean back from the sea. He turns suddenly and Epley goes shooting past. In second gear, Charley starts to climb, grinning. He turns off the radio. In his rearview, he sees Epley circle back, struggle to pump up the grade. Finally, rounding a high banked curve, Charley sees him far below, stopped, straddling his bike and flapping both arms like a man warning traffic at an accident. He picks up what appears to be a rock and hurls it in Charley's direction.

Then Epley is out of sight. Charley keeps climbing. After a while, the girl says, "You said you were going to drop me at the highway."

"Just making sure we get rid of Epley. We'll follow this road a few minutes more, then head down to the highway again. Don't worry."

"Oh, I'm not worried."

Her voice, in fact, is full of trust, total repose. A couple of curves later, she says, "But could we stop somewhere? Nell's very sensitive. She gets carsick . . . on curves."

She points to a gravelly wide space

next to a knoll covered with long grass, a high mound shining green after the long rains. Charley parks. She climbs out, opens the side doors and reaches in to fondle Nell, rubs her sides, lets the dog lick her face and neck.

When Nell jumps out to scamper around her legs, the girl takes the puppy box and meanders toward the knoll. She moves in that slow, soundless way, as if each step is a thing in itself, to be savored—the only real step anyone has ever taken. This appeals to Charley. When she wades into the grass, starting to climb, he follows, imitating her pace.

The grass stands two to three feet, topped with pale tassels hung from capillary branches, all translucent now. Charley drags his hands through the tassels and his heart swells with amused and generous gratitude, a surge of warmth for the man who forced them toward this hillside retreat.

At the knoll's top, he finds her flattening a grassy oval. She smiles again, the smile that purifies every act, somehow makes it holy. She removes her shawl, spreads it out behind her, and she's lying there in a plum-colored nest, miniskirt and moccasins, with arms stretched back and the sun shining two silver squares off her specs.

"I just love the sunshine. So does Nell."

Charley looks around. No other cars on the road. No houses. Not even a cow. Just this spring mountain sloping to the sea, wooded in spots, broken by gullies and other little mounds and knolls. He remarks how he loves the sunshine, too, and starts to remove his turquoise-paisley shirt.

"What's your name?"

"Charley."

"Mine's Maude. Hey, Charley? Will you sort of dump those puppies out all over my chest and stomach? I love to feel 'em crawl around like that. They're so furry."

Charley dumps the pups onto her stomach and chest, and the big Dalmatian is circling like a cowhand. Charley starts to take off his boots.

"I could spend all day up here," Maude says, "just lying around in the sun."

"So could I."

"You want a few puppies?" Maude asks. "Let 'em crawl on your stomach, too?"

"Sure. I guess so."

Dreamily, she rolls her head toward him and half rolls her torso, in a gesture of offering. "Here, help yourself."

Charley is leaning toward her flat white belly, reaching for one warm handful of gray fur, when he hears behind him the scratch of loose rock; he hears heavy breathing. He turns to see Epley's black hair clearing the knoll's far side, then the agony of Epley's face, running with sweat. His great eyes blink insanely behind dripping lenses.

It's a steep, short drop-off over there and Epley is clutching for handholds.

"Hey! Jesus Christ Almighty! What the hell kind of a deal *is* this? Give a guy a fair shake once in a while!"

Charley jumps up. "You get the hell out of here, Epley! Go on! Get back to your bike shop or something!"

Nell has spotted him, too, and comes tearing through the grass like a maddened guard dog, neck stiff and growling.

Maude pays them no attention. Between her eyes and the sun, she holds one puppy, tickling it, cooing and snicking with puckered lips.

"Can you do that?" Epley yells. "Can you give a guy a fair shake? I was doing OK till you turned up this Godforsaken turnpike. I blew a brand-new tire before I'd gone a hundred yards. What am I supposed to do now? Hey, call off this dog, will ya? Get away. G'wan. Dog bastard. Will ya leave me alone?"

"Sic 'em, Nell. Sic 'em," Charley says. "Get Epley."

Nell has forced him to the precipice. Epley loses his footing and steps backward, sliding down the short rocky wall he has just climbed. Nell pursues him, and Epley, in his logger's boots, his burr-prickled Frisco jeans, takes off, galloping and yelling, down the hillside.

"Hey! Tell this dog bastard to cut it out. Can you do that, for Christ sake? Get away from me, black-and-white dirty dog son of a bitch in the grass! Hey! Hey! What do you people think this is—a picnic area? I got a flat tire and my front door wide open. What am I supposed to do *now*?"

"Hitchhike," Charley yells after him. "Ride on the rims. Do whatever you want, but get the hell away from here. Sic 'em, Nell. Get him good."

He watches till they disappear in a grove of trees. Then he hears her soft voice. "Charley? Charley?"

He turns to find that she's removed her skirt. Just high moccasins now, the spectacles and 11 puppies swarming over her body.

"Charley, doesn't the sunshine make you sort of . . . you know . . . feel like doing something?"

"What about Epley and Nell?"

"Well, I mean before they get back."

"I'll put the puppies in the box."

"Don't you like my puppies?"

"I love your puppies."

"You're not old-fashioned, are you? I mean, you're not hung up on some cornball style of——"

"Not me, Maude. Never let it be said."

Charley has stepped out of his corduroys and is kneeling next to her when he hears the engine of his VW starting down below. "Did I leave my goddamn keys in the car?"

"C'mon, Charley," Maude murmurs, "hurry up."

He runs to the knoll edge, sees Epley behind the wheel and Nell leaping at the window wing, hurling herself against the door.

"Hurry up, Charley. This sunshine is turning me on."

He sees his bus swing out of the gravelly wide space. In his shorts, Charley's sprinting down the hill toward the graded road. But Epley swings it again, cutting two tracks through the deep grass, and he's heading up the slope, straight for Charley, with Nell alongside, leaping and barking with hate. Behind the windshield, Charley sees the wild eyes, more startled than ever, terrified. He jumps aside and, as the car careens past him, he grabs the open window, one foot on the tiny step, head next to Epley's head.

"You're going to wreck my car! Stop! Stop!"

Just as the front wheels clear the rise, Maude is coming slowly to her feet, red hair pouring over white breasts and shoulders; puppies drip and fall to the grass like some fur coat falling apart around her. Epley brakes in panic; his head hits the window; Charley tumbles into the grass.

Maude catches two falling pups, lifts them to her neck like a muffler and begins walking toward the car with a pleased smile, some priestess receiving an expected pilgrim. Epley's foot slips and the car, rear wheels still on the incline, starts to roll backward.

"Brakes!" Charley yells. "Hit the brakes!"

But Epley is paralyzed. The bus picks up speed, rolling silently. Nell stands watching now. Maude whispers Charley's name, but he doesn't turn. He sits in the grass and watches his red-white-and-blue bus roll across the road and bounce over the far side, into more grass, a steeper slope that drops about 50 yards then gradually levels out before it slopes up the other way. Through the bottom of this draw runs a rocky ditch, the bed for a water trickle slipping seaward. Charley watches his rear wheels drop into this ditch; he hears the crunch.

There's a long silence—Charley clasping his knees in disbelief, Maude above him with two neck-warming pups, other invisible puppies strangely quiet in surrounding grass, the only sound a thin piping whine from somewhere deep in Nell's throat as she, too, waits for the distant bus to do something.

At last the horn sounds; a long waaaaaaaaaaaaaaah fills the little valley. Another waaaaaaaaaaaaaah, and waah waah waah, and Epley's head out the side window.

"Hey, you people gonna stand around till lunchtime? I'm stuck down here in the bottom of this gully, for Christ sake!"

Nell barks back but without much

conviction; Epley's too far away to interest her. She drops her head, rooting through the grass to round up her litter. Maude drops to hands and knees, lazily crawls around imitating the dog, shoving puppies with her nose toward some center point. Like Nell, she wags her tail each time she locates a pup, and Charley watches her round buttocks wriggle in the sun. He studies her nippled, ground-pointing cones, and all about her the back-lit thicket of slender stalks, translucent, seed-heavy tassels bending to tickle milky skin. He can't stand it any longer. He rolls over on all fours and scuttles toward her, planning to take her from behind, by surprise.

Waah waah waah waah comes Epley's manic horn from the gully. Charley ignores it. "Hey, what's going on up there? Jesus Christ, can't you give a guy a hand? I haven't got all day, ya know!"

By this time, Maude and Charley are rolling in the grass. The VW engine starts up again. Charley hears the whine of gears and axles straining, lifts his head to see the bus going nowhere, wheels spinning, rear end lurching and writhing to clear the ditch.

Maude whispers, "C'mon, Charley."

Nell circles, whimpering and sniffing, the pups yip and squirm on all sides, little paws to tingle Charley's legs, groping tips of noses.

Epley races the engine, leans on the horn. Axles whine around the madly shifting gears. Charley hears hollow metal clanking on the rocks.

"Maude, he's destroying my car."

He starts to lift his head again; she grabs his shoulders and holds him down. Nell licks Maude's neck, tries to nuzzle in between them.

"Hey! What are you guys trying to do—give me the shit end of the stick or something? Think I can pull somebody else's car out of a hole all by myself? I call that a hell of a note, buster. *One hell of a note!*"

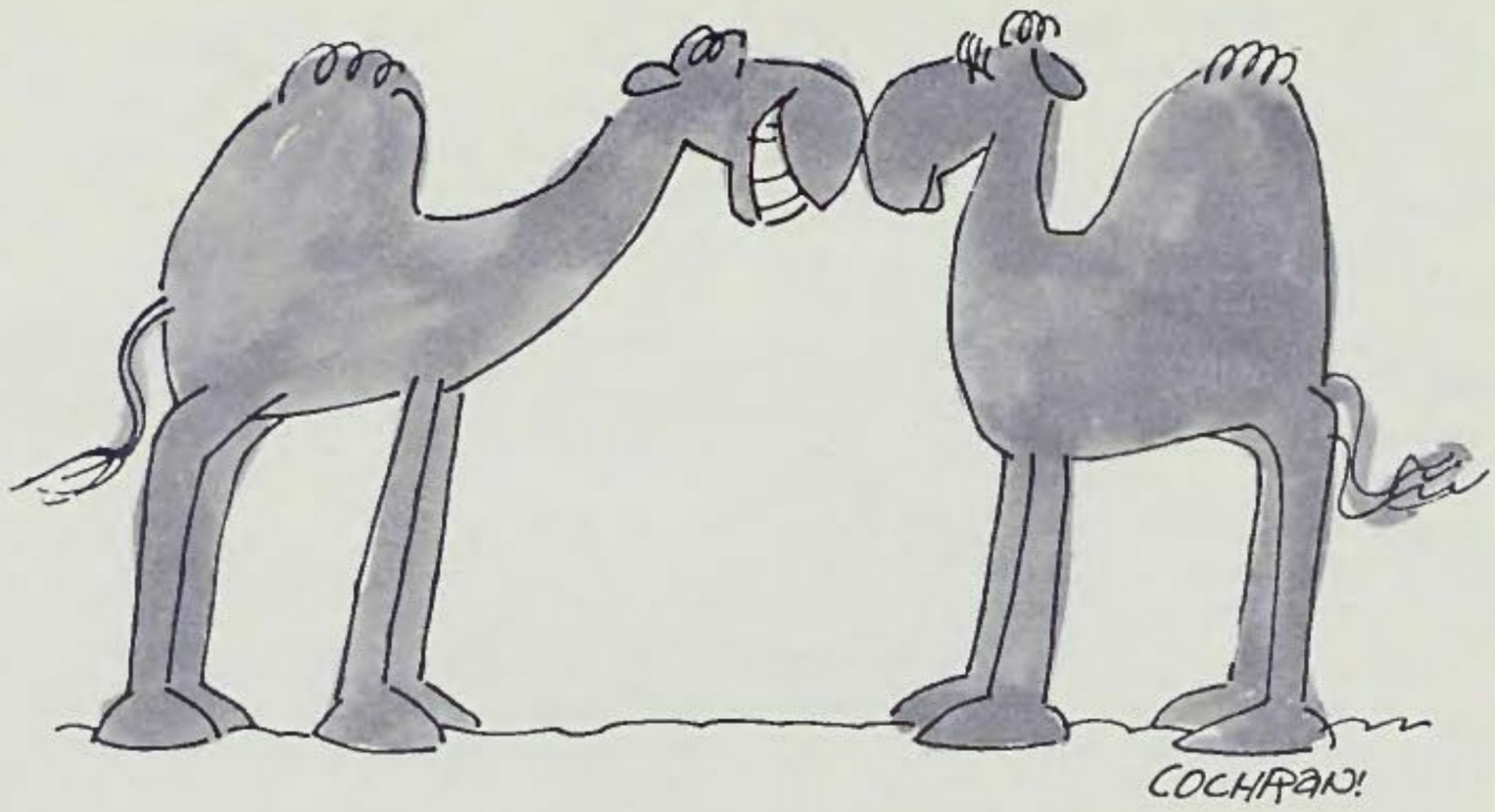
He bellows this; the engine roars again, yowling gears. Something rips loose with a metallic clunk and tinkle, and suddenly Epley's in the clear. The bus grinds upward through steep grass, painfully listing but pulling the grade.

"Oh, Charley," Maude begs, "don't stop now."

But he breaks their tangle of arms and legs and is galloping down the slope again, naked this time, to meet his bus as it reaches the road. Epley stops. Charley grabs the door handle. Locked.

The radio is filling, surrounding the bus:

> "Is this your first album, Eddie?"
>
> "It's my third, Ralph, although actually it isn't my album at all."
>
> "Can you explain that for our listeners?"
>
> "I wish I could, Ralph, I honestly do. Say, why do I keep getting little electric shocks from this mike stand?"



"I can go two weeks without water, but sex is an entirely different matter!"

Charley yells, shakes the door handle till his whole bus is rocking. Epley doesn't look at him. Charley runs around and throws open the side doors, jumps in on top of the mattress and crouches there, with palms extended, like some underweight sumo wrestler. The black head swivels, lips apart.

Surprise turns to huge-eyed horror, as if Epley's struck dumb by the sudden appearance of another person in this wilderness, not just a naked man but anyone at all.

Charley leans over and switches off the radio, bare shoulder next to short sleeve of black T-shirt; sweaty, "3-In-One" Oil smell of Epley, who sits now, examining his knees, grabbing black thighs with grease-edged fingers.

"Get out of my car!" Charley has climbed the front seat, sitting next to him, shoving. "Out. Out."

"I call that the shit end of the stick, my friend." Epley glares at the windshield wiper. "All I want to know is, who got this car out of the ditch? Huh? Tell me that."

"Shut up, Epley. Just shut up and——"

"Out of the ditch, singlehanded, back on the goddamn road, and me with a flat tire of my own, not to mention more work at home than any ten men——"

Charley is ready to start punching, when Epley stops in midsentence, staring through the window, befuddled and openmouthed. It's Maude, floating down the knollside, waist-deep in tasseled grass, with Nell scampering. Under one arm she carries her puppy box, over her shoulder Charley's paisley shirt, his corduroys.

Charley watches, too. Her knees flex slightly; smooth tendons catch the light with each downhill step. The way she walks, drifts, descends, he would recognize it anywhere now, unmistakably Maude. It fills him with pure affection.

She stops on his side of the car, holding Nell. "You said you were going to take me back to the highway."

Her face inches from his, her shawl loosely draped, Charley's affection splinters into a thousand warm needles. He is weak with lust. His groin aches. He would like to run over Epley with his car.

He turns to see those startled eyes focused on his lap, where Maude's presence has had dramatic effect. Charley grabs the car keys, opens the door, steps out. "Give me my pants, Maude."

Through the open window, he addresses Epley. "I'll give you a ride to the bottom of the hill."

"I got a flat tire down there, buddy."

"All right, I'll take you back to your shop."

Epley considers this, pulls the loose scraped skin beneath his jaw. "Can I do the driving?"

"Hell, no, you can't drive! You've already destroyed my whole rear end. Spring's busted, bumper's mangled, body all mashed up. Jesus Christ, Epley!"

Charley is starting to shout. Epley outshouts him. "Jesus Christ yourself, pal! Who hiked up from the bottom of this road? Who climbed while everybody else got a nice cozy ride? Huh? Can you tell me that?"

Nell is barking again and Epley reaches for his scalp again, dark fingers digging into dusty, oil-black hair.

"Who sweated his ass off while everybody else is laying around in the grass taking a sun bath? Huh? I'm just asking for a fair shake. Is that too much to ask? Can you give a guy a fair shake?"

While holding Nell's taut collar with one hand, Maude is helping Charley dress, running his belt through the

loops, buttoning his shirt, tucking in his shirttails with slow, tender hand plunges.

"OK, Epley, OK. You can drive. Straight back to your shop. How does that sound? Everybody else will get in back."

"Just hold onto that dog bastard. Don't expect me to drive this hill with a goddamn bloodhound yipping at my neck the whole way down." Epley's squirming in the seat like a trapped man, frantic eyes scanning, the way he looked when he shoved his lawn mower down the stairs.

Charley ties Nell to the rear door, sets the puppies next to her on the mattress, shoves his bike to the left, hands Epley the keys.

"There's no rush. Just take it easy. OK?"

"Yes," Maude adds, "these curves are . . . hard on Nell."

"Easy does it, folks." Epley yells. The clutch pops. The bus bucks. He leans on the big steering wheel, nose to the windshield, as if they're heading into heavy fog. Bus bucks again, leaps forward, stuttering. Maude and Charley are thrown back onto the mattress, shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh. Their bodies clamp together.

"Hey, what's going on back there?"

Rear end swings wide as the bus careens around the first curve.

"Never mind, Epley. Watch the road, for God sake!"

Nell is still barking, sometimes gagging, as her new rage strains against the rope. Pups have spilled again and Maude is unzipping Charley's fly. Each time Epley swings through a curve, the bike slides across the mattress. Charley tries to brace it with his foot. Everything slides to the right now. On some curves, the bumper and one corner of the frame scrape the ground. No time to worry about that. Maude's skirt is up around her waist, her shawl falls open.

The bus is picking up speed. With each curve, the puppies tumble over Charley and Maude. And soon she's murmuring, "Oh, Charley, oh oh oh oh oh."

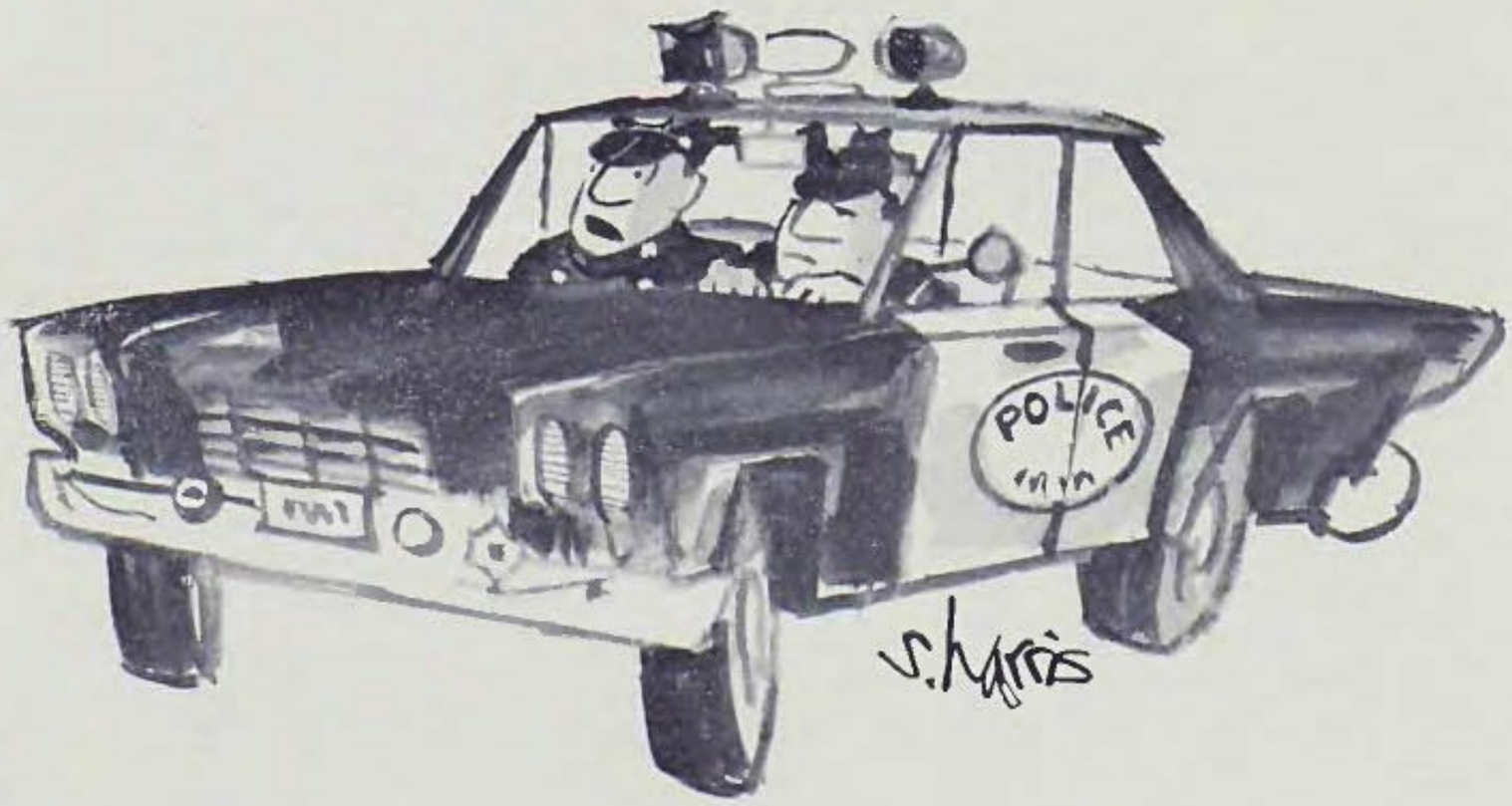
At that moment, Epley's tentative, quavering baritone drifts back from the front seat, nasal and phlegm-throated, feeling its way:

"Without a song
The day would never end.
Without a song
The road would never bend.
Without a song
A man ain't got a friend. . . ."

It grows louder, expanding as he warms to the car's acoustics, drowning Maude's little moans of ecstasy. He throws both windows open, sits back to breathe deep and guns the engine for a short stretch of straightaway:

"I'll never know
What makes the rain to fall.
I'll never know
What makes the grass so tall. . . ."

Bellowing the refrain, Epley whips the bus around a hairpin curve like it's a sports car, slides up banked gravel into a soft shoulder, recovers for the drop past a sloping stand of eucalyptus. Charley, sated now, closes his eyes, one foot still braced against the bike, and figures it would be riskier to try to wrest control than to let him keep driving. He waits and prays Epley will find the brakes before they reach the ocean, and while Nell howls out a counterpoint to his triumphal song, her puppies pour back and forth over the spent lovers in a wriggling, furry cascade.



"Know what really hurts? When my four-year-old calls me the fuzz."

SIGHTS & SOUNDS OF '69

(continued from page 106)

suffice. As prime examples of the best that money can buy, on page 101, we're proposing that the Marantz Model 7T preamp ($325) be coupled with two Model 15 power amplifiers ($790 the pair). Each of the amplifiers will deliver a full complement of 120 watts per channel throughout a wide frequency range without danger of overloading, while the preamp offers such tempting lagniappes as dual front-panel tape jacks (one for record, one for playback) and three-position levers for the high and low filters. To make sure this gear is operating at peak performance, the sophisticated sound man will have on hand a pair of oscilloscopes and a sensitive A.C. voltmeter with a very wide frequency response.

Now let's take a look at the current state of record-playing gear. Should you choose a manual or an automatic turntable? In the early days of high fidelity, this question wouldn't even have been raised. Record changers were unequivocally out. But so many dramatic improvements have been made in recent years that automatic turntables are now held in high esteem.

Three top-of-the-line models dominate the scene. Garrard's SL95 ($129.50), which figures in our $1200 system, is powered by an ingeniously designed motor that combines the rigidly controlled speed of synchronous operation with the high torque of induction operation. Its featherweight tonearm incorporates an adjustable antiskating control and is actuated by a convenient cuing knob. In place of the Garrard, you might consider the Dual 1019 ($129.50), a robust product from Germany with a useful pitch control for varying the playing speeds within a range of six percent. The remaining member of this triumvirate, Miracord's Model 50H ($161.45), which we've slotted into our $1800 rig, also comes from Germany and features push-button controls. All three are equipped with two spindles —a short one for manual play, a long one for automatic—and all three are made to provide years of quiet, dependable service.

Among the manuals, the Acoustic Research turntable ($78) merits attention for its immunity to external vibration, achieved by a suspension system that isolates the tonearm from any acoustic influence other than the groove of the record you've selected. Because of its high performance at low cost, we've chosen it for the $800 system. Other manual turntables that you'll want to try are the Sony PS-2000 ($234.50 for tonearm and turntable only) and the Thorens TD-125 ($175 for turntable alone). Both have set new records for minimizing rumble and

maintaining accurate speed. Sony's approach is to employ a relatively slow-running motor (300 rpm, instead of the usual 1500 rpm) and to control it by means of a voltage-sensitive servo mechanism. Thorens has slowed down the motor even further (to a range of 125–350 rpm) and keeps it on speed by tuning it to a transistorized synchronous oscillator. Both are built to last for years (Thorens has even gold-plated the contacts in its switching mechanism) and both will work on European as well as Stateside current. Incidentally, in our price-is-no-object system, the Thorens TD-125 turntable comes with the Shure SME Series II tonearm ($106.50), generally considered the *ne plus ultra* in ingenious design and skilled craftsmanship.

We've discussed both automatic and manual turntables because, in our opinion, a prestigious listening setup ought to include one of each—a manual for when you want *really* spectacular stereo and an automatic for those occasions, such as parties, when you won't want to be bothered with having to leave your guests and change a record every 20 minutes. Either way, manual or automatic, you'll need to fit the tonearm with an appropriate cartridge. A good dealer's shelf is well stocked with the products of such reliable firms as ADC, Elac, Empire, Ortofon, Pickering and Shure, at prices ranging from $25 to $75. Have the dealer set up some direct-listening comparison tests and take the cartridge that sounds most agreeable to your ears. When doing so, be sure to listen to both the Shure V-15 Type II cartridge ($67.50) and the Ortofon S-15T ($80); these are considered the ultimate in stereo pickups.

Although discs still predominate as the chief source of recorded music, tape is coming on stronger each year. And, of course, tape equipment is essential for making your own recordings, either live or off the air. Budget permitting, you'll want to bolster your system with some kind of tape facility. But what kind?

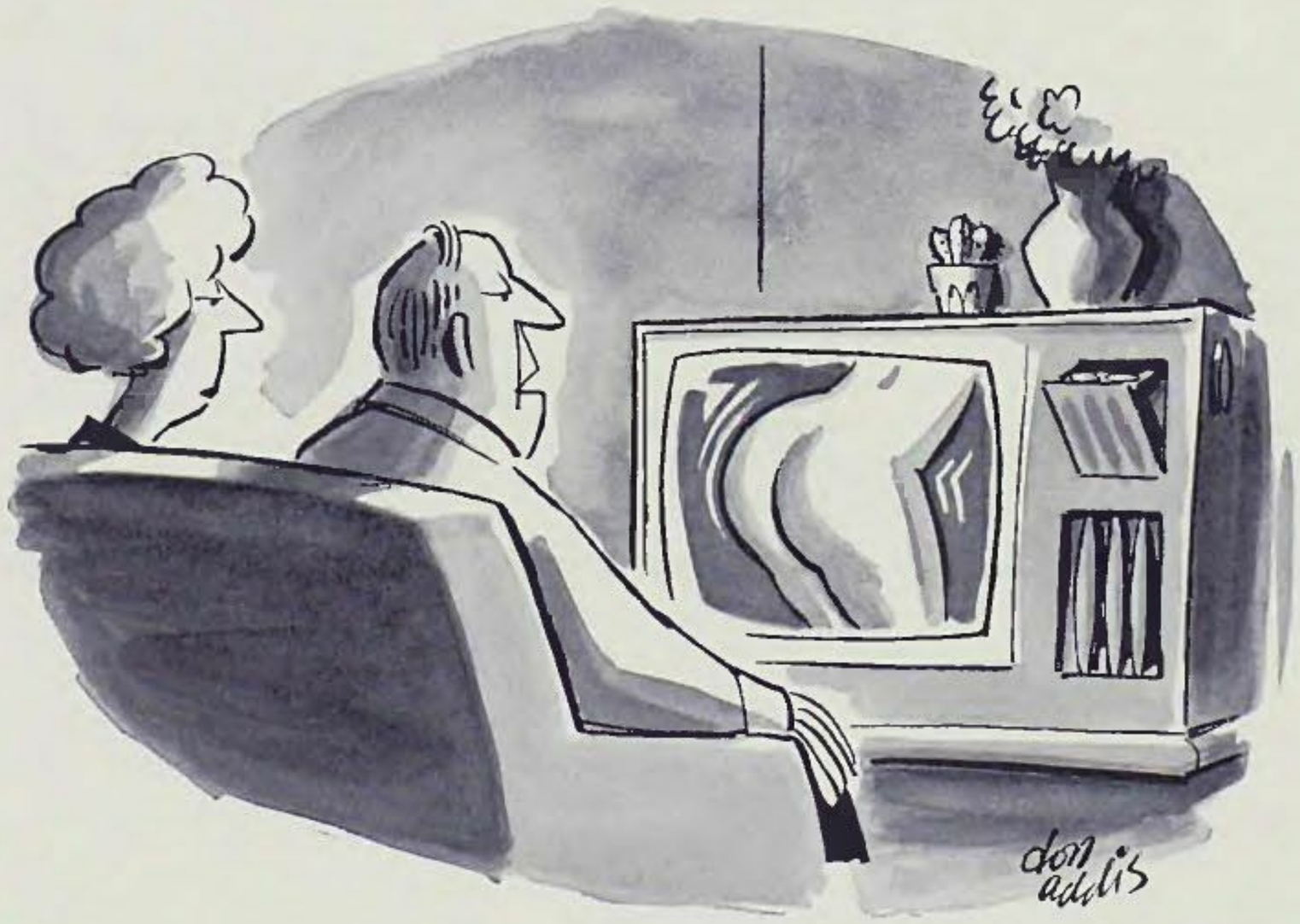
While open-reel tape remains the preferred choice in terms of fidelity and versatility, cassette and eight-track systems are gaining in popularity, because they're easier to use and they take up less space. It's a question of weighing one set of advantages against the other, with respect to your own requirements. Where eight track used to labor under the disability of being a playback-only medium, there are now several eight-track decks that incorporate a recording function as well, including the Sony TC-8 ($129.50), the Kinematix 1000 ($299.95) and the Kalof 802R ($329). And although cassettes were formerly blemished by excessive tape hiss and restricted frequency response, today's quality decks with narrow-gap heads—for example, the Fisher RC-70 ($149.95), the Harman-Kardon CAD4 ($149.95) and the TEAC A-20 ($139.50)—go a long way toward minimizing these limitations.

Nevertheless, for really fine fidelity, you'll want to stick with open reel. Here, you're not necessarily restricted to the slow speeds imposed on the cassette and eight-track systems (respectively, 1⅞ and 3¾ inches per second). With open-reel equipment, you can choose between the lower fidelity and longer play of slow-speed operation and the higher fidelity and shorter play of fast speed. In addition, open reel allows for the editing and patching of tapes—a boon denied the cassette or cartridge user.

An appetizingly wide variety of open-reel gear is available to suit all needs and checking accounts. As an adjunct to our $800 rig, we've selected the sleekly styled Panasonic RS-796 ($249.95), which employs dual capstan drive for its three-speed performance (standard 7½ ips, as well as 3¾ and 1⅞) and boasts such additional desiderata as twin VU meters, pause control and an automatic reverse system. Worthy alternatives at the same low end of the price scale are the Craig 2404 ($154.95) and the Ampex 750 ($199.95) decks. Both are three speed and both feature built-in facilities for overdubbing.

As you move up into costlier apparatus, you'll encounter further refinements and more rugged innards. The Sony 560D ($349.50), for instance, has a servo-control mechanism for making fine pitch adjustments within each of its three basic speeds, as well as a noise suppressor for filtering the hiss out of old tapes. A similar servo-controlled motor is found in the sturdy Revox 77A ($499) from Switzerland, a machine equipped to take up to 10½-inch reels for extra-long recording adventures. We've chosen the Sony and the Revox, respectively, for our $1200 and $1800 systems because they typify the near-professional quality of today's best tape equipment; but, of course, they don't begin to exhaust the possibilities. You may be more attracted by the Bell & Howell Model 2291 ($349.95), which features automatic threading and reverse; or by the Tandberg 64X ($549), which sports four separate tape heads; or by the Uher 9500 ($450), which has a vernier adjustment for keeping the playback head in precise azimuthal alignment; or by the new KLH 40 ($600), which incorporates a nome version of the ingenious Dolby Audio Noise Reduction System that's now standard equipment in almost every large recording studio. The list could go on and on. We're in a staggeringly abundant buyers' market.

The ambitious tapester will be tempted to go all out and invest in the same equipment the professionals use. You get into this class with decks geared to record at the standard studio speed of 15 ips. One is the TEAC A-7030 ($749.50), a no-compromise instrument from Japan that operates at either 7½ ips or 15 ips and exults in some extremely tempting specifications for frequency response, speed accuracy and wow and flutter. The Crown SX822-P4 ($1750), to cite another, features "computer logic control," a device that eliminates the possibility of broken tapes. The man who craves the best will also



"Have you noticed how the networks are gradually relaxing some of their traditional taboos?"

want to consider the prestigious Ampex AG-440-2 (about $3000), a deck used extensively by radio stations. Among its many sterling attributes is a convertible head assembly that permits change-over from quarter-inch to half-inch tape within a matter of minutes. These exalted recorders will make off-the-air tapes indistinguishable from the original broadcast and they'll also play your commercially recorded tapes with unimpeachable fidelity.

One other program source should be discussed here: video. If you're fed up with the paltry low-fi sound of most TV sets, investigate the sonic advantages of piping TV audio through your stereo system. Several of the 1969 color sets, including Packard Bell's CC-9000 ($650) and Andrea's Royale VCX325-1 ($725), feature a special jack for routing TV sound through a hi-fi installation. Both are chassis-only units designed to be built into a wall or custom cabinetry. Another TV from Andrea, the Space-80 ($1065) pictured on page 104, has a walnut cube-shaped housing that revolves on a pedestal, thus raising or lowering the height of the set, and tambour doors that can be closed across the 23-diagonal-inch screen. At the opposite end of the dimension spectrum is Sony's Micro-Color set ($429.95) with a seven-inch screen; a portable unit that weighs only 18 pounds.

Turning to video tape recorders, we find that Arvin expects to market a color unit (the CVR XXI) within the next few months. The price will be $1000–$1500. If you don't wish to wait for a color system, Roberts has a complete black-and-white package that includes both camera and monitor, also for $1000–$1500; and Mastercrafter Electronics has just made available its first black-and-white video-tape-recorder hookup; the price is $795.

Enough of video apparatus. Now it's time to hear it for stereo, and for that we'll need a pair of speakers. Here, we come to the final—and, in some respects, the most crucial—link in the basic hi-fi chain. The loud-speaker is an admittedly imperfect instrument that converts electrical impulses into vibrating air. Because of its imperfections, every model has individual characteristics, or "coloration." Who can say which is best? Tastes in speakers are as unaccountable as tastes in girls. If doe-eyed brunettes turn you on, it won't matter how highly we rate blue-eyed blondes. The same applies to speaker systems. We'll size up the over-all speaker market and propose some particular candidates for your consideration, but the ultimate decision must rest with your own two ears.

If your current balance is around $200 or less, don't feel deprived. At this figure, you can still buy a fine pair of speakers. (All prices here are per individual speaker, unless otherwise noted.) One of the classic models is the KLH 17 ($69.95), a two-way suspension system that has been soundly applauded for its remarkable transparency and crisp response. It's illustrated in our $800 setup, but we might just as easily have thrown the spotlight on the similar Acoustic Research AR-4x ($57), the Benjamin EM155 ($54.95), the Electro-Voice Five-A ($88) or the Jensen TF-25 ($89.50). They're all intended for bookshelf or wall-bracket installation. If your listening-room decor is better suited to freestanding speakers, you'll want to look into the Empire 2000 ($109.95), an omnidirectional system that can double as end tables. We've chosen it for our $1200 rig; but, again, there are many deserving alternatives.

As you move into the medium-price range, you also move into larger dimensions, better bass and more effective dispersion. Acoustic Research's AR-3a ($250), suggested for our $1800 system, is considered the pacesetter for acoustic-suspension design. However, your ears may well prefer the far different sound of the Bose 901 ($476 a pair, including accessory equalizer), an unusual system that has been picking up critical hosannas ever since its introduction some months ago. The 901 houses nine identical four-inch speakers in its five-sided enclosure. One speaker faces the listening room, while the eight others radiate against a wall behind the enclosure, to simulate the ratio of direct to reflected sound that exists in the concert hall. Another highly regarded multispeaker system is the Rectilinear III ($279), which employs a 12-inch woofer, a 5-inch midrange and no fewer than four tweeters and supertweeters. Each of these systems, incidentally, needs a fair amount of amplifier power—at least 20 continuous watts per channel.

If you inhabit baronial digs, we call your attention to the large speakers pictured on pages 101 and 102. Altec Lansing's "Magnificent" ($537), which we've put in our $3100 rig, is a domesticated version of this company's famed Voice of the Theater system, used in myriad movie houses throughout the world. A 15-inch woofer loads the lows through a wooden exponential horn, while a cast-aluminum sectoral horn on top diffuses the highs with exemplary efficiency. Cliff dwellers should bear in mind that it stands nearly four feet high. A similarly dimensioned system is the Tannoy G. R. F. ($393), which employs the firm's 15-inch dual concentric speaker in a sturdy horn-loaded cabinet. Bozak's top-of-the-line Model B-410 ($862) packs four bass, two midranges and four pairs of trebles into each speaker cabinet—that's 14 speakers in all. But for our ultraluxe installation, we've selected an array from Klipsch consisting of two corner Klipschorns and the somewhat smaller Cornwall II for center fill ($2023 for the complete system). The full complement of these three speakers will throw a splendid curtain of stereo sound across any room large enough to house them. As an alternative, you should investigate the equally imposing and now classic JBL Paragon system ($2400), in which the usual twin enclosures are replaced by a single integrated cabinet, still strikingly contemporary in design and stretching more than eight feet in width. Should your choice fall on this patrician system, you'll undoubtedly want to mate it with JBL's own power amplifier, the SE408S Transducer Energizer ($276), and its preamp, the SG520 Graphic Controller ($450). If you're shopping for an auxiliary speaker that can be incorporated with the above rigs and placed in the den or dining room, look into Pioneer's Model IS80 ($375). Each speaker has a built-in biamplifier that delivers 45 watts per channel.

Stereo headphones are a must for peaceable late-night listening, but they're also rewarding at any hour of the day for their unique spatial kicks. The sound of headphone music has a vibrant immediacy and buoyant presence that never cease to amaze. In choosing a pair for your own use, check out comfort as well as sound; after a half hour or so, headphones can become rather fatiguing unless the fit is right. Several highly serviceable models are available in the $20–$30 range—among them the Jensen HS-2 ($24.95), which we've plugged into our $1200 setup. Higher-priced phones include some extra conveniences. For example, the Pioneer SE-50 ($50) has separate volume and tone controls on each earpiece, to let you adjust the sound without leaving your seat; the Superex ST-PRO-B ($50) has a separate woofer and tweeter with a built-in crossover network; and the individually fused Sharpe HA-660/PRO ($60) comes with liquid-filled earpiece cushions for additional comfort. A new development in headphone design is heralded by the Koss ESP-6 ($95), which works on the electrostatic principle rather than the magnetic coil-and-cone principle employed heretofore; each set comes with a portable carrying case and an individually measured response curve.

That about sums up the message on the stereo medium for 1969. The pickings, as you can see, are delightfully plentiful. By this time, manufacturers of component merchandise have reached such a high level of electronic expertise that it's almost impossible to get a lemon, providing you stick to name brands and deal with a reputable dealer who backs up his sales with repairmen, should they be needed. But before buying, do some comparison listening and looking, and you're certain to head home a winner.

OVERLOOKED ELBOW *(continued from page 143)*

portion of the anatomy. In the first place, all elbows are not alike. Some elbows are too fat; some are too bony. A woman with good elbows—neither too fat nor too thin and dimpling nicely when the arms are extended—has a little something extra. But she should not expect them to attract a throng of admirers.

If I have been unfair to the female elbow, it may be that I am conditioned by Western society. After all, the back of a woman's neck is considered really exciting by Japanese. To touch the back of a woman's neck in Japan is considered to be getting sexually intimate. I know, because once, in Kyoto, I playfully put my hand on the neck of a Japanese woman at a party and she screamed and fell to the floor. She shouted something in Japanese—perhaps, "He tried to rape me!"—and the situation became pretty tense. Fortunately, someone had the presence of mind to explain to the woman (and to her husband) that in America, the back of a woman's neck is really not all that important.

What I am getting at is that in some cultures, the female elbow may be both a sex symbol and an erogenous zone. I do not know how it is in Samoa, for instance, or New Guinea, and I have not had a chance to run through all of the books by anthropologist Margaret Mead and look up "elbow" in the indexes. It may well be that in certain parts of the world, women keep their elbows carefully swathed or veiled. Comparable with a low-cut gown would be a dress with sleeves that, as a woman moved her arms, afforded a tempting view of the underside of the elbow, something like cleavage. Daring fashions might include the sheer sleeve with a peekaboo effect. For women with deficient elbows, there might be falsies. Or for women willing to work at it, hormone creams and exercises might be advertised in such terms as: "Why be flat-elbowed? Guaranteed to increase your elbow measurement by as much as two inches." There would be before-and-after pictures.

In such a society, a woman with outstanding elbows would obtain high fees as a professional model. She would be a cover girl for the leading magazines, her elbows prominently displayed. Pictured in the centerfolds of magazines, she would exhibit her elbows in dozens of tantalizing poses. Censorship might, of course, force her to hide the tips of her elbows with pasties, but a man with any imagination at all could get a pretty good idea of what was underneath.

Meanwhile, back in America, where the cult of the elbow has made no progress whatsoever, the female elbow is still chiefly used as a means of self-defense. Though a woman is advised when attacked to use her knee in a quick thrust to the groin, the elbow can be effective when applied to the ribs or the solar plexus. A woman may try to follow up the knee to the groin with the elbow to the groin, but unless she is quite short, this is likely to be a downward blow that will have little, if any, effect as a deterrent. Nonetheless, the elbow is a supplementary weapon, assuming a woman wishes to defend herself or at least play hard to get.

One reason the female elbow may not have entered the sexual scene is that, unlike a woman's bosom, waist and hips, there is uncertainty about how and where to measure it. Do you measure the elbow up and down, across or around? Do you measure it when the arm is extended or retracted? Despite increasing interest in female minutiae, this question of measurement makes it unlikely that we shall soon see a description of Miss Universe as 38-23-36-91/2.

Nor shall we hear a red-blooded male exclaim, "Boy, did you ever see such a pair of elbows?"

At any rate, let us be happy that elbowroom is not a part of the house where old elbows are kept.

Our smart buckle-strap boot for livelier living in a sophisticated, new color, Bengal Brown.

WINTHROP

DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

Soul Satisfying *(continued from page 152)*

about ½ hour or until liquid is reduced to 1 pint. Strain liquid and set aside. Melt shortening in a large soup pot or Dutch oven. Add onion, celery, green pepper, sweet red pepper, bay leaves, thyme and parsley. Sauté, stirring frequently, until onion is deep yellow. Reduce flame; stir in flour and continue to sauté, stirring frequently, about 10 minutes. Slowly stir in chicken broth. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Chop tomato meat coarsely; add tomatoes and their juice to the pot. Simmer slowly about 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Cook rice, following directions on package. Add salt to gumbo to taste. Add black pepper and Tabasco. Dissolve curry powder in 2 tablespoons cold water and add to pot. Add oysters, crab lump and shrimps. Simmer about 5 minutes or until edges of oysters curl. Remove pot from flame. Be sure gumbo is no longer boiling. Sprinkle gumbo filé into pot while stirring constantly. (Gumbo should never be boiled after filé powder has been added or sauce will become excessively thick.) Gumbo is usually taken to the table in a large soup tureen or deep casserole and is spooned into large shallow soup dishes. Add a mound of hot rice in the center of each dish.

HUSH PUPPIES

- 1½ cups corn meal, white if possible
- ½ cup flour
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1½ cups buttermilk
- 1 medium-size onion
- Salad oil or lard

Sift corn meal, flour, salt and baking soda. Combine eggs and buttermilk, mixing well. Add 2 tablespoons salad oil. Grate onion into buttermilk mixture. Combine liquid and dry ingredients, mixing well. Pour oil or melt lard to a depth of 1 in. in an electric skillet preheated at 370°. Drop batter by teaspoons into hot fat. Turn hush puppies to brown on both sides. Serve at once. Soul soothing with broiled or fried fish, particularly catfish.

RED BEANS AND RICE

- 1 cup dried red or pink beans
- 1 smoked ham hock
- 2 medium-size onions
- 1 large clove garlic
- 1 piece celery, very finely minced
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1 small bay leaf
- 1 cup long-grain rice
- Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper
- Tabasco sauce

When dried peas or black-eyed peas are used in place of red beans, the dish is known as Hoppin' John.

Wash beans; soak overnight in cold water. Place ham hock in a pot with enough water to cover. Add 1 onion and garlic. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 1 hour. Drain beans and add to pot. Keep ham hock covered with water and cook until ham hock and beans are tender, about 1 hour longer. (The saltiness of the ham will usually make it unnecessary to add salt to the cooking liquid.) Remove onion, garlic and ham hock from pot. Drain 2 cups of the cooking liquid from beans. If necessary, add water to make 2 cups liquid. Mince the remaining onion; pieces should be no larger than rice grains. In another pot or saucepan, sauté onion and celery in 1 tablespoon oil until onion is yellow, not brown. Add bay leaf, rice, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 cups reserved bean liquid. Add a dash of cayenne pepper. Bring to a boil. Stir once; reduce flame as low as possible. Cover pot and cook rice, without stirring, until rice is tender, from 15 to 20 minutes. Toss beans and rice together. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pass Tabasco sauce at table. Meat from ham hock may be minced and added to dish or may be used for some other cooking purpose.

FRIED CHICKEN AND APPLE

- 2 broilers, 2 lbs. each (not large "frying" chickens)
- 1½ cups milk
- Salad oil or lard
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 3 large Delicious apples, peeled and cored

Have broilers cut up for frying. Singe broilers, if necessary. Place in a deep bowl with milk (use more milk, if neces-

sary, to cover chicken). Soak 3 to 4 hours. Preheat oven at 325°. Remove chicken from milk and discard milk. Dry chicken with paper toweling. In an electric skillet (or two skillets, to complete frying more quickly), pour oil or melt lard to a depth of 1 in. Preheat skillet at 370°. Sift flour, sugar, salt, cinnamon and paprika. Dip chicken into flour mixture, coating each piece completely. Shake pieces and pat to eliminate excess flour. Fry until medium brown on both sides. Replace oil, wiping out pan and adding fresh oil when necessary. As soon as all pieces of chicken are browned, stack them on edge in a shallow baking pan or casserole. Cut each apple crosswise into 4 rings. Dip into flour mixture. Fry until medium brown on both sides. Place apple rings in baking pan with chicken. Place pan in oven 15 to 20 minutes to complete cooking. Serve at once. Southern fried chicken, once served only with a creamy gravy, is now usually wolfed down crisp and dry.

SPOON BREAD WITH BACON

- 1½ cups white corn meal
- ¼ lb. bacon
- 1½ cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 cups milk
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 eggs, well beaten

Preheat oven at 400°. Fry bacon until crisp; drain and chop coarsely; set aside. Combine corn meal with 1½ cups milk and salt. In a heavy saucepan, bring remaining 3 cups milk to the boiling point. Reduce flame, so that milk simmers. Slowly stir corn-meal mixture into hot milk. Cook over a low flame, stirring frequently, until mixture is quite thick, about 5 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in butter. Slowly stir in eggs and bacon. Turn into a greased casserole or soufflé dish not more than three fourths filled. Bake uncovered about 30 minutes or until spoon bread has risen and is deep brown on top.

OVEN BARBECUED SPARERIBS

- 6 lbs. spareribs, cut into serving-size pieces
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 2 medium-size cloves garlic, sliced
- 1 cup cider vinegar
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 2 medium-size tart apples, peeled, cored and sliced
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 teaspoon ground allspice
- ½ teaspoon ground cloves
- ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper

Place all ingredients except spareribs in blender. (Blending may be done in two batches, if blender well is not large enough to hold all ingredients at one time.) Blend at high speed 2 minutes or until all ingredients are thoroughly puréed. Set aside 1 cup of mixture to be used as a dip. Chill in refrigerator. Pour balance over spareribs in large shallow roasting pan. Marinate 3 to 4 hours in refrigerator. Preheat oven at 325°. Bake spareribs 1½ hours or until well browned. Turn spareribs to brown on both sides. If barbecue sauce begins to char in pan, dilute with water to prevent scorching. Pass reserved barbecue sauce as a dip; it may be served either hot or cold.

"Knock it off! The reason I'm a successful man has nothing to do with either one of you being behind me!"

CREAMED SMITHFIELD HAM

- 1 lb. cooked Smithfield ham, sliced very thin
- 3 tablespoons sweet butter
- 3 cups light cream
- 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornstarch
- ¼ cup milk
- 1½ ozs. madeira
- ½ oz. brandy

Cut ham into 1-in. squares. Cover ham with cold water in a saucepan and bring to a boil. As soon as water boils, drain ham, discarding water. Melt butter in saucepan over low flame. Add ham and cream. Very slowly bring to a boil. Dissolve arrowroot in the milk and slowly stir into saucepan. Simmer 5 minutes over low flame. Stir in madeira and brandy. Add salt and pepper, if desired. Serve at brunchtime with a poached egg on crisp toast, at dinnertime over rice or inside a mashed-potato border, or at suppertime over waffles.

SWEET-POTATO PIE WITH BOURBON

- 1 9-in. unbaked piecrust
- 2 17-oz. cans yams in syrup
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
- ½ teaspoon ground allspice
- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
- ⅛ teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup light cream
- 1½ ozs. bourbon
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Be sure piecrust is 9 ins. wide; a smaller crust will not hold all of filling. Thaw crust, if frozen. Pierce sides and bottom with fork at 1-in. intervals. (Piercing the crust will prevent it from getting out of shape, but the crust will still hold pie filling.) Preheat oven at 400°. Bake piecrust 10 to 15 minutes or until crust is half baked, not browned. Drain yams well, discarding syrup, and mash them with potato ricer. In a mixing bowl, combine yams with balance of ingredients, mixing well. Pour into piecrust. Return crust to oven. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Chill before serving. Serve with a dab of sweetened whipped cream on each portion, if desired.

The preceding recipes are, of course, but a small slice of the splendid provender awaiting the enterprising and adventurous soul searcher. Seek and ye shall find.

the intellectual as a political force

(continued from page 94)

Babbittry, the discovery of Europe, a sharp reaction to the War. There was a rebellion of sorts, but it was based on a rejection of responsibility.

During the 1930s, American intellectuals began to acquire a sense of responsibility and commitment; the decade witnessed a sharp change in the attitude of many intellectuals toward social, economic and political issues. But the 1930s did not witness the emergence of intellectuals as a class. *Writers* formed committees, issued manifestoes and made speeches. But Nathanael West said of the period that even the writer had no outer life, only an inner one, "and that by necessity." The fact is that the crises of the times—the Depression, the imminence of war, the rise of fascism—had caught everyone unprepared, including the intellectuals. "The influx into America of intellectuals who were refugees from national socialism brought with it," writes sociologist T. B. Bottomore, "something of the urgency of the social struggles in Europe, as well as the ideas of thinkers who had long been Marxists." But the influence of Marxism was slight. The radical movement of the period failed to establish itself as a permanent force in American politics; and at the end of the period, a gulf still separated intellectuals from the great majority of the population. In fact, the isolation of the intellectuals was a prime cause of the endless infighting and sectarian wrangling of the period. In 1932, 53 prominent writers signed the famous statement on "Culture and the Crisis" on behalf of William Foster and James Ford, the Communist Party candidates. The ticket polled about 100,000 votes—one fourth of one percent of the electorate—and three years later, not one of the drafters of the statement remained in or identified with the Communist Party. By 1937, the ferment of the New Deal was about over; by then, we were preparing for World War Two.

The Spanish Civil War marked the intellectual and emotional climax of the decade. "Never before during this century," writes Frederick R. Benson in *Writers in Arms*, "had writers been so completely involved in a historical event about which they felt moved to express themselves." It has been called *The Last Great Cause*—the title of Stanley Weintraub's recent book on intellectuals and the Spanish Civil War—but it was merely the last great cause of the 1930s. The war in Vietnam has been opposed with more force, and by many more intellectuals, than rallied in support of the Spanish Loyalists. What brought the ferment of the 1930s to a close was not the defeat of the Loyalists but the fact that all of the "causes" of the period, including Spain, had been sucked into the One Big Cause, which was World War Two. As Stephen Spender has written, "If you approved of the War, you were absorbed into it. . . . All the protests and affirmations of the anti-Fascists of the Spanish War were now systemized and swallowed up in official government anti-Nazi propaganda, while the anti-Fascists were often rejected from the service, being regarded as ideologically suspect, and despised as amateurs, now that anti-fascism had become a professional game."

Lewis Feuer is clearly right in saying that it was the involvement of the university community in World War Two and its Cold War aftermath that "changed permanently the status of the intellectuals." The Government suddenly needed not merely the trained competence to be found in the universities, it needed intellectuals of all kinds, for many purposes: in the intelligence services, in the information and propaganda services, in the expanding procurement agencies, in overseas missions. Large and expanding bureaucratic structures began to take form in Government, in business, in the foundations; and the demand for intellectuals burgeoned.

The inception of the Cold War, with its stepped-up "war for men's minds," simply intensified the need for the services of all kinds of intellectual workers. Foundations emerged as a major source of funds, in increasing volume, for all kinds of intellectual projects, many of which were Government sanctioned. Some of the foundations became, in fact, conduits for Government funds that were, in this way, covertly channeled to various organizations. In 1953, for example, *Encounter* was founded in London. It was sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom and covertly financed, in large part, by the CIA. Its editors had heard "rumors" of the fact but had never been able to verify the rumors.

At the end of World War Two, we were, as literary critic William Barrett has written, "at the end of a long tunnel, there was light showing ahead, and beyond that all sorts of horizons opened." But this bright vision was never realized; instead, "social life became somber, immense, massive, institutionalized." It was the inception of the Cold War—more particularly, the domestic cold war or witch hunt—that eclipsed the bright vision many had seen in 1945. During these years, which saw the rise of McCarthyism, certain American intellectuals, most of them with former left-wing backgrounds, were guilty of a dual corruption. On the one hand, they assisted Government agencies in driving from the cultural and political scene those intellectuals who had not abandoned their left-wing backgrounds. But worse, these professional "anti-Communists" reneged on their responsibilities as intellectuals. True, they had some waspish things to say now and then about "the great smuggery" of the Eisenhower years, but they did not challenge the course of American policy or the rise of the military-industrial complex or the assumptions on which the Cold War rested. They showed no interest in the poverty that the "affluence" of the period concealed. They were too concerned with "Reds" to show much interest in Negroes. In their infatuation with "value-free" judgments and problem solving, they refused to be concerned about the core values of the society.

It was during these years, in the 1950s and early 1960s, that intellectuals rose to the status of a privileged class. No two Presidents had less kinship with intellectuals than Truman (who wrote sassy letters to music critics) and Eisenhower (who was not interested in meeting Robert Frost and who preferred his and Churchill's paintings to De Kooning's), but it was during their Administrations that intellectuals began to constitute a kind of mandarinate. As Christopher Lasch, Northwestern University historian, has pointed out, "The postindustrial order . . . created an unprecedented demand for experts, technicians and managers. Both business and government, under the pressure of technological revolution, expanding population and the indefinitely prolonged emergency of the Cold War, became increasingly dependent on a vast apparatus of systematized data intelligible only to trained specialists; and the universities, accordingly, became themselves industries for the mass production of experts." But while intellectuals had finally emerged as a distinct class, intellectuals in the classic sense were to be found, as Lasch notes, "chiefly in the borderland between academic life and liberal journalism."

With the election of John F. Kennedy, the mandarinate advanced into the spotlight. The new President was a Pulitzer Prize winner, a historian of sorts, a man who enjoyed the company of intellectual specialists. His favorite book, we were told, was Lord David Cecil's *Melbourne*; his favorite novel, Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*. Every intellectual heart beat a mite faster when Kennedy was inaugurated. Arthur Miller, John Steinbeck and W. H. Auden were invited to the Inauguration, and so was the octogenarian poet Robert Frost, who had heralded the New Frontier as "an Augustan age of poetry and power, with the emphasis on power." Even Norman Mailer was charmed by the new President, who said he had read *The Deer Park* "and the others." Mailer was inclined to believe the New Frontier intellectuals would at long last be able to escape from the "alienated circuits of the underground." Politics, he said, had quarantined us from history; we had too long left politics to those who "are in

the game not to make history but to be diverted from the history that is being made." Intellectuals came flocking to Washington, to serve in the Peace Corps, in the CIA, in the Department of Defense, in the White House, in the diplomatic service. Adlai Stevenson, a *manqué* intellectual, had aroused a certain fervor among the "eggheads," a term, incidentally, that was coined during the "anti-intellectualism" of the McCarthy era. But it was under Kennedy, as Alfred Kazin has written, that to be an "intellectual" became "the latest style in American success, the mark of our manipulatable society."

The trouble was that many of these intellectuals had joined the establishment on *its* terms, not theirs. At first, it was such a heady experience that they did not seem to have a very clear understanding of what they were being paid to do. Some of them were simply flunkies to the military: "crisis managers," counterinsurgency experts, Kremlinologists, etc. Others traveled far and wide, in Asia, Latin America, the Middle East and Africa, on special missions of one kind or another. For most of them, it was a new experience to be close to the centers of power, to see how decisions are made, to watch the wheels spin. As long as Kennedy was at the helm, they stayed on, serving purposes that they probably did not fully approve.

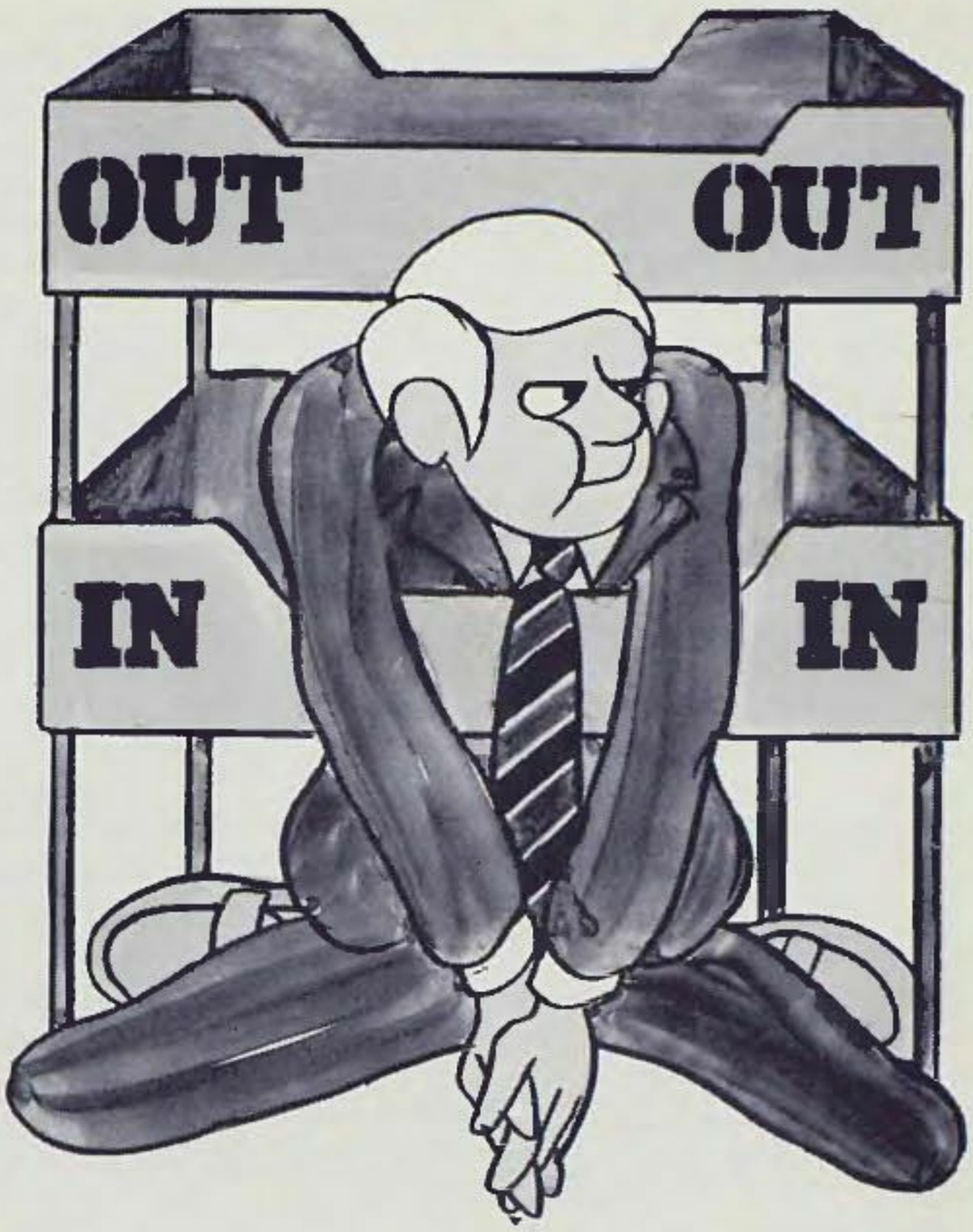
The turning point came shortly after the 1964 election. President Johnson received, of course, the overwhelming support of intellectuals in that election. They did not like him—nor he them—but they supported him against Goldwater. He swept every campus community and won the nearly unanimous endorsement of the intellectuals. But with his decision to escalate the war, the intellectuals began to drop out and join the opposition. No doubt, Johnson was glad to see many of them leave; they had been serving on sufferance. But he could not have been pleased by the mounting opposition of intellectuals, of all stripes, to the war. Sensing the new power of intellectuals, he had appointed Dr. Eric Goldman early in 1964 as special White House consultant on matters relating to the intellectual community. But Dr. Goldman was unable to put down the growing intellectual opposition to the war, and the breach widened. In an effort to close it, the President named a three-man team of White House assistants to aid Dr. Goldman. But they, too, were frustrated. So the President and Mrs. Johnson, in the summer of 1965, staged a White House Festival of the Arts, which was supposed to improve relations. But the festival simply focused attention on the fact that certain guests used the occasion to speak out against the war. In late August 1966, Goldman resigned, blaming both the President and the intellectuals for what he termed "a tragic estrangement." Johnson, of course, was furious and took prompt measures to discredit the apostate. A crisp White House statement charged that Goldman had never worked anything like a full-time schedule.

At this juncture, Vice-President Humphrey induced the President to appoint John P. Roche, professor in the department of politics at Brandeis and former chairman of A. D. A., to succeed Goldman. Roche was known chiefly, as Joseph Kraft observed, as an Irishman who had taught at a Jewish university and a liberal who supported the war in Vietnam. Instead of placating the intellectuals, Roche began to berate them. "Who are these alienated intellectuals?" he asked. "Mainly the New York artsy-craftsy set. . . . A small body of people who live in affluent alienation on Cape Cod and fire off salvos against the vulgarity of the masses . . . high-class illiterates." In March 1968, Roche conducted a press conference at the UN, "at the suggestion of Washington," on the subject of "Intellectuals and Vietnam." In the course of this conference, he referred to American intellectuals as "essentially a self-styled group rather like the intelligentsia of 19th Century Russia. That is to say, a self-defined, self-anointed, self-appointed cultural elite which has taken unto itself the job of protecting the society from various and sundry problems. . . . It is this intelligentsia which has drummed up most of the vigorous opposition to the war." Of the war itself, he said it was a mere border skirmish, comparable with the 19th Century adventures of the British in India or the Japanese in Manchuria in the 1930s.

Surveying Roche's performance, one might conclude that Johnson had decided to carry the fight to the intellectuals. But he still kept trying to woo them. In the spring of 1966, when it was still possible for him to accept an honorary degree without being booed, he visited Princeton and boasted of what he had done for intellectuals. The 371 appointments he had made in two and a half years in office held, collectively, 758 advanced degrees. The Princeton faculty and student body listened politely and applauded listlessly. Later, Johnson used the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the Brookings Institution to make a major speech on intellectuals and the Government. Nothing so clearly underscores the new importance of intellectuals in politics as the fact that the

"Sure, my name is Tom, and you're my nephew. But that doesn't give you a right to call me Uncle Tom!"

Careers today



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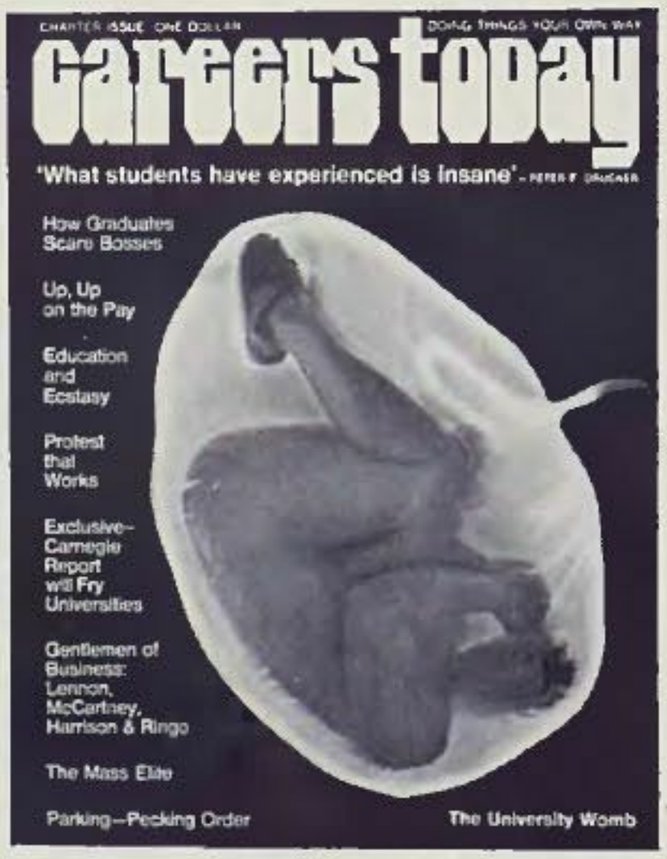

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Careers Today: doing things your own way.

President, the master of consensus politics, felt compelled to make this speech, in which he pleaded for their support. Still later, in mid-May 1967, he invited 16 "leading intellectuals" to lunch at the White House for the stated purpose of discussing with them how his standing with the intellectual community might be improved. The luncheon had the overtones of high farce. The assembled intellectuals were mostly Government bureaucrats. Even so, they just might have given the President some sound advice, if he had been prepared to listen to them. But he did all the talking and closed the session with a 20-minute monolog. Why, he asked his guests, were so many intellectuals opposed to him, when he had done so much for them? The guests, who had enjoyed a good lunch, smiled, applauded politely and said nothing.

But the President did manage to win a minor consolation prize in his ill-fated campaign to keep the intellectuals in line. His staff—or, rather, Eric Sevareid of CBS—finally turned up an anti-intellectual intellectual who scorned the intellectual community and greatly admired Mr. Johnson. When the President was told of Sevareid's interview with Eric Hoffer, the ex-longshoreman, he promptly invited him to the White House. The President's press aide conceded that Mr. Johnson had not read any of Hoffer's books, but it turned out that Roche had long admired them. And what need was there to read the works of a man who had said that Mr. Johnson would be regarded as the foremost President of the 20th Century? The President was delighted with Hoffer, who told him how to handle intellectuals: "Pet them, but don't give them power." The President must have glowed with satisfaction when told that Hoffer had said: "Kennedy was a European. All you have to do is tabulate how many times Kennedy crossed the Atlantic and how many times he crossed the Appalachians and you know where he belonged." What is rather surprising about this "instant" friendship is that apparently neither Roche nor the White House aides advised the President that Hoffer has made a career out of cultivating middle-brow distaste for intellectuals. If anything was needed, therefore, to indicate how completely the President had misread the intellectuals, it was his sudden discovery of Hoffer, who, in high-topped work shoes, a lumber jacket and shirt without tie, was just the kind of person to reassure him that those witless "intellectuals" were not worth the effort he had devoted to them. (Later, the President appointed Hoffer to the commission named to inquire into the causes of violence after the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy. The commission contained not one critic of the war in Vietnam.)

On the memorable evening of March 31, 1968, the President told the nation he would not seek or accept renomination. What prompted the President to bow out was, of course, the mounting pressure against his Vietnam policy. In effect, the President had been defeated in advance of the election; he was compelled to step down as prime ministers step down when they lose a vote of confidence. The President read the New Hampshire returns correctly; he did not need to wait for those from Wisconsin.

Much of the credit for this remarkable political achievement must go to the dissident intellectuals who had succeeded in mounting a forceful opposition to the war. Intellectuals were the one constituency that had bolted the consensus to oppose the war; labor, business, the farm groups, the big-city machines, the ethnics, even the Negroes, by and large, had stayed in line. But the intellectual opposition, added to the regular anti-war, pro-peace constituency, had finally succeeded in turning public opinion against the war. Of course, the headlines helped—the Tet offensive, the gold crisis, the riots, the crises in the cities—but headlines alone do not account for the remarkable change that occurred. The President's decision to bomb the North triggered the first teach-in, which was held on the campus of the University of Michigan March 24, 1965. In its wake, scarcely a campus community remained immune to the ferment of opposition.

It was this mounting tide of opposition, largely set in motion by the free-lance or dissident intellectuals, that brought Senator Eugene McCarthy into the race. And his candidacy, of course, promptly brought the intellectuals, on and off campus, and the students back into the mainstream of national politics. Not all of them, to be sure, but enough to make a real stir. By the spring of 1968, the intellectual community was as solidly opposed to Johnson as it had been *for* him in 1964. McCarthy's candidacy simply demonstrated Johnson's vulnerability; after New Hampshire, the number of consensus dropouts, individual and institutional, rapidly increased. If intellectuals surfaced in the Kennedy Administration as a new class, they emerged in the last years of the Johnson Administration as a new political constituency. It remains to be seen, of course, how strong this constituency is and how long it can hold together under a Nixon Administration; but that it constitutes a new and continuing force in American politics there can be little doubt.

Why intellectuals are important. The importance of intellectuals as a new force in politics is certain to increase in the future. For one thing, the number of intellectual workers is rapidly increasing. The proportion of the labor force designated by the Bureau of the Census as "professional, technical and kindred" is the fastest growing of all major occupational groups. Government and business need a far larger quota of intellectual workers than in the 19th Century. Today, teachers constitute the largest single occupational group; the business of America, it is said, is no longer business but education. Government spending on science has increased from $100,000,000 in 1940 to 16 billion dollars in 1968. Business will spend something on the order of 17 billion dollars on research in 1969. *Opinion Research* points out that intellectual workers "are getting into every nook and cranny of business life, particularly in staff positions."

In the same way, the number of educated persons is rapidly increasing. Today, we have roughly 2000 institutions of higher learning, with 6,000,000 or more students and 400,000 teachers and administrators. America is becoming, it is said, "a knowledge state." In 1900, a man who had completed high school was regarded as a member of his generation's elite; but in 1967, about 75 percent of all young people were finishing high school. By 1965, more than two of every five young men were entering some sort of college and more than one in every five were graduating.

While only a minority of intellectual workers and college graduates are intellectuals, nevertheless, the number of intellectuals has increased as the first two categories have expanded. Intellectuals as such are vastly more numerous than they were, say, a generation back. And intellectuals interact with intellectual workers and the educated; these are no longer, if they ever were, separate and wholly distinct categories. The time is largely past, as Riesman and Jencks note, "when the uneducated considered themselves superior to those with book learning"; the level of cultural sophistication is rising and it will continue to rise. The main point, in any case, is that the increase in the number of intellectual workers and college graduates is creating an expanding constituency for intellectuals. As these categories expand, so does the intellectual's political importance. "Conditions are ripe today in the United States," writes Lewis Feuer, "for the self-assertion of the intellectual elite. The sheer numbers of the constituency to which they appeal—several million undergraduates and graduate students, officered by several hundred thousand professors—are the most massive and most easily mobilized corporate body in the country."

But the audience of the intellectuals is also undergoing a remarkable expansion. Affluence has greatly increased the size of the middle-income sector. More people have more money to spend on "culture" and they are spending it. A "cultural explosion" of sorts has occurred since 1945. A mass market has

been created for recordings, for works of art, for paperback books. Museum attendance has soared. Every major city now has—or will soon have—a center for the performing arts. T. R. Fyvel, author of *Intellectuals Today*, estimates that no more than 15 to 20 percent of the British people participated in the dominant culture in the pre-1914 period; in this country, the percentage would have been smaller for the same period. It is now much higher for both countries. Today, an army of intellectual workers is needed to disseminate information, to serve as "communicators," to carry watered-down versions of the intellectuals' wares to an ever-expanding mass market. Intellectuals constantly inveigh against mass culture, and often with good reason, but it is incontestable that the size of their audience has expanded enormously in the past quarter century. "The position of the intellectual activists," writes Erwin D. Canham, editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*, "is more important than many realize. They provide a cutting edge and a solid shaft for political doctrine. They are themselves mass communicators of talent. They greatly influence youth."

Surveying the affluent society that has emerged in the post-War period, with its large bureaucratic structures, its expanding middle class, its new corporate empires, many intellectuals thought it most unlikely that new political movements could emerge in such an environment. There was no proletariat; the poor were demoralized and scarcely visible; the labor movement was fat and complacent. On the surface, there seemed to be little discontent. But an affluent society breeds its own kind of discontents that are voiced by new constituencies. "It is possible," writes John Kenneth Galbraith, "that the educational and scientific estate requires only a strongly creative political hand to become a decisive instrument of political power. . . . As the trade unions retreat, more or less permanently, into the shadows, a rapidly growing body of educators and research scientists emerges. . . . It is to the educational and scientific estate, accordingly, that we must turn for the requisite political initiative. The initiative cannot come from the industrial system, although support can be recruited from individuals therein. Nor will it come from the trade unions. Apart from their declining numbers and power, they are under no particular compulsion to question the goals of the industrial society." For "the educational and scientific estate" to initiate social change in an affluent society, however, it would have to be broadly defined to include intellectual workers, intellectuals, students, etc.

It may seem odd to suggest that students, in today's world, constitute a kind of proletariat; but, in a sense, they do. The more production centers on knowledge, on science, on technology, the more "brain workers" come to occupy much the same role as "the workers" once did. The university becomes, in this setting, the "knowledge factory," and students take on the role and, in many instances, the mannerisms and appearance of a new proletariat. The groups that control production begin to feel that they must control the university, not merely to be able to tap its intellectual resources but to control, in effect, their future labor supply. Students—at least the activist elements—sense these changes and are responding to them. In many cases, they feel that they are being trained for careers that are, or soon will be, obsolete. They have a feeling that education should be a continuing process, not crowded into a few brief years. They want more to say, therefore, about the kind of education they receive. Student activists are to other students and, in a way, to their instructors what the old-style proletariat was to the labor movement: a vanguard of protest. And the fact that the social base of the student population has expanded to include virtually all elements means that more volatile student bodies are to be found on the campuses.

Similar conditions prevail in European universities, east and west. It is not

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unusual nowadays to find references to students as "an alienated, helpless, 'proletarianized' group." In postindustrial societies, we have to assemble the new cast in order to understand the action. "Marx or Lenin," writes Dr. George Keller, former assistant dean of Columbia University, "would have snickered at the notion of starting a revolution to transform society by taking over a *school* —an ivy-covered retreat without guns, power or money." But it is not such a startling idea today. "History teaches us," Edgard Pisani, a former cabinet minister in the Pompidou government, told the National Assembly during the debate on the great strike, "that the great upheavals have always been provoked by the determining or dominant classes: in former times the peasants, in 1789 the shopkeepers, in the 19th Century the workers, today the repositories of knowledge—students and cadres."

The great upheaval in France is perhaps the first of a new kind of revolution, the only kind that is likely to take place in a welfare-technocratic state. Essentially, the issue is how to use the new technology to build the society of the future. The spread of technology has stimulated new social expectations and created the potential for remarkable social advances. But the more production is rationalized, the more irrational become the goals and objectives to which it is dedicated. For example, arms production aborts the potential for real abundance. A potentially explosive situation is created, in both capitalist and Socialist societies, when workers are harnessed to jobs over which they have little control and, at the same time, cannot see that their work is furthering any worthwhile objectives. Under these circumstances, it does not take much of a spark to touch off a major social upheaval. Of the situation in eastern Europe, journalist Lucjan Blit writes: "It is precisely the more efficient industrial managers and 'scientific workers' and those influencing the spiritual life of their society who are now rebelling. The former because the sclerotic economic system robs them of the chance to do their job efficiently; the writers and journalists because even the most corrupt among them have by now seen the futility of their work." The situation is not essentially different in the west. Of the French upheaval, Neal Ascherson, on the staff of the London *Observer*, writes: "The enemy is the 'bureaucratic state'—east and west. It is the society organized for efficiency at the expense of liberty, the system which offers the people consumer goods and calls them freedom. It is the system which adapts education—so it seems—to the mass production of docile technocrats. It is the party system posing as a true democracy—repression masked as tolerance."

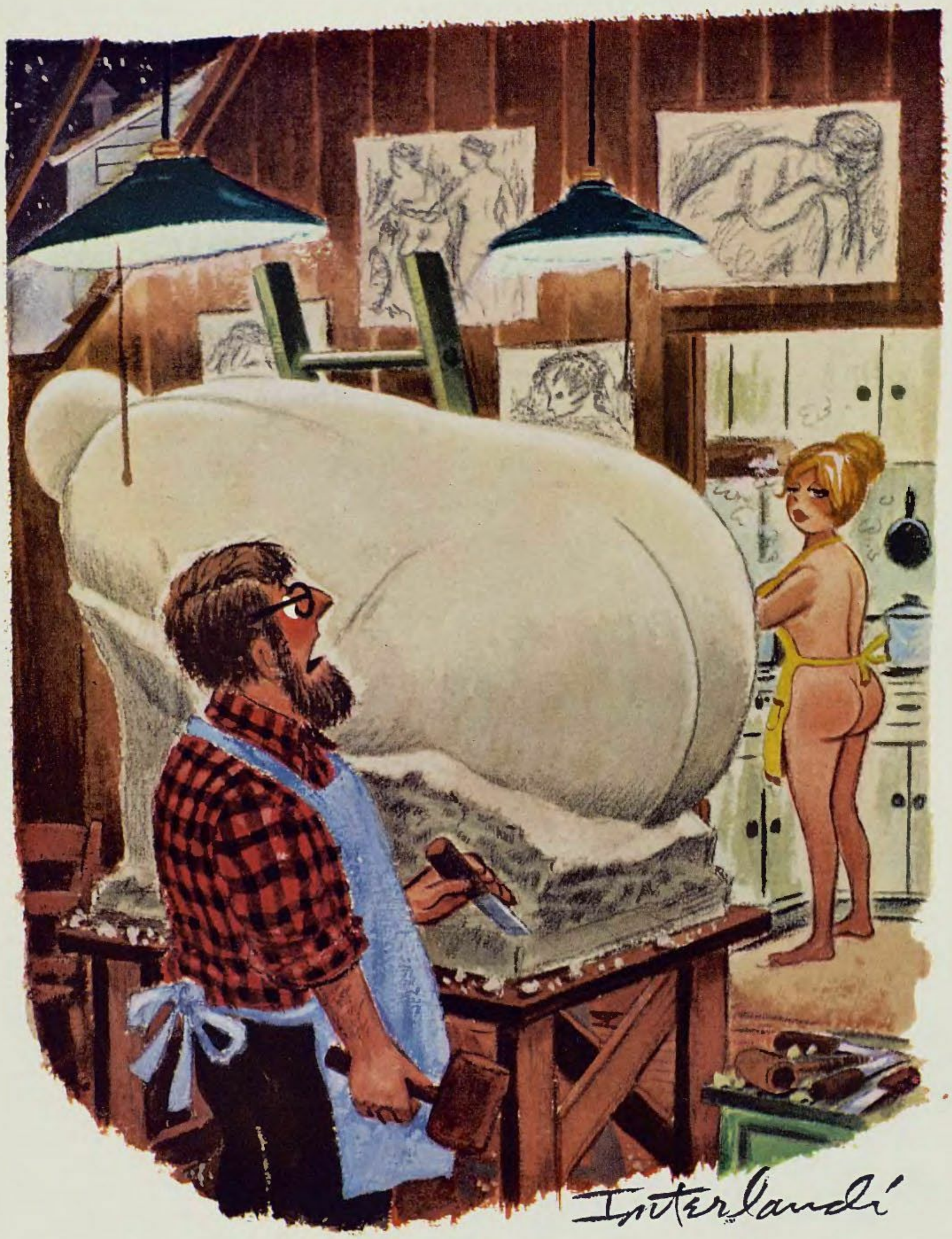
In such a situation, ideologies once again become the subject of intense political debate. An ideological struggle is essentially an attempt to change peoples' perspectives and to define "reality" in a new way. As such, "Ideological revolutions," writes Anatol Rapoport of the University of Michigan, "are instigated by intellectuals, whose command of verbal expression makes them the carriers of new ideals." The rise of technology was, in a way, responsible for what appeared to be "the end of ideology" in politics; but now, once again, ideological questions take precedence over specific issues. When consensus politics gives way to the ideological variety, new national constituencies begin to take the places of the old interest groups and coalitions. Intellectuals are, potentially, one of the most important of these new constituencies. We are beginning to reject, as Galbraith has said, the goals of an industrial society. What should the new goals be? What kind of society do we propose to build? These are the kinds of questions that most appeal to intellectuals and to which their style of thinking is most relevant.

If the society of the future is to be one of even greater organizational and technological complexity, with a greater reliance on planning, then it cannot fail, as George Lichtheim, author of *Marxism in Modern France*, has said, "to enhance the significance (and the responsibility) of the stratum which does the thinking for the rest of society . . . social evolution is increasingly going to depend on mind, and consequently on the quantitative and qualitative growth of the stratum which embodies the capacity of the intellect to introduce order into the environment. . . . When one has said the worst that can be said about the intelligentsia, it remains a fact that this stratum carries within itself the main potentiality of evolution still open to mankind."

In these terms, it should be clear that intellectuals will exert a growing influence on the politics of the future, regardless of which party is in office. As custodians of the nation's core values, they must be listened to on the question of goals and purposes; as the group most disposed to take "the general view," with the best record of disinterested judgment, they are becoming indispensable to the proper functioning of our political system. "If we define an intellectual," writes Rapoport, "not merely in terms of intellectual competence but in terms of a commitment to intellectual values, of which an important one is that of living the *examined* life," then intellectuals do have a class interest, the pursuit of which constitutes one of society's best offsets to the deadening effects of a thoroughly rationalized technostructure that functions in almost complete disregard of what people think and feel and want. The intellectual's chief responsibility is to this group interest. In a postindustrial society, only intellectuals can effectively voice the subtle but basic discontents that are most likely to threaten social stability. The upheavals in Prague and Paris were clearly foreshadowed in what Czech and French intellectuals have been saying for years.

In recent times, intellectuals—H. Stuart Hughes and sociologist J. P. Nettl, among others—have speculated that perhaps intellectuals would become obsolete in a bureaucratic-technological society. The usual argument has been that the intellectual is being increasingly forced to join some kind of large organization or to reject modern society as a whole without being able to propose an alternative. If he opts for the former, he loses his status as an intellectual; if for the latter, he becomes socially irrelevant. No doubt, there is something to this argument. Intellectuals cannot surrender their independence without ceasing to be intellectuals. But the political power they are beginning to assert provides significant assurance that they can maintain their independence if they wish to do so and if they will honor commitments to their own group interest. In economic terms, intellectuals are doing better than they have ever done before. In today's world, it is hard to see how they will become obsolete—unless, of course, success corrupts them and they cease to be social critics.

The enhanced political importance of intellectuals raises, of course, a key question. What *should be* the role of the intellectual in politics? Should he seek to move closer to the centers of power, so that he may exert his influence within and through these centers? Or should he maintain a neutral-to-hostile independence, the better to discharge his role as social critic and custodian of the nation's conscience? In point of fact, the real choice is no longer, if it ever was, this clear-cut. Precisely because of his new functional importance, the intellectual has become implicated in the processes by which power is applied and decisions are taken. He cannot, even if he would, stand wholly to one side—at least not for long. The university, for example, is a prime center of power in the new age; it is also an important base of power for intellectuals. Intellectuals cannot be "neutrals" on campus. Inescapably, they are involved in decisions affecting the administration of university affairs, the relationship of the university to government, and in faculty-student-administration as well as university-community relations. In much the same way, it would be shortsighted of intellectuals to assume that they can long remain neutral simply by refusing to serve the Government; they can serve it or oppose it, but they can hardly ignore it. Society has a way of co-opting those whose services it needs and, in the long run,



"Daphne! Get your ass in here!"

intellectuals will be increasingly caught up in the bigger action.

Under these circumstances, what intellectuals can and must do is, first, recognize that politically their prime task is to protect and advance the interests of intellectuals as intellectuals, such as preserving academic freedom, insisting on the free flow of information, opposing censorship, seeking to improve the quality and integrity of mass communications, furthering free inquiry, resisting attempts to manipulate or manage news, insisting on the free pursuit of truth in all fields, etc. These are the freedoms that intellectuals must have if they are to function as intellectuals; they are also freedoms of vital importance to society. If these group interests are brushed aside or stifled, intellectuals will find themselves prisoners of huge impersonal organizations of one kind or another, serving purposes they do not approve. Second, if individual intellectuals decide to play an active role politically or to accept Government or other bureaucratic posts, they should do so with full awareness of the risks they have incurred. Not only should they have a clear-eyed awareness of the possibility that they will be "used"—for ends and purposes they do not approve—but they should be fully prepared at all times to step down whenever they feel that their integrity *as intellectuals* is threatened.

Obviously, this is a hard line to draw, the more so since power has its attractions and rewards. For this reason, intellectuals should be exceedingly wary about accepting such offers; ideally, they should serve Government on a short-term or interim basis and should constantly remind themselves that they are, first of all, intellectuals and only secondarily, and temporarily, wielders of power.

Third, intellectuals must realize, as most of them do, that more important than their role as specialists—technician, scientist, scholar, etc.—is their role as guardians of the moral legitimacy of society's stated values and purposes. They should be endlessly concerned with goals, purposes, values. Postindustrial societies, with their complex bureaucratic structures, require constant scrutiny and criticism; such societies tend to be propelled in directions that are determined not by conscious choice but by a kind of technological determinism.

This social role of the intellectuals far transcends in importance whatever specialized contributions they may make as individuals. Granted that society cannot function without their specialized talents, the big questions—the increasingly important questions—remain: Function to what ends? In whose interests? For what purposes? At all costs, intellectuals must preserve their freedom to question the obsolete, restrictive, arbitrary arrangements—and policies and programs, as well—that develop wherever bureaucracies flourish. The intellectual is a generalist, a moralist, a questioner, a social critic. To this end, he must join with other intellectuals in defense—and in furtherance—of the interests of intellectuals as a group. These interests are not and can never be antithetical to the stated values of a democratic society; on the contrary, they guarantee the survival of these values. For if intellectuals fail to honor their responsibilities or misconceive them, society is quite capable of destroying itself or of finding its value system distorted beyond recognition.

"First we have to convince the people that good health isn't everything."

WHISPERS IN BEDLAM

(continued from page 86)

of his size-19 shirt so that he could express himself freely. He shut the door firmly, sat down and grunted. The grunt meant that Hugo could sit down, too. Hugo seated himself on a straight wooden chair, placing his cane prominently in front of him.

Behind the coach, on the wall, there was a blown-up photograph of a player in a 1940ish uniform. The player's name was Jojo Baines and he had once been voted the dirtiest lineman ever to play in the National Football League. The only time Hugo had ever heard a note of tenderness creep into the coach's voice was when he mentioned Jojo Baines.

"Ever since you joined this club, Pleiss," said the coach, "I have been appalled when I looked down at the starting line-up and seen your name on it—in my own handwriting."

Hugo smiled weakly, hoping to recognize a pleasantry.

"I won't keep it a secret from you, Pleiss," the coach went on. "For two years, I've been trying to get rid of you. I have made the circuit of every city in this league with my hat in hand, eating the bread of humiliation, trying to beg, borrow or steal another middle linebacker. To no avail." The coach had an ear for rhetoric, when he was so inclined. "No avail," he repeated. "They all knew that as long as I had to start you every Sunday, we were never a threat to anybody. I am going to give you an impersonal estimate of your abilities, Pleiss. You're slow, you have a miserable pair of hands, you don't hit hard enough to drive my grandmother out of a rocking chair, you close your eyes on contact, you run like a duck with gout, you wouldn't get angry if a man hit you over the head with an automobile jack and raped your wife in front of your eyes, and you get fooled on plays that would have made a high school cheerleader roar with laughter in 1910. Have I left out anything?"

"Not that I can think of, sir," Hugo said.

"With all that," the coach went on, "you have saved three games in a row for us. You make a mockery out of the holy sport of football, but you have saved three games in a row for us and I am hereby increasing your salary by one thousand dollars for the season. If you tell this to anyone else on the team, I will personally nail you by the hands to the locker-room wall."

"Yes, sir," said Hugo.

"Now, get out of here," the coach said.

"Yes, sir," Hugo said. He stood up.

"Give me that cane," the coach said.

Hugo gave him the cane. The coach broke it in two, without rising from his

chair. "I can't stand the sight of cripples," he said.

"Yes, sir," Hugo said. He tried not to limp as he walked out of the office.

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The next Sunday was unsettling.

It started on an audible.

When the opposing team lined up after the huddle, Hugo knew that the play that had been called in the huddle was a short pass to the right flank. But when the quarterback took his position behind the center, Hugo saw him scanning the defensive setup and frowning. The quarterback's lips didn't move, but Hugo heard, just as though the man were talking directly to him, the word "No." There was a little pause and then, "It won't work, they're overshifting on us."

Hugo didn't have time to wonder at this new extension of his powers, as the quarterback began to call a set of signals aloud, changing the play he'd picked in the huddle. Everybody could hear the signals, of course, but Hugo was the only one on his team who knew that the quarterback was calling for an end around, from left to right. Just before the snap, when it was too late for the quarterback to call any changes, Hugo broke for the left side. He knew, without thinking about why he knew it, that the end would take two steps to his left, hesitate for one beat, then whirl around and streak for the quarterback and the ball on the way around the opposite end. As the ball was snapped, Hugo was knifing in between the end and the tackle, and when the end, after his two steps, came around, Hugo flattened him with a block. The quarterback was left all alone, holding the ball, like a postman delivering a package to the wrong door, and was downed for a five-yard loss.

But it was an expensive exploit for Hugo. The end's knee caught him in the head as they went down together and he was stretched out unconscious when the whistle blew.

When he woke up some minutes later, he was lying behind the bench, with the doctor kneeling over him, prodding the back of his neck for broken vertebrae, and the trainer jamming spirits of ammonia under his nostrils. The jolt had been so severe that when the coach asked him at half time how he had been able to nip the end-around play in the bud, Hugo had to confess that he didn't remember anything about the play. In fact, he didn't remember leaving the hotel that morning, and it took him a good ten minutes after the coach had spoken to him to remember the coach's name.

The doctor wouldn't let him go back into the game and his value to the team was neatly demonstrated to the coach by the fact that they lost by three touchdowns and a field goal.

The plane was quiet on the flight home. The coach did not appreciate a show of youthful high spirits or resilience in adversity by teams of his when they had lost by three touchdowns and a field goal. And, as usual on such occasions, he had forbidden any drinks to be served, since he didn't believe the fine, full flavor of defeat should be adulterated by alcohol. So the plane sped through the night sky in a long funereal hush.

Hugo himself was feeling better, although he still didn't remember anything about the game that afternoon. He had a nagging sensation that something peculiar and fundamentally unwholesome had occurred *before* his injury, but he couldn't bring it up to the level of consciousness. There was a small poker game going on up front in low whispers and Hugo decided to sit in, to stop himself from profitless probing into the afternoon's events. He usually lost in these games, since one glance at his open face by any normally acquisitive poker player showed whether Hugo had a pair, two pairs or was buying to a straight.

Either because it was too dark in the plane for the other players to get a clear look at Hugo's face or because the head injury had hurt some nerve and rendered him expressionless, Hugo kept winning a fair proportion of the pots. He was a careless player and didn't keep track of his winnings and merely felt that it was about time that luck was turning his way.

After about an hour of play, he had a sizable stack of chips in front of him. He was sitting with three aces in his hand, having gotten two of them on a four-card draw, and he was about to raise the man on his left, Krkanius, who had drawn three cards, when somehow, just as though Krkanius had nudged him and whispered the news into his ear, he knew that Krkanius had a full house, jacks and fours. He didn't raise Krkanius but threw his cards in. Someone else saw Krkanius and Krkanius put his cards down. Full house. Jacks and fours.

"I'm not feeling so well," Hugo said. "I'm cashing in." He stood up and went back to his seat.

It was a miserable night and the plane was bucking through thick cloud and Hugo sat at the window, looking out and feeling horrible. He was a cheat. He could make all sorts of excuses to himself, he could say he had acted out of surprise, without thinking, that it was the first time anything like that had ever happened to him, but he knew that if that weird message hadn't come through to him from Krkanius, on his left, he'd have raised Krkanius $10 and Krkanius would have raised him and Krkanius would be at least $20 or $30 richer right now. No matter how he tried to wriggle out of it, his conscience told him he was just as guilty as if he had taken $30 out of Krkanius' wallet.

Then, in a flash, he remembered the afternoon—the moment on the field when he was sure that he knew what the quarterback was thinking on the end-around play and his automatic reaction to it and his blotting out the end. It was another form of cheating, but he didn't

"Château Lafite '08, say, what kind of antibourgeoisie are you?"

know what to do about it. He could keep from playing poker, but he made his living out of playing football.

He groaned. He came from a deeply religious family, with a stern sense of morality. He didn't smoke or drink and he believed in hell.

After the plane landed, Hugo didn't go right home. Sibyl was away in Chicago, attending the wedding of one of her sisters, and he didn't feel like rattling around in an empty house. Krkanius, who had emerged from the poker game the big winner, invited him and a couple of the other boys to join him for a drink and, while Hugo didn't drink, he went along for the company.

The bar Krkanius took them to was crowded and noisy. There was a group of men with some girls at the bar, and as Hugo followed Krkanius to the back room, he heard a woman's voice say, "Uh-huh. That's for me. That big innocent-looking one."

Hugo looked around. A round blonde at the bar was staring directly at him, a sweet small smile on her full lips. If you didn't know what went on in her head, she looked like somebody's pure young daughter. "I'm going to teach you a few things tonight, baby," Hugo heard, staring, frozen, at the girl. The girl's mouth had never shown the slightest tremor of movement.

Hugo wheeled and hurried into the back room. When the waiter asked him what he wanted to drink, he ordered bourbon.

"Man," Krkanius said, surprised, "you really must've got shaken up today." Nobody had ever seen Hugo drink anything stronger than ginger ale before.

Hugo drank his bourbon quickly. He didn't like the taste, but it seemed to help his nerves. The blonde girl came into the back room and leaned over a table nearby to talk to somebody she knew. Remembering what she had been thinking as he passed her on the way in, Hugo ordered another bourbon. She glanced, as though by accident, at the table of football players. The way her sweater fit around her bosom made a peculiar ache come up in Hugo's throat.

"What're you waiting for, sweets?" he heard her think as her glance swept over him. "The night's not getting any younger."

He drank the second bourbon even more quickly than the first. "Oh, God," he thought, "I'm becoming a drunkard." The bourbon didn't seem to do anything for his nerves this time.

"It's time to go home," he said, standing up. His voice didn't sound like his. "I'm not feeling so well."

"Get a good night's sleep," Krkanius said.

"Yeah." If Krkanius knew that he'd had $30 stolen from him that evening, he wouldn't have been so solicitous.

Hugo walked quickly past the bar, making sure not to look at the girl. It was raining outside now and all the taxis were taken. He was just about to start walking when he heard the door open behind him. He couldn't help but turn. The girl was standing there, alone, with her coat on. She was scanning the street for a taxi, too. Then she looked at him. "Your move, baby," he heard, in a voice that was surprisingly harsh for a girl so young.

Hugo felt himself blush. Just then, a taxi drove up. Both he and the girl started for it.

"Can I give you a lift?" Hugo heard himself saying.

"How kind of you," the girl said, demurely.

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On the way home, in the dawn, many hours later, Hugo wished for the first time in his life that he had been born a Catholic. Then he could have gone directly to a priest, confessed, accepted penance and been absolved of sin.

• • •

Sibyl called in the morning to tell him that her parents, who had come East for the wedding, were taking a trip to New York and wanted her to go along with them. Ordinarily, he wouldn't have been able to keep the disappointment at news like that out of his voice. He loved Sibyl dearly and usually felt lost without her. But now a wave of relief swept over him. The moment of confrontation, the moment when he would have to tell his innocent and trusting young wife about his appalling lapse from grace or, even worse, lie to her, was postponed.

"That's all right, honey," he said, "you just go along with your mother and dad and have a good time. You deserve a holiday. Stay as long as you like."

"Hugo," Sibyl said, "I just could break down and cry, you're so good to me."

There was the sound of a kiss over the telephone and Hugo kissed back. When he hung up, he leaned his head against the wall and closed his eyes in pain. One thing he was sure of, he wasn't going to see that girl, that Sylvia, again. Sylvia. Almost the same name as Sibyl. How rotten could a man be?

• • •

Passion spent for the moment, he lay in the largest double bed he had ever seen, next to the dazzling body that had opened undreamed-of utopias of pleasure for him. Ashamed of himself even for thinking about it, he was sure that if Sibyl lived to the age of 90, she wouldn't know one tenth as much as Sylvia must have known the day she was born.

In the soft glow of a distant lamp, he looked at the bedside clock. It was past four o'clock. He had to report for practice, dressed, at ten o'clock. After a losing game, the coach gave them wind sprints for 45 minutes every day for a week. He groaned inwardly as he thought of what he was going to feel like at 10:45 that morning. Still, for some reason, he was loath to go.

An hour later, he was finally dressed. He leaned over Sylvia to kiss her goodbye. She lay there, fresh as the morning, smiling, breathing placidly. He wished he were in as good condition as she was. "G'night, sweets," she said, an arm around his neck. "Don't let those rough boys hurt you today. And bring Baby a little giftie tonight. Try Myer's, on Sanford Street. They're full of goodies."

Walking home along the dark streets, Hugo thought, "Of course. Girls like little tokens of affection. Flowers, candy. Sentimental creatures." He didn't remember any store called Myer's on Sanford Street, but he supposed it was a confectionery shop that had some specialties that Sylvia had a taste for. He resolved to get her the best five-pound box of candy money could buy.

That afternoon, feeling a little lightheaded from lack of sleep and the wind sprints, he walked along Sanford Street, searching for a shop called Myer's. He stopped short. MYER, the thin lettering read on the window. But instead of boxes of candy displayed behind the glass, there was a blaze of gold and diamonds. Myer's sold jewelry. Expensive jewelry.

Hugo did not go in. Thrift was another of the virtues his excellent family had instilled in him as a boy. He walked along Sanford Street until he found a candyshop and bought a five-pound box of chocolates. It cost $15 and Hugo felt a twinge at his extravagance as the clerk wrapped the box in festive paper.

That night, he didn't stay more than ten minutes in Sylvia's apartment. She had a headache, she said. She didn't bother to unwrap the candy.

The next night, he stayed longer. He had visited Myer's during the afternoon and bought a gold bracelet for $300. "I do like a generous man," Sylvia said.

The pain Hugo had felt in handing over the $300 to the clerk in Myer's was considerably mitigated by the fact that the night before, when he had left Sylvia with her headache, he had remembered that every Tuesday there was a poker game at Krkanius' apartment. Hugo had sat in for three hours and had won $416, the record for a single night's winnings since the inception of the game. During the course of the evening, by twisting his head a little now and then to get a fix with his left ear, he had been warned of lurking straights, one flush and several full houses. He had discarded a nine-high full house himself because Croker, of the taxi squad, was sitting in the hole with a jack-high full house; and Hugo had won with a pair of sevens after Krkanius had bluffed wildly

through a hand with a pair of fives. Somehow, he told himself piously, as he stuffed bills and checks into his wallet when the game broke up, he would make it up to his teammates. But not just now. Just now, he couldn't bear the thought of Sylvia having any more headaches.

• • •

Luckily, Sibyl didn't return until Friday. On Friday nights during the season, Hugo slept on the living-room couch, so as not to be tempted to impair his energies for Sundays' games, so *that* problem was postponed. He was afraid that Sibyl's woman's intuition would lead her to discover a fateful change in her husband, but Sibyl was so grateful for her holiday that her intuition lay dormant. She merely tucked him in and kissed him chastely on the forehead and said, "Get a good night's sleep, honey."

When she appeared with his breakfast on a tray the next morning, his conscience stirred uneasily; and after the light Saturday-morning practice, he went into Myer's and bought Sibyl a string of cultured pearls for $85.

Sunday was triumphal. Before the game, suiting up, Hugo decided that the best way he could make up to his teammates for taking $416 away from them was by doing everything he could to win the game for them. His conscience clear, obeying the voices within his head, he was in on half the tackles. When he intercepted a pass in the last quarter and ran for a touchdown, the first of his life, to put the game on ice, the entire stadium stood and cheered him. The coach even shook his hand when he came off the field. He felt dainty footed and powerful and as though he could play forever without fatigue. The blood coursing through his veins felt like a new and exhilarating liquid, full of dancing bubbles.

After the game, he was dragged off to a television interview in a little makeshift studio under the stands. He had never been on television before, but he got through it all right and later that night, somebody told him he was photogenic.

His life entered a new phase. It was as definite as opening and going through a door and closing it behind him, like leaving a small, shabby corridor and with one step emerging into a brilliantly lit ballroom.

His photograph was in the papers every week, with laudatory articles. Newspapermen sought him out and quoted him faithfully when he said, "The trick is to study your opponents. The National Football League is no place for guesswork."

He posed for advertising stills, his hair combed with greaseless products. He modeled sweaters and flowered bathing trunks and was amazed at how simple it was to earn large sums of money in America merely by smiling.

His picture was on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* and small boys waited for him at the players' entrance after practice. He autographed footballs, and taxi drivers recognized him and sometimes refused to take payment for their fares. He took to eating out in restaurants with Sibyl, because the managers more often than not tore up the check when he asked for it. He learned to eat caviar and developed a taste for champagne.

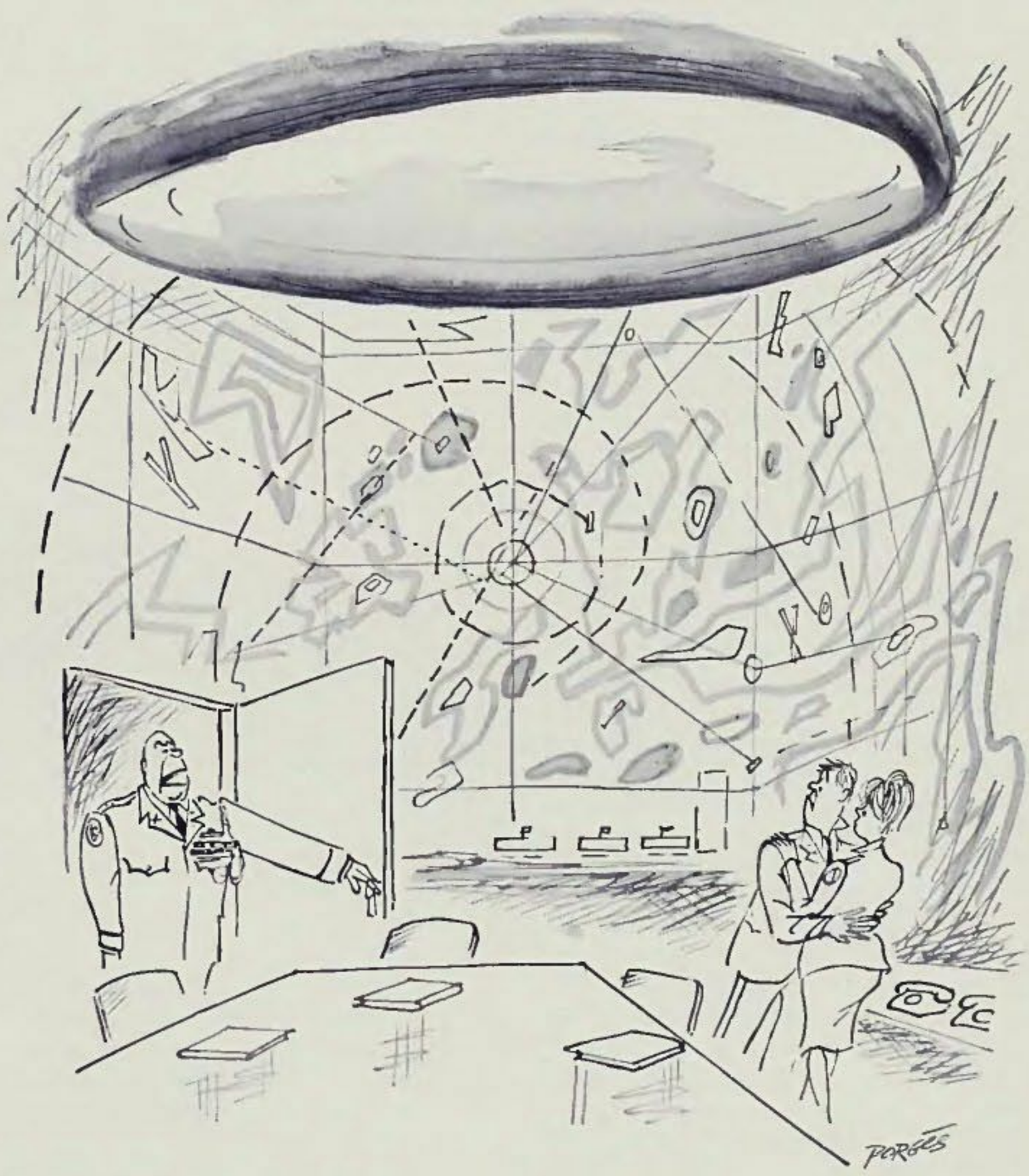
He was invited to parties at the home of Bruce Fallon, the quarterback, who had been paid $200,000 to sign and who was called a superstar by the sportswriters. Until then, Fallon, who only went around with the famous old-timers and the upper-bracket players on the club, had never even said hello to him when they passed on the street. "Do you play bridge, Hugo?" Fallon asked.

They played bridge, Fallon and Fallon's wife, Nora, and Hugo and Sibyl, in the huge living room of the Fallons' apartment, which had been decorated by an imported Norwegian. "Isn't this cozy?" Nora Fallon said, as the four of them sat around the pale wood table before the fire, playing for ten cents a point. Hugo's left ear worked for bridge as well as poker and Hugo wound up the first evening with an $800 profit, and Fallon said, "I've heard about your poker from the boys, Hugo. I've never met anybody with a card sense like yours."

Fallon discussed the coach with him. "If Bert would really let me call my own game," Fallon said, pouring whiskeys for himself and Hugo, "we'd be twenty points better a Sunday."

"He's a little primitive, Bert, that's true," Hugo said, "but he's not a bad guy at heart." He had never heard anybody criticize the coach before and had never even thought of him by his first name. Even now, with the coach a good seven miles away across town and safely in bed, Hugo felt a curious little tickling in the small of his back as he realized that he had actually said, "Bert."

When they left that night, with Fallon's check for $800 in his pocket, Nora Fallon put up her cheek to be kissed. She had gone to school in Lausanne. She



"Lieutenant—this is a war room!"

said, "We have to make this a weekly affair," as Hugo kissed her, and he knew she was thinking, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could have a little quiet tête-à-tête, you and I, sometime soon?"

That night, when Hugo got home, he wrote the Fallon telephone number in his little pocket address book. He wondered what it could be like, making love to a woman who thought in French.

• • •

The trainer took a fussy interest in him now and, when he came up with a small bruise on his knee, insisted on giving him whirlpool baths for six days. The coach let him off a half hour early one day to make a speech at a local high school. Brenatskis, the publicity man, rewrote his biography for the programs and said that he had made Phi Beta Kappa in college. When Hugo protested, mildly, Brenatskis said, "Who'll know?" and, "It's good for your image." He also arranged for a national magazine to have Hugo photographed at home for a feature article. Sibyl insisted on buying a pair of gold-lamé pajamas if she was going to be photographed for a national magazine, and on having new curtains in the living room and new slipcovers made. When the article came out, there was only one picture accompanying it—Hugo in an apron, cooking in the kitchen. He was supposed to be making a complicated French dish. He never actually even made coffee for himself.

He bought three loud checked sports jackets for himself and a $400 brooch for Sylvia, who was still subject to headaches. He couldn't tear himself away from Sylvia, although he was beginning to find her rather common, especially compared with Nora Fallon. He bought a $100 pair of earrings for Sibyl.

On Sundays, he raged over all the fields in the league, and at the end of home games, he had to get to the locker room fast to keep from being mobbed by fans. He began to receive love letters from girls, who sometimes included photographs taken in surprising positions. He knew that these letters disturbed Sibyl, but the mails were free, after all. By now, everybody agreed that he was photogenic.

Sibyl one day announced that she was pregnant. Until then, although Hugo had wanted children from the beginning of their marriage, she had insisted that she was too young. Now, for some reason, she had decided that she was no longer too young. Hugo was very happy, but he was so occupied with other things that he didn't have quite the time to show it completely. Still, he bought her a turquoise necklace.

Fallon, who was a born gambler, said that it was a shame to waste Hugo's card sense on penny-ante poker games and ten-cent-a-point family bridge. There was a big poker game in town that Fallon played in once a week. In the game, there were a stockbroker, a newspaper publisher, the president of an agricultural-machinery firm, an automobile distributor and a man who owned, among other things, a string of race horses. When Fallon brought Hugo into the hotel suite where the game was held, there was a haze of money in the room as palpable as the cigar smoke that eddied over the green table and against the drawn curtains. Hugo and Fallon had made a private deal that they would split their winnings and their losses. Hugo wasn't sure about the morality of this, since they weren't letting the others know that they were up against a partnership, but Fallon said, "What the hell, Huge, they're only civilians." Anybody who wasn't in some way involved in professional football was a civilian in Fallon's eyes. "Huge" was Fallon's friendly corruption of Hugo's name and it had caught on with the other men on the team and with the newspapermen who followed the club. When the offensive team trotted off the field, passing the defensive team coming in, Fallon had taken to calling out, "Get the ball back for me, Huge." A sportswriter had picked it up and had written a piece on Hugo using that as the title; and now, whenever the defensive team went in, the home crowd chanted, "Get the ball back for me, Huge." Sometimes, listening to all that love and faith come roaring through the autumn air at him, Hugo felt like crying for joy out there.

• • •

The men around the green table all stood up when Fallon and Hugo came into the room. The game hadn't started yet and they were still making up the piles of chips. They were all big men, with hearty, authoritative faces. They shook hands with the two football players as Fallon introduced Hugo. One of them said, "It's an honor," and another man said, "Get the ball back for me, Huge," as he shook Hugo's hand and they all roared with kindly laughter. Hugo smiled boyishly. Because of the five-tooth bridge in the front of his mouth, Hugo for years had smiled as little as possible; but in the past few weeks, since he had become photogenic, he smiled readily. He practiced grinning boyishly from time to time in front of the mirror at home. People, he knew, were pleased to be able to say about him, "Huge? He looks rough, but when he smiles, he's just a nice big kid." Civilians.

They played until two o'clock in the morning. Hugo had won $6020 and Fallon had won $1175. "You two fellers are just as tough off the field as on," said the automobile distributor admiringly as he signed a check, and the other men laughed jovially. Losing money seemed to please them.

"Beginner's luck," Hugo said. Later on, the automobile distributor would tell his wife that Huge didn't look it, but he was witty.

They hailed a taxi outside the hotel. Fallon hadn't brought his Lincoln Continental, because there was no sense in taking a chance that somebody would spot it parked outside the hotel and tell the coach his quarterback stayed out till two o'clock in the morning. In the taxi, Fallon asked, "You got a safe-deposit box, Huge?"

"No," Hugo said.

"Get one tomorrow."

"Why?"

"Income tax," Fallon said. In the light of a street lamp, he saw that Hugo looked puzzled. "What Uncle Sam doesn't know," Fallon said lightly, "won't hurt him. We'll cash these checks tomorrow, divvy up and stash the loot away in nice dark little boxes. Don't use your regular bank, either."

"I see," Hugo said. There was no doubt about it; Fallon was a brainy man. For a moment, he felt a pang of regret that he had taken Nora Fallon to a motel the week before. He hadn't regretted it at the time, though. Quite the contrary. He had just thought that if the child Sibyl was carrying turned out to be a girl, he wouldn't send her to school in Lausanne.

Sibyl awoke when he came into the bedroom. "You win, honey?" she asked sleepily.

"A couple of bucks," Hugo said.

"That's nice," she said.

• • •

By now, Hugo was free of doubt. If God gave you a special gift, He obviously meant you to use it. A man who could run the hundred in nine flat would be a fool to allow himself to be beaten by a man who could do only nine, five. If it was God's will that Hugo should have the good things of life—fame, success, wealth, beautiful women—well, that was God's will. Hugo was a devout man, even though, in the season, he was busy on Sunday and couldn't go to church.

During next week's poker game, Hugo saw to it that he didn't win too much. He let himself get caught bluffing several times and deliberately bet into hands that he knew were stronger than his. There was no sense in being greedy and killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Even so, he came out almost $2000 ahead. Fallon lost nearly $500, so nobody had reason for complaint.

When the game broke up, Connors, the automobile distributor, told Hugo he'd like to talk to him for a minute. They went downstairs and sat in a deserted corner of the lobby. Connors was opening a sports-car agency and he wanted Hugo to lend his name to it. "There's nothing to it," Connors said. "Hang around the showroom a couple

"I'm glad you asked that question."

of afternoons a week and have your picture taken sitting in a Porsche once in a while. I'll give you ten thousand a year for it."

Hugo scratched his head boyishly, turning his left ear slightly toward Connors. The figure $25,000 came through loud and clear. "I'll take twenty-five thousand dollars and ten percent of the profits," Hugo said.

Connors laughed, delighted with his new employee's astuteness. "You must have read my mind," he said. They shook on the deal. Hugo was to go on the payroll the next day.

"He's got a head on his shoulders, old Huge," Connors told his wife. "He'll sell cars."

Another of the poker players, Hartwright, the race-horse owner, called Hugo and, after swearing him to secrecy, told him that he and what he called "a few of the boys" were buying up land for a supermarket in a suburb of the city. There was inside information that a superhighway was being built out that way by the city. "It'll be a gold mine," Hartwright said. "I've talked it over with the boys and they think it'd be a nice idea to let you in on it. If you don't have the cash, we can swing a loan. . . ."

Hugo got a loan for $50,000. He was learning that nothing pleases people more than helping a success. Even his father-in-law, who had until then never been guilty of wild feats of generosity, was moved enough by the combination of Hugo's new-found fame and the announcement that he was soon to be a grandfather to buy Hugo and Sibyl an eight-room house with a swimming pool in a good suburb of the city.

So the season went on, weeks during which Hugo heard nothing, spoken or unspoken, that was not for his pleasure or profit, the golden autumn coming to a rhythmic climax once every seven days in two hours of Sunday violence and huzzas.

The newspapers were even beginning to talk about the possibility of "The Cinderella Boys," as Fallon and Hugo and their teammates were called, going all the way to the showdown with Green Bay for the championship. But on the same day, both Fallon and Hugo were hurt—Fallon with a cleverly dislocated elbow and Hugo with a head injury that gave him a severe attack of vertigo that made it seem to him that the whole world was built on a slant. They lost that game and they were out of the running for the championship of their division and the dream was over.

Before being injured, Hugo had had a good day; and in the plane flying home, even though it seemed to Hugo that it was flying standing on its right wing, he did not feel too bad. All that money in the bank had made him philosophic about communal misfortunes. The team doctor, a hearty fellow who would have been full of cheer at the fall of the Alamo, had assured him that he would be fine in a couple of days and had regaled him with stories of men who had been in a coma for days and had gained more than 100 yards on the ground the following Sunday.

An arctic hush of defeat filled the plane, broken only by the soft complaints of the wounded, of which there were many. Amidships sat the coach, with the owner, forming glaciers of pessimism that flowed inexorably down the aisle. The weather was bad and the plane bumped uncomfortably through soupy black cloud and Hugo, seated next to Johnny Smathers, who was groaning like a dying stag from what the doctor had diagnosed as a superficial contusion of the ribs, was impatient for the trip to end, so that he could be freed from this atmosphere of Waterloo and return to his abundant private world. He remembered that next Sunday was an open date and he was grateful for it. The season had been rewarding, but the tensions had been building up. He could stand a week off.

Then something happened that made him forget about football.

There was a crackling in his left ear, like static. Then he heard a man's voice saying, "VHF one is out." Immediately afterward he heard another man's voice saying, "VHF two is out, too. We've lost radio contact." Hugo looked around, sure that everybody else must have heard it, too, that it had come over the public-address system. But everybody was doing just what he had been doing before, talking in low voices, reading, napping.

"That's a hell of a note." Hugo recognized the captain's voice. "There's forty thousand feet of soup from here to Newfoundland."

Hugo looked out the window. It was black and thick out there. The red light on the tip of the wing was a minute blood-colored blur that seemed to wink out for seconds at a time in the darkness. Hugo closed the curtain and put on his seat belt.

"Well, kiddies," the captain's voice said in Hugo's ear, "happy news. We're lost. If anybody sees the United States down below, tap me on the shoulder."

Nothing unusual happened in the passenger section.

The door to the cockpit opened and the stewardess came out. She had a funny smile on her face that looked as though it had been painted on sideways. She walked down the aisle, not changing her expression, and went to the tail of the plane and sat down there. When she was sure nobody was looking, she hooked the seat belt around her.

The plane bucked a bit and people began to look at their watches. They were due to land in about ten minutes and they weren't losing any altitude. There was a warning squawk from the public-address system and the captain said, "This is your captain speaking. I'm afraid we're going to be a little late. We're running into head winds. I suggest you attach your seat belts."

There was the click of metal all over the plane. It was the last sound Hugo heard for a long time, because he fainted.

He was awakened by a sharp pain in one ear. The right one. The plane was coming down for a landing. Hugo pulled the curtain back and looked out. They were under the cloud now, perhaps 400 feet off the ground and there were lights below. He looked at his watch. They were nearly three hours late.

"You better make it a good one," he heard a man's voice say, and he knew the voice came from the cockpit. "We don't have enough gas for another thousand yards."

Hugo tried to clear his throat. Something dry and furry seemed to be lodged there. Everybody else had already gathered up his belongings, placidly waiting to disembark. They don't know how lucky they are, Hugo thought bitterly as he peered out the window, hungry for the ground.

The plane came in nicely and as it taxied to a halt, the captain said cheerily, "I hope you enjoyed your trip, folks. Sorry about the little delay. See you soon."

The ground hit his feet at a peculiar angle when he debarked from the plane, but he had told Sylvia he would look in at her place when he got back to town. Sibyl was away in Florida with her parents for the week, visiting relatives.

Going over in the taxi, fleeing the harsh world of bruised and defeated men and the memory of his brush with death in the fogbound plane, he thought yearningly of the warm bed awaiting him and the expert, expensive girl.

Sylvia took a long time answering the bell and when she appeared, she was in a bathrobe and had her headache face on. She didn't let Hugo in, but opened the door only enough to speak to him. "I'm in bed, I took two pills," she said, "I have a splitting——"

"Aw, honey," Hugo pleaded. There was a delicious odor coming from her nightgown and robe. He leaned gently against the door.

"It's late," she said sharply. "You look awful. Go home and get some sleep." She clicked the door shut decisively. He heard her putting the chain in place.

On the way back down the dimly lit staircase from Sylvia's apartment, Hugo resolved always to have a small emergency piece of jewelry in his pocket for moments like this. Outside in the street, he looked up longingly at Sylvia's window. It was on the fourth floor and a crack of light, cozy and tantalizing, came

through the curtains. Then, on the cold night air, he heard a laugh. It was warm and sensual in his left ear and he remembered, with a pang that took his breath away, the other occasions when he had heard that laugh. He staggered down the street under the pale lamp-posts, carrying his valise, feeling like Willy Loman coming toward the end of his career in *Death of a Salesman*. He had the impression that he was being followed slowly by a black car, but he was too distracted to pay it much attention.

When he got home, he took out a pencil and paper and noted down every piece of jewelry he had bought Sylvia that fall, with its price. The total came to $3468.30, tax included. He tore up the piece of paper and went to bed. He slept badly, hearing in his sleep the sound of faltering airplane engines mingled with a woman's laughter four stories above his head.

It rained during practice the next day and as he slid miserably around in the icy, tilted mud, Hugo wondered why he had ever chosen football as a profession. In the showers later, wearily scraping mud off his beard, Hugo became conscious that he was being stared at. Croker, the taxi-squad fullback, was in the next shower, soaping his hair and looking at Hugo with a peculiar small smile on his face. Then, coming from Croker's direction, Hugo heard the long, low, disturbing laugh he had heard the night before. It was as though Croker had it on tape inside his head and was playing it over and over again, like a favorite piece of music. Croker, Hugo thought murderously, Croker! A taxi-squadder! Didn't even get to make the trips with the team. Off every Sunday, treacherously making every minute count while his teammates were fighting for their lives.

Hugo heard the laugh again over the sound of splashing water. The next time there was an intrasquad scrimmage, he was going to maim the son of a bitch.

He wanted to get away from the locker room fast, but when he was dressed and almost out the door, the trainer called to him.

"The coach wants to see you, Pleiss," the trainer said. "Pronto."

Hugo didn't like the "pronto." The trainer had a disagreeable habit of editorializing.

The coach was sitting with his back to the door, looking longingly up at the photograph of Jojo Baines. "Close the door, Pleiss," the coach said, without turning round.

Hugo closed the door.

"Sit down," the coach said, still with his back to Hugo, still staring at the photograph of what the coach had once said was the only 100 percent football player he had ever seen.

Hugo sat down.

"I mean, what with the generation gap, how did you know this was just what I wanted?"

The coach said, "I'm fining you two hundred and fifty dollars, Pleiss."

"Yes, sir," Hugo said.

The coach finally swung around. He loosened his collar. "Pleiss," he said, "what in the name of Knute Rockne are you up to?"

"I don't know, sir," Hugo said.

"What the hell are you doing staying up until dawn night after night?"

Staying up was not quite an accurate description of what Hugo had been doing, but he didn't challenge the coach's choice of words.

"Don't you know you've been followed, you dummy?" the coach bellowed.

The black car on the empty street. Hugo hung his head. He was disappointed in Sibyl. How could she be so suspicious? And where did she get the money to pay for detectives?

The coach's large hands twitched on the desk. "What are you, a sex maniac?"

"No, sir," Hugo said.

"Shut up!" the coach said.

"Yes, sir," said Hugo.

"And don't think it was me that put a tail on you," the coach said. "It's a lot worse than that. The tail came from the commissioner's office."

Hugo let out his breath, relieved. It wasn't Sibyl. How could he have misjudged her?

"I'll lay my cards on the table, Pleiss," the coach said. "The commissioner's office has been interested in you for a long time now. It's their job to keep this game clean, Pleiss, and I'm with them all the way on that, and make no mistake about it. If there's one thing I won't stand for on my club, it's a crooked ballplayer."

Hugo knew that there were at least 100 things that the coach had from time to time declared he wouldn't stand for on his club, but he didn't think it was the moment to refresh the coach's memory.

"Coach," Hugo began.

"Shut up! When a ballplayer as stupid as you suddenly begins to act as though he has a ouija board under his helmet and is in the middle of one goddamn play after another, naturally they begin to suspect something." The coach opened a drawer in his desk and took out a dark-blue folder from which he extracted several closely typewritten sheets of paper. He put on his glasses to read. "This is the report from the commissioner's office." He ran his eyes over some of the items and shook his head in wonder. "Modesty forbids me from reading to you the account of your sexual exploits, Pleiss," the coach said, "but I must remark that your ability even to trot out onto the field on Sunday after

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some of the weeks you've spent leaves me openmouthed in awe."

There was nothing Hugo could say to this, so he said nothing.

"So far, you've been lucky," the coach said. "The papers haven't latched onto it yet. But if one word of this comes out, I'll throw you to the wolves so fast you'll pull out of your cleats as you go through the door. Have you heard me?"

"I've heard you, Coach," Hugo said.

The coach fingered the papers on his desk and squinted through his bifocals. "In your sudden career as a lady's man, you also seem to have developed a sense of largess in the bestowal of jewelry. In one shop in this town alone, you have spent well over three thousand dollars in less than two months. At the same time, you buy an eight-room house with a swimming pool, you send your wife on expensive vacations all over the country, you invest fifty thousand dollars in a real-estate deal that is barely legal, you are known to be playing cards for high stakes with the biggest gamblers in the city and you rent a safe-deposit box and are observed stuffing unknown sums of cash into it every week. I know what your salary is, Pleiss. Is it unmannerly of me to inquire whether or not you have fallen upon some large outside source of income recently?"

The coach closed the folder and took off his glasses and sat back. Hugo would have liked to explain, but the words strangled in his throat. All the things that had seemed to him like the smiling gifts of fate now, in that cold blue folder, were arranged against him as the criminal profits of corruption. Hugo liked everyone to like him and he had become used to everyone wishing him well. Now the realization that there were men, the coach among them, who were ready to believe the worst of him and ruin him forever because of it, left him speechless. He waved his hands helplessly.

"Pleiss," the coach said, "I want you to answer one question, and if I ever find out you're lying. . . ." He stopped, significantly. He didn't add the usual coda, "I'll personally nail you by the hands to the locker-room wall." This omission terrified Hugo as he waited numbly for the question.

"Pleiss," the coach said, "are you getting information from gamblers?"

A wave of shame engulfed Hugo. He couldn't remember ever having felt so awful. He began to sob, all 235 pounds of him.

The coach looked at him, appalled. "Use your handkerchief, man," he said.

Hugo used his handkerchief. Damply he said, "Coach, I swear on the head of my mother, I never talked to a gambler in my life."

"I don't want the head of your mother," the coach snarled. But he seemed reassured. He waited for Hugo's sobs to subside. "All right. Get out of here. And be careful. Remember, you're being watched at all times."

Drying his eyes, Hugo dragged himself out of the office. The public-relations man, Brenatskis, was having a beer in the locker room with a small, gray-haired man with cigarette ash on his vest. Hugo recognized the man. It was Vincent Haley, the sports columnist. Hugo tried to get out without being seen. This was no day to be interviewed by a writer. But Brenatskis spotted him and called, "Hey, Hugo, come over here for a minute."

Flight would be damning. Hugo was sure that the whole world knew by now that he was a man under suspicion. So he tried to compose his face as he went over to the two men. He even managed an innocent, deceitful, country boy's smile.

"Hello, Mr. Haley," he said.

"Glad to see you, Pleiss," said Haley. "How's your head?"

"Fine, fine," Hugo said hurriedly.

"You're having quite a season, Pleiss," Haley said. His voice was hoarse and whiskeyish and full of contempt for athletes, and his pale eyes were like laser beams. "Yeah, quite a season. I don't think I've ever seen a linebacker improve so much from one game to another."

Hugo began to sweat. "Some years you're lucky," he said. "Things fall into place." He waited, cowering inwardly, for the next doomful inquiry. But Haley merely asked him some routine questions, like who was the toughest man in the league going down the middle and what he thought about the comparative abilities of various passers he had played against. "Thanks, Pleiss," Haley said, "that's about all. Good luck with your head." He held out his hand and Hugo shook it gratefully, glad that in another moment he was going to be out of range of those bone-dissolving eyes. With his hand still in the writer's hand, Hugo heard the whiskeyish voice, but different, as though in some distant echo chamber, saying, in his left ear, "Look at him—two hundred and thirty-five pounds of bone and muscle, twenty-five years old, and he's back here raking in the dough, while my kid, nineteen years old, a hundred and thirty pounds dripping wet, is lying out in the mud and jungle in Vietnam, getting his head shot off. Who did *he* pay off?"

Haley gave Hugo's hand another shake. He even smiled, showing jagged, cynical, tar-stained teeth. "Nice talking to you, Pleiss," he said. "Keep up the good work."

"Thanks, Mr. Haley," Hugo said earnestly. "I'll try."

He went out of the stadium, not watching or caring where he was going, surrounded by enemies.

He kept hearing that rasping, disdainful "Who did *he* pay off?" over and over again as he walked blindly through

the streets. At one moment, he stopped, on the verge of going back to the stadium and explaining to the writer about the 63 stitches in his knee and what the Army doctor had said about them. But Haley hadn't said anything aloud and it would be a plunge into the abyss if Hugo had to acknowledge that there were certain moments when he could read minds.

So he continued to walk toward the center of the city, trying to forget the coach and the gamblers, trying to forget Vincent Haley and Haley's 19-year-old son, weight 130 pounds, getting his head shot off in the jungle. Hugo didn't bother much about politics. He had enough to think about trying to keep from being killed every Sunday without worrying about disturbances 10,000 miles away in small Oriental countries. If the United States Army had felt that he wasn't fit for service, that was their business.

But he couldn't help thinking about that kid out there, with the mortars bursting around him or stepping on poisoned bamboo stakes or being surrounded by grinning little yellow men with machine guns in their hands.

Hugo groaned in complicated agony. He had walked a long way and he was in the middle of the city, with the bustle of the business section all around him, but he couldn't walk away from that picture of Haley's kid lying torn apart under the burned trees whose names he would never know.

Slowly, he became aware that the activity around him was not just the ordinary traffic of the weekday city. He seemed to be in a parade of some kind and he realized, coming out of his private torment, that people were yelling loudly all around him. They also seemed to be carrying signs. He listened attentively now. "Hell, no, we won't go," they were yelling, and, "U.S. go home," and other short phrases of the same general import. And, reading the signs, he saw, BURN YOUR DRAFT CARDS and DOWN WITH AMERICAN FASCISM. Interested, he looked carefully at the hundreds of people who were carrying him along with them. There were quite a few young men with long hair and beards, barefooted in sandals, and rather soiled young girls in blue jeans, carrying large flowers, all intermingled with determined-looking suburban matrons and middle-aged, grim-looking men with glasses, who might have been college professors. My, he thought, this is worse than a football crowd.

Then he was suddenly on the steps of the city hall and there were a lot of police, and one boy burned his draft card and a loud cheer went up from the crowd, and Hugo was sorry he didn't have his draft card on him, because he would have liked to burn it, too, as a sort of blind gesture of friendship to Haley's soldier son. He was too shy to shout anything, but he didn't try to get away from the city-hall steps; and when the police started to use their clubs, naturally, he was one of the first to get hit, because he stood head and shoulders above everybody else and was a target that no self-respecting cop would dream of missing.

Standing in front of the magistrate's bench a good many hours later, with a bloody bandage around his head, Hugo was grateful for Brenatskis' presence beside him, although he didn't know how Brenatskis had heard about the little run-in with the police so soon. But if Brenatskis hadn't come, Hugo would have had to spend the night in jail, where there was no bed large enough to accommodate him.

When his name was called, Hugo looked up at the magistrate. The American flag seemed to be waving vigorously on the wall behind the magistrate's head, although it was tacked to the plaster. Everything had a bad habit of waving after the policeman's club.

The magistrate had a small, scooping kind of face that made him look as though he would be useful in going into small holes to search for vermin. The magistrate looked at him with distaste. In his left ear, Hugo heard the magistrate's voice—"What are you, a fag or a Jew or something?" This seemed to Hugo like a clear invasion of his rights, and he raised his hand as if to say something, but Brenatskis knocked it down, just in time.

"Case dismissed," the magistrate said, sounding like a ferret who could talk. "Next."

A lady who looked like somebody's grandmother stepped up belligerently.

Five minutes later, Hugo was going down the night-court steps with Brenatskis. "Holy man," Brenatskis said, "what came over you? It's a lucky thing they got hold of me or you'd be all over the front page tomorrow. And it cost plenty, I don't mind telling you."

Bribery, too, Hugo recorded in his book of sorrows. Corruption of the press and the judiciary.

"And the coach——" Brenatskis waved his arm hopelessly, as though describing the state of the coach's psyche at this juncture were beyond the powers of literature. "He wants to see you. Right now."

"Can't he wait till morning?" Hugo wanted to go home and lie down. It had been an exhausting day.

"He can't wait until morning. He was very definite. The minute you got out, he said, and he didn't care what time it was."

"Doesn't he ever sleep?" Hugo asked forlornly.

"Not tonight, he's not sleeping," said Brenatskis. "He's waiting in his office."

A stalactite formed in the region of Hugo's liver as he thought of facing the coach, the two of them alone at midnight in naked confrontation in a stadium that could accommodate 60,000 people. "Don't you want to come along with me?" he asked Brenatskis.

"No," said Brenatskis. He got into

"But wouldn't the local zoning laws have prevented him from building a house of straw in the first place?"

his car and drove off. Hugo thought of moving immediately to Canada. But he hailed a cab and said "The stadium" to the driver. Perhaps there would be a fatal accident on the way.

There was one 40-watt bulb burning over the players' entrance and the shadows thrown by its feeble glare made it look as though a good part of the stadium had disappeared centuries before, like the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. Hugo wished it *were* the ruins of a Roman amphitheater as he pushed the door open. The night watchman, awakened from his doze on a chair tilted back against the wall, looked up at him. "They don't give a man no rest, none of them," Hugo heard the watchman think as he passed him. "Goddamned prima donnas. I hope they all break their fat necks."

"Evenin', Mr. Pleiss. Nice evenin'," the watchman said.

"Yeah," said Hugo. He walked through the shadows under the stands toward the locker room. The ghosts of hundreds of poor, aching, wounded, lame, contract-haunted football players seemed to accompany him, and the wind sighing through the gangways carried on it the echoes of a billion boos. Hugo wondered how he had ever thought a stadium was a place in which you enjoyed yourself.

His hand on the locker-room door, Hugo hesitated. He had never discussed politics with the coach, but he knew that the coach cried on the field every time the band played *The Star-Spangled Banner* and had refused to vote for Barry Goldwater because he thought Goldwater was a Communist.

Resolutely, Hugo pushed the door open and went into the deserted locker room. He passed his locker. His name was still on it. He didn't know whether it was a good or a bad sign.

The door to the coach's office was closed. After one last look around him at the locker room, Hugo rapped on it.

"Come in," the coach said.

Hugo opened the door and went in. The coach was dressed in a dark suit and his collar was closed and he had a black tie on, as though he were en route to a funeral. His face was ravaged by his vigil, his cheeks sunk, his eyes peered out of purplish caverns. He looked worse than Hugo had ever seen him, even worse than the time they lost 45 to 0 to a first-year expansion club.

"My boy," the coach said in a small, racked voice, "I am glad you came late. It has given me time to think, to take a proper perspective. An hour ago, I was ready to destroy you in righteous anger with my bare hands. But I am happy to say that the light of understanding has been vouchsafed me in the watches of this painful night." The coach was in one of his Biblical periods. "Luckily," he said, "after Brenatskis called me to tell me that he had managed to persuade the judge to dismiss the case against you for a hundred dollars—naturally, your pay will be docked—and that the story would be kept out of the papers for another hundred and fifty—that will make two hundred and fifty, in all—I had time to consider. After all, the millions of small boys throughout America who look up to you and your fellows as the noblest expression of clean, aggressive American spirit, who model themselves with innocent hero worship after you and your teammates, are now going to be spared the shock and disillusionment of learning that a player of mine so far forgot himself as to be publicly associated with the enemies of his country—— Are you following me, Pleiss?"

"Perfectly, Coach," said Hugo. He felt himself inching back toward the door. This new, gentle-voiced, understanding aspect of the coach was infinitely disturbing, like seeing water suddenly start running uphill, or watching the lights of a great city go out all at once.

"As I was saying, as long as no harm has been done to this multitude of undeveloped souls who are, in a manner of speaking, our responsibility, I can search within me for Christian forbearance." The coach came around the desk and put his hand on Hugo's shoulder. "Pleiss, you're not a bad boy—you're a stupid boy, but not a bad boy. It was my fault that you got involved in that sordid exhibition. Yes, my fault. You received a terrible blow on the head on Sunday—I should have spotted the symptoms. Instead of brutally making you do wind sprints and hit the dummy for two hours, I should have said, 'Hugo, my boy, go home and lie down and stay in bed for a week, until your poor head has recovered.' Yes, that's what I should have done. I ask your forgiveness, Hugo, for my shortness of vision."

"Sure, Coach," Hugo said.

"And now," said the coach, "before you go home to your loving wife and a good long rest, I want you to do one thing for me."

"Anything you say, Coach."

"I want you to join me in singing one verse—just one small verse—of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes, sir," Hugo said, sure that he was going to forget what came after "the rockets' red glare."

The coach gripped his shoulder hard, then said, "One, two, three. . . ."

They sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* together. The coach was weeping after the first line.

When they had finished and the echoes had died down under the grandstand, the coach said, "Good. Now go home. I'd drive you home myself, but I'm working on some new plays I want to give the boys tomorrow. Don't you worry. You won't miss them. I'll send them along to you by messenger and you can glance at them when you feel like it. And don't worry about missing practice. When you feel ready, just drop around. God bless you, my boy." The coach patted Hugo a last time on the shoulder and turned to gaze at Jojo Baines, his eyes still wet from the anthem.

Hugo went out softly.

He stayed close to home all the rest of the week, living off canned goods and watching television. Nothing much could happen to him, he figured, in the privacy of his own apartment. But even there, he had his moments of distress.

He was sitting watching a quiz show for housewives at nine o'clock in the morning when he heard the key in the door and the cleaning woman, Mrs. Fitzgerald, came in. Mrs. Fitzgerald was a gray-haired lady who smelled of other people's dust. "I hope you're not feeling poorly, Mr. Pleiss," she said solicitously. "It's a beautiful day. It's a shame to spend it indoors."

"I'm going out later," Hugo lied.

Behind his back, he heard Mrs. Fitzgerald think, "Lazy, hulking slob. Never did an honest day's work in his life. Comes the revolution, they'll take care of the likes of him. He'll find himself with a pick in his hands, on the roads. I hope I live to see the day."

Hugo wondered if he shouldn't report Mrs. Fitzgerald to the FBI, but then decided against it. He certainly didn't want to get involved with *them*.

He listened to a speech by the President and was favorably impressed by the President's command of the situation, both at home and abroad. The President explained that although things at the moment did not seem 100 percent perfect, vigorous steps were being taken, at home and abroad, to eliminate poverty, ill health, misguided criticism by irresponsible demagogs, disturbances in the streets and the unfavorable balance of payments. Hugo was also pleased, as he touched the bump on his head caused by the policeman's club, when he heard the President explain how well the war was going and why we could expect the imminent collapse of the enemy. The President peered out of the television set, masterly, persuasive, confident, including all the citizens of the country in his friendly, fatherly smile. Then, while the President was silent for a moment before going on to other matters, Hugo heard the President's voice, though in quite a different tone, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you really knew what was going on here, you'd *piss*."

Hugo turned the television set off.

Then, the next day, the television set broke down, and as he watched the repairman fiddle with it, humming mournfully down in his chest somewhere, Hugo heard the television repairman think,

"You never sock it to me anymore."

"Stupid jerk. All he had to do was take a look and he'd see the only thing wrong is this loose wire. Slap it into the jack and turn a screw and the job's done." But when the television man turned around, he was shaking his head sadly. "I'm afraid you got trouble, mister," the television repairman said. "There's danger of implosion. I'll have to take the set with me. And there's the expense of a new tube."

"What's it going to cost?" Hugo asked.

"Thirty, thirty-five dollars, if we're lucky," said the television repairman.

Hugo let him take the set. Now he knew he was a moral coward, along with everything else.

He was cheered up, though, when his mother and father telephoned, collect, from Maine, to see how he was. They had a nice chat. "And how's my darling Sibyl?" Hugo's mother said. "Can I say hello to her?"

"She's not here," Hugo said. He explained about the trip to Florida with her parents.

"Fine people, fine people," Hugo's mother said. She had met Sibyl's parents once, at the wedding. "I do hope they're all enjoying themselves down South. Well, take care of yourself, Hooey. . . ." Hooey was a family pet name for him. "Don't let them hit you in the face with the ball." His mother's grasp of the game was fairly primitive. "And give my love to Sibyl when she gets home."

Hugo hung up. Then, very clearly, he heard his mother say to his father, 1000 miles away in northern Maine, "With her parents. I bet."

Hugo didn't answer the phone the rest of the week.

Sibyl arrived from Florida late Saturday afternoon. She looked beautiful as she got off the plane and she had a new fur coat that her father had bought her. Hugo had bought a hat to keep Sibyl from noticing the scalp wound inflicted by the policeman's club, at least at the airport, with people around. He had never owned a hat and he hoped Sibyl wouldn't notice this abrupt change in his style of dressing. She didn't notice it. And back in their apartment, she didn't notice the wound, although it was nearly four inches long and could be seen quite clearly through his hair, if you looked at all closely. She chattered gaily on about Florida, the beaches, the color of the water, the flamingos at the race track. Hugo told her how glad he was that she had had such a good time and admired her new coat.

Sibyl said she was tired from the trip and wanted to have a simple dinner at home and get to bed early. Hugo said he thought that was a good idea. He didn't want to see anybody he knew, or anybody he didn't know.

By nine o'clock, Sibyl was yawning and went in to get undressed. Hugo had had three bourbons to keep Sibyl from worrying about his seeming a bit distracted. He started to make up a bed on the living-room couch. From time to time during the week, he had remembered the sound of the low laugh from Sylvia's window and it had made the thought of sex distasteful to him. He had even noticed a certain deadness in his lower regions and he doubted whether he ever could make love to a woman again. "I bet," he thought, "I'm the first man in the history of the world to be castrated by a laugh."

Sibyl came out of the bedroom just as he was fluffing up a pillow. She was wearing a black nightgown that concealed nothing. "Sweetie," Sibyl said reproachfully.

"It's Saturday night," Hugo said, giving a final extra jab at the pillow.

"So?" You'd never guess that she was pregnant as she stood there at the doorway in her nightgown.

"Well, Saturday night, during the season," Hugo said. "I guess I've gotten into the rhythm, you might say, of sleeping alone."

"But there's no game tomorrow, Hugo." There was a tone of impatience in Sibyl's voice.

The logic was unassailable. "That's true," Hugo said. He followed Sibyl into the bedroom. If he was impotent, Sibyl might just as well find it out now as later.

It turned out that his fears were groundless. The three bourbons, perhaps.

As they approached the climax of their lovemaking, Hugo was afraid Sibyl was going to have a heart attack, she was breathing so fast. Then, through the turbulence, he heard what she was thinking. "I should have bought that green dress at Bonwit's," Sibyl's thoughtful, calm voice echoed just below his eardrum. "I could do without the belt, though. And then I just might try cutting up that old mink hat of mine and using it for cuffs on that dingy old brown rag I got last Christmas. Maybe my wrists wouldn't look so skinny with fur around them."

Hugo finished his task and Sibyl said "Ah" happily and kissed him and went to sleep, snoring a little. Hugo stayed awake for a long time, occasionally glancing over at his wife's wrists and then staring at the ceiling and thinking about married life.

Sibyl was still asleep when he woke up. He didn't waken her. A church bell was ringing in the distance, inviting, uncomplicated and pure, promising peace to tormented souls. Hugo got out of bed and dressed swiftly but carefully and hurried to the comforts of religion. He sat in the rear, on the aisle, soothed by the organ and the prayers and the upright Sunday-morning atmosphere of belief and remittance from sin.

The sermon was on sex and violence in the modern world and Hugo appreciated it. After what he had gone through, a holy examination of those aspects of today's society was just what he needed.

The minister was a big red-faced man, forthright and vigorous. Violence actually got only a fleeting and rather cursory condemnation. The Supreme Court was admonished to mend its ways and to refrain from turning loose on a Christian society a horde of pornographers, rioters, dope addicts and other sinners because of the present atheistic conception of what the minister scornfully called civil rights, and that was about it.

But when it came to sex, the minister hit his stride. The church resounded to his denunciation of naked and leering girls on magazine stands, of sex education for children, of an unhealthy interest in birth control, of dating and premarital lasciviousness, of Swedish and French moving pictures, of mixed bathing in revealing swimsuits, of petting in parked cars, of all novels that had been written since 1910, of coeducational schools, of the new math, which, the minister explained, was a subtle means of undermining the moral code. Unchaperoned picnics were mentioned, miniskirts got a full two minutes, and even the wearing of wigs, designed to lure the all-too-susceptible American male into lewd and unsocial behavior, came in for its share of condemnation. The way the minister was going on, it would not have surprised some members of the congregation if he finished up with an edict against cross-pollination.

Hugo sat at the rear of the church, feeling chastened. It was a good feeling. That was what he had come to church for, and he almost said "Amen" aloud after one or two of the more spiritedly presented items on the minister's list.

Then, gradually, he became aware of a curious cooing voice in his left ear. "Ah, you, fourth seat to the left in the third row," he heard, "you with that little pink cleft just peeping out, why don't you come around late one weekday afternoon for a little spiritual consolation, ha-ha." Aghast, Hugo realized it was the minister's voice he was hearing.

Aloud, the minister was moving on to a rather unconvincing endorsement of the advantages of celibacy. "And you, the plump one in the fifth row, with the tight brassiere, Mrs. What's-your-name, looking down at your hymnbook as though you were planning to go into a nunnery," Hugo heard, mixed with loud advice on holy thoughts and vigorous, innocent exercise, "I can guess what you're up to when your husband goes out of town. I wouldn't mind if you had *my* private telephone number in your little black book, ha-ha."

Hugo sat rigid in his pew. This was going just a little bit too far.

The minister had swung into chastity.

He wanted to end on a note of uplift. His head was tilted back, heavenward, but through slitted eyes, he scanned his Sunday-best parishioners. The minister had a vested interest in chastity and his voice took on a special solemn intonation as he described how particularly pleasing this virtue was in the eyes of God and His angels. "And little Miss Crewes, with your white gloves and white socks," Hugo heard, "ripening away like a tasty little Georgia persimmon, trembling on the luscious brink of womanhood, nobody has to tell me what you do behind the stands on the way home from school. The rectory is only two blocks from school, baby, and it's on your way home. Just one timid knock on the door will suffice, ha-ha. There's always tea and little cakes for little girls like you at the rectory, ha-ha."

If Hugo hadn't been afraid of making a scene, he would have got up and run out of the church. Instead, he rapped himself sharply across the left ear. The consequent ringing kept him from hearing anything else. Several people turned around at the sound of the blow and stared disapprovingly at Hugo, but he didn't care. By the time the ringing stopped, the sermon was over and the minister was announcing the number of the hymn.

It was *Rock of Ages*. Hugo wasn't sure of the words, but he hummed, so as not to draw any more attention to himself.

The organ swelled, the sopranos, altos, tenors and bassos joined in, musical and faithful.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure . . ."

Hugo was swept along on the tide of sound. He didn't have much of an ear for music and the only things he played on the phonograph at home were some old 78-rpm Wayne King records that his mother had collected when she was a girl and had given him as a wedding present. But now the diapason of the organ, the pure flutelike tones of the women and young girls addressing God, the deep cello support of the men, combined to give him a feeling of lightness, of floating on spring airs, of being lost in endless fragrant gardens. Virgins caressed his forehead with petaled fingers, waters sang in mountain streams, strong men embraced him in everlasting brotherhood. By the time the congregation reached "Thou must save, and Thou alone," Hugo was out of his pew and writhing in ecstasy on the floor.

It was lucky he was in the last row, and on the aisle.

The hymn was never finished. It started to falter at "While I draw this fleeting breath," as people turned around to see what was happening and came to a final stop on "When I rise to worlds unknown." By that time, everybody in the church was standing up and looking at Hugo, trembling, sprawled on his back, in the middle of the aisle.

The last notes of the organ came to a halt discordantly, at a signal from the minister. Hugo lay still for an instant, conscious of 300 pairs of eyes on him. Then he leaped up and fled.

• • •

He rang the bell a long time, but it was only when he roared, "I know you're in there. Open up or I'll break it down," and began to buck at the door with his shoulder that it opened.

"What's going on here?" Miss Cattavi asked, blocking his way. "There are no visiting hours on Sunday."

"There will be this Sunday," Hugo said hoarsely. He pushed roughly past Miss Cattavi. She was all muscle. It was the first time he had ever been rude to a lady.

"He's in Romania," Miss Cattavi said, trying to hold on to him.

"I'll show him Romania," Hugo cried, throwing open doors and dragging Miss Cattavi after him like a junior high school guard.

Dr. Sebastian was behind the fourth door, in a room like a library, practicing dry-fly casting. He was wearing hip-length rubber boots.

"Oh, Mr. Pleiss," Dr. Sebastian said merrily, "you came back."

"I sure did come back," Hugo said. He had difficulty talking.

"You want your other ear done, I wager," said Dr. Sebastian, reeling in delicately.

Hugo grabbed Dr. Sebastian by the lapels and lifted him off the floor so that they were eye to eye. Dr. Sebastian weighed only 140 pounds, although he was quite fat. "I don't want the other ear done," Hugo said loudly.

"Should I call the police?" Miss Cattavi had her hand on the phone.

Hugo dropped Dr. Sebastian, who went down on one knee but made a

creditable recovery. Hugo ripped the phone out of the wall. He had always been very careful of other people's property. It was something his father had taught him as a boy.

"Don't tell me," Dr. Sebastian said solicitously, "that the ear has filled up again. It's unusual, but not unheard of. Don't worry about it. The treatment is simple. A little twirl of an instrument and——"

Hugo grabbed the doctor's throat with one hand and kept Miss Cattavi off with the other. "Now, listen to this," Hugo said, "listen to what you did to me."

"Cawlsnhnd on my goddamn windpipe," the doctor said.

Hugo let him go.

"Now, my dear young man," Dr. Sebastian said, "if you'll only tell me what little thing is bothering you. . . ."

"Get her out of the room." Hugo gestured toward Miss Cattavi. The things he had to tell Dr. Sebastian could not be said in front of a woman.

"Miss Cattavi, please . . ." Dr. Sebastian said.

"Animal," Miss Cattavi said, but she went out of the room and closed the door behind her.

Moving out of range, Dr. Sebastian went behind a desk. He remained standing. "I could have sworn that your ear was in superb condition," he said.

"Superb!" Hugo was sorry he had taken his hand off the doctor's throat.

"Well, you can hear your team's signals now, can't you?" Dr. Sebastian said.

"If that's all I could hear," Hugo moaned.

"Ah." Dr. Sebastian brightened. "Your hearing is better than normal. I told you you had an extraordinary aural arrangement. It only took a little cutting, a bold clearing away of certain extraneous matter. . . . You must be having a very good season."

"I am having a season in hell," Hugo said, unconscious that he was now paying tribute to a French poet.

"I'm terribly confused," the doctor said petulantly. "I do better for you than you ever hoped for and what is my reward—you come in here and try to strangle me. I do think you owe me an explanation, Mr. Pleiss."

"I owe you a lot more than that," Hugo said. "Where did you learn your medicine—in the Congo?"

Dr. Sebastian drew himself to his full height. "Cornell Medical School," he said with quiet pride. "Now, if you'll only tell me——"

"I'll tell you, all right," Hugo said. He paced up and down the room. It was an old house and the timbers creaked. The sound was like a thousand sea gulls in Hugo's ear.

"First," said Dr. Sebastian, "just what is it that you want me to do for you?"

"I want you to put my ear back the way it was when I came to you," Hugo said.

"You want to be deaf again?" the doctor asked incredulously.

"Exactly."

Dr. Sebastian shook his head. "My dear fellow," he said, "I can't do that. It's against all medical ethics. If it ever got out, I'd be barred forever from practicing medicine anyplace in the United States. A graduate of Cornell——"

"I don't care where you graduated from. You're going to do it."

"You're overwrought, Mr. Pleiss," the doctor said. He sat down at his desk and drew a piece of paper to him and took out a pen. "Now, if you'll only attempt, in a calm and orderly way, to describe the symptoms. . . ."

Hugo paced up and down some more, trying to be calm and orderly. Deep down, he still had a great respect for doctors. "It started," he began, "with hearing the other team's signals."

Dr. Sebastian nodded approvingly and jotted something down.

"In the huddle," Hugo said.

"What's a huddle?"

Hugo explained, as best he could, what a huddle was. "And it's fifteen yards away and they whisper and sixty thousand people are yelling at the top of their lungs all around you."

"I knew it was a successful operation," Dr. Sebastian said, beaming in self-appreciation, "but I had no idea it was *that* successful. It must be very helpful in your profession. Congratulations. It will make a most interesting paper for the next congress of——"

"Shut up," Hugo said. He then went on to describe how he began understanding what the signals meant. Dr. Sebastian's face got a little graver as he asked Hugo to kindly repeat what he had just said and to explain exactly what was the significance of "Brown right! Draw fifty-five . . . on two!" When he finally got it straight and noted that it was a secret code, different for each team, and that the codes were as jealously guarded from opposing teams as the crown jewels, he stopped jotting anything down. And when Hugo went on to the moment when he knew that the opposing quarterback was thinking, "No. . . . It won't work, they're overshifting on us," in just those words, Dr. Sebastian put his pen down altogether and a look of concern came into his eyes.

The description of the poker game only made the doctor shrug. "These days," he said, "we are just beginning to catch a glimmer of the powers of extrasensory perception, my dear fellow. Why, down at Duke University——"

"Keep quiet," Hugo said, and described, with a reminiscent thrill of terror, the radio breakdown in the cockpit of the airplane and hearing the conversation between the pilots.

"I'm sure that could be explained," the doctor said. "A freak electronic phenomenon that——"

Hugo cut in. "I want you to hear what happened to me with a girl," Hugo said. "There was nothing electronic about that."

Dr. Sebastian listened with interest as Hugo relived the experience with Sylvia. Dr. Sebastian licked his lips from time to time but said nothing. He clucked sympathetically, though, when Hugo described the laughter four stories up and Croker's replay in the shower.

Hugo didn't say anything about his conversations with the coach. There

"And now a word from her alternate sponsor."

were certain things too painful to recall.

In a rush, Hugo let all the rest of it out—Vietnam, the clubbing by the policeman, the interior sneer of the magistrate, Mrs. Fitzgerald's dangerous radical leanings, the President's speech, the television repairman's chicanery, his mother's judgment of his wife.

Dr. Sebastian sat there without saying a word, shaking his head pityingly from time to time.

Hugo went on, without mercy for himself, about the green dress and the mink cuffs at a time when you'd bet for sure a woman would be thinking about other things. "Well," he demanded, "what've you got to say about that?"

"Unfortunately," Dr. Sebastian said, "I've never been married. A man my size." He shrugged regretfully. "But there are well-documented cases on record of loving couples who have spent long years together, who are very close together, who have a telepathic sympathy with each other's thoughts. . . ."

"Let me tell you what happened in church this morning," Hugo said desperately. The doctor's scientific ammunition was beginning to take its toll. The fearful thought occurred to him that he wasn't going to shake the doctor and that he was going to walk out of the door no different from the way he had entered.

"It is nice to hear that a big, famous, attractive young man like you still goes to church on Sunday morning," the doctor murmured.

"I've gone to my last church," Hugo said and gave him the gist of what he had heard the minister think while he was delivering his sermon on sex and violence.

The doctor smiled tolerantly. "The men of the cloth are just like us other poor mortals," he said. "It's very probable that it was merely the transference of your own desires and——"

"Then the last thing," Hugo said, knowing he *had* to convince the doctor somehow. He told him about writhing on the floor of the church, the spring breezes, the smell of flowers, the unutterable ecstasy during *Rock of Ages*.

The doctor made an amused little *moue*. "A common experience," he said, "for simple and susceptible religious natures. It does no harm."

"Three hundred people watching a two-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound man jerking around on the floor like a hooked tuna!" Hugo shouted. "That does no harm? And you yourself told me that if people could *really* hear, they'd writhe on the floor in ecstasy when they listened to Beethoven."

"Beethoven, yes," the doctor said. "But *Rock of Ages*?" He was a musical snob, Dr. Sebastian. "Tum-tum-tah-dee, tum-tum-dah," he sang contemptuously. Then he became professional. He leaned across the desk and patted Hugo's hand and spoke quietly. "My dear young man, I believe every word you say. You undoubtedly think you have gone through these experiences. The incidents on the playing field can easily be explained. You are highly trained in the intricacies of a certain game, you are coming into your full powers, your understanding of your profession leads you into certain instantaneous practical insights. Be grateful for them. I've already explained the cards, the minister, your wife. The passage with the lady you call Sylvia is a concretization of your sense of guilt, combined with a certain natural young man's sexual appetite. Everything else, I'm afraid, is hallucination. I suggest you see a psychiatrist. I have the name of a good man and I'll give him a call and——"

Hugo growled.

"What did you say?" the doctor asked.

Hugo growled again and went over to the window. The doctor followed him, worried now, and looked out the window. Fifty yards away, on the soft, leaf-covered lawn, a five-year-old boy in sneakers was crossing over toward the garageway of the next house.

The two men stood in silence for a moment.

The doctor sighed. "If you'll come into my operating room," he said.

• • •

When he left the doctor's house an hour later, Hugo had a small bandage behind his left ear, but he was happy. The left side of his head felt like a corked-up cider bottle.

• • •

Hugo didn't intercept another pass all the rest of the season. He was fooled by the simplest hand-offs and dashed to the left when the play went to the right, and he couldn't hear Johnny Smathers' shouts of warning as the other teams lined up. Johnny Smathers stopped talking to him after two games and moved in with another roommate on road trips. At the end of the season, Hugo's contract was not renewed. The official reason the coach gave to the newspapers was that Hugo's head injury had turned out to be so severe that he would be risking permanent disablement if he ever got hit again.

Dr. Sebastian charged him $500 for the operation and, what with the fine and making up the bribes to the magistrate and the newspapers, that took care of the $1000 raise the coach had promised him. But Hugo was glad to pay for it.

By January tenth, he was contentedly and monogamously selling insurance for his father-in-law, although he had to make sure to sit on the left side of prospects to be able to hear what they were saying.

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Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

EVER SINCE THE BIG POWER BLACK-OUT IN THE EAST IN '65, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ASKING, "CAN IT HAPPEN AGAIN?" THINK WHAT IT WOULD MEAN IN 1969 TO HAVE 30,000,000 PEOPLE IN AN AREA OF 8000 SQUARE MILES DEPRIVED OF LIGHT AND POWER ··· ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO RUN 100 AVERAGE AMERICAN CITIES ··· OR TWO AVERAGE AMERICAN *DISCOTHÈQUES.*

- YOU DRESSED YET, SWEETIE - BABY? I'VE MADE RESERVATIONS AT A QUAINT, OLD - FASHIONED SPOT —

YOU'VE HAD **SUCH** A TOUGH DAY, HONEY··· ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE UP TO GOING OUT WITH A CREEP LIKE SOLLY BRASS?

- A NICE OLD - FASHIONED PLACE SOUNDS RELAXING, RUTHIE ··· SOFT LIGHTS ··· VIOLINS -

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

YAY! YAYAY! YAY!

BLANG! BLANG! BLANG!

ELECTRIC EARDRUM

YESSIR! IF ALL YOU WANT IS TO DO THE TWIST, HAVE A DRINK AND AN INTIMATE SHRIEK-

THIS IS THE PLACE TO HAVE IT IN! ... THE OLD "ELECTRIC EARDRUM"!

BUT WE'RE NOT **IN** THE "ELECTRIC EARDRUM"-

-WE'RE IN THE STREET.-AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE "ELECTRIC EARDRUM" IS AN "OLD-FASHIONED SPOT"?

OH, **BA**-BY ... IT **IS**. THE "ELECTRIC EARDRUM" HAS BEEN "OUT" SINCE LAST WEDNESDAY. HOWEVER ... THE EVENING HAS JUST BEGUN. WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE "ELECTRIC EYEBALL."

THE "ELECTRIC EYEBALL" IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF ASSAULT ON THE SENSES. IT AFFECTS YOUR EYES AS WELL AS YOUR EARS.

FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR I'M TRYING TO MAKE IT WITH THIS CHICK AND YOU TELL ME SHE'S A **PROJECTION?**

IS THERE AN OPTOMETRIST IN THE HOUSE?

GO, BA-BY!

I'M N-NOT DANCING! I'VE GOT A SH-SHORT CIRCUIT IN MY ELECTRIC D-DRESS!

I'M GOING BACK TO OUR ELECTRIC TABLE AND ORDER AN ELECTRIC GIN FIZZ.

BUT DON'T SIT DOWN IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

GOLLY! THE "ELECTRIC EYEBALL" IS ABSOLUTELY OUT OF SIGHT!

JUST AN APPETIZER, SWEETIE. THERE ARE SENSES AS YET UNTOUCHED. ARE YOU READY FOR THE EXPERIENCE OF YOUR LIFE? WE'RE GOING TO THE **"ELECTRIC EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT"!**

(SNIFF) SOLLY! HOW **GROOVY!** -NOT ONLY SIGHT AND **SOUND** BUT **SMELL!**

DIG THOSE BOFFO NOSTALGIC AROMAS (SNIFF)! OOH! I JUST GOT A WHIFF OF DAMP CORDUROY KNICKERS ... RAINY DAYS IN SECOND GRADE!

(SNIFF) APPLE ON A STICK ... (SNIFF) ... OH MY GOD, **AIRPLANE GLUE!**

ELECTRIC EYE EAR NOSE & THROAT

(SNIFF, SNIFF) PACIFIC BREEZES WAFTING O'ER TAHITIAN MANGO TREES.

(SNIFF) THE FRESH SCENT OF LEATHER UPHOLSTERY IN A FERRARI 275/GTB.

(SNIFF, SNIFF) THE HEADY FERAL AROMA OF A NUBILE PEASANT GIRL DANCING THE MAZURKA IN A VAT OF BORDEAUX GRAPES.

–AND NOT ONLY **SMELL**, ANNIE, BUT **TASTE!** MMM! (LICK, LICK) TRY A *PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS*-ON-AN-ONION-BISCUIT STREAMER!

(LICK, LICK) OSSO BUCO WITH A THIN STRIP OF ORANGE PEEL AND A BRUISED GARLIC CLOVE!

THIS LOBSTER-BISQUE-FLAVORED CONFETTI NEEDS SOMETHING. PLEASE PASS THE SESAME-SEED-CROUTON STREAMER.

SIGHT! SMELL! SOUND! TASTE! **LEAPIN' LIZARDS, SOLLY, WHAT NEXT?**

JUST HANG ON, SWEETIE-BABY, AND YOU SHALL SEE!

ELECTRIC EARTHQUAKE

ISN'T THIS "WOW," BABY? CAN YOU FEEL THEM VIBRATIONS?

WHUMP!

I FEEL IT! THE WHOLE ROOM IS SHAKING. HOW DO THEY DO IT?

WHOMP!

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