ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

"THE HUMAN ZOO" BY "NAKED APE" AUTHOR DESMOND MORRIS • A NEW NOVELETTE BY JOHN UPDIKE • PIGSKIN PREVIEW • CAMPUS FASHIONS • GIRLS OF AUSTRALIA

SEX ON CAMPUS • A PLAYBOY PANEL ON STUDENT REVOLT WITH HAYAKAWA, HAYDEN OF SDS AND OTHERS • ANDY WARHOL • KEN W. PURDY • SENATOR GAYLORD NELSON

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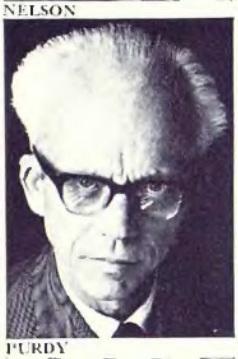
PURDY

CARROLL

SHEPHERD

URBA

PLAYBILL WHEN we arrived at Antioch College to shoot photos for this month's *Back to Campus* fashion feature, more than 200 students staged a mild-mannered protest. The male demonstrators, objecting primarily to what they felt was PLAYBOY's intended presentation of Antioch as a far-out vanguard school, spiced the confrontation with a brief two-man nude-in at the first audition for models—and a few dissidents absconded with a box of clothing, capriciously planning to mail it back to Chicago and thus foil our photogs without actually committing a theft. But the student body, fully clothed, finally voted four to one to let us remain. You'll see the results—and other previews of preferred undergrad garb—within.

Most recent student protests, of course, haven't been as lighthearted as the one at Antioch. In an attempt to illuminate the complex and explosive issue of campus unrest in this country, seven of our editors undertook the monumental task of putting together this issue's *Playboy Panel* on the student revolt. Among the nine participants in the round-table discussion are headline makers as diverse as San Francisco State College president S. I. Hayakawa, SDS founder Tom Hayden, black-militant leader Harry Edwards and former president of the City College of New York Buell Gallagher. Others were invited to join the panel but, for one reason or another, refused. All of them—not coincidentally, we feel—were pillars of what young people have come to regard as the establishment: university presidents, U. S. Senators and top-level Administration spokesmen. This unfortunate fact seems to underline one of the basic causes of the campus revolt: the reluctance of many administrators and Government officials even to discuss—let alone rectify—the grievances that have driven so many students into rebellion against their universities and society at large.

As our *Campus Action Chart* reveals, politics hasn't usurped the attention of all students. The survey, imaginatively illustrated by PLAYBOY Assistant Art Director Bob Post, proves that far friendlier extracurricular activities are also on the rise. Many male students, we found, prefer to occupy coed beds rather than administration buildings; but each school imposes its own restrictions on undergraduate sexual freedom. Our second annual cross-sectional survey is accompanied by an in-depth study of the erotic, political and religious extracurricula at five institutions of higher learning. In an energetic and incisive complement to our chart and survey, Stephen Yafa's *The Campus Mood* assesses the upsurge of sociopolitical involvement among our universities' students. After interviewing undergrads on his four-week swing around the country, Yafa told us: "I found that at the age of 27, I was already on the other side of the generation gap. I was asked at least 50 times to show my credentials—they seemed to think I was a narc. Deeply humiliating."

Continuing our custom of presenting the finest fiction by contemporary masters of the art is John Updike's *I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying*, the story of a young American whose vitality is sapped by the desolate, war-scarred landscape as he travels up the Nile. Updike has followed the resounding success of *Couples* with a recent collection of poems called *Midpoint*. A visionary short story by Ken W. Purdy marks his record-making 50th appearance in our magazine. *The Dannold Cheque*, set in the next century, revolves around an exorbitant reward for the man who saves the prime minister of England from assassination. C. D. Hill's *The Shameless Shiksa* chronicles the subtle psychological war that takes place in a small Jewish grocery store when a regular customer talks dirty.

Desmond Morris, renowned biologist and author of the best-selling *The Naked Ape*, asserts that the correct metaphor for the urban crunch is not the ferocity of the jungle but the abnormal atmosphere of captivity. In *The Human Zoo*, he critically examines our competitive pursuit of power and status. His same-titled book, to be published later this year, will be predictably—and deservedly—another best seller. Wisconsin Democratic Senator Gaylord Nelson investigates a uniquely American problem in *How Not to Elect a President*: that of the obsolete and undemocratic Electoral College. The Senator, who chairs two Senate subcommittees—Poverty, Employment and Manpower, and Monopoly—is currently cosponsoring a bill to replace the Electoral College with a direct popular vote.

The bucolic joys and horrors of an Indiana *County Fair* are recalled by Jean Shepherd; Jacob Hay's sardonic reaction to the Pueblo incident, *The Passaic Affair*, recounts the suspenseful tale of a Federal garbage scow forcefully boarded by marauders off the tip of Long Island.

Anson Mount, our Public Affairs Manager and first-string football forecaster, who captured the Wyatt Summary of Pre-Season Pigskin Picks award the third time in a row for correctly naming 15 of last year's top-20 college teams in his 1968 *Pigskin Preview*, herein offers his gridiron prophecies for 1969. Paul Carroll, Chicago poet and editor of Big Table Books, takes a close-up look at Andy Warhol's freaky world, his frenetic Factory and his waggish friends in *What's a Warhol?* Carroll's recent works include *Odes: Poems 1952–68*, *The Poem in Its Skin* and an anthology titled *The Young American Poets*.

PLAYBOY cartoonist John Dempsey returns to our pages and portrays *The A-B-C of S-E-X*; PLAYBOY Photographer Alexas Urba focuses on some extravagant supercycles in *Vroom at the Top*; a wealth of talent from down under is uncovered in *The Girls of Australia*. And to complete our stellar line-up, Julie Newmar and Zero Mostel frolic together in *37"-22"-37" Meets 50"-47"-50"*—which, needless to say, both enhances and rounds out this September issue.

MORRIS

YAFA

MOUNT

DEMPSEY

POST

HAY

vol. 16, no. 9—september, 1969

PLAYBOY

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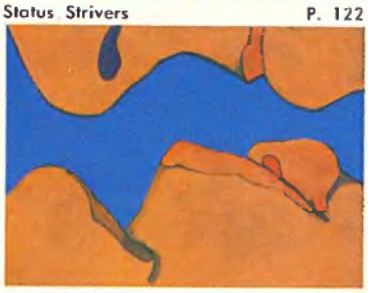

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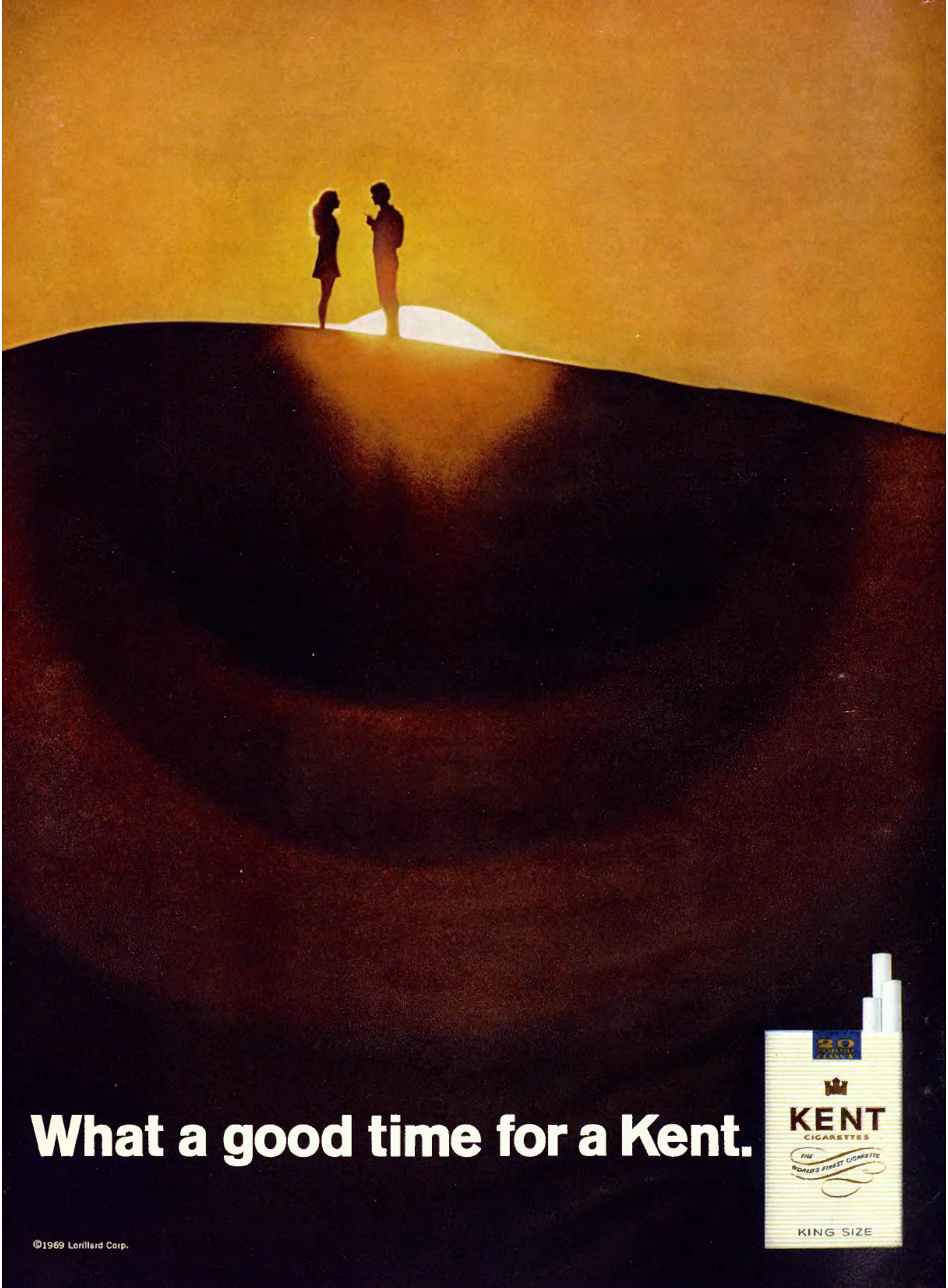

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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RIGHT RESPONSE

Eric Norden's June article, *The Paramilitary Right*, may well be the most important piece you've ever published. The Minutemen and other such groups on the extreme right are usually dismissed as harmless cranks—but as Norden shows, they represent a dangerous brand of patriotic paranoia that needs to be exposed. Norden seems literally to have risked his life to get this story—and anyone who read it must thank him for it.

Jack Williams
Indianapolis, Indiana

To research and expose this ominous organizational network is a public service and a public warning. Such far-out fringe groups may still have only a small band of hardened followers, but it is clear that they cannot be dismissed as harmless or naïvely ineffective. One of their most pernicious effects is surely the infiltration of reflections of their doctrine into responsible political dialog.

Senator Alan Cranston
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Eric Norden has done a bang-up job of profiling a very potent group whose activities have been overshadowed by the hysteria concerning the militant left. Indeed, Robert DePugh is considered too tame by some Minutemen factions. There is a spin-off that calls itself the Real Minutemen, and I have every reason to believe that certain members have already carried out at least one assassination.

William W. Turner
Mill Valley, California

An ex-FBI agent and journalist, Turner's latest book is "The Police Establishment."

DePugh, the Ranger colonel, Bobby Shelton and especially Dr. E. R. Fields of the National States Rights Party are all top patriots. When the shooting starts, we'll know we can count on them, because they have guts, brains and weapons. The ones you cannot count on are those spineless, so-called conservatives who belong to what is known in our circles as The Society of Treason. When the knife is driven into a patriot, you can usually find one of them behind it.

We, the members of R. A. G. E., feel that our fellow patriots are on the wrong track. We believe that our land should be divided into three nations: one for the militant blacks (R. A. M., Muslims, Panthers and the other good Negroes), one for the white Christian patriots and one for the mongrelizers, Communists, infidel bloodsuckers and one world–brotherly love boys like the Kennedys and Rockefellers. We, R. A. G. E., believe secession is the only answer, and we are willing to defend our territory with weapons the Minutemen have never developed. You'll hear from us again.

(Name withheld by request)
R. A. G. E.
El Paso, Texas

I find Eric Norden's warning in his concluding remarks well taken. Much of the dissatisfaction, unrest and extremist action we view today is, indeed, symptomatic of some grave questions that for too long have remained unanswered.

Senator Mark O. Hatfield
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Norden refers to the effort to firebomb my 1966 "campaign headquarters," which I used while running as an independent peace candidate for Congress in my Brooklyn district. Germane is the fact that living above those headquarters were several families of men, women and children. The fire-bombing was done very late at night and only the Minutemen's inefficiency avoided what might well have been a fearful human disaster.

He refers also to the effort to bomb a hall at which I was to speak. Again, though the device went off, it detonated quite late. Here, too, had the work been done "efficiently," many would have been killed and injured, for the hall was jammed. Just a note of correction, which shows how much more dramatic truth is than invention: My subject for that evening was not "Marxist dialectics" as Norden states; it was rather "On Peaceful Coexistence"—obviously a subject meriting a bomb from these vicious and paranoid elements. Norden notes that the men involved in this plot were apprehended—not "swiftly," for it took about three months—and let off with rather light sentences. Very light, indeed. If my

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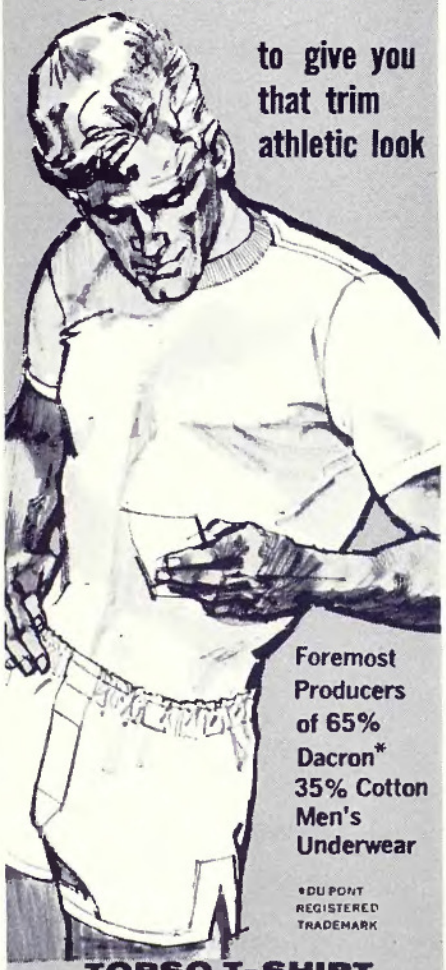
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memory is not inaccurate, I believe only one of the five actually was sentenced to jail and that for a short term. The authorities have been quite tender with these fascist monsters; Norden notes that J. Edgar Hoover tends to minimize both their numbers and their significance. When the arrests of the men who tried to kill me were announced, the press reported that the district attorney's office had described them as misguided patriots.

A final thought: What Norden describes is a national operation that obviously requires millions of dollars to finance. From whom is the money coming? For example, the district attorney told me, when I testified at a grand-jury hearing against those who sought to kill me, that his office had found ammunition in the defendants' possession worth at least $40,000. And that was but one operation! I repeat—who are the people financing this campaign to bring fascism to the United States?

Herbert Aptheker
New York, New York

A noted Marxist historian, Aptheker has written extensively about the American Negro.

The latest bulletin from the Minutemen underground specifies that Minutemen of the Chicago area lay on rooftops, face toward the sun and shoot down Hugh Hefner's special Playboy airplane! This will extend to him some of the love they reserve for him since the appearance of *The Paramilitary Right*.

Though only joking, of course, some have called the article brilliant and intriguing, while others have called it the smear of the year. In self-defense, though, while most of the quotes were true, they are still to a degree out of context. One would conclude from the image projected that we were master murderers, licensed to kill—with an unquenchable lust for more and more blood on our hands. But there was no mention of the great spiritual beliefs that motivate men such as Robert B. DePugh and Robert M. Shelton and many of their followers—a belief in God. Or is there no place for God sandwiched in between liquor ads and naked women? (Personally, I like naked women.)

We of the so-called right have been accused of prejudice, hatred and bigotry. In the racial issue, perhaps many of us are prejudiced. We prefer our own kind. We love our own race first, like we love our families. If this makes us guilty, then we plead unashamedly guilty. But bigots, I assure you, we are not. The real bigots are the book-burning New Left—the SDS and black militants who have recently burned several college libraries.

As for being filled with hatred when we see what is happening to our country—who could not be filled with hatred against those who are perpetrating this crime? As patriots rather than the subversives that the article said we are, we can only wonder what kind of justice our present Government deals out, when men such as Robert Shelton and most of his Grand Dragons are imprisoned simply because they refuse to turn over the membership lists of the Ku Klux Klan. A family man, a loyal American, Mr. Shelton's *only crime* is that he loves his country more than his life. It was for this reason that he was unjustly tried and sentenced. Robert DePugh was framed. To this day he still eludes the opposition forces, poking a hole in their hot-air balloon that "we have heavily infiltrated them." Men such as Robert DePugh and Robert Shelton have never sought to hide behind the cloak of cowardliness that is better known today as not becoming involved. Judge the standard of their actions, their cases, against that of Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown, who have discovered it pays to burn cities rather than records. While the Carmichaels and Browns remain free in spite of their crimes, patriots like Mr. Shelton and Mr. DePugh—who would but keep America as our ancestors planned, free from the tyranny of communism—are either in prison or a step ahead of the law. Certainly it is not "paranoid" to realize that the specter of injustice stalks our land.

Intellectuals have showered us with words—we are drowning in a sea of words. Sometimes the patriot's sword, like the surgeon's scalpel, removes the blight that has destroyed the body politic. Only history can judge. One would, of course, hope that it would never come to this, that law and order would prevail, that saneness would survive and that the change would be orderly. But all is relative to cause and effect.

There are two armies choosing up sides for a war: the forces of chaos and anarchy against the forces of law and order. Also know that a revolution is brewing and the vat has already begun to boil.

Roy E. Frankhouser
Reading, Pennsylvania

Frankhouser is Grand Dragon of the Pennsylvania Ku Klux Klan.

I hate to disillusion you, but Eric Norden has been the victim of a very elaborate snow job from Messrs. DePugh and Frankhouser. As a past member of extremist organizations, including groups such as the American Nazi Party, I gained intimate knowledge of the methods such organizations use. All too often, a panicky press magnifies the significance of these groups out of all proportion to their actual numbers and influence. And, of course, the Minutemen, Nazis, Klansmen, et al., do their best to nurture the illusion.

I've met Frankhouser on at least two occasions—most recently at a rightist "unity" conference in New York—and know him to be a very skillful publicist. He demonstrated that skill in his artfully contrived interview with Mr. Norden.

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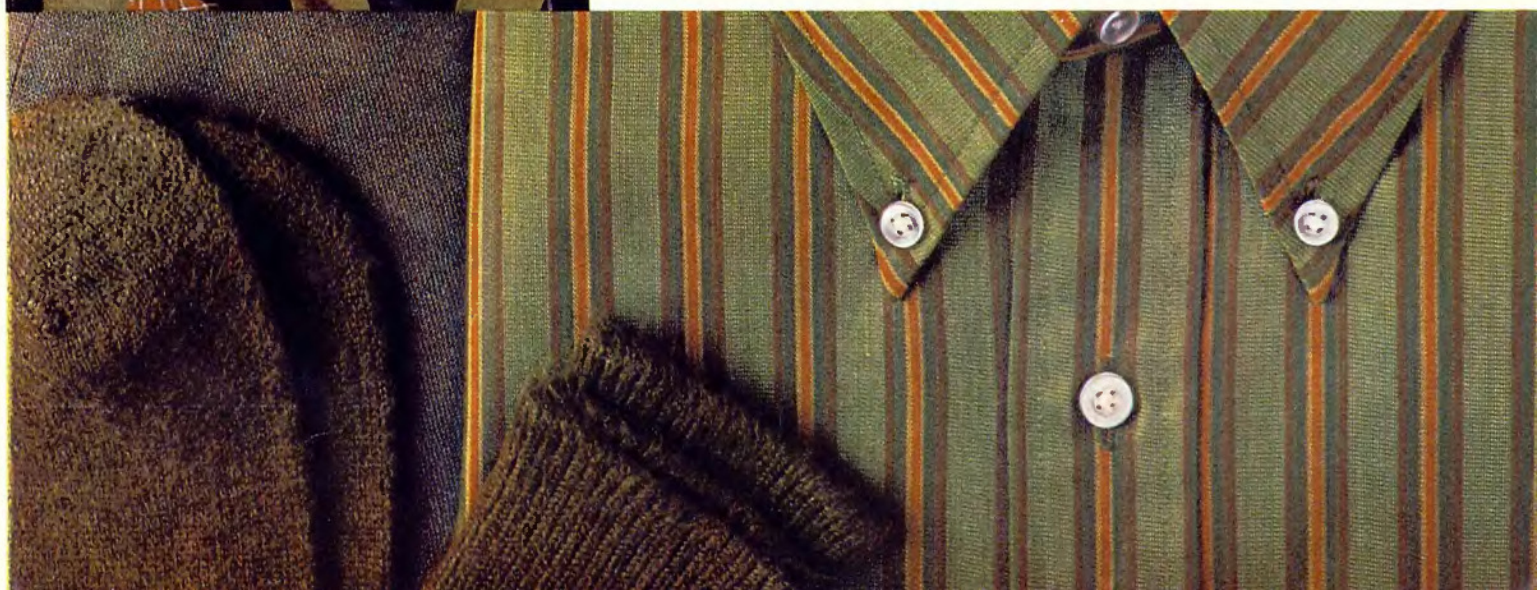

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12

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

Bob DePugh also seems to be winning his spurs as a propagandist.

These self-styled terrorists are usually rather bland individuals who, frustrated in their search for personal fulfillment, latch onto the first cause that comes along. I've known a few Minutemen who, despite their much vaunted secrecy, couldn't resist muttering dramatically, "I'm in the M. and M., you know"—almost before we had finished shaking hands. One even boasted that he was planting a cache in anticipation of *der Tag*, after having known me less than an hour (as it turned out, his "cache" contained not weapons but a pathetic bundle of dog-eared leaflets).

Similarly, while sitting in on bull sessions with these types, I've found there is much babbling about bombs and violence but damn little action. This is not to say, of course, that occasionally a few hotheads will not go marching off to war and a jail cell, but generally the only thing these militants hurl at the "enemy" is hot air.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Hungary and Czechoslovakia yearn for Minutemen.

W. N. Broderick
Santa Cruz, California

NIGHT CLUB

In a time when there seems to be so little to laugh about, it was a joy to read Jean Shepherd's delightful story *Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories* in the June issue of PLAYBOY. I laughed till the tears streamed down my face. What wonderful, crazy memories it brought back. My thanks to Jean Shepherd for writing it and to PLAYBOY for publishing it.

Cesar Romero
Los Angeles, California

Puberty rites, it seems, have become synonymous with primitive tribes. Shepherd speaks the truth about the primitive in all of us when he writes of the ordeal of the junior prom. How well it brought back memories of my not-too-far-removed high school days, when whether or not a certain girl said yes to my invitation was a matter of life or death.

Erie Olsen
New London, Connecticut

MUTUAL FRIENDS

Kudos to Michael Laurence for authoring *Playboy's Guide to Mutual Funds* (PLAYBOY, June). It is the most thorough (and thoroughly honest) treatment of the subject I have read. As comanager of one of the so-called private hedge funds, I well appreciate the complexities of the investment world and again applaud Laurence's treatment of this difficult but very exciting subject.

Grant R. Calkins
Reseda, California

Michael Laurence has written almost 20,000 words, but they all needed to be said. Prospective buyers of mutual funds should benefit in their pocketbooks from studying this article.

Gerald M. Loeb
San Francisco, California

Loeb writes a syndicated weekly newspaper column on investment.

Playboy's Guide to Mutual Funds was one of the best and most comprehensive articles on the subject that I have ever read. Wall Street is in need of such fresh, clear thinking about many of its cherished practices and institutions.

Frederic S. Mates, President
Mates Investment Fund
New York, New York

I have just finished reading Michael Laurence's very excellent article on mutual funds. We try to follow most of the articles that are written about our industry and his is the most complete to date.

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

LIFE LINES

Hats off to PLAYBOY for publishing Frank M. Robinson's *A Life in the Day Of* (June). It's a quiet masterpiece. Robinson is that rare individual, the writer who can knead trite characters and worn themes into fresh and relevant stories. With *A Life*, he has turned the parable of the fallen idol into a glimpse inside a very special hell. He has left us with the disquieting feeling that the story mutates and grows, somewhere beyond the end of the tale. Not many writers can do that, and none of them can do it all the time. But Frank Robinson hits more often than he misses.

Roger Levin, Editor
Broadside
North Hollywood, California

VIDAL'S VERITIES

Congratulations on the success, once again, of your interview technique. The June interview with Gore Vidal is an illuminating and revealing biographical document. Vidal has that kind of polemical, sardonic wit that is a therapeutic tonic to the institutional and political health of any society, and is all too rare in our own. He is an iconoclast, also, in matters of sex, and that is therapeutic, too, in our taboo-ridden, guilt-inhibited society. We need to hear more from him. An A-plus to PLAYBOY for lending him our ears.

John Money, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Medical
Psychology and Pediatrics
The Johns Hopkins University
School of Medicine
Baltimore, Maryland

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB

country gold

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Slacks and shirts and sweaters and sportcoats and ties and belts. They're all in tune with the times. And that, simply enough, is what the Kings Road Collection is all about.

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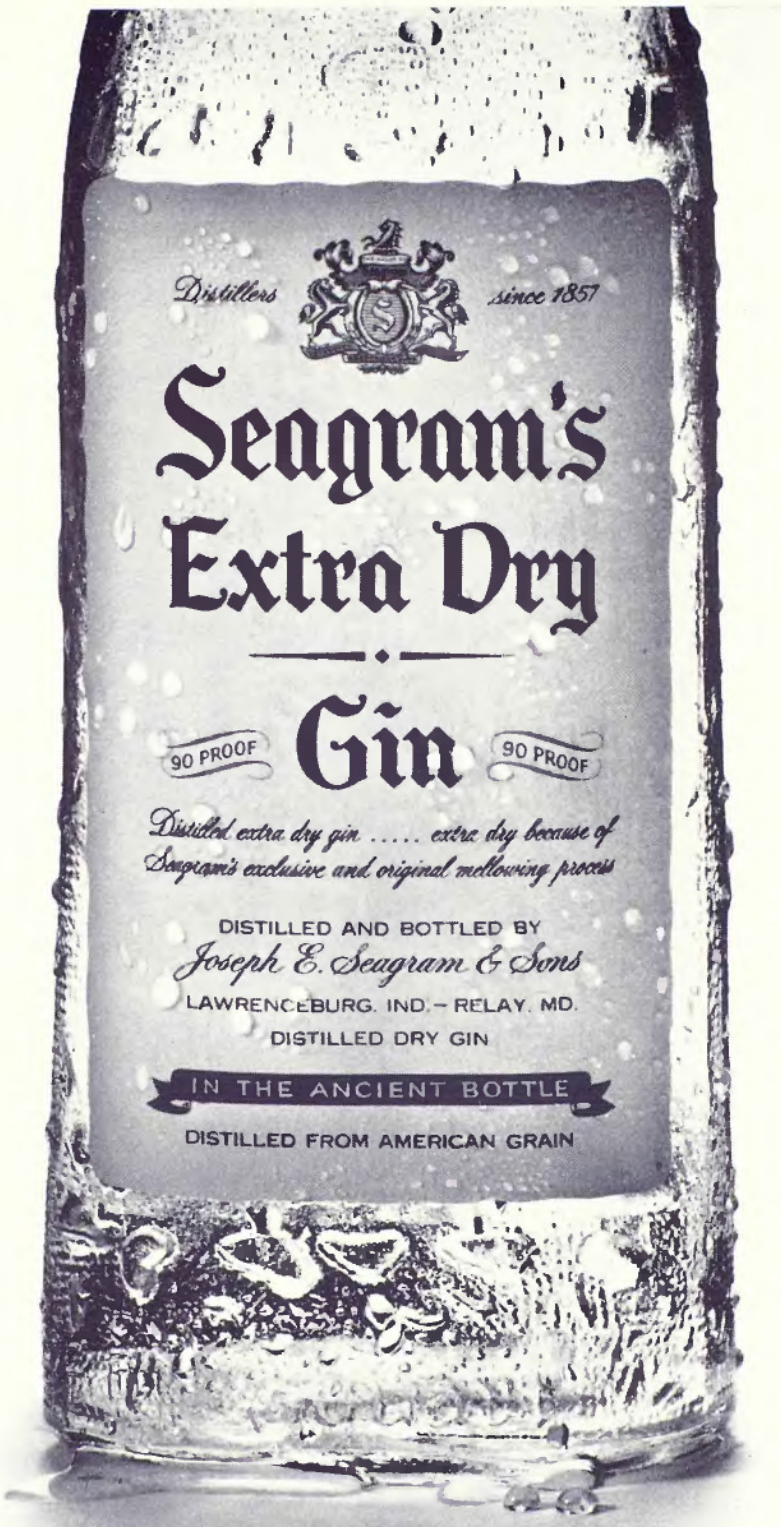

F. 36°
This week's perfect martini secret.

Always keep the gin in the refrigerator.
The perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

There runs throughout Vidal's observations a fundamental awareness of the way it really is. Unfortunately, I fear his thoughts are too rational, his criticism too biting, his solutions too eccentric, his egotism too honest and his awareness too enviable. His statements will be misunderstood, misquoted and, in general, ignored as the mutterings of a sex-crazed, Commie anti-Christian. That God, motherhood and the American flag have spawned this self-acknowledged outsider is ironic and allows a small bubble of optimism to well into my thoughts: that this same trinity has not spawned more like him should be sufficient to cause any thinking person to question severely the fabric of our society. I applaud his irreverent criticism of all things, including himself.

Ronald W. Haupt
Foster City, California

Vidal's attractiveness as an intellect derives not so much from his conclusions, which range from outlandishly callous to logically irresistible, but, rather, from his method of derivation; all his ideas are born of thought—which is quite a bit more rare than it might seem.

W. W. Reid
University of Puget Sound
Tacoma, Washington

In these days of revolutionaries, it is refreshing to meet a man with a plan to follow *after* the revolt. It seems that lately, far too many people are screaming "revolt" and far too few "rebuild." Perhaps in Vidal, we will find the qualities of strength and foresight that we seek.

John D. Nelson
Key West, Florida

Gore Vidal is an egotistical, pseudo-intellectual nightmare. He is totally repulsive to good Americans who wave the flag, belong to the American Legion and pray to God for salvation. Vidal also has the audacity to speak "the truth." Now I'm sure he's one of those Communist perverts.

Howard George Bronder
Contributing Editor, *The Globe*
Point Park College
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I doubt that Gore Vidal, whatever his persuasive charms, will convince any reasoning person that bisexuality is any more natural to man than cannibalism. It is certainly inferior as a means of population control. We can take a behavioral cue from our anthropoid cousins. In many years of close observation of baboons in the natural state, Eugene Marais, the dauntless South African student of primate behavior, noted that all homosexual assaults proved to be cases of mistaken identity, *la* difference not being pronounced among baboons. The offending male, immediately discovering

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE LAKE GENEVA PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL

country brown

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he has mounted a brother baboon, withdraws and goes in search of a female. It seems that most of the screwball behavior among baboons and humans occurs under the pressures of an unnatural environment—the zoo, for baboons, and our great and glorious civilization, for us higher primates.

J. Emerson Pope
Spokane, Washington

For more on "The Human Zoo," see Desmond Morris' article on page 122.

While I enthusiastically agree with Gore Vidal's statement concerning a need for some control over the human race's runaway birth rate, I must say that his solution is in no way feasible, or acceptable, to even a significant minority of mankind. Instead of de-emphasizing the family unit, a limitation of two children per mother would be a much more feasible and effective method. By enabling a child to grow up in an atmosphere of love instead of efficiency, the population would cease to skyrocket and mankind would remain composed of human beings, and not of numbered machines.

Kevin C. Bennett
Livermore, California

Gore Vidal is indeed a strange animal. On one hand he claims he is a liberal, and yet he proposes an oligarchy with godlike powers over procreation. He detests violence, and yet calmly states that the Government ought to give addicts the means to kill themselves. He bemoans the fate of the poor folk in the ghettos and then smugly dismisses them (as well as the rest of humanity, with the exception of Gore Vidal) as not having the intelligence for self-government.

C. P. Kelley
Biloxi, Mississippi

After reading that *Myra Breckinridge* has sold 4,500,000 copies, and that Vidal got more votes in his district than any Democratic candidate in 50 years, I believe that his low opinion of the masses is defensible.

Jim Palmer
Helena, Montana

FOR ART'S SAKE

Thank you for Art Buchwald's funny piece *Why I Can't Write a Dirty Book* (PLAYBOY, May). Buchwald, as usual, is not only funny but right. On two counts, I think. A sense of humor can be terribly inhibiting to a would-be pornographer, for humor insists on proportion and society—both of which are ignored by the single-mindedness of pornographic art and literature. The neat turn, though, is Buchwald's kicker about the Supreme Court ("I say to myself, 'Is this something the Supreme Court would want to read?' "), with its allusion to our current legal position, in which art has to have social significance. It's a hell of a

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE LAKE GENEVA PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL

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natural shoulder clothing

dumb standard to apply to books. What "social significance" does a painting have—a nude, I mean? It is a loony way we've worked out to institutionalize that societal glance over the shoulder that Buchwald was finding troublesome in the early part of the piece. But it is an occasion, too, for a lot of mirth. I am delighted by the news I got recently about a wonderful development in the pornography business: Psychiatrists and psychologists are commissioned for $25 or $50 to write their page-and-a-half introductions to the books, tacking on, as it were, the requisite social significance. A desperate and funny scene. Desperate and funny enough, perhaps, to warrant putting Buchwald onto it. Sic 'em, boy, go get 'em!

David R. Slavitt
Harwich, Massachusetts

A poet, Slavitt moonlights as a best-selling novelist under the pseudonym Henry Sutton.

NOVEL COMMENTS

As one of the mentionables in *The American Novel Made Us* (PLAYBOY, June) by Seymour Krim, I want to congratulate the author for his historical findings and chide him for his make-believe projections into the uncertainties of the future. In calling his shots, what he has done is to use the methods of the story-teller to create a fictional tomorrow. I am no soothsayer myself, but I would not be too surprised if Krim himself wrote some of the momentous novels in that non-fiction era he strives to promote with admirable zeal.

Erskine Caldwell
Dunedin, Florida

Seymour Krim's honesty—his willingness to come straight out with his own history to evaluate literature today—is not only welcome but deeply rewarding. Literature today is changing, just as he says, into the written record of the writer recording—*talking*, now, himself, and thus putting himself into history. I love Krim for finding himself, and I admire his gusto, his self-trust, his devotion to his craft and his terrific emotional honesty.

Fielding Dawson
New York, New York

Dawson is the author of "An Emotional Memoir of Franz Kline."

The American Novel Made Us is forcefully if sometimes quite badly written, and it is the best sloganeering statement I have seen of the campaign to abolish art. The American novelists who "made" Krim were all artists after a fashion; some were superb artists. Besides expressing themselves and "telling what happened"—the phrase that has been replaced by "telling it like it was"—they also wanted to make something outside themselves: not Mr. Krim but

Use REACTS Card—Page 61.

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works of art with an organic structure and an independent life that would outlast their own lives. In other words, they expressed their personalities, but at the same time surrendered their personalities, sacrificing themselves *for the work* as a mother might do for her children.

In Mr. Krim's present conception—he has had other notions in the past—the work isn't worth the sacrifice, nor any sacrifice. The work isn't action, which he craves; the work hasn't the immediate power over an audience that can be exerted by a raw confession, or boast: "Look, Ma, I've screwed them all! Look, Pa, I'm jerking off!" Power, not perdurability, is the goal he recommends. The hero as artist is to be replaced by the hero as exhibitionist and the hero as careerist. The work of art is to be replaced by the raw confession torn from the id and slapped on the counter like a piece of boneless, quivering butcher's meat. After a while, it smells.

Malcolm Cowley
Sherman, Connecticut

Cowley is a noted critic whose books include "The Literary Situation" and "Think Back on Us."

GRAND JURY

I read Robert Morley's magnificent article on *The Grand Hotels* (PLAYBOY, June) with a great deal of pleasure. He has managed to capture in writing many things I have often thought about these hotels. And I was delighted to learn how highly he rated the Hôtel de Paris.

Max Blouet, General Manager
Hôtel de Paris
Monte Carlo, Monaco

The Grand Hotels was absolutely delightful. It was both funny and accurate. I can just picture Robert uttering every word. He writes exactly as he speaks. How well I remember the Imperial Hotel in Vienna and how well I remember the Rhine salmon and wild strawberries, to say nothing of the smoked eel and the wonderful black bread with the most delicious radishes I have ever eaten. Never to be forgotten, too, are the heated black-marble floors in the bathrooms, a luxury truly appreciated after a bitter-cold day on location.

Deborah Kerr
Klosters, Switzerland

RISKY BUSINESS

I found *The Risk Takers* (PLAYBOY, June) a most absorbing article; it contained some very interesting observations. I have known Robert Daley for some years through motor racing, and he appears to be keenly interested both in the sport and in finding out what makes men tick. I am not sure I approve of the continuous quest to get into people's minds to learn why they do things, but the result in this case makes compelling reading. Daley's is an accurate analysis that gave me a lot to think about.

Graham Hill
London, England

In my association with race drivers and other people engaged in hazardous occupations, I have found that their goals are of foremost importance and that the means of achieving them becomes secondary. I do not believe it is wrong or abnormal to want to excel in any sport or occupation simply because the means of accomplishing these goals happens to be dangerous. Anything in life worth achieving involves risk. I am certain everyone will agree that even being President of our country involves great personal hazard. Fortunately, there are still some men who are willing to endanger their own well-being for the goals they believe in.

Craig Breedlove
Los Angeles, California

In 1965, Breedlove set a world land-speed record by covering a mile at an average speed of 600.601 mph.

Daley neglected to examine the mind of the big-wave surfer, probably because men capable of riding 25-foot-plus waves are hard to find. Certainly they are in the minority when compared with men able to drive racing cars at speeds in excess of 140 mph. The moment of truth for a fraction of the world's 2,000,000 surfers is to ride the biggest wave.

The force of a breaking wave at Waimea Bay in Hawaii can break a surfboard in half, even snap a three-foot-diameter concrete piling. And it can hold a man below raging white water for 45 seconds, an agonizing duration of time when the brain is screaming for the surface and the sun. As world surfing champion Fred Hemmings has said: "Any surfer who says he isn't scared to the point of wetting his bare feet as he drops into the mouth of a sheer 20-foot wave is either a lunatic or a liar."

Ron G. Sorrell
Commissioner, International
Professional Surfers Association
Honolulu, Hawaii

Thanks for your terrific article on *The Risk Takers*. I've often wondered why I risk a fate worse than death (a sustained boo from an opera audience) when I sing the high Cs in *Il Trovatore*. Most tenors sing them transposed comfortably down at least one-half tone. I've been tempted, and am glad to learn that my resistance is not motivated necessarily by a death wish but by a healthy desire to live dangerously!

James McCracken
Metropolitan Opera
St. Paul, Minnesota

Use REACTS Card—Page 61.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

According to a number of recent sociological studies, many of us, like the English P.O.W.s building the bridge on the River Kwai, aren't happy in our work. We may not break out in a cold sweat at the prospect of going to the office in the morning, and some of us may actually enjoy our jobs, but they are seldom genuine extensions of our personalities or convictions, and rarely do they fit in with our life style. It's easy to heap the blame on such scapegoats as lack of opportunity or motivation, but at actual fault here, we submit, is a failure of imagination. Without ever considering the colorful array of available alternatives, the majority of us plod into clichéed and unimaginative employment as doctors, executives, engineers, teachers, etc. As the thousands of job titles listed in the Census Bureau's *Classified Index of Occupations and Industries* prove, however, only a little creative research is required to find a job that truly expresses the *inner* you. Since the Bureau succinctly lists the titles without any description of the duties that go with them, its listings range from the self-explanatory—"brick picker" and "medicine man"—to such undecipherable categories as "buck swamper," "bumboater" and "yo-yo boy." But all you need is a good sense of free association to find a job title that at least *sounds* like it's what you've always been looking for.

If, for instance, lawful toil simply isn't your thing, you might try your luck as a "moocher," "fleecer" or "shafter." Should your anti-establishment tendencies run more toward the hip life, you can become either a "rocker" or a "roller"—or blow your mind as a "joint-machine operator," "tea taster," "acid tester" or "trip charter." And from these high-powered occupations, you can rise to even loftier echelons as a "groover," "flasher" or "digger." If hostility is your bag, you can turn aggression into fun and profit by signing on as an "abrasive engineer," "caustic man" or "crabber," although you might want to specialize by training as a "pony rougher" or "cake knocker." *Really* angry young men, however, may find a career as a "puncher," "gouger," "ripper" or "mangler" more psychically satisfying.

Instead of drowning in the secretarial pool, an energetic miss can let it all hang out as an "eccentric dancer" or "hot stripper"—or pick up a profession as a "hooker," "ball rattler," "prick stitcher" or "blow-out girl." And nascent Casanovas will be happy to learn that they can ply their Priapic trade as a "hot baller," "reamer," "fingerer," "entryman," "perforator," "glory-hole tender," "hot-stick man" or "pronger." Neophytes, of course, may prefer to begin as a "first-time man"; and if you'd rather look than leap, "position observer" and "box watcher" are right up your alley. More specialized erotic employments include "joy operator's helper," "grabman" and "breast puller." Devotees of particular erogenous zones can pick their pleasure as a "face man," "front-end man," "chest man," "bellyman," "beam man," "bottom man" or "leg man."

Unique opportunities also abound for animal lovers. Instead of simply keeping a few random pets around the house, why not make a profession of your passion? Among hundreds of possibilities, the *Index* lists "cow tester," "fish straightener," "rat farmer," "frog builder," "mule fixer," "duck operator," "clamshell engineer" and—for the kinky set—"bug cruiser." The growing vegetable field boasts such tempting openings as "stump blower," "corn doctor," "celery stripper," "spud setter," "nut culler" and "mushroom-spawn maker." And if your heart leaps at the sight of inorganic matter, try your hand at being anything from a "sand slinger" to a "tin flopper."

Should none of these endeavors strike a sympathetic chord, it may mean that you were destined to become an "anti-squeak man," "heap keeper," "train butcher," "sod hog," "tub rustler," "cigarette catcher," "crumb churner" or "comet operator." And if *these* leave you cold, we can only conclude that your dream job is everyone else's nightmare, in which case we leave you with the following professions to ponder: "mud sucker," "dummy," "gob picker," "gizzard peeler," "glue cook," "hair boiler," "guano mixer," "guillotine operator" or just plain "freak."

•

A circular mailed by a California skin-film distributor lures prospects with this come-on: "Shamelessly! Passionately! She offers her ripe, eager body to her virile lover! You see it *all* happen in this bold new film—and in these utterly candid 'action' photos! You see every writhing, twisting, churning moment of desire as these two passionate lovers enflame each other to the peak of ecstasy, through long moments of bliss! You see each and every position of untamed love. Nothing is censored, nothing cut out; absolutely nothing is retouched. *You see everything!*" Concluding this pulsating paragraph is the statement, "Our company policy prohibits vivid and detailed descriptions."

•

The Atomic Energy Commission has announced the selection of a new underground nuclear-testing area in central Nevada. The site lies between the aptly yclept Little Smoky Valley and Hot Creek Valley.

•

Although birth control has been hailed in many parts of the world, the eunuchs of Uttar Pradesh (Republic of India) are up in arms. England's *Guardian* recently reported that the eunuchs' *castrati* voices have traditionally been in great demand at weddings and birth celebrations. But what with the pill and the loop, there aren't so many births to celebrate anymore. So the eunuchs are knocking them in (though not *up*) the aisles with anti-sterilization songs at wedding breakfasts. Local eunuch leader Dilban Khwaja explained why: "Our main source of income has been cut off."

•

Written large on a wall in beautiful downtown Burbank: PAT NIXON WEARS JOCKEY SHORTS.

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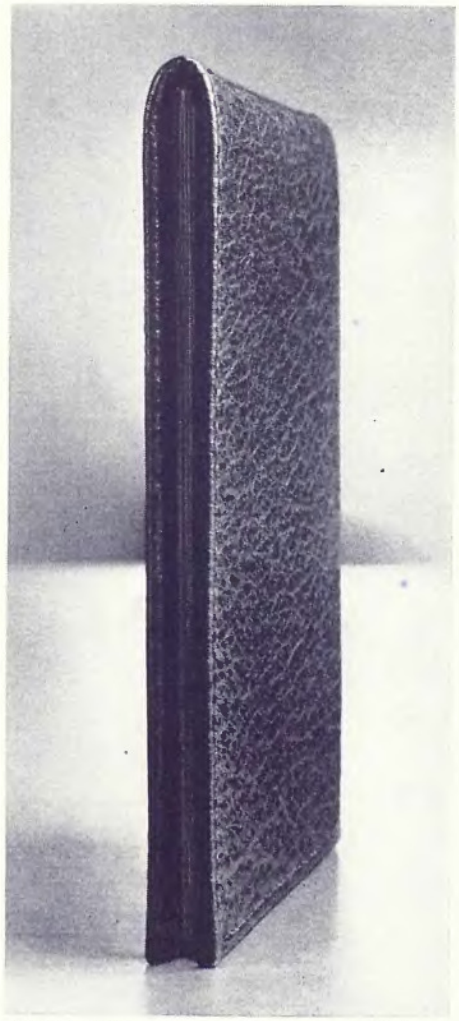
An announcer on one of Winnipeg's youth-oriented radio stations informed his audience that to celebrate Victoria

The fat free wallet.



We've stripped away the excess linings, fillers folds and flaps that make a billfold bulge. Super Skinny holds your cards, thumbs your cash, kids' pictures. It takes inches off your hips because it's all wallet without an ounce of fat. Good ideas for the new shaped-in clothes, eh? $5 to $35.

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Day, there was to be a love-in at the city park, followed by a gigantic Bang-o-rama. The latter, disappointingly, proved to be a local merchant's evening fireworks display.

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In Bradford, England, a 27-year-old man was rushed to surgery after swallowing seven pennies to win a bet. Before the coins were removed from his stomach, the hospital issued the following straight-faced report on his condition: "At present, there is no change."

•

In what may be the start of a new open-door policy, San Francisco assemblywoman March Fong—a fierce opponent of pay toilets in public buildings—recently placed on the steps of the state capitol in Sacramento a porcelain john with the lid locked shut by a chain. She then took a sledge hammer, smashed the hindering lock, raised the seat cover, revealing on the flip side her fighting slogan: DOWN WITH PAY TOILETS!, and led an impromptu sing-along rendition of *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?* "This," declared the aroused assemblywoman, "is an issue of urgent concern to all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time." Asked if she felt her campaign was making—uh—headway, she replied earnestly, "I am already flushed with success."

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Graffito spotted at the entrance to a Detroit underpass: GIVE ALEX PORTNOY A HAND.

•

Taxpayers will be reassured to learn that while the Department of Health, Education and Welfare spends $2,100,000 annually to warn us about the perils of smoking, the Department of Agriculture doles out $1,800,000 a year in price-support subsidies to tobacco farmers.

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We are pleased to bestow our Sellout of the Month Award on two of the most revolution-oriented journals of the underground press—*The East Village Other* and *The Rat*—for hiring the Dun & Bradstreet Collection Division to hound their nonpaying subscribers.

•

The liberal use of nudity and four-letter words in the theater has become commonplace, and audience involvement seems to be rapidly catching up. Massachusetts' *Daily Hampshire Gazette*, in an article about an Amherst College rock musical, *The Dream Engine*, stated that "audience participation during the performance consisted of having members of the cast go into the audience, stand behind the spectators and cream in their ears."

•

YOU ARE LEAVING UPPER MERION TOWNSHIP—COME AGAIN SOON, HAVE A SAFE TRIP, AND GOD'S SPEED, reads a road sign near Gulph Mills, Pennsylvania. Down the road is another sign, bearing the legend, GOD'S SPEED: 35 MILES PER HOUR.

•

During last June's stock-market decline, the *Whitmore Investment Letter* said it all when it referred to the list as the "Down-Jones Industrials."

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It saddens us to report that the chapel at Boston's Logan International Airport is now closing daily at five P.M. instead of nine P.M. According to the chaplain, the confessional was being used by some overzealous laymen for such secular devotions as lovemaking.

•

We can't help wondering what sort of reception will be given by hotels to Japanese travelers equipped with flight bags issued by one of Japan's leading tour operators—Kinki Nippon Tourist.

•

A usually reliable source in Washington, D.C., notes that an increasing number of Federal job applicants apparently see the whole world in terms of a multiple-choice quiz. When they're asked, "Do you advocate overthrow of the Government by subversion or violence?," for example, many of them write "Violence."

BOOKS

In *The Moneymakers* (Little, Brown), Kenneth Lamott explores the lives of 16 of "The Great Big New Rich"—men with a minimum of $100,000,000. Some of his subjects, like our own J. Paul Getty, are widely known, but whoever heard of Daniel Keith Ludwig, who, since the beginning of World War Two, amassed a personal fortune of around one billion dollars? He owns the world's largest tanker fleet, the largest privately owned fleet of vessels of any kind in the world. (Take *that*, Onassis.) It's doubtful that Ludwig's fellow commuters from Darien, Connecticut, know that "their quiet neighbor commands wealth greater than the combined fortunes of the original Vanderbilts, Morgans and Du Ponts." Although a few of the men Lamott writes about started from scratch, today's overachiever has a much better chance of reaching the top if he chooses a father who is already a success and can afford to send him to the right schools. To be truly rich, obviously, it helps to be born rich. Corporate executives are nowhere. In 1967, the highest paid executive in the country was James M. Roche, chairman of the board of General Motors. He got a measly $200,000 per annum in straight salary—a sum H. L. Hunt is said to take in every day. But one gathers from *The Moneymakers* that a more exciting evening can be spent watching paint dry

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card—Page 61.

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than with any one of the Big New Rich. Gone are the days of enormous parties, gigantic mansions, squads of servants, private railroad cars, racing stables and love nests on yachts. As Lamott says, "Even when there is display, it is often fatally touched with the dominant middle-class style." *The Moneymakers* is a worthy companion to Lundberg's *The Rich and the Super-Rich*. Lamott's analysis of the social, political and ethical status of the very rich in today's society is thoughtful and objective. In the main, he finds them irrelevant. They "offer little in the way of useful human models in our present distress, for their collective message is that if the Negro, the Asiatic peasant and the university rebel will only pull up his socks, believe in God and turn himself to honest work, he, too, can be successful. It is rather like prescribing aspirin in the midst of a great seismic disturbance."

•

The trouble with the ever-swelling catalog of books about Hollywood is that a reader begins to know all the important faces, the choicest anecdotes and the juiciest scandals a little too well. Remember the tragic suicide of Jean Harlow's husband, Paul Bern, and how MGM studio chief Louis B. Mayer kept the story quiet? Remember the time Samuel Goldwyn, intrepid entrepreneur and mangler of syntax, said to an associate who was patiently explaining the operation of a sundial: "What will they think of next?" And need we be reminded again of those shrewd executives who saw no future in Hollywood for Clark Gable (ears too big) or Bette Davis ("as much sex appeal as Slim Summerville")? In ***The Moguls*** (Coward-McCann), author Norman Zierold seems to be earnestly transcribing echoes as he sketches out the careers of a dozen or more men who became Hollywood's power elite during the decades when the big studios were shaping an American movie empire. Mayer, Goldwyn, the Selznicks, Universal's "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, William Fox and the brothers Warner are among the tycoons treated in separate chapters, though Zierold has essentially the same story to tell each time. With few exceptions (notably, Darryl F. Zanuck), the mighty men of Hollywood were poor immigrants whose roots lay back in European ghettos, who worked their way up as glove salesmen, dry-goods clerks or heirs to junk yards, until they saw a future in the nickelodeon's flickering images—and leaped from the ground floor to positions of awesome wealth and influence. The rest is history, spiced with tyranny and lechery, garnished with famous movie titles and ending, in most cases, with a report of how decently everyone behaved at the funeral.

•

Despite its title, ***The Raw and the Cooked*** (Harper & Row) hasn't the remotest

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*Slightly higher west of Miss.

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connection with the culinary art. It is Frenchman Claude Levi-Strauss' latest contribution to anthropological theory. The title refers to the crucial difference between animals and men: to be raw, according to L-S, is to be in a state of nature; to be cooked is to be transformed into a human condition through the acquisition of culture. Like all anthropologists, Levi-Strauss is seeking rules that govern human behavior. Unlike most of his English-speaking colleagues, however, he does not look for these rules in man's relationship to his environment, in the processes of cultural evolution or even in the relationships that exist among men. Instead, he attempts to find the rules by studying those human creations that are closest to the unconscious: language, myth and kinship systems. Convinced that the explicit events of a myth, for example, actually conceal its real message, he searches for the message by arranging all events of similar meaning into categories. Because these categories so often express opposites, such as life and death, youth and age, love and hate, incest and the incest taboo, Levi-Strauss believes that human thought is bound to these polarities and that it is the function of myth to express the eternal opposites and to provide some kind of culturally mediated resolution. It is almost impossible to describe lucidly how Levi-Strauss goes about finding these rules, or even to follow his Delphic imagination as he pursues "truth" through a complex concatenation of 187 South American legends, whose analyses make up the major part of this text. Yet though he is primarily of interest to specialists, the implications of his theories spill over into pop culture, particularly the underlying theme that runs through his work: Man's ways of thinking are patterned: his various cultures are but distorted reflections of a mind confined between polarities; and, therefore, man's illusions of freedom only conceal fundamental human limitations.

•

"I have dangerous tendencies toward ecstasy," confesses a character in one of Harvey Jacobs' short stories. And so, it seems, does everyone else in his slightly screwball but highly readable collection, ***The Egg of the Glak and Other Stories*** (Harper & Row). In the title story, Harold North finds ecstasy by warming a glak egg until it hatches and goes "glak." A small thing, perhaps, but Jacobs makes us rejoice for the bird. The characters who climb Jacobs' ladder are in search of a friend or a lover, but the ladder is shaped like a corkscrew, most of the rungs are missing and there's no room at the top. In *The Lion's Share*, which (along with *The Voyage of the Peanut*) appeared first in PLAYBOY, a bashful

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card—Page 61

The day we got out of the soda pop business and back into the beer business.

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And that's just the way Papa Joe would have wanted it.

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college boy is splendidly seduced by a pretty coed. Seduction is hardly a fresh theme, but Jacobs gives it a neat comic turn by ringing in the girl's mother as an accessory after the fact. Mother has a card-file system: "I like to keep a record," she tells the boy. "It's like having pictures for Irene's memory book." At times these Jacobean quests for love turn into a Walpurgis Night starring the Marx Brothers: the superb whorehouse scene, for example, in *Reasons of Health*, in which a fat Persian prostitute appeals to an American businessman's sense of patriotism. She comes on draped in a ragged American flag, with *The Star-Spangled Banner* blaring from somewhere, and recites the inscription on the Statue of Liberty. "Gimme tireds," she intones. "Gimme homelesses." Give us more Jacobs.

•

We confess to an inbuilt mistrust of up-to-the-minute picture books, which so often turn out to be a hodgepodge of yesterday's newspaper photos linked with a pretentious pen by an underpaid editorial assistant. But ***America in Crisis*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is another breed of book. The scores of pictures, all by topflight Magnum photojournalists and edited by Charles Harbutt and Lee Jones, are beauts. They manage to come on strong and fresh even when the subjects, like the 1968 political conventions, have already received saturation treatment. And the text by Mitchel Levitas is consistently intelligent, informative and discerning; he feels the currents now surging through the land but is not carried away by them. The titles of the sections tell the story—"Streak of Violence"; "The Deep Roots of Poverty"; "The Unwanted War"; "Confrontation." Here one can find a placid America and a tumultuous one, faces of love and viciousness, conditions of luxury and squalor, ineffable vulgarity and touching simplicity. The last photograph, by Bruce Davidson, in a way sums up the message of this message-free volume; it shows, in the hazy distance, the Statue of Liberty, behind an imprisoning screen of TV antennas.

•

Fun While It Lasted (Random House) chronicles the excitingly dilettantish life of sometime bullfighter, painter, nightclub owner and now autobiographer Barnaby Conrad. Conrad came from a rich family and grew up in luxury. He learned to fight bulls, after a fashion, when he was serving as a minor consular official in Spain during World War Two. He became friendly with the great matadors—Belmonte, Sidney Franklin, Manolete, Arruza. Hemingway was the writer of influence in his life, but Conrad also worked as a private secretary to Sinclair Lewis, and learned enough there to mint one solid literary property—*Matador*. And, as he assures us in the book's

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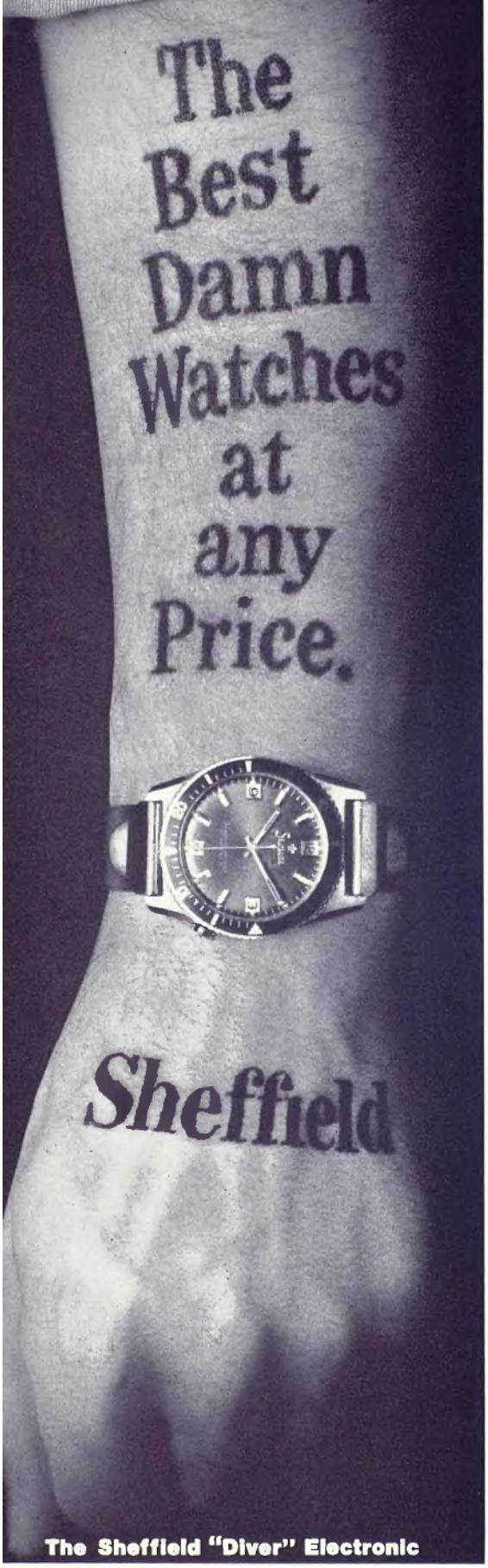

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more saccharine passages, he has made love to many women. One of his chapters begins, "We were young and in love, and I thought it would never end." Still, for the most part, Conrad manages his small skills and tells his story in an appealing way. Not a great afternoon in the bull ring, but no fiasco. Award Barnaby one ear.

•

Evan Hunter's novel, ***Sons*** (Doubleday), a portion of which appeared in our July issue, examines the lives, fortunes and the sacred and profane honors of three generations of the Tyler family, whose experiences, dreams and personal codes reflect the changing American morality. The technical ability that went into this novel is prodigious—intricate plotting, a driving pace, brilliant set pieces of individual scenes, a masterful handling of flashback technique as Hunter weaves back and forth among the Tyler generations. Bert Tyler enlists as an infantryman in World War One (out of patriotism), marries his hometown childhood sweetheart, works hard and eventually achieves success and wealth in the paper industry. Will Tyler enlists in the Air Corps in World War Two (to avoid being drafted in the Infantry), marries his mistress when he is suddenly overwhelmed by fears of homosexual tendencies and achieves a sterile sort of upper-middle-class comfort by publishing gimmicky nonbooks. Young Wat Tyler, the book's anti-hero, who is also anti-war, anti-violence, anti-segregation and anti-hypocrisy, gives up his student deferment after learning of his father's adultery and gets sent to Vietnam. In the end, each Tyler is, in his own way, betrayed by the forces that shaped him. A sobering chronicle, vividly constructed.

•

Two members of the academic community come forward this season to test the publishing premise that nothing succeeds like sexcess—and one of them deserves to succeed. Dr. Robert S. de Ropp, a biochemist, merits an A-minus for ***Sex Energy*** (Delacorte), subtitled "The Sexual Force in Man and Animals." Dr. De Ropp weaves strands of research from other scholars and scientists into a fabric of his own design and presents the reader with fascinatingly fantastic patterns of behavior. Man, in Dr. De Ropp's estimation, is "almost insanely sexual," but for "sheer richness of sexual experience, the highest place must be awarded to such copulating hermaphrodites as the snail . . . [whose] copulatory orgies with sadomasochistic overtones make any human excesses seem comparatively dull." It is a fair measure of Dr. De Ropp's humor and skill that he makes such a come-on actually pay off, with a description of the mating habits of snails that delights the imagination. His book provides a tour of erotica in action among insects, fish, animals and human beings. Dr. De Ropp is least interesting when he turns polemicist and rails against the "negative" sexual force that degrades and represses the sexual instinct. His argument against puritanism is tired and familiar and his simplistic solution—better sex education—is the anti-climax of the year. The same problem and the same solution can be found in Ashley Montagu's ***Sex, Man and Society*** (Putnam). This collection of previously published articles, about such too-familiar subjects as the Kinsey Report, contains nothing that is new and much that is outdated.

•

Into the ring, in the endless battle of the sexes, steps a tricky little scrapper, Patricia Cayo Sexton. A sociologist by profession, she's not much more than a bantamweight as far as the power of her ideas is concerned, but she proves adept when it comes to flicking statistics into the reader's eye. Her book is titled ***The Feminized Male*** (Random House), which happens to be a feint in the wrong direction, since Miss Sexton has virtually nothing to say about adults and a great deal to say about children. Her research was done in grade schools and, in explaining why she settled on the ninth grade in particular, she says it was because "we felt we should capture boys at an age of maximum manhood." (Maybe Miss Sexton just has trouble telling the men from the boys.) A tedious array of statistics is utilized to compare boys with girls, boys with boys (honor students *vs.* athletes), and girls with girls (low *vs.* high income), all in order to prove that schools prevent "boys from being boys." Because most teachers are women (and most men teachers are ineffectual and unmasculine), and because schools reward obedience and studiousness instead of aggression and daring, the true male—in Miss Sexton's view—must be found among delinquents and dropouts, or perhaps on the varsity. All other boys are by definition feminized. Since Miss Sexton is a well-trained sociologist, she realizes that she is dealing with concepts of dubious clarity and validity. "If defining masculinity is a problem," she writes, "measuring it is an even worse one"—and then she blithely proceeds to define, measure and make judgments about masculinity and femininity. She has contempt for the men of the academic world, and though she disavows the male stereotype, she seems to prefer the man of action to the man of ideas. Perhaps, then, a male reviewer ought not waste time criticizing Miss Sexton's book when he might make his point in a more "manly" way—with a rap across the chops.

•

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militants, who have started making their appearance in campus novels and also, as in ***Sons of Darkness, Sons of Light*** (Little, Brown), in novels of interracial conflict. Some of the latter treatments have been flat and hack. John A. Williams, however, is a wise Negro novelist whose talent has here kept him from writing straight melodrama; his sense of complicated humanity keeps his characters people rather than positions. His "son of light" is Gene Browning, a black ex–political science instructor working for the Institute for Racial Justice, a CORE-like group. Browning is a moderate who has always believed in working within the system, as the phrase goes nowadays; but after several years of exposure to the New York racial pressure cooker, he loses his cool. A black kid is killed by a white cop, who is then scheduled to be absolved, as usual, by a departmental review committee. Browning goes to an old acquaintance in the Mafia and contracts to have the white cop "hit." He wants to deliver an unmistakable warning to other white cops, but to do it in a way that will not be easily traceable to Negroes and possibly trigger anti-black reprisals. It doesn't work out as Browning hoped. A series of events are touched off that could well pass for "the fire next time"—urban guerrilla warfare between armed blacks and the police. The novel is set in the future, which gives us some time to make sure that Williams isn't telling it like it will be.

•

Shepherd Mead, who taught us how to succeed in practically everything without really trying, has written a short, happy farce with a long, ribbony title, ***'Er, or The Brassbound Beauty, The Bearded Bicyclist and The Gold-Colored Teenage Grandfather*** (Simon & Schuster). This one concerns a simple-minded but lovable American, Alfred Hooper, who digs up a sizable portion of the English countryside in search of ancient artifacts. Mostly he finds bits of flowerpots, but Hooper also unearths a 12th Century brass—the kind Americans make rubbings from—of a lovely lady whom the neighborhood rustics, for want of a way with words, call 'Er. There are more antics than antiques in this story: The brass lady vanishes; several ghosts make brief appearances; and Hooper keeps digging, ultimately piercing an electric cable and causing a total blackout. Between digs he ineptly woos Heather Higgs, a sweet English girl who admires "go-ahead Americans." Heather is what Hooper hopes to play in—he's an incurable Anglophile—and after a number of false starts, he is not denied. This is a remarkably pleasant novel considering that Mead obviously wrote it without really trying.

•

Cast of Characters (Atheneum), Garson Kanin's collection of subtly crafted stories (two of which first appeared in PLAYBOY) might have been called *Illuminations*; yet their actual title—*Cast of Characters*—has a multiple fitness: dialog rather than narrative conveys most of their meaning; many of the characters and several basic situations and themes crop up again and again; and the term character when applied to theater people in their private relationships is rich in ironic overtones. There are no heroes or heroines in *Cast of Characters*. These actors, actresses, directors, producers, press agents, singers and dancers live in the dizzying, treacherous world of Hollywood and Broadway, where ambitions and egos, like successes and failures, tend to be outsize. But the residents are more victims than masters; betrayal and impermanence haunt their lives. Kanin approaches his cast rather as Joyce approached his Dubliners: He follows them, keeping his distance, through certain crucial steps in their love relationships until a point of illumination is achieved, some vital aspect of the protagonist's world or his own self stands suddenly revealed. A few of these illuminations are happy—a mistake avoided, a love unexpectedly confirmed; most are sad, accompanied by a stabbing sense of failure, loneliness or approaching age. Not all the stories are as good as "Define the Word 'Wife,'" whose beautifully controlled irony makes it a gem; some seem a little programed, and one or two sacrifice credibility to surprise. Yet, Garson Kanin proves a master of supple, witty speech, and a possessor of insights into human behavior that make each story a pleasure to read.

•

More and more of the younger clergy are becoming radicalized beyond the preaching of the social gospel. Two forceful exemplars of radical Christianity are Philip and Daniel Berrigan. They are brothers and they are Catholic priests. Daniel Berrigan, now teaching at Cornell, was assigned to South America for a time, as a result of his insistence on speaking what he felt to be the truth about American power. Philip Berrigan participated in the defacement with blood of draft records in Baltimore in October 1967. The following May, both brothers were part of a group that napalmed Selective Service records in Catonsville, Maryland. Daniel Berrigan's ***False Gods, Real Men*** (Macmillan) is a new collection of his poetry. His work is taut, driving, scoured of sentimentality, yet piercingly compassionate. It is sustained by a vision of what man can be. "Was this the way He meant us? / meddlesome / proud, not docile / to stand to Him, thwart, amaze Him still!" Philip has written ***A Punishment for Peace*** (Macmillan). Clearly influenced by Carl Oglesby, Herbert Marcuse and William A. Williams, the book, part of which was written in jail, is an indictment of American expansionism and

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racism. Philip Berrigan, who has been relieved of his parish duties and key priestly functions, is as uncompromising in his demands on the institutions of religion as he is on those of the secular society. America's churches, he charges, continue to operate on the fallacy that they can "survive without having a real hand in the survival of mankind."

•

In 1951, when the Reverend Malcolm Boyd opted out of a prospering partnership in a Hollywood radio-TV business for an Episcopalian seminary, he by no means lost the showbiz in his blood after becoming ordained. Spreading the word from the bandstand nearly as often as from the pulpit, the swinging shepherd gathered unto himself a flock of night children, hipsters, hippies and simply disenchanted citizens. *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*, his first literary effort, became a best seller. Several books have since flowed from his typewriter, and the latest of these, ***The Fantasy Worlds of Peter Stone and Other Fables*** (Harper & Row), is a quintet of satirical sorties into the improbable. Each narrative, predictably, is based on some aspect of religion. The title tale concerns a young seminarian, Peter Stone, and his ascension to the Kingdom of Hollywood as Jesus, in a cinema spectacular of the same name. Next, Boyd makes a good case for the separation of church and state by showing us what a future election might look like if God were to become a candidate. An earnest priest's labors in the bland land of WASPville earn him a Pyrrhic victory over the complacency that cash creates in the third tale, "Odor of Espresso." Then the author switches to drama in "A Study in Color," a starkly expressionistic playlet that probes the schizophrenic mentality of racism. Finally, in the best-woven yarn of the lot, "The Visions of Anna Higgs," an Iowa ingénue glimpses God—who happens to be black, 50ish and married to a white girl in her 20s—on her folks' farm. This incident becomes the foundation of a world-wide faith based on prayer that almost eliminates war, racism, nationalism and drugs—until Individualism rears its head and the world goes right back where it started. Father Boyd displays a light hand for humor, as well as a strong arm for lifting the weighty messages with which *Fantasy Worlds* is loaded.

MOVIES

The heroes of ***Easy Rider*** are a pair of hairy dropouts on motorcycles who mockingly call themselves Captain America and Billy (flamboyantly dressed for the parts and played, respectively, by Peter Fonda, who produced the movie, and Dennis Hopper, who directed it). Before they are wantonly slaughtered by hysterical red-necked defenders of a society that fears and despises all they stand for, they wheel across the southwestern U.S. on a picaresque odyssey leading from Mexico to L.A., to a hippie pueblo commune in the desert, then to New Orleans during Mardi Gras. Discount a certain diffident quality in the co-stars' acting, and occasional soft spots in the script (written by Fonda, Hopper and Terry Southern), and the movie adds up to one hell of a trip. It's a small but pungent film that slips into the drug scene with the greatest of ease, yet explains rather than exploits the hang-ups of disenchanted young Americans who are popping pills or smoking grass or losing themselves in the landscape for a number of disturbing reasons. *Easy Rider*'s view of the straight world is conveniently narrow, confined mostly to rubes and Deep South bigots. Yet, at moments, the indictment becomes horrifically real—particularly during a tense scene in a lunchroom, where the local males' hostility is stoked by sexual envy when they see the hippies' long hair and tight pants revving up a pack of giggly teenaged girls. In his director's cap, Hopper collaborates with cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs to mount a vibrant, brutal visual essay on despair and rootlessness; his lensing of a psychedelic trip in a New Orleans graveyard leaves no urn unstoned. To match the groovy imagery, the sound track offers everyone from Steppenwolf and The Electric Prunes to Jimi Hendrix and The Fraternity of Man (the last singing "Don't Bogart that joint . . . pass it over to me"). Thesping honors go to Jack Nicholson, who wrote Fonda's last film, *The Trip*, and adds a fillip to *Easy Rider* with his apt performance as an alcoholic young lawyer from Texas who joins forces with the hippies because he was born 'n' bred in God's country but no longer believes in it.

•

In ***You Only Love Once,*** writer-director Dirk Sanders, a Dutch choreographer embarked on his first feature, displays a knack for saying next to nothing as if it were a revelation worth shouting from a thousand Paris rooftops. He has wrought a stylish, lyrical theme-and-variations based on the simple idea advanced in the title. To illustrate his faith in romantic love, he tells what happens to a nice young wedded couple from Lyons who drift apart to find themselves separately before they are able to work out a viable marriage. First the husband (Frederic de Pasquale), a struggling photographer, leaves his wife and child behind and goes off to make his fortune in Paris. The wife (Karen Blanguernon) eventually follows, but finds her restless mate preoccupied with other women; she sensibly takes an apartment of her own and becomes a famous photographer's model. In time, both have their share of love affairs and worldly success, and

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tentatively move toward each other again, encouraged by their precocious ten-year-old daughter (Leslie Bedos, a formidable child actress who practically never strives to be ingratiating and consequently is). Beautiful and just a little deeper than skin deep, Mlle. Blanguernon is persuasive as the tired model already somewhat past her prime. Making capital of the multimedia milieu in which the principals live and work, Sanders occasionally lets the movie slacken while cinematographer Roger Duculot conjures fashionable effects borrowed from TV, advertising and op art. Yet, to the credit of Sanders and Duculot, Paris has seldom been photographed so candidly, and with so few touristy clichés.

•

Movie composer Elmer Bernstein's thumpingly literal score for ***The Bridge at Remagen***—a heavy barrage of music to win World War Two by—makes the work of actors, authors and director seem almost superfluous. Otherwise, the film is a fairly loose and conventional melodramatization of the famous battle for the Ludendorff bridge at Remagen on the Rhine in March 1945. The Allies wanted to save the span as a gateway for their thrust into Germany, and the enemy was resolved to destroy it. Cutting from side to side, director John Guillermin views the encounter from the anti-war vantage point of the Sixties, so that we damned-well know the fighting will be a loss for everyone in the end. George Segal and Ben Gazzara get out with skins whole, because they portray sullen cynics who show elaborate contempt for a gung-ho Southern major (Bradford Dillman) and behave like cats who would now be sweating out the Vietnam war somewhere in Canada. A bridge is just a bridge in their book, and this one fell down ten days after they took it. Among the Nazi troops, Major Robert Vaughn, the only audible SS man without a German accent, defends liberal humanitarian principles until the moment of his execution, when he asks a fellow officer, "Who is the enemy?" For some reason, *Remagen* sets the late-winter military action in verdant summer, and accentuates its shortcomings with DeLuxe color. (The company's location sites in Czechoslovakia, incidentally, were surrendered last year to invading Russian troops.)

•

Keeping abreast of recent headlines, ***The Chairman*** arrives at a timely climax, with Gregory Peck pursued to the Sino-Soviet border by hostile Chinese troops —and saved by three friendly armored carloads of Russian soldiers. Red-blooded Americans will presumably cheer the Soviets the way they used to cheer when the U. S. Cavalry rode to the rescue. And why not? In this topical pop art, which the producers hail as "only . . . entertainment" and "totally nonpolitical," we have Peck *vs.* China, and grateful for

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any help he can get. Peck gamely defends the free world while backhanding a ping-pong ball to Mao Tse-tung (played better than anyone had a right to expect by Conrad Yama), ridiculing Chairman Mao's *Quotations* the whole time. (It was in anticipation of such scenes, perhaps, that Communist rioters in Hong Kong burned Peck in effigy, forcing the film company to retreat to locations on Taiwan.) Peck—now hear this—plays a Nobel Prize–winning American scientist lured to Red China, where a former colleague (Keye Luke) needs help in mass-producing a miraculous enzyme that can solve the food problem for all mankind. Aware that such blessings are potent weapons if the wrong superpower controls them, U. S., British and Russian Intelligence agree to let Peck act as a decoy, but take the precaution of having him wired for sound: a minuscule radio transmitter is surgically imp'anted in the mastoid-sinus area of his skull so that everything he hears and says can be instantly broadcast via satellite to a secret command post in Washington. In a mission-control setup where finely calibrated dials measure every one of Peck's physical and emotional responses, the space-age gimmickry is often coldly amusing, especially when a Red Chinese agent who calls herself Ting Ling (Zienia Merton) is dispatched to his hotel room from a Hong Kong brothel. *The Chairman*'s unsuspecting hero never dreams that his bugged cranium also contains an explosive charge literally capable of blowing his mind should the Chinese come close to tapping the top secrets inside it—or that the destruct switch lies under the hand of a fairly virulent Pentagon patriot (Arthur Hill). All this hokum was directed by J. Lee Thompson from a novel by Jay Richard Kennedy that serious people will probably not find time to read unless they happen to be caught somewhere between planes. We suggest a similar approach to the movie.

•

Shortly after Ché Guevara's violent death in the highlands of Bolivia, Darryl F. Zanuck decided that there might be a movie in the life of the Argentine-born rebel who left Castro's Cuba to kindle revolutions elsewhere in Latin America and died trying. The result is ***Che!***, an utterly meaningless message picture in which the Fox team (and we quote Zanuck's publicists) sets out to "separate the man from the myth." They succeed beyond their wildest dreams, for Omar Sharif bears no resemblance other than facial to the controversial figure who has posthumously assumed messianic stature in the eyes of young revolutionaries the world over. More like grave robbers than biographers, director Richard Fleischer and a pair of scenarists (producer Sy Bartlett and Michael Wilson) manage to exhume their subject in a series of flashbacks, each introduced by a ludicrously arch interview with somebody who knew him when. The main thing the public stands to learn from Omar's Ché is that he was a doctor-turned-guerrilla and a victim of asthma, who helped Fidel (Jack Palance, furiously gnawing a cigar and shouting, "I'm faced with *enormous* domestic problems!") drive Batista out of Cuba, and also did most of his heavy thinking for him. Whenever Sharif appears, his Bedouin eyes burn with anything but revolutionary fervor; he even wheezes with so little conviction that his labored breathing sounds suspiciously as though it were looped onto the sound track by a vocal stand-in.

•

France's Philippe De Broca has made a career of keeping lighter-than-air comedies well off the ground, and ***The Devil by the Tail***, though by no means among his best, is nicely disarming all the same. The actors are the entire show, for there is absolutely nought that's new in this tale of a madcap noble French family who keep their crumbling château intact by renting rooms to tourists, and unwittingly give refuge to a gangster who is trying to get out of the country with several million stolen francs. As the gangster whose ill-gotten gains jog the aristocracy into recalling the many dreadful things their ancestors did for money, Yves Montand brings his wry charm to a role that might easily have been prosy and conventional. As the elderly marquise with *chambres* to let, French stage star Madeleine Reynaud is delightfully venal, more than a match for the worst of her guests, and ably abetted by a voluptuous daughter (ever-smiling Maria Schell, beautiful as ever), a sexpot granddaughter (Marthe Keller, a dazzling French starlet) and assorted eccentric kin. They are all easy to take, up to their lovely necks in intrigues and flirtations of no importance whatever. Music by the gifted Georges Delerue adds its own agreeable comment to De Broca's feathery farce.

•

Hollywood's self-imposed curb on violence, big news a year or so ago, can be declared officially dead with the arrival of ***The Wild Bunch***, a bloodbath that makes *Bonnie and Clyde* seem a model of restraint. Director and co-author Sam (*Major Dundee*) Peckinpah, doggedly chipping away at the old block from which John Ford whittled quite a few classics, attempts to tackle a serious story about a handful of old-time baddies who have outlived their uselessness. The year is 1913, and Pike Bishop (no kidding)—played by William Holden—feels bone-deep intimations of mortality as the wild, wicked West of his youth passes into legend. Meanwhile, he wants to chalk up one last score for auld lang syne. But his men are mostly whoremongering drunks (Warren Oates, Ben Johnson) or has-beens (Ernest Borgnine,

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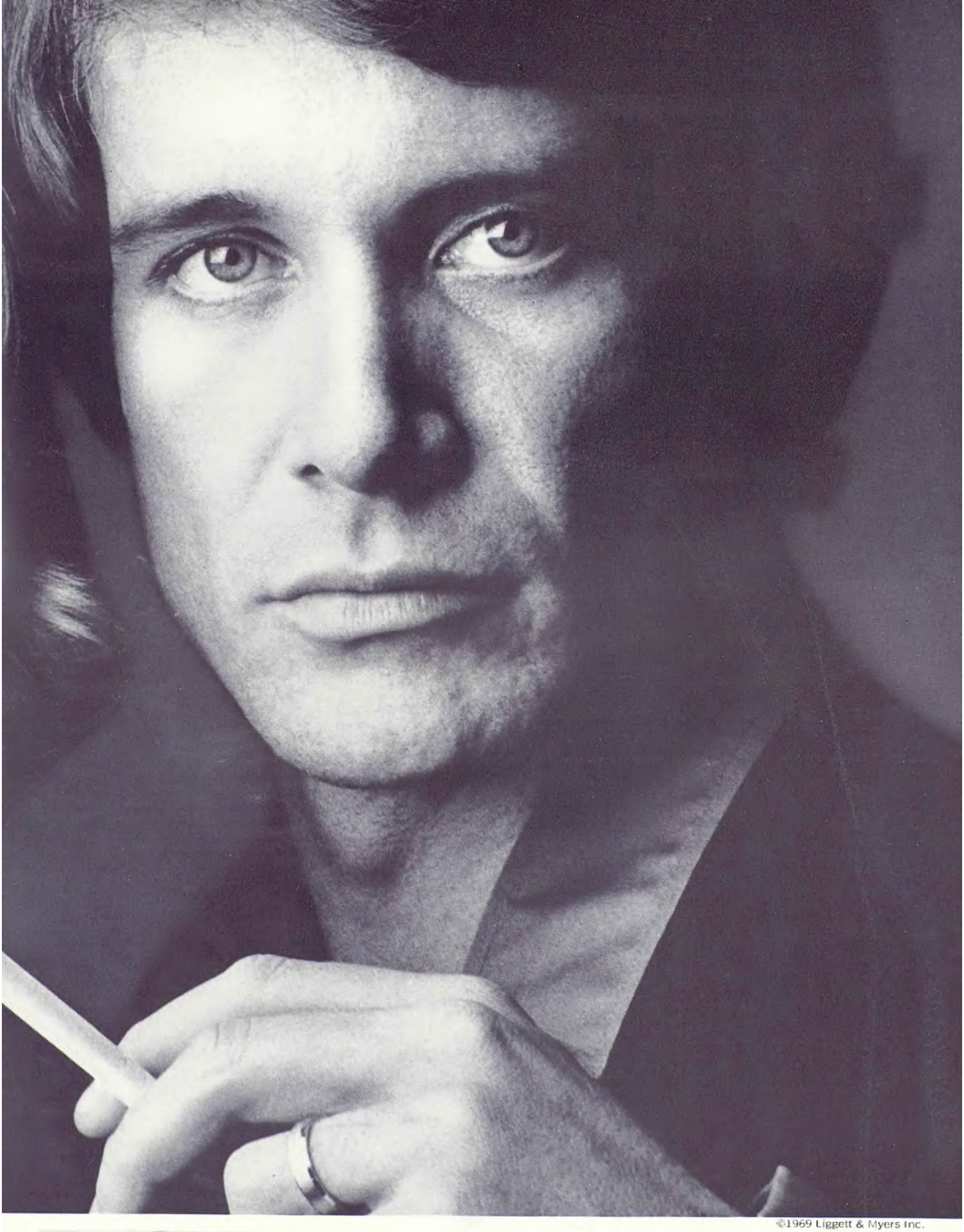

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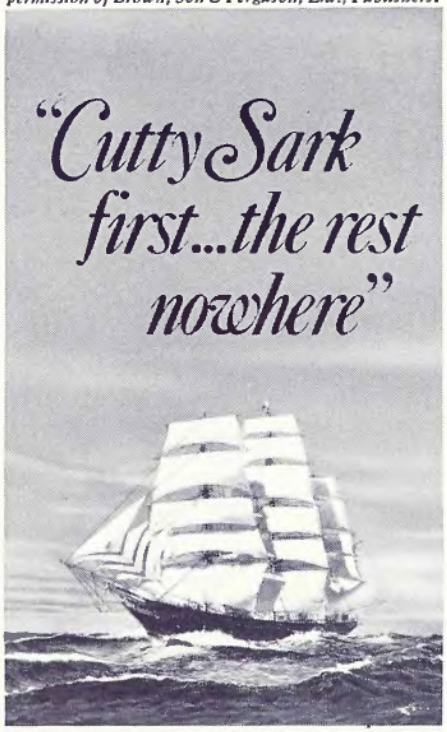

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Edmond O'Brien): he is being pursued all along the Texas-Mexican border by a former pal (Robert Ryan) and a posse of bounty hunters working for the railroad; and all he finds in Mexico is a three-cornered trap filled with oppressed but restive Indians, the army of Pancho Villa and an opposing regiment of *federales* under a notoriously corrupt General Mapache. Highjacking a U. S. Army munitions train to arm Mapache's ragglе-taggle troops becomes the Bishop gang's magnum opus, and a damned exciting one at that—for director Peckinpah can make an action sequence really sizzle when he chooses to, which is to say when he doesn't pause for choreographed violence in slow motion, or other painful mannerisms. With a plot so diffuse that it comes unglued at times, Peckinpah often makes matters worse by going hog-wild with everything else in the movie as well, indulging a passion for special effects almost to the point of fetishism. His favorite gadget in *Wild Bunch* is the hidden blood sack that releases a splish-splash of catsup from every wounded man, woman or child. Until they, too, are torn asunder. Holden and Borgnine set the pace for a company of tough, sure-footed Hollywood veterans, among whom O'Brien has the last word, as a grizzled old snuffpot who gripes philosophically, "It ain't like it used to be . . . but it'll do."

•

Watching a half-dozen vintage gas buggies converge on the French Riviera from such far-flung starting points as Scotland, Sicily and Scandinavia will probably disappoint fun-minded sports fans who go to see ***Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies*** in the fond hope that producer-director Ken Annakin may have found a way to break the jinx of movie sequels. Alas, Annakin had much more going for him as director of *Those Magnificent Men . . .* who wielded the slapstick to demolish a score of ancient flying machines. Annakin's frenetic look at a Monte Carlo rally back in the car-crazy Twenties re-enlists several of the same comic aces—Gert Frobe and Terry-Thomas among them—but nearly everything they do was done with a jauntier air decades ago by the Keystone Cops. The winners here are Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, two matched zanies representing the new school of British comedians, and Susan Hampshire, who is both seductive and droll as the femme fatale taking turns at the wheel with indefatigable Tony Curtis. Otherwise, *Daring Young Men* features a host of familiar faces, each huffing along a course where even the detours often as not lead to easily predictable dead ends.

•

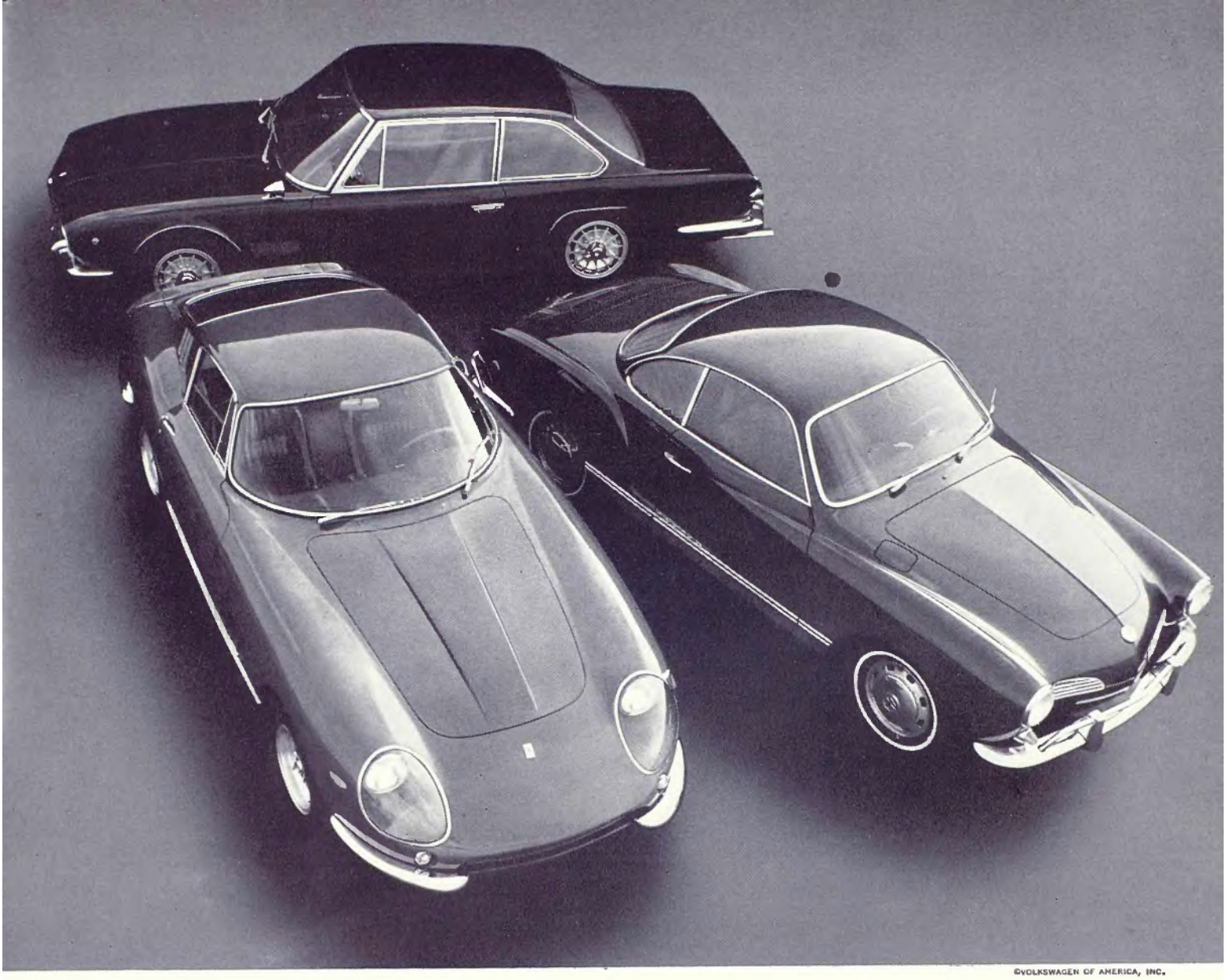
A vast empty plain stretches toward the horizon, its surface broken only by an occasional thatch-roofed cottage and a massive stockade of whitewashed stucco. Behind the stockade's heavy wooden gates, Austrian troops interrogate and terrorize a swarm of peasants, criminals and Hungarian partisans, determined to learn which are the followers of the rebel Captain Sandor. The time is 1848, when Hungary was festering for freedom from Austrian tyranny, and ***The Round Up*** re-creates that none-too-familiar slice of history with devastating simplicity. This is the cerebral kind of epic in which a universal theme emerges not from filling the landscape with overblown heroics but from filling a viewer's mind with the raw reality of courage, conviction, fear and perfidy among a group of men under stress. While Hungary still lags behind pre-invasion Czechoslovakia as a breeding ground for creative film makers, accolades have begun to pile up for 48-year-old director Miklos Jancso, who displayed his mastery of the medium in *The Red and the White*. Actually an earlier movie, and a more accomplished one as well, *The Round Up* was made four years ago and spreads its grim tale upon the screen in austerely beautiful style. Jancso emphasizes incident rather than dwelling on individual characterization, yet his vignettes give history a stirringly human face. The cruelest scene is one in which the blonde mistress of a partisan is stripped and beaten to death by soldiers in a field outside the stockade while the prisoners watch from a high tower, forcibly challenged to identify which side they're on—and several do, crying defiance as they leap toward oblivion.

•

Just for the record, Rowan and Martin's ***The Maltese Bippy*** begins with an intermission, accumulates a half-dozen corpses en route and ends with at least three separate climaxes, the last of which sends Dan and Dick strolling hand in hand into the sunset. The lads play a pair of nudenik movie producers who live in a somewhat haunted house in Flushing, Queens—but trying to unravel *Bippy*'s story line further would only compound its confusion. For a start, there's no such thing as a Maltese bippy, but there is supposed to be a fabled diamond hidden on the premises. While the rock remains hidden, as we recall, the hunt stumbles on such sock-it-to-me types as Carol Lynley and statuesque Julie Newmar. Lamentably, a lively hour of *Laugh-In* is twice as groovy as this 92-minute formula comedy by director Norman Panama; but Dick and Dan can bet their sweet *Bippy* that this will see them through the summer TV hiatus. Wasn't that the idea?

•

Buried alive in a new brick house in a cheerless London suburb, a frustrated and childless young matron (Claire Bloom) sits on the sofa eying her errant husband (Rod Steiger) and an unexpected house guest—a blonde, blue-jeaned hitchhiker



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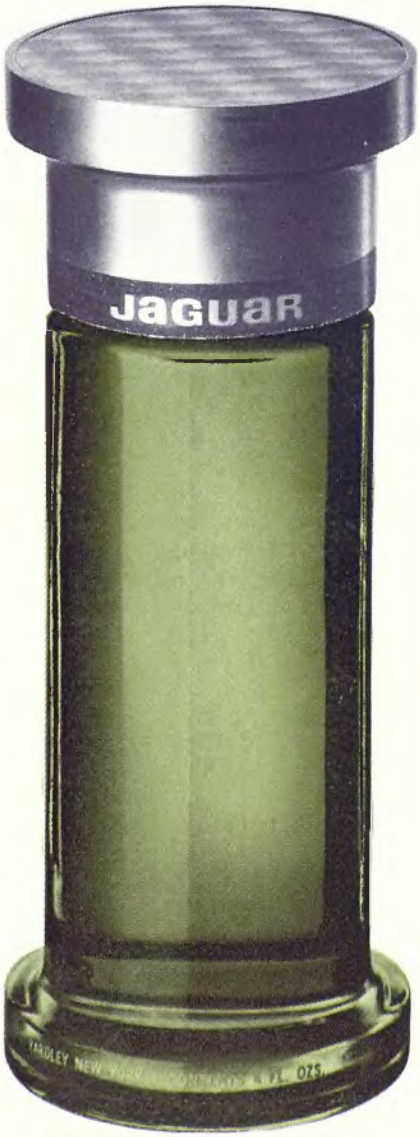

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(Judy Geeson) who claims to be pregnant by him. "You had us both," the wife says bitterly, "and neither of us got much out of it." Mutual recriminations are all that's left for the philandering refrigerator salesman and his presumably frigid wife in the course of ***Three into Two Won't Go,*** the story of a disintegrating marriage during its last days. Since the two stars, one of filmdom's foremost Mr. and Mrs. teams, were divorced following completion of the picture, the bite and animosity of their performances may seem unduly provocative. The Steigers behave as though they could settle right down in *Virginia Woolf* country where combatants go for the jugular, but here they have to make do with semideadly weapons in a cultural climate closer to *Peyton Place*. In short, the acting is a good deal better than the plot and dialog require. As the hippie seductress who keeps a scorebook to rate the men she has bedded (she likes truck drivers best) and who serves as a powerful catalyst in giving a very bad marriage a turn for the worse, Judy either steals scenes or has them handed to her on a platter by director Peter Hall. Her motives make little or no sense, but then, *Three into Two* would come to a dead halt if any of its unsympathetic trio began to sound reasonable.

•

Three lusty sailors go rutting around London in ***Lock Up Your Daughters,*** a roll-me-over 18th Century version of *On the Town* with more plots, counterplots, gropings, goosings, seducings and plunging necklines than *Tom Jones*. Freely based on a lesser-known work by Henry Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, this unblushing assault on the rules of decorum first appeared in its present form as a London musical. Without a song in his filmed version, director Peter Coe has recruited every able-bodied man and maid to keep things humming under the bedcovers. But the style of the hanky-panky is excessively stagy, particularly in Christopher Plummer's mannered and prissy performance as Lord Foppington, which should never have been exposed to the merciless light of movie close-ups. Ian Bannen, Tom Bell and Jim Dale as the trio of sailors do everything in their power to keep cocky high spirits from drooping. But a marathon of *double-entendres* is only good for so many laughs, and *Daughters* finally has to fall back on its well-endowed dolls with bodices all askew—those wronged maidens and ever-ready wenches with names such as Hoyden and Lady Eager. Susannah York, Glynis Johns, Georgia Brown and Vanessa Howard head the list of fetching ladies who trip lightly along the road to ruin as though they had personally put it on the map; they almost make it worth the trip.

•

How's this for the climax of a snappy suspense thriller? The setting is San Francisco's Top o' the Mark; a homicidal maniac perches on a ledge, threatening to pitch down a case that contains a newborn infant! The baby's mother (Britain's Carol White), half mad with fear, is making a last desperate effort to mollify or outwit the lunatic while police sirens wail and dumb-struck onlookers collect in the street below. If you are seriously interested in what happens next, you may enjoy the flimflam of ***Daddy's Gone A-Hunting,*** contrived for producer-director Mark Robson by two scenarists (Larry Cohen and Lorenzo Semple, Jr.) who plainly like their writing prowess to show, and don't mind reaching around and slapping themselves on the back if at all possible. Movie newcomer Scott Hylands (a name as fabricated as the plot) plays the psycho with a standard air of stark, staring suavity. He is a head case whose symptoms worsen when Carol walks out on him and has an abortion. "You murdered my baby," he says. In no time at all, the heroine is pregnant again and happily married to a bright young lawyer (Paul Burke) who's running for Congress, yet the dark figure in her past keeps turning up as a department-store Santa Claus, a baby photographer and sometimes as just a silent, threatening shadow. Poor Carol, perhaps to her credit, behaves precisely like a girl who might actually lie awake nights asking herself whether it's more terrible to kill a child in the womb or to throw one off the Mark Hopkins.

•

Marry Me! Marry Me! is a warm satire made in France by 35-year-old Claude Berri, whose first feature film was that tender reminiscence of childhood and wartime anti-Semitism, *The Two of Us*. In addition to writing, producing and directing, Berri this time plays the central role of a shy Parisian encyclopedia salesman on the threshold of marriage to an *enceinte* fiancée (Elizabeth Wiener) and of getting to know his future in-laws—a bourgeois family that hopes to absorb him into their diamond business in Antwerp. While wedding plans proceed in fits and starts, the groom defects briefly for a dreamy weekend in Paris with his English teacher (Prudence Harrington), but finds that all roads lead back to Antwerp. With malice toward none, Berri's *Marry Me!* has an engaging way of letting its delectable character portraits suddenly assume a tipsy angle that puts them into a truer light. Our favorites are the pompous, patient father of the bride (Gregoire Aslan), who becomes an oddly heroic figure of fun by tolerating his wife's infidelities, and the plump spinster stepsister (played with martini-dry brilliance by café singer Regine), who shows how a girl can be happy though fat—on an unvarying diet of food, sex and dancing.

•

Last Summer, directed by Frank Perry from his wife Eleanor's trim adaptation

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of the novel by the aforementioned Evan Hunter, is an apocalyptic fable about the social and psychological forces at work within four bored, affluent teenagers—two boys and two girls—who pass a season at the shore experimenting with alcohol, pot, sex and unnervingly honest games. The tender handling of teenaged performers obviously stirs the purest creative juices of the Perrys, who will be remembered for *David and Lisa*. In the careful phrasing of the dialog and the tentative, exploratory thrust of every scene, the movie projects a painfully funny portrait of anxiety-ridden youth. In a cast of relatively unknown actors, Richard Thomas and Cathy Burns deliver rare performances, he as the more perceptive of the two boys, she as a dumpy, much-too-intelligent Cleveland girl with braces on her teeth and the look of a born victim. Effectively rounding out the quartet are Bruce Davison as a future member of the country-club admissions committee, and Barbara Hershey as an incipient sexpot-sadist who learns to tease the boys by taking her clothes off. The kids sprinkle their conversation with four-letter words for kicks they haven't even tried yet. But if their sophistication is sham, their cynicism is real, for they believe in nothing—certainly not in the adult world that has spawned and spoiled them. By implication, adults are the villains of the piece, but they are seldom visible except as distant figures on the shorescape, belting cocktails on someone's sun deck while their idle young egg one another on to new and potentially tragic exploits. Filmed on Fire Island, the movie is smooth and sunny on the surface, but Perry skillfully generates action from the aimless, restless adolescent rhythm that guarantees things are going to get out of hand, if only because of the heat.

RECORDINGS

Memphis' Stax-Volt-Hip-Enterprise complex bestrides the soul world like a colossus—and the reason is that they try harder. Among their latest 27-album offering are such goodies as ***We'll Get Over*** (Stax; also available on stereo tape), which completes the transformation of the Staple Singers into a pop-soul group, as they perform material by Spanky and Our Gang and Sly and the Family Stone; ***The Booker T. Set*** (Stax; also available on stereo tape), wherein the MG's apply their usual soft touch to 11 top tunes, including *Michelle* and *Mrs. Robinson*; Steve Cropper's ***With a Little Help from My Friends*** (Volt; also available on stereo tape), which finds the MG's' self-effacing guitarist fronting a large aggregation in a program of powerhouse blues; ***Hot Buttered Soul*** (Enterprise; also available on stereo tape), on which composer-arranger Isaac Hayes, backed by some of the most lavish rock charts we've heard, displays a warm, catchy vocal style; and the beautifully packaged double-LP ***Boy Meets Girl*** (Stax; also available on stereo tape), on which Carla Thomas, Eddie Floyd, Johnnie Taylor, William Bell and individual members of the Staples take turns pairing off in a series of romantic duets.

•

The captains and the kings depart but the royal eminence from Red Bank continues to reign, leading his retinue back and forth across the country as he captures new fans along the way. ***Standing Ovation/Count Basie*** (Dot; also available on stereo tape) covers the staples that became part of the Basie book in the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. On hand for the festivities are Harry "Sweets" Edison, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Eric Dixon, Charlie Fowlkes, Marshal Royal and a host of sidemen who make the Basie ensemble sound a thing of lush beauty. The tunes include *Down for Double, L'il Darlin', Every Tub* and a double helping of the irrepressible *One O'Clock Jump*.

•

Not the least of the attractions of ***Midnight Cowboy*** (United Artists; also available on stereo tape) is a musical sound track that proves an unobtrusive yet essential ingredient in the stunning over-all effect of the film. There is a variety of composers involved, including the film's musical supervisor, John Barry, who has supplied the mood instrumental themes. The most effective item, however, is the Fred Neal song *Everybody's Talkin'*, sung with apropos down-home twang by Nilsson. Another high point is a nitty-gritty rock number, *He Quit Me Man*, belted out by Leslie Miller.

•

Bert Jansch and John Renbourne, Scotland's highly regarded folk duo, create some arresting textures with their unamplified guitars on ***Stepping Stones*** (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape). Their instrumental forays, such as the title tune and Charlie Mingus' *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*, are invested with a Donovanesque folk-jazz feeling—which is fortunate, since Jansch's songs are monotonous and his singing does little to enhance them.

•

Anyone who doubts that Nat Adderley is a major jazz voice in his own right need only consult his ***Calling Out Loud*** (A&M; also available on stereo tape), wherein the cornetist displays his wares in front of an estimable company of sidemen—Joe Zawinul, Hubert Laws, Jerome Richardson, Ron Carter, et al. Nat shares the composing honors with Zawinul and Bill Fischer (who arranged and conducted the session), but his cornet is

the star of the show—lyrical, sensuous and gutsy, it's an unending delight.

•

The Chess company, which made the Chicago blues world-famous, is out front again—this time in jazz-rock. ***Upchurch*** (Cadet; also available on stereo tape) is, of course, veteran studio man Phil Upchurch, whose funky but lyrical guitar is enhanced throughout by Charles Stepney's moody orchestral charts. ***Blowin' Gold*** (Cadet Concept) features John Klemmer's electrified tenor in a program of pop tunes such as *Hey Jude* and Jimi Hendrix' *Third Stone from the Sun*, plus originals such as the frantic *Children of the Earth: Flames!*; the rhythm section, with Upchurch on bass, is solid rock. Muddy Waters' ***After the Rain*** (Cadet Concept; also available on stereo tape) is less tricked-up than earlier "psychedelic" sides by Waters and Howlin' Wolf, but futuristic nonetheless—and most successful when Muddy plays his own lead guitar, as on *Honey Bee*. All three LPs benefit from drummer Morris Jennings' solid beat.

•

Some of the most prestigious opera recordings ever made are now being reissued on the budget-priced Seraphim label, and they definitely belong at the top of any vocal *aficionado*'s shopping list. Seraphim's ***La Bohème,*** for example, features the silken-toned tenor Beniamino Gigli, along with such esteemed accomplices as soprano Licia Albanese and baritone Afro Poli, in a performance that positively glows with zestful gusto and polished charm. It's hard to believe that the spacious, true-to-life sound dates back 30 years. Another impressive item is the Seraphim set of Bellini's ***Norma,*** in which Maria Callas plays the druid priestess who loved not wisely but too well. At the time of its taping (1953), Callas was in peak vocal form, particularly in the duets with veteran mezzo-soprano Ebe Stignani. Seraphim deserves grateful kudos not only for furnishing these inexpensive albums with first-rate librettos but also for resisting the temptation to turn good mono sound into poor pseudo stereo.

•

Pianist Paul Bley is nobody's man but his own. ***Mr. Joy*** (Limelight) gives ample evidence of this as he conveys his musical thoughts in the felicitous company of bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Billy Elgart. Bley's work consists of introspective musings for the most part, although he can be jubilant or truculent when the mood strikes him. An LP for listening and thinking.

•

Of the young black singer-writers whose material is based on collective racial experience, Billie Joe Becoat is among the most potent we've heard. ***Reflections in a Cracked Mirror*** (Fantasy) contains ten compositions in a folksy

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PICASSO'S ENGRAVI

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after–and possibly scandalous–work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life–and therefore no art–has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully–or joyfully–portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars.* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking ...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of Avant-Garde announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed Avant-Garde as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of Avant-Garde have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of Avant-Garde–64 pages–will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique papèr stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of Avant-Garde will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of Avant-Garde are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

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Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Garde will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—free—as a gift to all new subscribers to Avant-Garde.

In case you've never heard of Avant-Garde, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from Avant-Garde's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression.* Avant-Garde steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to Avant-Garde their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. Avant-Garde serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." Avant-Garde is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to Avant-Garde include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Montagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over Avant-Garde. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! Avant-Garde has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "Avant-Garde is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Avant-Garde is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "Avant-Garde's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "Avant-Garde is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

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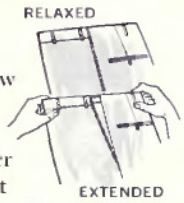

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blues-Gospel bag; they are as complex as any songs in the folk-rock library, yet remarkably lucid and pertinent. Becoat's emotional but controlled voice would be a gas in any context.

•

Taken singly, pianist Bill Evans and flutist Jeremy Steig have to be rated as two of today's major jazz talents. Teamed up on ***What's New*** (Verve), they have created a whole that is considerably less than its parts. Evans' playing is always terribly self-contained, eminently logical, faultlessly constructed; Steig, on the other hand, is a creature of impulse given to brilliantly imaginative explorations of his instrument's outer limits, willing to gamble on an idea even when the outcome is in doubt. Their combined efforts resemble nothing as much as two superb soloists in a state of frustrating noncommunication. Bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Marty Morell do what they can to glue the session together—alas, to little avail.

•

Mosey on down to your record shop, gents, and pick up old Shel Silverstein's magnificent collection of corn-fed cantatas, ***Boy Named Sue and His Other Country Songs*** (RCA). It sure does prove that a citified fella like Shel can write and sing songs that'll make that Nashville bunch sit up and take notice. Most of the time, Shel does a powerful lot of leg pullin'—like on the title song and *Alimoney* and *Dirty Ol' Me*—but every once in a while, that sly boots will sneak in a ballad (*Cloudy Sky*, for instance) that's pretty enough to bring tears to a Revenue agent's eyes. Shel's singing is improving, too; it sounds like he's got a finer grade of gravel in his voice.

•

On ***Do Your Own Thing*** (Cotillion; also available on stereo tape), veteran soul balladeer Brook Benton gets the top-notch production that he's deserved for a long time. Backed by a softly swinging, electric rhythm section, Benton demonstrates wide range, effective dynamics and melismatic finesse as he sails through *Touch 'em with Love*, *Break Out*, *Oh Lord, Why Lord* and nine other selections in the pop, Gospel and country idioms.

•

With only two LPs to his credit thus far, Harvey Mandel has established himself as one of the best guitarists to emerge from the rock ranks. ***Righteous*** (Philips) is a well-paced program of convincing jazz (*Jive Samba*), straight-ahead rhythm tunes (*Short's Stuff*) and mournfully eloquent blues (*Campus Blues*). Shorty Rogers' charts provide just the right backdrop for Mandel's flowing but restrained improvisations.

•

Yusef Lateef's Detroit / Latitude 42° 30'—Longitude 83° (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) is an instrumental excursion

through the Motor City based on originals by Lateef (*That Lucky Old Sun* is the exception). The personnel varies from a quartet to a fair-sized contingent to an even bigger group that includes a string quartet. The moods vary, too—from zestful exuberance to quiet contemplation, but Lateef, on tenor and flutes, never varies in the splendid consistency of his playing. It's always tasteful, unclichéed and utterly appropriate to the moment.

•

After a few bars of ***The Anders & Poncia Album*** (Warner Bros.), the winning ways of the strum-and-sing duo are undeniably evident. The most musically articulate efforts are the folkish ballads, such as *Take His Love* and *You Don't Know What to Do*; there are also some happily bouncing rock ditties (*Make a Change*) and some tasteful allusions to Fifties rock (*Smokey Joe's Café*), performed with a smoothness reminiscent of The Everly Brothers.

•

The *Harvard Lampoon* staff, with unexpected musical dexterity, takes a devastating look at the frequently pretentious world of rock on ***The Surprising Sheep and Other Mind Excursions*** (Epic). The spectrum of deftly skewered subjects ranges from Dylan (*Seventeen Miles from Waukegan My Cantaloupe Died*) to Cannonball (*Messy, Messy, Messy*); along the way, the lyrics take pot shots at a variety of external targets, such as Mayor Daley's Chicago (". . . better come dressed to kill").

•

Although Handel's various instrumental concertos were generally dashed off on short notice to earn the composer a fast quid, they have withstood the test of time remarkably well. Devotees of baroque will find rich pickings among the 12 ***Concerti Grossi, Opus 6*** (London), a collection recently recorded in its entirety by an ensemble of crack British musicians known as The Academy of Saint Martin-in-the-Fields. In place of the ostentatiously hearty style that used to be *de rigueur* for Handel, director Neville Marriner and his men espouse a delicate, sprightly sparkle. It works magnificently, and so does London's customarily crisp and widespread stereo.

•

Observations in Time (Capitol) introduces The Ohio Players, a rhythm-and-blues group of promise. *Bad Bargain* and *Cold Cold World* have much to say, and *Here Today and Gone Tomorrow* is a love song with an infectious beat—but the group would benefit if it made more extensive use of its instrumental soloists, who provide the spark for an angry, seven-minute-plus version of *Summertime*.

•

Judging from George Harrison's ***Electronic Sound*** and the second John Lennon–

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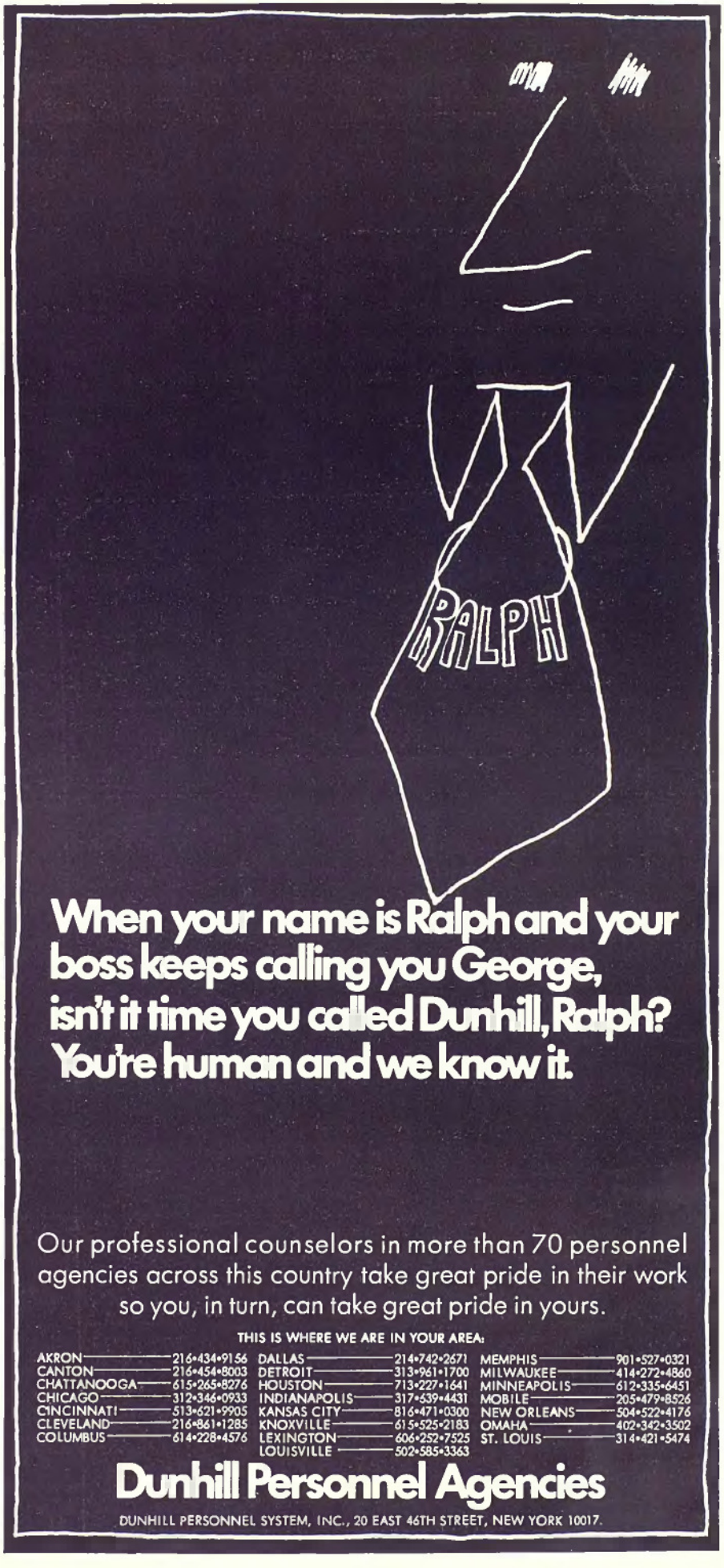

Yoko Ono release, ***Unfinished Music No. 2: Life with the Lions*** (both Zapple), it appears that George and John have emphatically rejected music as a means of expression. One side of the Lennon-Ono opus features 26½ minutes of wordless screaming by Yoko, recorded in concert: the flip side bears such gems as *Two Minutes Silence*, which is precisely what it claims to be, and *Radio Play*, which is 12½ minutes of static. The Harrison LP contains two sidelong collages of abstract sound—or, as the inside jacket aptly describes it, "noise." We can only hope that the *chutzpah* shown by John and George is matched by the patience of their fans.

THEATER

Oh! Calcutta! is good nudes. The five women and five men in the cast are uniformly handsome, in good physical shape, with excellent discipline, fine coordination, complete self-confidence and absolutely no embarrassment about acting with their anatomy. In the course of the action, they are naked—totally, unblushingly naked—about half the time. They dance and prance. They fondle, mock-fornicate, group-grope and fool around a lot. Give each of the performers a medal, if you can find some place to pin it. *Oh! Calcutta!* was intended by its "deviser," Kenneth Tynan, the eminent British critic and PLAYBOY Contributing Editor, to be a "few cuts above burlesque in intelligence and sophistication." What has surfaced is, in a number of instances, no more, and occasionally less, than the premise. However, the show's major contribution to the fermenting theatrical scene—its unpretentious, unkinky presentation of nudity—rates the production better than a "few cuts above" the sweaty, neurotic, sometimes deadly serious, sometimes sappily sophomoric nude shows that have preceded it. To help him in the devising, Tynan enlisted Jacques Levy to "conceive" and "direct." To add further class, he employed as contributors Samuel Beckett, Jules Feiffer, Dan Greenburg, John Lennon, Leonard Melfi, David Newman, Robert Benton, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen, plus Tynan and Levy themselves and the paintings of Clovis Trouille, whose amply endowed nude is the symbol of the show. Trouille's work is projected on a stage-enwrapping screen and credited to him, but otherwise no author has his name attached to his offering—perhaps a wise note of caution in an otherwise unabashed enterprise. The problem is not that the authors are writing dirty—the production goes on the sound assumption that bare bodies and functional Anglo-Saxonisms can and should be taken for granted by a mature audience—but that

they're writing unevenly. Despite that unevenness, there are a host of high points, including a delightful spoof of a Victorian rape, a slapstick romp about a human sexual-response experiment (with the doctors and the nurses wildly caught up in the response) and a production number in which the unclad cast plays its own devil's advocate—"I hear all the guys in the show are gay"; "If they're having fun, why don't they have erections?"; "That's my daughter up there." The music, composed and performed by a trio of chaps billing themselves as The Open Window, is frequently delightful. One may be disappointed that the show doesn't quite achieve the heights promised by the stellar list of contributors, but no one can fault the intention—or the net effectiveness of the show's good-humored and total candor. Incidentally, the show's title is impishly irreverent: a pun on a frank French expression—*O! Quel cul t'as!*—in praise of a much-pursued part of the female anatomy. At the Eden Theater, 189 Second Avenue.

•

Promenade is dazzling to several senses. Mostly, it is music—32 generally glorious songs by Al Carmines, the song-writing minister of Greenwich Village's Judson Memorial Church. The hyperprolific Carmines is a master at the art of tuning himself in to someone else's voice, and then Carminizing with it. This time his collaborator is playwright-lyricist Maria Irene Fornes, and may they live happily ever after. Actually, her book is no book at all—an onionskin-thin sketch about two unknown soldiers who escape from prison, wander into a fancy-dress party, wander out with a bag of booty and a pretty maid, and are hounded by society—but it's enough to wrap the songs around. Miss Fornes' needle-sharp lyrics mesh perfectly with Carmines' melodious score (more than compensating for the fact that her dialog sounds like cartoon captions). The theme is rich against poor, war against peace; we needn't tell you which sides the authors are on. The stage is filled with exotica: uppity gentlemen, snooty ladies, a boobish mayor, a bumbling jailer, a frump of a woman who steps out of a cake like a great defeathered ostrich; and all, happily, sing more than they talk. This musical of the absurd, satirical revue, pocket opera—whatever it is—has been stylishly staged by Lawrence Kornfeld and splashily packaged by set designer Rouben Ter-Arutunian. Producers Edgar Lansbury and Joseph Beruh built the new theater where the show is playing. In an act of entirely justified self-confidence, they have named the place after the show: at the Promenade Theater, Broadway and 76th Street.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

With great hopes for the future, I've fallen in love with a girl who wants to love me, too, but has enormous fears about her ability to honestly and fully love *any* man. At the age of 13, she was raped by her father; and from then on, she engaged in sex with almost any boy who wanted her. Her only emotional involvement came at the age of 18, when she thought she was in love but finally realized that she had no real, deep feeling for the guy. Her relationship with me seems to go a bit further, which I interpret as a ray of hope; but she is still incredibly uptight most of the time. I'll be forever grateful for any helpful insights from the *Advisor*.—A. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Your girl has developed what amounts to an overkill of defenses against releasing her emotions in the give-and-take of love. It's unlikely that she will free herself of those defenses without professional help. We suggest, on your part, patience and kindness, coupled with a gently persuasive effort to induce her to seek psychiatric assistance.

I have a ring that's 24-kt. gold. Does this mean that it's pure gold? If not, what's the connection between carats and actual purity?—B. N., Memphis, Tennessee.

Pure gold is 24-kt., whereas alloy gold may be 12-, 14-, 16-, 18- or 22-kt., depending on the percentage of gold in the alloy. A 12-kt. gold is, thus, 50 percent pure. Manufacturers generally prefer an alloy of copper and nickel with the gold because, in these combinations, the metal has a hardness that makes it easier to work with and it retains its shape and finish better after being fashioned into jewelry. Most commonly used in the U.S. are 14- and 18-kt. gold.

As a recent divorcee with a small child, my opportunities for a quick second marriage are minimal and, frankly, my marital failure has left me with no eagerness to put my head on the chopping block soon again. However, my married years have left me with an intense and demanding sexual appetite. I know that most women with my looks would have no trouble taking care of that, but I was raised in a religion that teaches that sex outside of marriage is wrong. I still believe in and practice this religion and, as a result, my two attempts to seek sexual satisfaction left me an unsatisfied, guilt-filled nervous wreck. I can't turn to my clergyman for advice, because all he could tell me would be to suffer for the greater glory of God, or some such thing. What do you think I should do?—Mrs. W. P., Washington, D. C.

Your problem is created, we believe, more by stony clergymen than by the rock of their faith. All of the world's great religions comprise an ethic of love; all have had great teachers who put the heart above the letter of canonical law; and most today have movements within them that emphasize a nonabsolute, individual approach. Seek out and study these aspects of your own religion; try to find clergymen who are sympathetic to your problem and counsel with them, while trying at the same time to establish relationships with men that satisfy your needs for love and affection as well as your physical drives. As a kind of touchstone, we offer these words of Saint Augustine: "Love, and do what you will."

I'd like to add a few bottles of vintage port to my wine collection, but I'm confused as to how long it takes the wine to fully mature. Some friends say that opening any vintage port before its 50th birthday is like killing a child, while others claim that five to ten years is all it takes for the nectar to come of age. Can you give me some general information about the wine and a guide to when it is mature enough to drink?—P. Y., Boston, Massachusetts.

The word port is derived from Oporto, the Portuguese town from which the finest wines are shipped. Vintage port, traditionally served after dinner with fruit or cheese, is pressed from the grapes of a single superb year and laid to rest for two years in casks before bottling. Maturing in glass rather than in wood adds the vivid bottle flavor favored by port aficionados. Most of these wines reach maturity 20 to 40 years after bottling and, because the wine throws off a heavy deposit, or crust, each bottle should be decanted before serving. (However, some vintage ports can now be bought without crust, having been decanted by the seller.) For immediate consumption, stop by a specialty liquor store for a bottle or two of the 1935 vintage and perhaps a few of the early 1940s.

What is a toe queen?—S. E., Staten Island, New York.

A homosexual foot fetishist.

After living for 30 years in a small, quiet town, I've moved to big, competitive New York. My grad school grades were very good and, as a result, I have

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landed a promising junior-executive position. In this job, however, personality is as important as intellect; and I am a quiet, reserved person, afraid of superiors and more diffident than dynamic when it comes to pushing my creative ideas. I'm tired of being a nice guy; I want to move ahead. What do you suggest?—R. L., New York, New York.

Your remark that you're tired of being a nice guy is the clue to your difficulty. You view ambition and self-expression as aggressive, belligerent behavior and you expect that others will be offended when you try to come out of your shell. A conformist small-town environment frequently discourages self-assertion. To overcome this, remember that others expect you to speak up and that your ideas, if you can put them across, will make you a more valued and appreciated member of your corporate team.

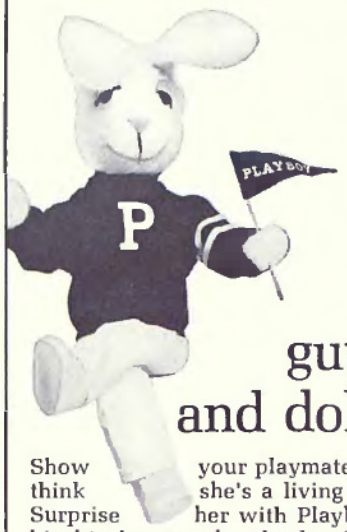
I recall reading in Ralph Ginzburg's *An Unhurried View of Erotica* that Gilbert and Sullivan wrote a bawdy opera, never performed or published, titled *The Sod's Opera*. The piece included characters such as Count Tostoff, The Brothers Bollox and a wrinkled manservant called Scrotum. Now that the Supreme Court has made it possible for virtually anything but hard-core pornography to be published for adults, will this work be made available?—M. R., Phoenix, Arizona.

We respectfully add Hogwash and Hokum to Bollox and Scrotum: The existence of "The Sod's Opera" is purely mythological, according to G. Legman's monumental survey of erotica, "The Horn Book." The legend may have gained currency, says Legman, when a journalist named George Augustus Sala wrote a farce titled "Harlequin Prince Cherrytop" (privately reprinted in 1905) in the style of Gilbert and Sullivan. Some of the lines occasionally quoted from the operatic duo's alleged bawdy composition are identical to passages in the Sala farce.

My date and I took in a show, and then went for a bite to eat. She ordered a cheeseburger; I, a king-sized garlic-and-anchovy pizza. Then we stopped in the park and necked. Later, while saying good night at her door, she pressed something into my hand. It turned out to be a package of breath-sweetening tablets. Was I right in considering this an insult?—M. S., Dayton, Ohio.

No. Consider yourself lucky that she consented to the breath-taking session in the park.

I had been dating a girl for several months, when I started secretly seeing her roommate. After I dropped my



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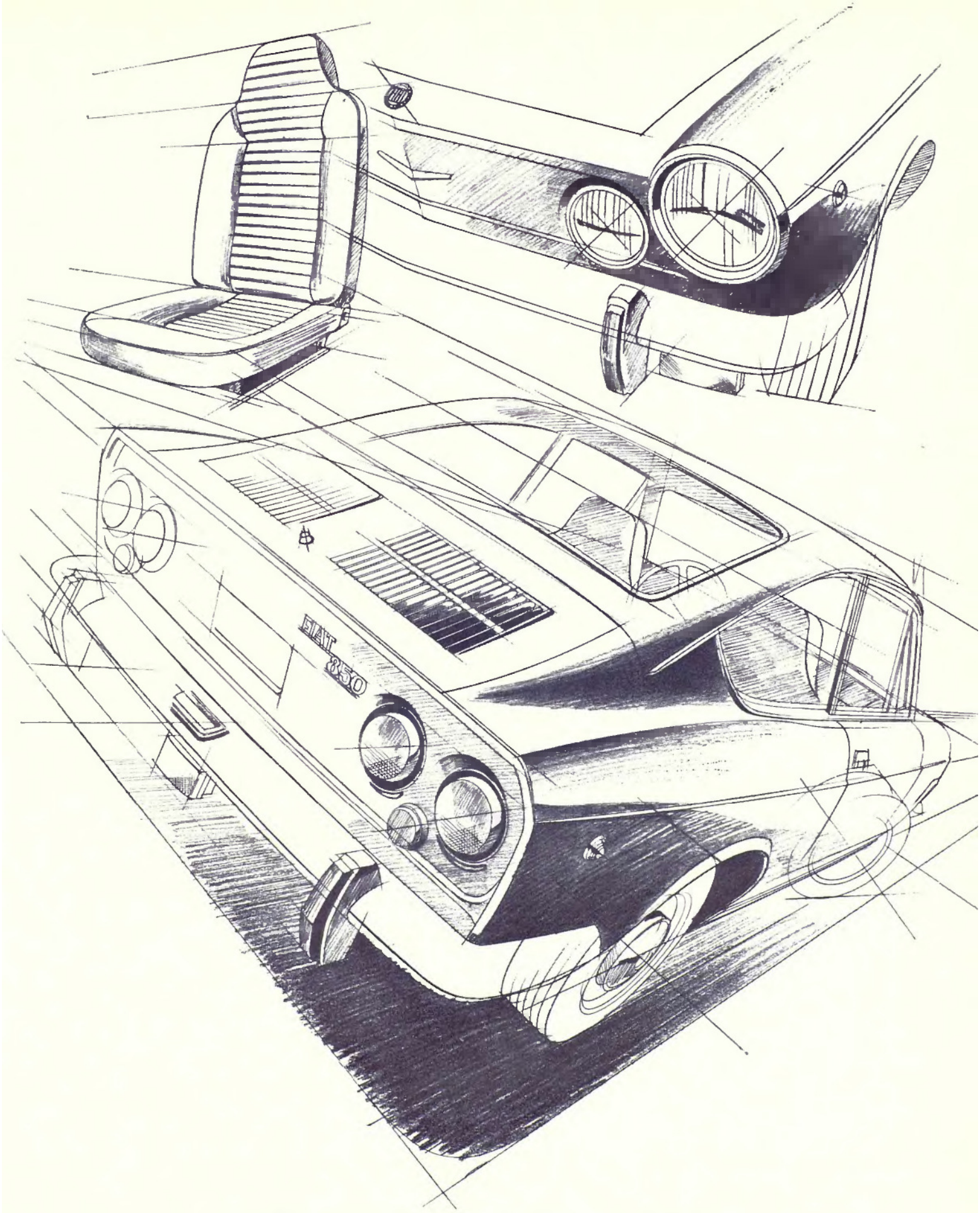

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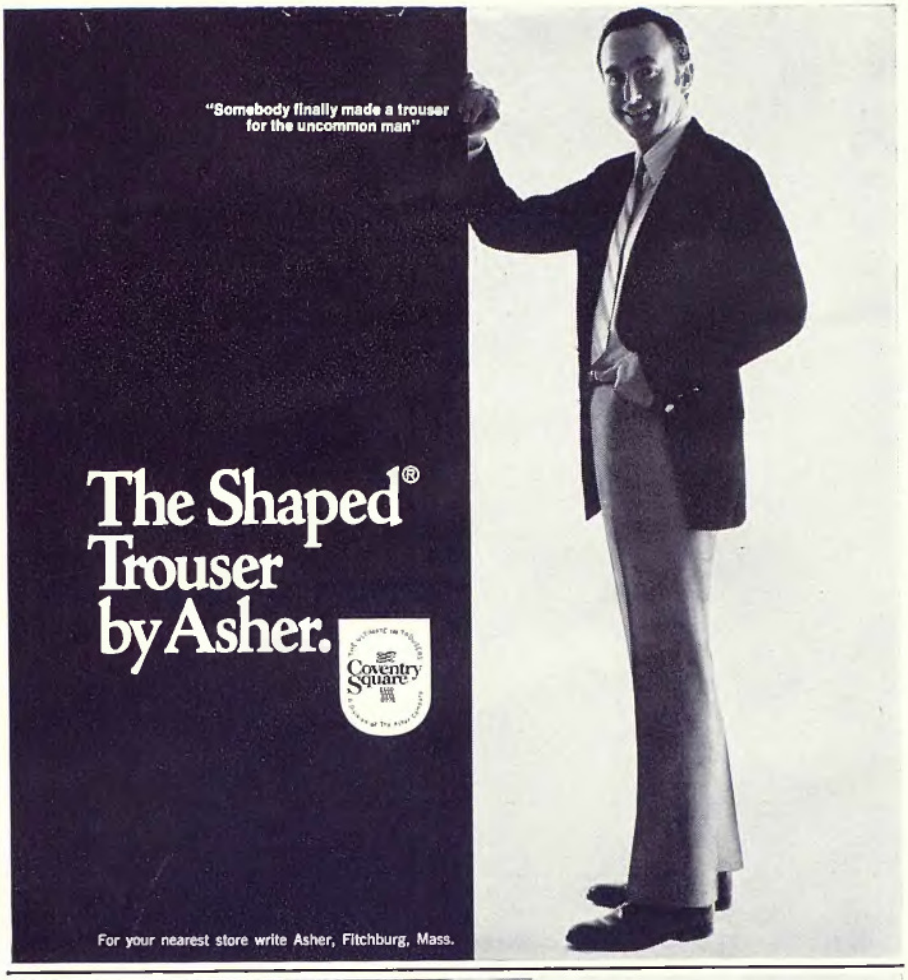

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original girl, the new romance was immediately revealed. So now when I call up and the first one answers the phone, she adds some sarcastic comment; and when we meet, it's like a bath in caustic soda. I would like some suggestions that will help amend the situation so it becomes livable for my girlfriend and tolerable for me.—L. T., Bloomington, Illinois.

Tincture of time would appear to be the best medicine to heal this breach, so try to bear your suffering as stoically as you can. If both the caustic soda and your relationship persist, then you'll have to ask your girl to change roommates.

I'll soon be buying an engagement ring for my fiancée and I've learned that she would rather have an emerald than a diamond. Naturally, I want to make her happy, but isn't a diamond traditional? —A. H., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Traditional, yes; mandatory, no. Since your fiancée is going to wear the ring, it's her taste that should guide you. Any gem stone is acceptable as a symbol of your matrimonial intentions.

When will the 21st Century begin? I say January 1, 2000; my buddy says January 1, 2001. Who's right?—A. A., St. Bernard, Alabama.

Your buddy is correct, since there never was a year 0. Our calendar presumably began with the year 1, and 2000 years later makes it 2001. However, we're told that January 1, 1900, was celebrated with gusto to welcome in a new century, and a second celebration took place a year later, on January 1, 1901. It's probable that such double festivities will be repeated.

My boyfriend and I agree on everything but premarital sex. He has made love to many girls. I don't condemn this; I think a man should be experienced. But he wants to make love to me, while I would like to reserve my virginity as a special gift for my husband. How can I show him that my attitude does not mean that I lack passion? And how can I convince him that premarital sex is not the ultimate proof of love?—Miss T. P., Chestertown, New York.

Sexual intercourse is not the only manifestation of a passionate nature; in fact, a person may frequently engage in intercourse, yet be lacking in passion. Nor is it necessarily the ultimate proof of love: It often occurs without love, as his own numerous affairs ought to have indicated. You and your boyfriend might as well face the fact that your giving up your virginity won't prove much one way or the other. And, incidentally, a

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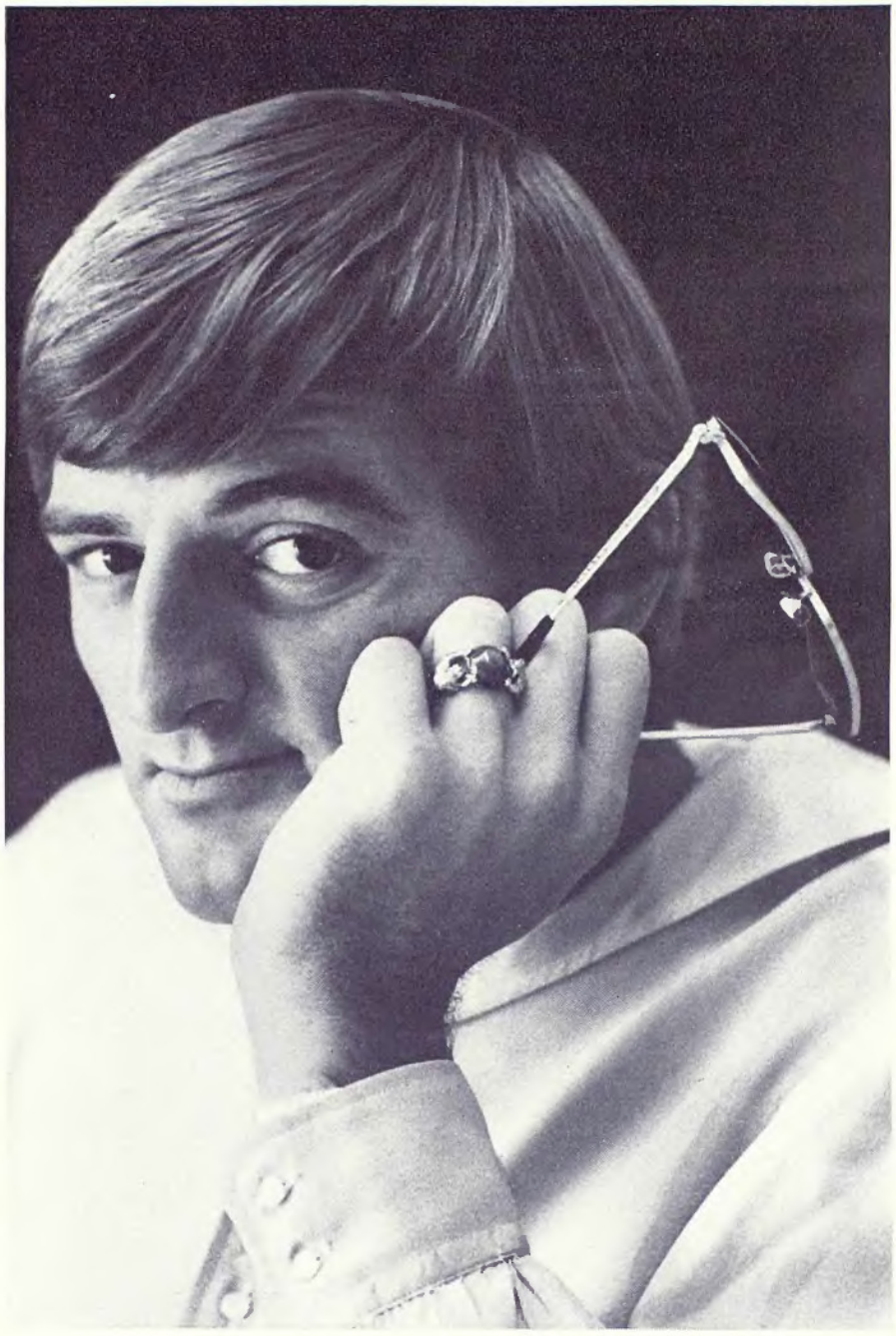

Ken "Hawk" Harrelson, American League player of the year, uses Dep for Men.

Harrelson sees a hairstylist. Are you sure you want to bug him?

"Hawk" puts as much behind his fists as he does his bat. Want to know why 190 pounds of baseball-belting man goes to a hairstylist? "Simple," says Ken. "With my schedule I'm lucky to get near a barber shop more than every month and a half. With an ordinary haircut I'd look pretty shaggy. But with my hair styled it looks about as good after six weeks as it did when I left the stylist." Part of the credit goes to Dep for Men Hairstyling Gels and Creme. They're what stylists use to give your hair the look you see here. And Dep for Men Hair Spray. One shot locks a style in place for a whole day. Still want to bug somebody? Try the guy who doesn't get his hair styled or use Dep for Men.

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gift-wrapped hymen is often valued more highly by the giver than by the gifted.

I had a discussion the other evening about the origin of soft drinks. A friend said they're an American invention, while I think they originated in Europe. Who's right?—T. K., Coral Gables, Florida.

You are. Joseph Priestley, the English scientist and theologian who discovered oxygen in 1774, invented carbonated water during his investigations into the chemistry of air. Without this bubbly by-product of his experimentation, pop would be more fizzle than fizz. The first tasty soda water (with lemon additive) was introduced around 1830 by an unsung flavor fancier.

My girl and I were invited to spend a weekend at a friend's cottage. This was our first chance to spend an entire night together. But when we went to bed, she plumped a small stuffed bear between us, saying that she'd never spent a night without it. She really seemed to attach a lot of importance to it and, even though she's 20, she treated the toy as an almost helpless dependent living being. We got into quite a dispute about it, which ended by my throwing the furry little bastard out. Do you think I was right, or should I have let her have her way?—K. W., Montreal, Quebec.

A lot of important love and hostility seems to have been transferred to that fuzzy little object, suggesting that both of you brought some unresolved conflicts to bed. We once heard of a girl who said she felt guilty about sleeping with a man unless she brought a couple of pots and pans to his house; somehow, that made it all right. But whatever the basis for your girl's admittedly irrational—but totally harmless—need to have the Teddy bear in bed with the both of you, we think you ought to be equally concerned about what was bugging you so much. It sounds as if you're carrying a heavy load of unconscious hostility toward your girl, which you took out on the Teddy bear, reminding us of the Puritan who, as Macaulay observed, "hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

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

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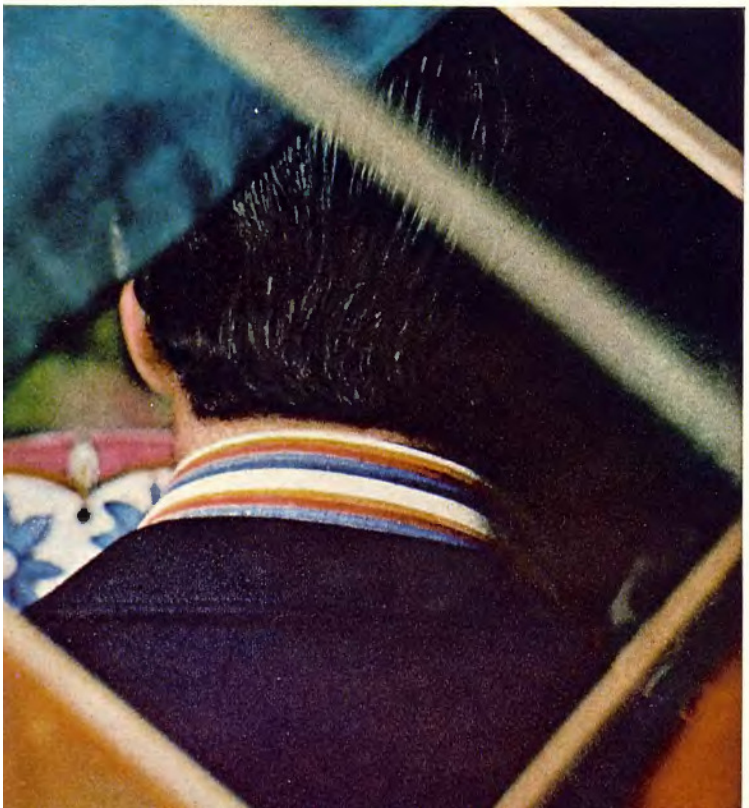

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

LIVELY READING

I feel impelled to tell you that I find *The Playboy Forum* one of the most interesting sources of psychological and psychiatric material that I have come across in my current reading. Above all, I am struck by the immediacy of the problems discussed and the intensity, urgency and honesty with which these people write. I wish our psychiatric journals would contain this same degree of openness and directness. I find it very stimulating and very valuable.

Ralph R. Greenson, M. D.
Clinical Professor
School of Medicine
University of California
Los Angeles, California

PSYCHIATRY AND JUSTICE

I heartily commend PLAYBOY for its answer to psychology student Kenard B. French, which pointed out how subjective and slippery psychiatric diagnosis can be (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Dr. Stanley Cobb, an old friend of mine, used to tell how his teacher, Dr. Adolph Meyer, once confessed to him, "Stanley, if I hadn't come to know you so well, I would have sworn you were paranoid." Dr. Meyer, although a great mind and a founder of psychosomatic medicine, was educated in Europe, under a very authoritarian medical system; at first, he found it hard to adjust to students like Stanley Cobb who, with typical Yankee stubbornness, refused to believe anything the instructor said until it had been proved. To Dr. Meyer, this attitude seemed hostile and, thus, probably paranoid.

The Playboy Forum is widely read by physicians and we find it stimulating.

Robert S. Shaw, M. D.
New Ipswich, New Hampshire

I agree with you wholeheartedly that new legal safeguards are necessary for all those declared mentally ill, including those as controversial as William McDonough (*The Playboy Forum*, February and June).

This is not the opinion of an armchair philosopher; I myself recently spent a short period in a state mental hospital. I was lucky enough, thank God, to be discharged at the end of only two months, but I saw many patients—particularly the old ones—who were generally regarded as lifers and had virtually no chance of ever getting out. These were people who either had no living relatives or whose relatives had long ago written them off and rejected them. The hospital would not release them until they found somebody who would give them residence and, thus, they were caged for life, even though the problems of some were not vastly different from those of many people on the outside.

I am not criticizing the hospital, which was well staffed and extremely modern in its methods. The problem lies with society itself, which still regards the psychotic as a kind of demoniac and dangerous figure, not realizing that most are just pathetic, confused and not much odder in their ideas than many poets, theologians, politicians and, for that matter, businessmen.

As for the reader who insisted that McDonough was, by damn, a real paranoid and PLAYBOY was naïve to defend his civil liberties: Let that reader try commitment to a mental hospital for a while. He will find that all the symptoms of paranoia will soon appear—no matter what problems he came in with, or even if he came in with no problems at all. A man who is locked up wants to get out and those who hold him prisoner appear as villains in his mind. Some psychiatrists have even begun to recognize this and refer to it as situational paranoia, to distinguish it from the chronic kind of paranoia.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

NONEXCLUSIVE HOMOSEXUALITY

In your editorial comments on homosexuality (*The Playboy Forum*, April), you stated that "the available evidence indicates that the exclusive homosexual is not following a preference at all but, rather, a compulsion based on phobic reactions to heterosexual stimuli." Admittedly, *exclusive* homosexuality may often, though not necessarily always, be associated with fear of heterosexuality; its very exclusiveness suggests some kind of hang-up. But precisely the same thing may be said of exclusive heterosexuality.

In my book, *Homosexual Behavior Among Males: A Cross-Cultural and Cross-Species Investigation*, I have pointed to the distortions arising when exclusive homosexuality is emphasized at the expense of nonexclusive homosexuality.

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The most interesting, the most dynamic and the most important problems are revealed only when sufficient emphasis is given to the fact that both heterosexual and homosexual trends may, in varying degrees, be identified in a large segment of the male population in any culture, including our own. Males in this category may not be accurately termed heterosexual or homosexual. Properly speaking, they are ambisexual.

What are some of the currently accepted opinions regarding ambisexuality and what available evidence is there of it? The orthodox psychoanalytic view, as enunciated by Freud, is that the human sexual constitution is ambisexual. (Freud preferred to call it bisexual.) Exclusive heterosexuality, according to most analysts, is a result of the repression and sublimation of homosexual trends, while exclusive homosexuality is a result of the repression of heterosexual trends. The behaviorists point out that sexual preferences are not inherited; they are learned. All that may be regarded as innate is the capacity to respond to any sufficient sexual stimulus, whether it be autoerotic, heteroerotic or homoerotic.

Data in support of the opinion that ambisexuality, rather than exclusive sexuality of any kind, is the biologic norm comes from large-scale statistical studies of sexual behavior in our own society, cross-cultural investigations and cross-species investigations. The Kinsey Report showed that for at least three years between the ages of 16 and 55, 25 percent of the male population had more than incidental homosexual experience or reactions; for the same period of time, 18 percent had as much of the homosexual as of the heterosexual in their histories and 13 percent was found to have more of the homosexual. This revealed a great deal more deviation from conventional norms than could ever be expected if exclusive heterosexuality were the biologic norm. The cross-cultural data suggest even more forcefully that ambisexuality is the biologic norm. For example, in their classic study, *Patterns of Sexual Behavior*, Drs. Ford and Beach compared attitudes toward homosexuality in 76 societies and found that in 49 of them—nearly two thirds of the sample—"homosexual activities of one sort or another are considered normal and socially acceptable for certain members of the community."

It is the cross-species data, however, that most challenge the dogma that all homosexuality is somehow anti-biologic and dependent on dreadful and mysterious complexes. The findings have been summarized in a recent article by Professor R. H. Denniston, published in a book titled *Sexual Inversion*. Homosexuality, Denniston states, has been observed "in every type of animal that has been carefully studied." Scientific investigations of the sexual behavior of animals

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

PEACE CORPS BARES ITS BREAST

YAP, U. S. TRUST TERRITORIES—*On the islands comprising Yap, a district of Micronesia in the western Pacific, it is common for Micronesian women to go about bare-breasted. When American Peace Corps girls arrived in the area, they were urged by the natives to adopt the same costume. The Yapese women were surprised to learn that for Americans bare breasts are taboo. Determined to educate their backward visitors, they hid the girls' upper garments and bras. For a few days, the Peace Corps representatives walked around draped with towels or with their arms folded, but this proved tiresome and they finally let down the last barriers. Angry gods did not rain down fire and brimstone, and the American girls soon went native altogether and put on grass skirts. Now they cover their breasts only when Peace Corps males, still in the grip of American mores, visit the islands. Lest it be thought that Americans are the only people addicted to irrational customs, however, it should be noted that miniskirts are offensive to the Yapese, who consider it sinful to uncover the thighs.*

BLASPHEMY IN DELAWARE

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE—*After reading an underground newspaper published by two Wilmington high school students, Delaware officials blew the dust off an archaic blasphemy statute and put it to use for the first time in this century. The students were arrested for blasphemy after their paper,* The Acid Flash, *published an article claiming that Christ was an illegitimate child. They were also charged with lewdness for their review of a movie about necrophilia. The maximum penalty on conviction for blasphemy is a $50 fine and two months in jail—a tap on the wrist by 17th Century standards. Under the original law, a blasphemous Delawarian could be publicly flogged and branded on the forehead with a capital B.*

MOVIES VS. MANN ACT

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA—*The White Slave Traffic Act, better known as the Mann Act, makes it a Federal crime to transport persons across state lines for "immoral purposes." The law was enacted in 1910 to combat organized interstate prostitution; it has been used since then also to prosecute individuals whose private, consensual, noncommercial sexual activities happen to involve the crossing of state lines. It is now apparently being eyed by the Justice Department as a potential weapon in the Government's "war on smut." A number of persons involved in the filming of scenes for the new MGM movie "Zabriskie Point" were subpoenaed for questioning before a Federal Grand Jury in Sacramento, the film company's point of departure en route to a Death Valley shooting site. The purpose of the Grand Jury probe was to determine whether or not the film makers were transporting persons across the California-Nevada line to engage in immoral acts, presumably for the camera. The movie, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, reportedly includes scenes of nudity and copulation. Concerned over the possible extension of the Mann Act to include the arts,* The Hollywood Reporter *observed that the Grand Jury investigation could be either an "odd accident provoked by the collision of a sophisticated Continental film maker and perhaps rather unsophisticated observers" or a "calculated Government move to get around the difficulties of prosecution of the finished product."*

In an unusual action, the Grand Jury concluded its hearings without issuing a recommendation and turned its evidence over to the Justice Department for further study.

MORNING-AFTER PILLS

LOS ANGELES—*UCLA coeds who think they may be pregnant can take their problem to the campus health service rather than to Tijuana. According to Dr. Donald MacKinnon, the service's director, after-the-fact pills are prescribed, in some cases, for worried coeds who might otherwise obtain an illegal and possibly dangerous abortion across the Mexican border.*

The chemical prescribed is diethylstilbestrol, an estrogen hormone described in "The Playboy Forum" in February and June, 1968. A Yale University research team discovered that Stilbestrol (a trade name for the drug) taken for four or five days soon after intercourse prevents implantation of a fertilized ovum.

POT, BOOZE AND GASOLINE

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—*At the wheel of a driving simulator, the pot smokers motored along without a measurable reduction in skills; but their driving ability dropped off sharply when they were high on booze instead. So discovered Washington's Department of Motor Vehicles after a six-week test, which found that:*

- *Alcohol seems to impair driving ability more than marijuana.*
- *The poorer driving records of pot smokers (discovered in a related study) are probably due to factors other than the use of marijuana.*

The researchers cautioned that the driving simulator, built on the principle of an aircraft trainer, could not duplicate

actual driving conditions or measure the influence of pot versus booze on driving speed or depth and time perception. In interviews, however, pot smokers often reported that they drove slower when they were high and felt anxiety when a car was accelerating. To pursue the subject further, a new program is being formulated to test performance while driving actual cars on a special course.

WANING RELIGION

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—*A Gallup poll indicates that 70 percent of the American people believe that religion is losing its influence in this country, a marked shift in opinion since 1957, when a similar Gallup survey showed that only 14 percent thought the churches were declining. Furthermore, the percentage of young people who believe religion has become moribund is higher (85 percent) than that of older people (67 percent) and a number of youths think that the churches not only are declining but should decline. On the other hand, some persons see growth in personal religiosity paralleling the decline in the organized churches; a young Californian told the pollsters, "People are becoming aware of the fact that true religion does not exist in dogmatic church policy but in the hearts and minds of men."*

LOW-BUDGET GUNS

MIAMI—*To cut off the supply of cheap, foreign-made handguns to this country's low-budget criminals, the Gun Control Act of 1968 imposed minimum design and manufacturing standards on firearms imported for sale in the United States. Rising to the challenge, Saul Eig, former importer of West German .22-caliber revolvers, announced plans for a factory in Miami to manufacture similar cheap weapons domestically. A Dade County police lieutenant greeted this news with the observation that "30 to 40 percent of the homicides in the county are committed with inexpensive Eig-type guns," which, he said, were particularly popular with teenagers living in the slums. Replied Eig, "You see them wearing alligator shoes; they can afford expensive guns."*

ROCK IS A CAPITALIST PLOT

MOSCOW—*If the Beatles and rock-'n'-roll music are part of an insidious Communist plot to corrupt American youth, as John Birchers have claimed, the plot has backfired. A Soviet newspaper,* Lenin's Banner, *is dismayed to find that rock music and modern dances are instead corrupting Russian youngsters with decadent Western thoughts and sexual immorality: "The boys are shaking their bodies as if their pants are nailed to a fence and they are trying to tear them off. After such a hot dance, the worn-out partners return to their places and embrace." This makes for premature marriage and frequent divorce, according to the paper.*

SEX-EDUCATION CONTROVERSY

The controversy about sex education —launched when the John Birch Society denounced such instruction as a "filthy, Communist plot"—has continued to escalate throughout the nation. In recent developments:

• Paul Putnam of the National Education Association has turned the Birchers' own guns back on them, accusing them of circulating "smut literature," according to the United Press. Putnam also charged the Birch group with sensationalism, factual inaccuracy and "the usual extremist tactics of abusive phone calls to school boards and school personnel."

• William Hoffman, administrative assistant to the Michigan City, Indiana, school superintendent, reported that threats had been made against his life and those of his children after he served as chairman of a committee that recommended a sex-education program for the city's schools.

• New programs of sex education were postponed in New York state, in Norwalk, Connecticut, and in New Albany, Indiana—in New York, until 1971; in Norwalk, until the board of education "screens" the material to be used; and in New Albany, until "people think more rationally," according to school superintendent Floyd Barkes.

• In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a bill banning sex education until grade nine was passed 94–4, and one legislator, Representative Fredrick Hayes, wanted to ban such instruction until the age of 18, saying, "We keep alcohol and tobacco away from children until they're over 17, and we ought to keep this mess away from them, too."

• The anti-sex-education forces suffered two resounding setbacks, when the California state board of education, amid a furor of Birch opposition, voted unanimously to continue the present sex-education curriculum and when the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, meeting in Cleveland, voted to endorse sex education in the schools, after 200 delegates had attended a typical sex-education class.

• Another position was taken by Chester L. Watts, director of the Illinois Social Hygiene League, and psychologist Alan Bell, of the Institute for Sex Research, both of whom found current American sex education inadequate and called for more and better instruction in this area.

• With a candor unusual in Government officials, James E. Allen, the U.S. Education Commissioner, stated his opinion in a nutshell: "The biggest problem in sex education is not the children but the damn parents."

have caused modern biologists to form a very different impression of the biologic norm than the older one, which was based on the erroneous assumption that all mating behavior is exclusively sexual and all sexual behavior exclusively procreative in meaning and intent. Heterosexual contacts, as might be expected, always outnumber homosexual ones among animals and among most humans, but not, as might be thought, because of any quasi-instinctual motive. There are simply more factors to facilitate positive conditioning in the case of heterosexual contacts. Intromission into the vagina, for example, is more easily effected than anal intromission. It provides, therefore, more immediate satisfaction, tends to be repeated and is thus reinforced as a behavior pattern.

Neither exclusive heterosexuality nor exclusive homosexuality may represent the biologic norm, but variation does. Everywhere in nature one is confronted by myriad examples of variation. One might think that therapists would recognize the wisdom of accepting the principle of individual variation in matters of sexual preference and that they would attempt to analyze with their patients precisely what anxieties make it seem necessary for them to be exactly the same as they imagine everyone else to be. At any rate, it is to be hoped that therapy, in the best sense of the word, would aim at broadening the individual's emotional horizons and enabling him to make fuller use of his biologic and human potentialities. This is a worthy goal for heterosexuals and homosexuals alike.

Wainwright Churchill III
Rome, Italy

SEXUAL COMPULSIONS

Your response to Rita Laporte's letter in the June *Playboy Forum* was based on several mistaken assumptions. You stated quite correctly that heterosexuals can respond to their own sex, but you ignored the fact that most homosexuals are capable of some erotic response to the opposite sex. Most heterosexuals I have met, including the very liberal, express fear of homosexual contacts. It would be ridiculous to say that their enjoyment of heterosexuality is due to their fear of homosexuality, just as it is ridiculous to state that homosexuals enjoy their practices because they are afraid to perform heterosexual acts. The fear of one has nothing to do with the capacity to enjoy the other.

You also stated that "the male and female bodies have been structurally adapted to each other by millions of years of evolution and (for all the delights of varietism) heterosexual coitus is one of the fundamental satisfactions of a full human life." Underlying this statement is the assumption that heterosexual coitus is somehow more pleasurable and fundamentally superior to any other method of

sexual satisfaction. But, so far, no one has found a way of measuring the degree of pleasure a human being experiences during sexual activity, since pleasure is such a subjective phenomenon. Masters and Johnson found that orgasms achieved through masturbation consistently produced a more intense sensation [in females], as subjectively rated, than orgasms achieved through intercourse, yet most people prefer sex with another person to masturbation. I do not think we can, as yet, make the judgment that one form of sex is more fulfilling than another, except as each person makes this judgment subjectively for himself.

Shelley Gordon, Secretary
Columbia University Chapter
Student Homophile League
New York, New York

You apparently didn't read our entire answer to Miss Laporte. We explained then that we were discussing the exclusive homosexual and said, "Obviously, a person who can respond to both heterosexual and homosexual stimuli does not feel compelled to have relations solely with his own sex, nor is he phobic toward the opposite sex."

We've never said or implied that anyone's enjoyment of a particular kind of sex is motivated by fear of other kinds. Fear of heterosexuality, according to psychiatrists, causes a person to channel his erotic interests to members of his own sex. But this says nothing about his enjoyment of sexual activity. The range of enjoyment for any kind of sexual behavior will vary among individuals, whether they be hetero-, homo- or autosexual, and, in fact, there is a wide range of variation within the individual, regardless of his or her sexual orientation. When we extol the joys of vaginal intercourse, we make no assumption that other forms of sexual behavior are necessarily inferior. We are simply pointing out that the human body is well adapted to heterosexual intercourse and that anyone who is unable to experience this particular pleasure should not kid himself by claiming this to be a rational, conscious choice.

THE MORALITY OF PASSING

On two occasions, PLAYBOY has misrepresented one of my positions in print (*The Playboy Forum*, March and June). I am sure this was not deliberate, but you err in claiming that I oppose psychotherapy aimed at converting homosexuals to heterosexuality and that I term such conversion immoral because it violates group solidarity.

In assessing conversions, one must examine motives. The Jew who weighs Judaism and Christianity and finds Christianity more desirable for any reason intrinsic to both faiths is fully justified in converting, if he wishes to do so. The Jew who converts to Christianity merely to escape the unpleasantness and disadvantages inherent in anti-Semitism or merely in order to conform is copping out and is immoral. Much the same can be said of the Negro passing as white, of the Northern Ireland Catholic converting to Protestantism and of the homosexual converting to heterosexuality. When the conversion is based on an assessment of the merits of the two states involved, by any criteria relevant to the individual—provided that these criteria are intrinsically relevant to the two states—then the conversion is certainly justified in principle. But submission to prejudice and discrimination is second in immorality only to prejudice and discrimination themselves, and when the conversion arises out of such submission, it is immoral. Group solidarity is irrelevant: my point would not be altered if the individual converting were the only one of his kind and there were no group at all.

Accordingly, while in certain instances conversion to heterosexuality may well be a legitimate goal of therapy for homosexuals, in most cases the preferable and proper goal is adjustment of the homosexual to his homosexuality, in order to enable him to live a dignified, fulfilling, rewarding, satisfying, constructive, productive life—self-confidently and self-respectingly—*as a homosexual.*

Franklin E. Kameny, Ph. D.
Washington, D. C.

It appeared to us that, in your letter to the March "Playboy Forum," you were condemning submission to prejudice on the grounds that this is disloyal to other members of the discriminated-against group and that you were unqualifiedly opposed to therapy converting homosexuals to heterosexuality. We're glad to learn that you do not always oppose such therapy; however, you still oppose it when the individual's reason for undergoing it is, in your opinion, immoral. Our own view is that what a person wants to do with his body is his own business—and so are his motives. We need hardly point out to you that moralistic scorn has been used through the ages as a stick with which to beat homosexuals; one might, therefore, expect leaders of the homophile movement to have some distaste for using that same weapon themselves.

I DISLIKE WHAT I AM

I, too, am a homosexual. However, I do not share the attitudes of Mr. Larry R. Littlejohn and Dr. Franklin E. Kameny (*The Playboy Forum*, March), and I feel only revulsion for the types of lives they advocate. Speaking from experience, I find the gay life a fantasy world filled with men who are only half men.

I dislike what I am, not because of the "societal prejudice" around me but because I realize what an unreal, maladjusted individual the homosexual is.

(Name withheld by request)
San Pedro, California

HOMOSEXUALITY AND COMPULSION

I am a sophomore at a Midwestern university. Recently, I tried to commit suicide. The reason I attempted such a desperate act is that I am a homosexual—a queer, as many people would say. I do not know why I am this way; I only know that, as far back as I can remember, I was more interested in my own sex than in girls. I pray and cry out to God at night and plead with Him to let me change. But this is pure lunacy, because I don't really believe in God anymore. If there were a God, how could He be so cruel as to make me this way? I never did anything to deserve such a fate.

Can heterosexuals understand this letter? I doubt it, for I cannot understand them or imagine what force it is that causes them to be attracted to the opposite sex. How, then, can they understand the force that attracts me to my own sex? I expect that things will never change; the majority will go on forever ridiculing me and my kind, as it is doing (especially in the movies) right now.

The irony of my situation is that I have never had sexual relations with a man, because my conscience will not let me. But that is the only kind of sex I want; I never have wanted and never will want sex with a girl.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

We have referred this reader to a source of psychological counseling in his area.

THE SODOMY FACTORIES

In November 1966, I began serving a three-year term in the Missouri Training Center for Men, after pleading guilty to burglary. During the latter part of December, I was homosexually raped by two older convicts, at the point of a knife and under threat of death. I was 19 at the time and the experience was so humiliating that I attempted to commit suicide by slashing my wrists. After being stitched up in the prison hospital, an official visited me. I told him what had happened and that this was the reason for my suicidal state; he made a note in a book and that was all that happened. One month later, the same two convicts, and a third prisoner also, again assaulted me and forced me to submit to anal intercourse. When I reported this act to the officials, I was called a "troublemaker." Instead of getting the protection I asked for, I was ignored.

In April, I was told directly that I had to become a full-time punk—the word used to describe young convicts who play the passive role in homosexual acts. Since the prison officials could not or would not help me, I escaped over two fences. The next day, I was recaptured and transferred to Missouri State Penitentiary. While there, I was raped again.

In September 1968, I was transferred to Randolph County Jail to stand trial

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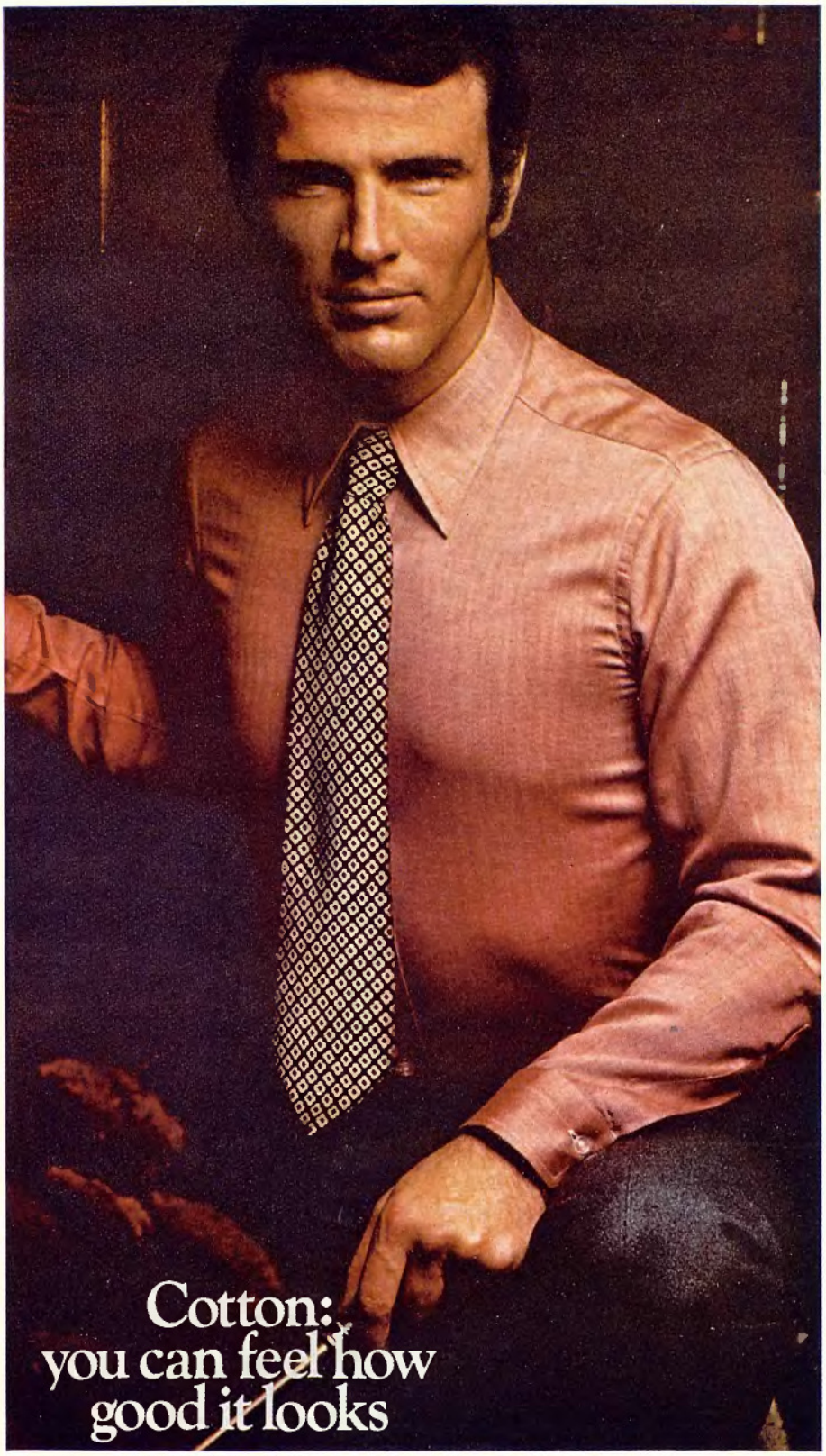

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

for my prison break. An attorney was appointed by the court to defend me, and we intend to base my plea on the simple truth, humiliating as it is for me to admit it and unpleasant as it may be for the authorities to hear it: I escaped from prison simply to get away from being raped constantly by older, more brutal, more hardened convicts.

My experience is not uncommon; it is happening every day in our prison system, whenever a young boy is thrown in with sexually warped older convicts. Others who have written to you about this problem have asked to have their names withheld. I give you permission to use my name, with all the embarrassment and risk that it entails, so that this letter cannot be ignored. I am doing this not just for myself but for all the poor frightened kids in prisons all over the country today who are facing the same terror and humiliation I faced.

J. Charles Green
Randolph County Jail
Huntsville, Missouri

DISARMING THE POLICE

In reply to H. Randall Webb's suggestion that we follow England's example and disarm our police (*The Playboy Forum*, May), I'd like to point out that English laws impose extremely severe penalties for persons committing a crime while carrying a gun and that England has tight and strictly enforced gun control. British police do not carry guns because the majority of persons they set out to arrest are not likely to be so armed. Until a similar state of affairs prevails in the U. S., our police will need to carry their revolvers.

John C. Mills
Madison, Indiana

As a police officer in New York City, I am in a position to agree with H. Randall Webb that unfortunate incidents involving police misuse of weapons have occurred. But there is another side to the coin: the times a policeman has had to use his revolver to save his own life or that of some threatened citizen.

Mr. Webb suggests that with modern communications and transportation a beat cop should be able to mobilize an emergency force in seconds. This might work on paper but not on the streets. When Mr. Webb has stood with one hand on a prisoner in the midst of an angry crowd, bottles crashing down from the roofs overhead, waiting for radio cars to arrive—with nothing between himself and the crowd except his revolver—then he can talk to me about disarmament. This is not a melodramatic picture I've sketched but a regular occurrence for any cop who works in the South Bronx, Harlem or Bedford Stuyvesant areas of New York City. I offer as evidence the police officer in Plainfield, New Jersey,

who did *not* fire his revolver into a crowd of unarmed civilians who surrounded him and subsequently beat him to death.

I have a wife and children to think of, as do many other policemen. I do not wish to convey the impression that my fellow officers and I prowl the streets waiting for a chance to shoot into crowds of unfriendly people; as I said before, almost any ghetto arrest will bring an angry crowd, but shots are rarely fired. As Mr. Webb states, there is no appeal from a fatal bullet. No one is more aware of the awesome power of a loaded pistol than the police officer who must carry one on his hip every waking hour for 20 years.

John E. Haas
Bronx, New York

Can H. Randall Webb, who owns a gun, be so slow-witted as to forget how little time it takes to pull a trigger, or is he just being capricious when he suggests that a beat cop armed with only a billy club and a walkie-talkie be sent out into the asphalt jungle to protect life and property?

I'm sure that Mr. Webb would quickly change his mind if he were about to be shot by a criminal and saw a policeman running to save him, only to discover that the officer was unarmed—and, while calling to the gunman to desist, was also frantically shouting into his walkie-talkie to "send over someone with a gun and, for goodness' sake, don't take more than a few seconds to get here, because this gunman won't listen to me and he's starting to pull the trigger!"

I think it would be well for Mr. Webb to ascertain how few guns are owned by the English and how severe the penalties are for possessing an unlicensed firearm before he compares the police officer in the U. S. with the British bobby. Furthermore, I wonder why H. Randall Webb's bleeding heart doesn't concern itself with guns in the possession of criminals, political extremists and bigots, black and white?

Ken Tilles
Van Nuys, California

H. Randall Webb's bleeding heart does concern itself with guns in the hands of criminals, political extremists and bigots; his letter began by supporting PLAYBOY*'s position on gun control. He then went on to point out why gun control should be extended to the police, as well as to the public. Nor did he urge immediate total disarmament of the police; he proposed steps to limit the use of firearms by police. He mentioned, in passing, the English system, in which the bobby does not carry firearms except under certain limited circumstances, but he did not endorse that program. He suggested, instead, that certain specialists in each police force should be allowed to use guns and that these should be the*

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best men in the department. Webb's idea has its drawbacks (one of which you have highlighted); however, it also has much to recommend it (as instanced by the misuse of guns by many policemen today, such as in the notorious Algiers Motel incident).

In "The Open Society and Its Enemies," Karl R. Popper distinguishes between utopian social engineering and piecemeal social engineering, and rejects the former:

> *Social life is so complicated that few men, or none at all, could judge a blueprint for social engineering on the grand scale; whether it be practicable; whether it would result in real improvement; what kind of suffering it may involve; and what may be the means for its realization. As opposed to this, blueprints for piecemeal engineering are comparatively simple. . . . If they go wrong, the damage is not very great, and a readjustment is not very difficult. They are less risky, and for this very reason less controversial.*

With American traditions such as they are, disarming all policemen today would be utopian social engineering of the most foolhardy sort; but Mr. Webb's suggestion for steps to limit the use of firearms by police is a kind of piecemeal engineering worthy of attention. Many Americans—especially blacks and young people—do not trust the police (and this is one reason for hostility toward disarmament of civilians). Finally, the experiment is already being tried—by the Suffolk County police in Massachusetts (see "The Playboy Forum," October 1968)—and such practical examples of piecemeal social engineering will do more than any amount of verbal argument to determine if Americans, in spite of our gun-toting frontier history, can adjust to the English system of near-total disarmament of both citizens and police.

RANDY RIFLEMEN

If Mrs. Rurik is going to impugn the sexual health of gun hobbyists on rather tenuous grounds (*The Playboy Forum*, May), are we not at liberty to wonder about the anomalous psychodynamics of a woman who writes a letter to a men's entertainment magazine and makes statements calculated to elicit protestations and propositions?

Albert H. Joslin, M. D.
Owensboro, Kentucky

As a gun collector and National Rifle Association member, I was puzzled about how to defend myself against these charges of sexual inadequacy that have been bandied about in *The Playboy Forum*. After thinking it over, I decided that the amateur psychologists who made the allegations might be right, since I really do prefer a gun, a dog and open country to a motel room, a bottle of excellent wine, a girl whose name I have trouble remembering and a casual roll on the Beautyrest. However, I think Barbara Rurik and her cohorts are simply ribbing the less-sophisticated branch of the sporting fraternity—the ones who take umbrage at the slightest hint of criticism. Whether or not a gun is a substitute sex organ is hardly a serious problem compared with the major issues that normally engage the attention of *Forum* readers.

I have noticed, in the reading I've done on the firearms controversy, that there is a high positive correlation between support of gun control and opposition to the war in Vietnam. Don't people realize that the Viet Cong are a bunch of gun nuts?

Sp/4 Michael Salsbery
APO San Francisco, California

An article in *The Wall Street Journal* on the collecting of .45-caliber automatic pistols stated that the most sought-after version of this weapon is that made by the Singer Manufacturing Company. One such gun recently sold for $1500. The conclusion of the article is a priceless confirmation of Barbara Rurik's ideas about so-called gun nuts: "One collector would pay even more for a Singer .45. 'I'd trade my wife for one,' he says."

W. J. Miller
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

And she'd probably trade him for a new sewing machine.

NO MIDDLE GROUND

Allan C. Kimball's letter concerning a middle ground for gun control (*The Playboy Forum*, May) is an exercise in naïveté. He proposes that a potential gun owner pass state tests that would automatically rule out the criminal and the lunatic.

Mr. Kimball's ignorance of psychology is obvious. A professional psychologist could interview an applicant for a full day and still not be able to state with certainty, "This man will not commit a crime of violence." There are many latent psychotics running around undetected who could, under the proper stress, commit violent acts.

Since we cannot control the aggressive individual, or even adequately detect him, let us try to limit his means of aggression.

Bruce J. Brod
Clarkson College of Technology
Potsdam, New York

PHALLIC MISSILES

W. C. Phillips' letter in the May *Playboy Forum*, explaining Freud's theories about weapons, certainly gives one a great deal of insight into what is wrong with the military. Just think what a

Playboy Club News

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missile is shaped like—and how the military is screaming for missiles to protect their missiles!

J. M. Finney
Denver, Colorado

SERGEANT STRANGELOVE

After reading W. C. Phillips' letter about guns having a special appeal to men with unconscious or unresolved homosexual drives, it occurred to me that the military must be full of such types, and the officers played by Sterling Hayden in *Dr. Strangelove*, Marlon Brando in *Reflections in a Golden Eye* and Rod Steiger in *The Sergeant*—all of whom turned to violence when their sexual abnormality threatened to come to the surface—must be quite typical. Thinking of this, I remembered the threat I heard frequently when I was in the Service: "Your ass is grass, and I'm the lawn mower." The homosexual metaphor hidden inside that phrase is quite clear, is it not?

Simon Moon
Chicago, Illinois

THE OLEO STRUT

I have just returned from a year's residence in Killeen, Texas, as an Army wife, and I must rebut the Reverend Bob Johnson's totally false remarks (*The Playboy Forum*, May). The majority of the clientele at the Oleo Strut coffeehouse are freethinking American soldiers seeking a more constructive outlet for their leisure time than what is usually afforded soldiers in an Army town. The Reverend Johnson's attitude is typical of many of the inhabitants of Killeen, who say, in effect, "Give us your money but don't criticize the social structure we have established."

Mrs. Ritanne Paino
White Plains, New York

I was taken aback by the Reverend Bob Johnson's letter in which he made dubious allegations about the staff and purpose of the Oleo Strut coffeehouse in Killeen, Texas. I have personally worked with some of the Oleo Strut people and have some insight into their motives. They stand for those principles upon which this country was founded. They are dedicated people who could be pursuing financially gainful careers but they choose, instead, to help oppressed soldiers. They are far-sighted enough to fear the possibility that this country might be ruled by the military and right-wingers such as the Reverend Johnson, whose goals are disguised behind the flag and mock-apple pie, while branding anyone who opposes them a Communist. Indeed, it is the Reverend Bob Johnsons of this country who are the real enemies of the American people.

Here at Fort Polk, just as at Fort Hood, GIs are aware of and are protesting the futility and moral depravity of the Vietnam war. The anti-war GI is a very real threat to those who would deprive us of peace and freedom.

Sp/4 Michael B. Austin
Fort Polk, Louisiana

MILITARY INJUSTICE

I would like to congratulate PLAYBOY and Michael Erickson of the North American Broadcasting Corporation for exposing the evils of the Presidio stockade and the medieval code of military injustice (*The Playboy Forum*, June). I'd almost given up on the press, as far as this issue is concerned.

As a retired Navy man, my interest in this question is professional; I'd like to get the military out of the Dark Ages and into the space age. The popular press generally seems afraid to print anything critical of the military that sails too close to the gale wind of truth. The press cannot claim to be ignorant of the facts; rather, it is guilty of ignoring them. One of the first to crack the silence barrier was Robert Sherrill, Washington correspondent for *The Nation*, writing in *The New York Times Magazine* (May 18, 1969): "Must a Citizen Give Up His Civil Liberties When He Joins the Army?" It was a good, though cautious, exposé of a heretofore taboo subject. The underground press has been doing an excellent job, but one that is not widely noticed, of bringing to its readers the unpleasant facts about the savage treatment of dissenting GIs, draft resisters, deserters and conscientious objectors in stockades and Federal prisons here and overseas. But PLAYBOY's interest in this issue is indeed heartening, because PLAYBOY is the favorite publication of many GIs, a fact that must be a cause of some chagrin in the Pentagon.

James J. Owens
Naugatuck, Connecticut

I take strong exception to the first paragraph of Henry Jensen's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, June), in which he stated: "Men in this nation's Armed Forces lose their rights as human beings and their constitutional rights to fair treatment when they enter the Service."

I must admit there have been many injustices committed within the military, as in every form of human endeavor, but the Uniform Code of Military Justice affords our Servicemen every right granted by the U.S. Constitution. There are, to be sure, certain rules and regulations not applicable to ordinary citizens, but these are and always will be necessary in the Armed Forces. Without them we would be in the fourth decade of the Third Reich.

William A. Rutledge
Signal Mountain, Tennessee

Although the U.S. Army is probably one of the most democratic in the world, it is erroneous to state that it guarantees every right granted by the U.S. Constitution. Justice William O. Douglas

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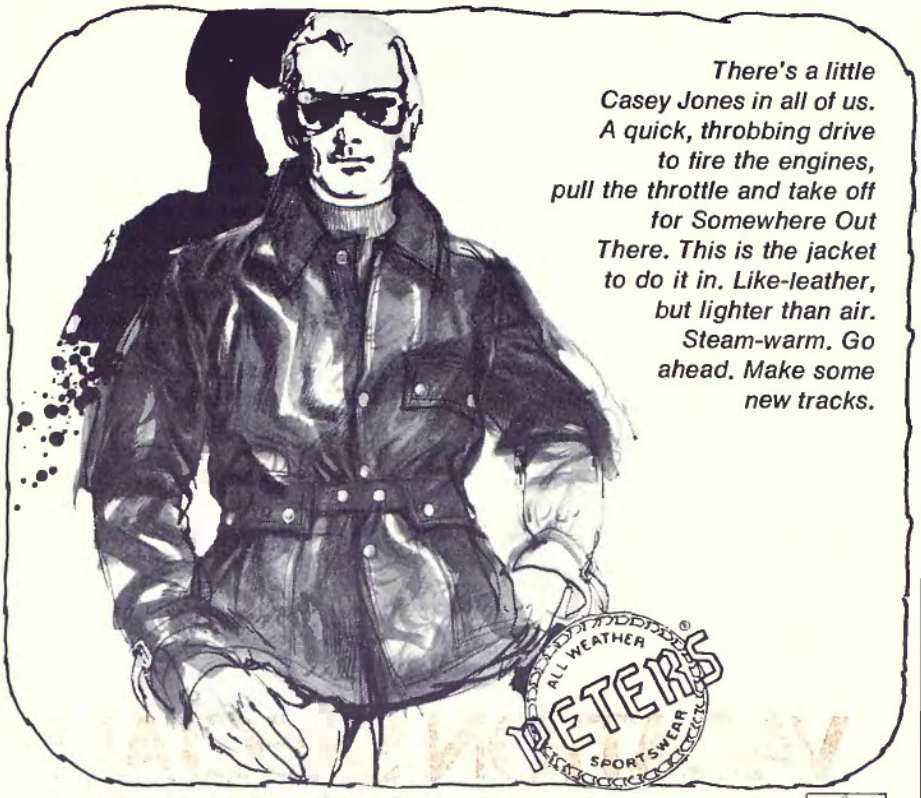

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recently pointed out in a Supreme Court decision that "courts-martial as an institution are singularly inept in dealing with the nice subtleties of constitutional law." Military tribunals do not permit bail, do not grant the right to indictment by grand jury, do not offer the right to trial by peers and, because of their exclusively military structure, make an impartial trial (especially in political cases) highly unlikely.

WHO OWNS ERIK WHITEHORN?

Three cheers for Mrs. Evelyn Whitehorn (*The Playboy Forum*, May), who insists that her 18-year-old son, Erik, belongs to her, not to the Government, and is refusing to let him be drafted. It has always seemed unfair to me that the only time a boy of 18 is considered an adult is when the Government wants to make a soldier out of him. I have three sons—aged seven, six and three years—and I would not let any of them be drafted at 18 to fight in an undeclared war in a godforsaken place such as Vietnam.

If our country were attacked, that would be different, of course; but in the meantime, I am responsible for them until they are 21 and they belong to me, not to the bureaucrats in Washington.

Mrs. J. Wedge
San Diego, California

ON DRAFTING MOM

I am not a reader of your magazine because of the nude women with which you fill your pages, but I had an opportunity to read one issue recently. I came across the letter by R. O. T. C. Cadet John T. Grazzo (*The Playboy Forum*, May) and it made me cross enough to write to you. Cadet Grazzo complains because 1000 women polled by *Good Housekeeping* approved of the Selective Service System, as it presently exists but believed women themselves should be exempt from the draft.

Well, I would not like to be drafted into the Armed Forces either; my place as a mother is at home. A mother gives of herself, from the first agonizing pains of childbirth until the very day she dies. If her menfolk are called into the military, that is just another cross for her to carry—and she usually carries it well. It is not that mothers will not serve in the military; it is that they cannot. They have already given all they can for their country—sometimes, a husband, sons, and brothers. A mother has given her life for America, because her family is her life. When she receives a bronze medal, it does not replace the loved one she has lost, and there is then nothing left of her that the Government could use, for she is dead. Her heart still beats, but her life has ended.

As for Cadet Grazzo's feeling that the women in the poll were unreasonable in thinking that even disabled men should

be drafted: Just think how proud a handicapped boy would be, if allowed to wear the uniform of the United States Army. He could do office work and still be part of this wonderful country.

Mrs. Thomas Hickey
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE POLITICS OF POT

Things were jumping at the University of Arkansas before the summer vacation. Liberals and hippies (in Arkansas, the latter category includes everybody who isn't a business major) have come out into the open. First, there was a protest demonstration involving hundreds. Then Allen Ginsberg drew a huge, appreciative crowd for a three-hour reading. Somebody decided it was time to crack down.

As a result, just before the end of the term, local police, in concert with Feds and state troopers, made a massive marijuana raid. The raid was obviously political; the police take great pride in having decimated the local chapter of Students for a Democratic Society. "I think we pretty well cleaned out the SDS group," said assistant chief Wayne Stout. National SDS has told local chapters that such raids could be expected in all 50 states, this being part of a plan to discredit the group nationally.

I don't know whether the move is, indeed, national or is merely local but there are some things I do know. First, every head in town had been expecting the raid for weeks; everyone who knows anything about it swears that at least one of the raided houses was absolutely clean before the police got there and that the marijuana allegedly found there was planted. Secondly, the police infringed upon the rights of those arrested, cutting their hair before they were even arraigned and holding church services in the jail. Third, our marijuana laws are foolish, unjust and cruel.

Jack Butler, Jr.
Fayetteville, Arkansas

MARIJUANA NIGHTMARE

I'm living through an experience I can hardly believe is real. A few months ago, I moved out of my apartment in a large rooming house in Columbia, Missouri. The day before, a friend of mine, who had lived in the same building, was arrested for possession and sale of marijuana. That morning, another friend was arrested. After I moved out (which I'd been planning to do for a week), I went to my parents' home in Springfield, Missouri, where I was arrested and brought back to Columbia.

Back in Columbia, the police said a boy had been arrested two days earlier and had told them I was supplying him with drugs. I insisted I hadn't been selling to the kid and knew nothing about it. I offered to take a lie-detector test to prove my innocence. The police

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informed me they had found some marijuana in my apartment. There had never been any there, to my knowledge, but, five hours after I moved out, they had searched the place and found .87 milligram—four seeds and about 15 grains of leaf—on the floor. Since I had not told my landlord I was leaving, they claim I was still in possession of the apartment. I was a week behind in my rent but had told other tenants I was leaving, left the door unlocked and gave the key to a friend to turn in to the landlord.

My friends tried to raise money to pay a bondsman but the prosecuting attorney had the bail set too high for them. So, I have been in jail here for three months awaiting trial. I have no idea when that will be and I won't know for sure until the day I go to court. Since neither my family nor I have any money, I am being represented by the public defender. My arrest has made the front pages of newspapers three times. The prosecuting attorney, who is a crusader against drugs, has said he will settle for nothing short of conviction and sentencing to the penitentiary. I am expecting a sentence of at least five years. I have since found out that the boy who is testifying against me was told by the police that if he didn't cooperate, they would do their best to get him ten years.

I am 20 years old, have been attending college and was planning to become a lawyer, which I can never do if convicted. I find it hard to believe that I will go to prison for .87 milligram of marijuana found in an apartment after I moved out of it.

Michael Morgan
Columbia, Missouri

POT AND PLEASURE

The World Health Organization's narcotics unit in Geneva, Switzerland (a seven-member Expert Committee on Dependence-Producing Drugs), recommended continued control of pot because, according to Dale C. Cameron, chief of WHO's drug-dependence unit, pleasure in the use of marijuana tends to cause a preoccupation with the drug.

It is a perfectly logical argument—not against pot but against pleasure. In essence, that's what all the anti-pot arguments amount to anyway.

Mark S. Cowell
Plainville, Massachusetts

TWO COLLEGIATE CULTURES

Contrary to widespread illusion, American youth is not altogether involved in left-wing activism, pot smoking and premarital sex. The group doing these things has received quite a bit of attention lately because of the disturbances its more militant members have created on many campuses. But the recent invasion of and destruction to the small town of Zap, North Dakota, by a mob of young people points up the fact that there are two collegiate cultures. The types who zapped Zap, judging by the reports I read, were from that good old clean-cut, politically illiterate, fraternity-oriented, beer-drinking crowd, which has been rendered culturally obsolescent—but not, unfortunately, nonexistent—with the advent of the hippies and the New Left. This bunch swallows the conformist, conventional line for most of the year, then lets off steam in orgies of senseless drunken violence at places like Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and Zap, North Dakota. Their outbursts of destructive mob behavior are generally tolerated by the establishment, because their activities are stupid and pointless and, therefore, do not threaten the race, class and economic *status quo*. Besides, we need people addicted to meaningless violence to support and carry on our meaninglessly violent foreign policy.

Every discerning adult, however, should work to help the peace-loving pot heads prevail over the brawling boozers.

Arthur Seldon
Chicago, Illinois

STATE OF THE NATION

Having been called a right-wing reactionary by a friend a few weeks ago, it's nice to have Poul Anderson redress the balance by saying in the July *Playboy Forum* that I've been "suckered by the . . . New Left." Actually, my opinions spring pretty much from what I've personally experienced and from what I choose to believe is an astute reading of the establishment press. I admit that I have contributed to the underground press and still read it. However, I carry no brief for bomb planters, motorcycle rat packs searching for their rites of passage or adolescents who believe enlightenment can be inhaled, swallowed or injected. I can understand Poul's point of view; a few years ago, I lived in a primarily white, comfortable suburb of Chicago, probably quite like Poul's town of Orinda, California. For the past two years, though, I've lived in San Francisco, on the periphery of a ghetto. I've drifted in and out of the hippie scene, witnessed firsthand what the war and the draft have done to members of the younger generation and personally seen enough cruelty and physical violence to last me a lifetime.

I was not aware that charges of police brutality were the exclusive property of blacks, New Leftists or myself. I didn't write the Walker Report, which, after admitting the provocations, concluded that the Chicago police used excessive force on peace demonstrators last August. Ethnic prejudice in many big-city police departments is a matter of record. Police brutality is of concern not only to the community but also to the departments themselves, many of which now require psychiatric examinations of would-be policemen. Charges of police brutality, like charges of police corruption, are made, not with an eye to abolishing the police but to improving them.

As for our churches and colleges, to say, "If you don't like 'em, whyncha leave 'em?" is hardly an enlightened suggestion. Rigid institutions do much disservice to mankind; society is better off when the institution changes, not when its most creative members leave. The whole community is at fault when those surrounded by libraries, cheap paperbacks and teachers who would really like to teach fail to make an effort to learn something. A school system can destroy a child's will to learn, as the book *Death at an Early Age* well documents.

To pass off the Vietnam war as simply regrettable is revolting. The Government has had years to explain why we are in this war; it has yet to do so to the satisfaction of the many condemned to fight in it. The price we will have to pay for it in future years will far exceed the current toll in lives and money. The war and that crap shoot called the draft have come close to corrupting an entire generation.

As for genuine equality of opportunity being impossible because of varying genetic endowments, the one simply has nothing to do with the other. People are deprived of equal opportunity when they are evaluated, not as individuals but on the basis of ethnic or racial classification. Genetic endowment, as I'm sure Poul knows, is an individual matter.

Poul's letter is surprising, since, if memory serves correctly, he was schooled as a scientist and has made the study of history an avocation. He even calls on us to learn history's lessons. Yet he makes the classic error pro-establishment people have made down through the ages. In equating those who nonviolently seek peace abroad and reforms at home with nihilists and violent revolutionaries, in consistently upholding the view that our rulers know best, he is closing the door to peaceful progress. Keep that door closed long enough and it becomes inevitable that someone will try to smash it down. That's the lesson history taught establishments that didn't do enough to redress legitimate grievances before revolutions broke out. Just as Poul points out, when people like George III, Louis XVI and Nicholas II refused to *listen*, history let fly with a club. As a science-fiction writer, Poul ought to be better attuned to our possible future.

Frank M. Robinson
San Francisco, California

OLD RIGHT AND NEW LEFT

I would like to respond to Poul Anderson's venomous diatribe against the New Left. I write not as a New Leftist but as an old rightist, and my position—surprising as it may be to Anderson—is that groups such as SDS represent the American conservative-libertarian tradition, while the contemporary right wing is depressingly like the old left wing.

Whatever it may have meant in Europe, the term right wing in America traditionally described a viewpoint characterized by: (1) distrust of too much power in the Federal Government; (2) belief in community control of community affairs; (3) a devotion to civil liberties so passionate as to border on the religious (e.g., Senator Robert Taft destroying his chance for the Presidency by speaking out against the Nuremberg trials, because he believed that even Nazi officials deserved the protections guaranteed in the Magna Charta and the U. S. Constitution); (4) above all, a commitment to pacifism so typically American and so traditional that, in order to discredit it, the old lefties and liberals had to invent the smear word isolationism.

Since the New Right has established a common front with the liberal establishment in violating all these principles and promoting their opposites with all possible vigor, there is no place where an old rightist like myself can find any community of values except in the New Left. These kids share my misgivings about the monstro-state erected in Washington since F. D. R. and continuing to grow like a cancer; they are actively engaged in building blocs of neighborhood power to restore to the people some of the self-determination destroyed by the growth of Federal bureaucracy; they are fighting what may be (if they lose) the very last battle for the civil rights of the individual against the power of the state; and they look on all moralistic justifications for international adventurism with the same skepticism that distinguished those great intellectual heroes of the old right, Harry Elmer Barnes and Charles A. Beard.

Meanwhile, the New Right—represented by such individuals as William F. Buckley, Jr., James Burnham and Mr. Anderson—is as obsessed with holy war as any liberal of the Thirties (or any crusader of the Dark Ages). In pursuit of this holy war, they are willing to let the Government grow to any size and pugnacity necessary; they glorify the police with a mystic faith hitherto unknown on this continent but entirely typical of totalitarian states; they want to see any resistance to this police state, by individuals or groups, totally crushed and, therefore, they justify any and all police brutality on the rarely proved grounds that the resisters provoked it; and they seek to convince us that pacifism is some subversive, alien ideology, rather than an American tradition with roots in Washington's Farewell Address.

Anderson can toss around words such as vicious demagoguery, nonsense, self-pity, nihilism, and so forth, to categorize the position of those of us (old right or New Left) who oppose the perpetual war machine in Washington, but such name-calling will not discourage us any more than the Mace of his beloved police

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has. To us, the vicious demagoguery is that of a President who obtained the Gulf of Tonkin resolution through trickery; the nonsense is that of those who argue that this Government is fighting a defensive war—on somebody else's land, over 8000 miles away; the self-pity is that of politicians and propagandists who lie daily and then feel hurt when people distrust them; and the nihilism is that of those who look on chronic war as a sensible national policy.

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

UNTIL PROVED INNOCENT

Many people ask what causes campus unrest and student rebellions. The answer is simple: The policies of college administrators cause these responses. An obvious example exists here at Bowling Green University, where a student was arrested on a drug charge. Before there was any trial, he was notified by the university that he had been suspended. Lawful and peaceful attempts by the Student Council Appeals Board to rescind this suspension have been vetoed by president William T. Jerome III.

Thus, in direct contradiction to the spirit of American law, the student is being treated as if he were guilty until proved innocent. Is this a policy calculated to make students love and respect the university?

Michael Schmidt
Bowling Green University
Bowling Green, Ohio

CAMPUS CHAOS

Perhaps the greatest legacy our forefathers left the United States is our schools. We have a system that offers every person an equal opportunity to better his life. Today's militants may feel that they have a legitimate right to help program their courses of study; but in any society where (because of the lack of facilities) many more qualified students are turned down than are accepted, higher education becomes no longer a right but a privilege. To those who feel that they have to disrupt a campus violently in order to force their demands on others, I say, "Get out and make room for someone who wants an education."

Sp/4 Nicholas A. Vontzalides
APO San Francisco, California

THE UNIVERSITY AND MORALITY

The demonstrations on American campuses seem to be primarily over curriculum issues and Vietnam; but I believe another problem is manifest in these controversies: the students' objection to the universities setting moral standards. Most of our great universities were founded in the Puritan part of America. The endowments they received were, in many cases, the products of Puritan fortunes. Previous generations of students came from the same heritage and were less mature and able to understand and cope with sex than today's young collegians.

It would seem logical to me that it is now time for the universities to get out of the morality business. If students want to shack up, that should be their business, not the dean's. A practical solution to the problem of the university policing the students' private lives might be to turn all university housing over to private enterprise. The individual owners could then demand whatever moral behavior they desired, including it as part of the lease agreement. Any infraction would involve local police, who are (or should be) properly trained to deal with law enforcement.

If students are not ready to make their own moral decisions by the time they enter college, then perhaps the houses of worship in America need to re-evaluate their missions and accomplishments. In the final analysis, though, no one should be expected to do Mom's and Dad's work except Mom and Dad. Not even our illustrious universities can provide a satisfactory parent substitute.

Rabbi Malcolm M. Sparer
Beth El Jacob Congregation
Des Moines, Iowa

MILITANTS VS. MYTHS

Student violence represents an infinitesimally small percentage of the total lawlessness in our country. However, we adults view collegiate disorders with alarm, because the perpetrators are committing the most offensive of sins: They are questioning the myths many older Americans live by—religious orthodoxy, the all-importance of money and the belief that this is presently a free country. For today's young idealists, the Church is a multibillion-dollar institution peddling false promises for profit. They believe that money is not an index to a man's worth and should not be the means by which one individual exploits another. They have discovered that America's much-publicized freedom masks our rejection and mistreatment of people different from ourselves.

For most of us adults, life is a continuing process of deluding ourselves about the world and the world about ourselves. When these young people challenge our delusions, we become uncomfortable and angry. This anger distorts our perspective when we evaluate student disorders. Apparently, some broken windows and bruised pedagogical egos are too high a price for society to pay for the intellectual honesty of youth and for being reminded of the forgotten dreams we dreamed when we were young.

Milton Routt
Houston, Texas

For a discussion of campus uprisings by student leaders, administrators and others vitally concerned, see "The Playboy Panel: Student Revolt" elsewhere in this issue.

AUTOMATED ADULTERY

Like the wives of many successful business executives, I have been subjected to the stresses of constant moving, constant trips by my husband, constant loneliness, almost total responsibility for the children. Through all this, I've adjusted the best I could, loved him and trusted him completely.

Now I find out, much later than most wives do, that he has had (in addition to the customary one-night stands a man on the expense account takes for granted) a succession of mistresses. This is partly, no doubt, because he is absolutely terrible in bed. He told me long ago that sex had nothing whatsoever to do with any kind of affection, emotion or relation between two human beings. Naturally, then, he would find a whore more satisfying; she's strictly a business deal, while I have an emotional claim on him.

Sociology seems to indicate that a good many successful business executives are afraid of personal relationships and find ego satisfaction in their jobs, as Vance Packard pointed out in *The Pyramid Climbers*. On the side, they find sexual satisfaction in their casual women, not even realizing that their $150 suits and fat bank rolls, not their potbellies and triple chins, are the big attraction.

In addition, the corporations go miles out of their way to disrupt any kind of stable family relationship. They send their men out on the expense account, traveling first-class, while the wives are struggling in small homes with small children. They set up conventions in glamorous cities, with wives forbidden to attend, while the whores, of course, find them happy hunting grounds.

Well, I have a practical suggestion that would keep the husbands happy and help the lonely, neglected wives. While men from the home office are away, there are always visiting firemen at the home office. Why shouldn't the corporation set up a computer to keep track of which men are away and provide a list of the neglected wives to the visitors? This way, the visitors would be saved the trouble and expense of trying to find a professional, the wives would have the rare satisfaction of adult male companionship and the type of woman available would be of a much higher class.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DECENCY COMES TO TUCSON

The sex-education battle has finally reached Tucson, Arizona, where a group known as MOTOREDE (Movement to Restore Decency) purports to be against sex education in the public schools (*The Playboy Forum*, June). But the tapes we have made at their meetings show that very little time is spent discussing sex education. Instead, they occupy themselves in attacking practically *all* activities of youth as a vast Communist conspiracy,

drawing "support" from such sources as *American Opinion*, *Neighbor-to-Neighbor News* (an archconservative Phoenix publication), *Christian Anti-Communism Crusade*, various other right-wing journals and the Bible (quoted, as usual, very irresponsibly).

One of their arguments is that the Bible doesn't say that sex education should be left up to the schools. (We would find it surprising, to say the least, if it did.)

Their most fascinating "evidence" was an article from an unidentified New York tabloid with the provocative headline: "STUDENTS RIOT AND RAPE SCHOOLMARM." According to the article, a 25-year-old teacher was raped by 17 teenage boys immediately after she showed a sex-education film in school. From the headline, the tabloid could only be *The National Enquirer* or some equally scholarly source.

Another gem was: "Our public schools are expected to offer remedial courses in reading, writing and arithmetic when students have serious problems in these subjects. If a sex-education program is adopted, will our schools then be expected to offer remedial sex training? Secondly, individual school districts are legally responsible for bodily harm that may come to a student in school-related activities. If a student were to become pregnant or contract a venereal disease after completion of the required sex-education courses, is it not possible that the student's family would have grounds for legal action against that school district?"

Perhaps the most interesting fact is that MOTOREDE is arguing furiously against a virtually nonexistent program. Our Tucson school district has merely set up a Sex Education Advisory Committee, which is examining all available materials to inform the people *whether* or *not* improvements should be made in the innocuous program currently in the curriculum. MOTOREDE is supplying all the anti literature, of course. Could PLAYBOY suggest a source of information supporting sex education?

Mrs. Lynn White
Mrs. Barbara Weaver
Tucson, Arizona

The Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, 1855 Broadway, New York, New York 10023.

"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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COMMAND

discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: STUDENT REVOLT

campus dissidents—left and right—debate the issues of violence and reform with university presidents and educators

PANELISTS

EWART BROWN, 23, is a sophomore medical student and two-letter man (track and soccer) at Howard University in Washington, D. C. During the 1967–1968 academic year, as student-body president, he led a coalition of campus political organizations in a successful five-day take-over of the school's administration building as a protest against the disregard of their demands for self-disciplining authority over student violations of college rules. It was the first all-black seizure of a college administration building in the country. Having participated in a student symposium at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, Brown now works through student government and occasionally with Washington's Black United Front and PRIDE, Incorporated, to make Howard "a black institution controlled by blacks to solve black problems."

HARRY EDWARDS, 26, is a Cornell graduate student in sociology and a political activist who has lectured on the philosophy and tactics of social change to black student unions on over 60 campuses throughout the nation. When Cornell's blacks seized the student union last spring, there were rumors that armed white fraternity men were about to attack, and Edwards is alleged to have advised the militants to take defensive measures by smuggling in guns and ammunition. A onetime holder of the junior college discus record and a former varsity basketball player, he organized last year's Olympics boycott and is now centrally concerned with the burgeoning Federation of Black Athletes. Edwards' published work in this area includes two books, *Revolt of the Black Athlete* and *Up Toward Liberation*, and articles in magazines ranging from *Sports Illustrated* to *Trans-action*, the sociological journal in which his piece "Confrontation at Cornell," written with Professor William Friedland, appeared last June.

EDGAR FRIEDENBERG, 48, has a joint professorship in sociology and education at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He received both his B. S. (Centenary College) and M. S. (Stanford University) in chemistry by the age of 18, and his Ph.D. in education at the University of Chicago. An anti-establishment educational theorist, Friedenberg was one of the first sociologists to recognize youth as an oppressed group, and today is a leading defender of student dissent. His humanistic interest in adolescents, particularly in relation to our educational institutions, has been expressed in several published works—*The Vanishing Adolescent, Coming of Age in America, The Dignity of Youth and Other Atavisms* and *Self-Perception in the University*, written with Julius Roth.

BUELL GALLAGHER, 65, was president of the City College of New York from 1952 to 1961 and, after one year as chancellor of California State Colleges, returned to CCNY in 1962. Last spring, he resigned amid a furor surrounding educational budget cuts and the college's disruptive student revolt. During the massive protest, further complicated by open racial conflict, Gallagher became increasingly disillusioned with the intransigence of black-militant leadership and the patterned reactions of "old-line doctrinaire liberals." Despite the crisis, Gallagher refused to bring police on campus and was finally forced into the unpopular decision of closing the college in order to facilitate student negotiations. He is also an ordained Congregationalist minister, the recipient of 15 academic and honorary degrees, and a former assistant commissioner of the U. S. Office of Education.

SAMUEL I. HAYAKAWA, 63, is the president of San Francisco State College, succeeding Robert Smith, who resigned during the campus disorders last November, which began as a massive black student–led strike to protest State's "racist policies" and to press for a black-studies department and a larger share in the college's decision-making processes. By resorting to the extensive use of police on campus during the San Francisco State crisis, Hayakawa was able to restore an uneasy order. Though these actions gained him notoriety and popularity with many people, his reliance on police to cool the conflict by force alienated many members of his own faculty and, in the opinion of some, further polarized the academic community. Long one of the nation's leading semanticists, Hayakawa has also written such highly regarded books as *Language in Thought and Action, Symbol, Status, and Personality* and *Dimensions of Meaning*, written with William Dresser. Before joining the San Francisco State faculty, Hayakawa spent five years as a columnist for the *Defender*, Chicago's major black newspaper, was on the board of directors of The Institute of Jazz Studies in New York and a lecturer in English at the University of Chicago. Hayakawa is also editor of *ETC*, the journal of the International Society for General Semantics.

TOM HAYDEN, 29, a graduate of the University of Michigan, has led and allied himself with radical forces on every major revolutionary issue since the free-speech movement in 1964, and with liberal reform since the civil rights movement of the early Sixties. He registered black voters for SNCC in the South, established community organizations in the Northern

HAYDEN: *The fascist elements of the power structure are escalating the conflict. Our task is to convince the American people that despite the barrage of propaganda against us, we are not their enemy.*

HAYAKAWA: *When the Government intervened with armed men in Little Rock, the liberal community thought it was fine. They don't respond the same when campuses are threatened by the left wing.*

EDWARDS: *Students and black people are catching so much hell from frontlash that backlash doesn't really matter. I doubt if the right wing can do any more to students than the liberals have already done.*

ghettos and was one of the principal founders of the Students for a Democratic Society. In 1965, Hayden traveled to Hanoi with Communist dialectician-historian Herbert Aptheker and New Left theorist Staughton Lynd, and later to Czechoslovakia for a conference of American antiwar activists and leaders of Vietnam's National Liberation Front. He has also met with American and Vietnamese negotiators in Paris to work for the release of American prisoners of war. As one of the demonstration leaders during last year's Democratic Convention in Chicago, Hayden has been indicted under the anti-riot section of the 1968 Civil Rights Act and faces a possible ten-year sentence if convicted at the trial, which is scheduled for this month. His published works include *The Other Side*, written with Staughton Lynd, *Rebellion in Newark;* most recently, *Repression and Rebellion.*

JENCKS: *The student movement has failed to offer any coherent ideas about building a new society to replace the old one. Until it does, Washington or Wall Street doesn't need to lose much sleep.*

MORSE: *I went through the nonviolent civil rights movement and the pacifist antiwar movement. We've been arrested, beaten and spat on—but no one's listened. That leaves no alternative but revolution.*

FRIEDENBERG: *No university should serve its Government's military needs if the Government is immoral or those needs are destructive. Our Government is immoral and its military objectives are obscene.*

CHRISTOPHER JENCKS, 32, is codirector of The Cambridge Institute and an associate professor of education at Harvard University, where he earned both his bachelor's degree in English literature and his master's in education. His provocative writings in the latter field have appeared in such publications as *The Saturday Evening Post, The New Republic, Harper's* and *The Atlantic.* In collaboration with sociologist David Riesman, he has also written *The Academic Revolution,* an analysis of the current crisis in American education. A self-described maverick, Jencks supported the Harvard student strike last April but not the occupation of University Hall that preceded it.

PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE, 30, who once led trips to Cuba as a member of the leftist Progressive Labor Party, now serves as Director of College Services of the conservative Young Americans for Freedom, while completing work on his Ph.D. in political science. Hoping to mobilize a conservative counteroffensive to the activities of the student left, with which he became disenchanted in 1965, he has lectured at numerous universities and debated such New Left spokesmen as Jerry Rubin, panelist Tom Hayden and *Ramparts'* Robert Scheer. In addition to articles in *The Saturday Evening Post, National Review, Reader's Digest* and the ultraconservative *Human Events,* Luce has written three books—*The New Left, Road to Revolution* and *The Intelligent Student's Guide to Survival.*

LINDA MORSE, 25, began her political involvement as a member of the free-speech movement while attending college in New England in 1964. She dropped out after two years to join the civil rights struggle as a volunteer worker in Philadelphia's Fellowship House, a center for black cultural education and community organization. From 1965 to 1968, she worked for New York's Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee, helping to stage a series of massive peace demonstrations, and was executive secretary of the Student Mobilization Committee until last year. Now living in Berkeley, she is active in a variety of radical groups, including the Women's Liberation Front.

PLAYBOY: Increasingly, in the past several years, the campuses of America have been transformed into ideological—and often literal—battlegrounds as the demands of militant students for sweeping educational and social reforms clashed with the intransigence of university administrations and state and local authorities. The student protest movement, which began as an apparently limited dispute over free speech on the Berkeley campus of the University of California five years ago, has now become a major international issue, arousing as much passion and political polarization as the racial crisis or the war in Vietnam, with both of which it has been linked. The escalation of demonstration and counter-demonstration, disruption and suppression has divided the nation so profoundly that the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, established by President Johnson after Senator Robert F. Kennedy's assassination, issued in June a 3600-word statement on student disorder that concluded: "The problem of campus unrest is more than a campus problem. Its roots lie deep in the larger society. There is no single cause, no single solution. We urge all Americans to reject hasty and simplistic answers. . . . Students are unwilling to accept the gaps between professed ideals and actual performance. They see afresh the injustices that remain unremedied. . . . Today's intelligent, idealistic students see a nation which has achieved the physical ability to provide food, shelter and education for all, but has not yet devised social institutions that do

BROWN: *If the war in Vietnam were to end tomorrow, there might be a slackening off of militancy on white campuses, but not among black students. We're just at the beginning of a long, hard road.*

LUCE: *The radicals need the war in Vietnam; they use it to sucker moderate students into their movement with the argument that the war is symptomatic of the rottenness of the whole society.*

GALLAGHER: *While there is still time, we've got to break out of this spiral of violence before it tears the country apart. The power to choose between destruction and reconstruction is still in our hands.*

so. They see a society, built on the principle that all men are created equal, that has not yet assured equal opportunity in life. They see a world of nation-states with the technical brilliance to harness the ultimate energy, but without the common sense to agree on methods of preventing mutual destruction." The report was prefaced with the statement: "So threatening is the situation, so essential is the need for understanding and calm appraisal, that this commission feels compelled to speak now rather than to remain silent until publication of its final report next fall." In an effort to confront this explosive subject in the calm and understanding spirit recommended by the commission, we have asked nine leading spokesmen on both sides of the dispute—college presidents, radical students representing both black and white campus protest groups, professors and educational theorists—to participate in an unprecedented discussion on the student revolt and the far-reaching issues it has raised. To begin with, let's try to establish the relative strength of the opposing forces. Critics of campus unrest contend that the majority of students are either apathetic or actively hostile to the protesters. Are the rebels really only a small minority of the student population?

HAYDEN: That's the same bullshit they've been handing out for years about how 90 percent of the Vietnamese are either pro-government or indifferent neutrals. The fact is that the Viet Cong could never have carried on a revolutionary war for 23 years against two great military powers without the sympathy and active assistance of the people, any more than the student revolution in this country could exist without widespread campus support. The old Chinese revolutionary axiom about the people being the water and the rebels the fish holds just as true on American campuses as it does in Asian jungles. I think the overwhelming majority of students are sympathetic to the basic goals of the movement: withdrawal of U. S. troops from Vietnam, elimination of institutionalized racism, raising the living standards of the poor and, in general, placing greater decision-making power in the hands of the people.

Not everybody who's sympathetic, of course, is willing to actively participate in the movement, and there are also inevitable differences of opinion over how to realize these goals. Some students still feel that it's possible to reform the system from within. But a good-sized minority of students disagrees and feels that to accomplish such goals, you've got to change the whole system from top to bottom and replace it with something new and healthy. Though some students believe this can be done peacefully, or relatively peacefully, a small yet significant number are committed to true revolutionary action in order to change the system by any and all means necessary. That's where I stand, of course, and our numbers are growing every day.

HAYAKAWA: I think Mr. Hayden is deluding either himself or his followers—or both—if he thinks that his kind of revolutionary methods have the support of anything more than an infinitesimal fraction of the student population of this country. The vast majority of students may, indeed, be in favor of some of the specific goals he's just enumerated—after all, who *isn't* opposed to war and poverty and racism?—but it's a far cry from that to supporting tactics of mindless violence and intimidation. The great bulk of American students are primarily concerned with finishing their educations and earning their degrees, not with burning administration buildings. So far, they haven't actively opposed the minority of violent demonstrators—although I'm certain you'll see a significant increase in such opposition soon—but that in no way means they're sympathetic to them. If anything, they're like bystanders at a mugging. I believe it's the purpose and duty of a university administration to represent this silent majority of moderate students, and that's what I've tried to do at San Francisco State, where at least 15,000 out of our 18,000 students want to go to school and pursue their studies without disrupting the university on behalf of a few peripatetic revolutionary demagogs like Mr. Hayden.

EDWARDS: I don't dig all this crap about the moderate majority. There isn't any middle of the road left in this country. You're either with the movement or against it, because if you're not willing to take the measures that are necessary to correct the problem—and they have to be radical measures today—then you automatically become part of the problem. It's the same thing with the so-called Negro moderates; they're either chumps who don't know what's going on or they're conscious traitors to their race. As for moderate whites, they're as much responsible for the racial problem as George Wallace. If you won't act to cure the sickness and rottenness of this system, then you're responsible for it. And that makes you the enemy.

LUCE: That kind of extremist attitude is precisely what's driving more and more students away from the New Left. Mr. Edwards is way off base when he says that you automatically become a tool of the establishment or an ally of George Wallace the moment you oppose these left-wing lunatics with a fetish for violence. Individuals like myself on the New Right and organizations like the Young Americans for Freedom, who are opposing these left-wing crazies, aren't doing it because we love Johnson or Nixon or the whole stultifying bureaucracy of the Federal Government, or because we don't want the things that are wrong with this society reformed. We're fighting them because we oppose violence and collectivism and totalitarianism and the Nazi storm-trooper tactics they use against anybody who opposes them. We'd be glad to sit down and debate ideological and social goals with the SDS all night, and we might even find ourselves in agreement on some points—but we refuse to be strong-armed by those who employ violence in the name of peace, and intimidation in the name of dissent.

MORSE: Right-wingers like Mr. Luce use this whole business of opposing our tactics as a smoke screen to conceal their opposition to our goals. Whatever they say, they *are* tools of the system, and they're dedicated to perpetuating everything that's wrong with it. They're failing, however, because just as Tom Hayden said, the movement is steadily growing stronger, despite all attempts to suppress it. *Fortune* magazine, which is hardly a New Left journal, recently did a breakdown of student support for the movement; it estimated that 40 percent are with us while the other 60 percent are mostly interested in getting through college. Many of these, however, sympathize with us on specific issues. Now, when you consider how relatively new the movement is and all the opposition and intimidation it's had to face, 40 percent is a damn impressive figure. And it's going up all the time. Perhaps most encouraging of all is what's happening in high schools all over the country. In New York City, for example, more than 50 percent of the high schools have had serious student protests, and these were supported by all kinds of students—middle-class, lower-class, black, Puerto Rican, white. As these newly radicalized high school students enter college, you'll find that our constituency has been very significantly broadened. You're going to need a lot more than clubs and tear gas and guns to hold down this generation of students; and if you continue to escalate the violence against us, you'll find growing numbers of students fighting back in self-defense.

PLAYBOY: Is violence of any kind—offensive, defensive or retaliatory—a justifiable expression of protest?

HAYAKAWA: Of course not—no more than rape is an acceptable expression of desire.

GALLAGHER: I would have to agree with Dr. Hayakawa on this point. Force and violence just can't be tolerated, even in their relatively mild forms, such as blocking school doorways or intimidating the opposition.

EDWARDS: If you call blocking a doorway violence, then what are you going to call the things you're going to see in the years ahead? What you should understand here is that under extreme circumstances, violence is not only the most effective but the *only* tactic open to us. Students are basically powerless, which

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Alton ... Bartleff's
Bensenville ... Tioga Toggery
Blue Island ... Boyd's Store For Men
Chicago ... Bovenkerk's Mens Wear
Chicago ... Brighton Clo.
Chicago ... Broadstreet's-All Stores
Chicago ... Cohn & Stern
Chicago ... Erie-All Stores
Chicago ... Gateley's Peoples Store
Chicago ... M. Hyman & Son
Chicago ... M. L. Rothschild-All Stores
Chicago ... Wiebold's Stores Inc.-All Stores
Chicago Heights ... Kline's Dept. Store
Decatur ... Muirheid Men's Shop, Inc.
Dundee ... Bethke Clothiers
Edwardsville ... Imber's Men's Wear
Elgin ... Epstein's
Elmhurst ... Leonard's Store For Men
Evergreen Park ... Park Men's Shop
Fox Lake ... Durkin & Durkin
Glen Ellyn ... Bob Horsley, Inc.
Glen Ellyn ... Dean Olson Men's Wear
Granite City ... Trattler's Men's Wear
Joliet ... Welfson's
Kewanee ... Kirley & Sons
La Grange ... Mr. Floyd's
La Grange ... Village Toggery
Melrose Park ... Erie
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Rockford ... D. J. Stewart Co.
Rockford ... Chas. V. Weise Co.
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Waukegan ... Durkin & Durkin
Waukegan ... Storey's
Wood River ... Trattler's Men's Wear

INDIANA
Angola ... Strock's Mens Wear
Bloomington ... Whiteside's
East Chicago ... Edwards
Elkhart ... Goldbergs
Elkhart ... Myers Men's Wear
Evansville ... Gordons
Ft. Wayne ... L. S. Ayres & Co.
Ft. Wayne ... Gladieux-Morrisey
Ft. Wayne ... Meyers & McCarthy
Frankfort ... Laverty's
Gary ... Frank's Store For Men
Gary ... Mac & Dewey
Goshen ... Snyder's Men's Shop
Hammond ... Joe Hirsch Inc.
Highland ... Zandstra's Store For Men
Hobart ... Edwards
Indianapolis ... L. S. Ayres & Co.-All Stores
Indianapolis ... The Mans World
Jasper ... Schneider's Dept. Store
Kokomo ... Galbreath & Stewart
Lafayette ... L. S. Ayres & Co.
La Porte ... Low's Clothing Store
Lebanon ... L And W Mens Wear
Logansport ... Bailey's
Michigan City ... Falvey's Store For Men & Boys
Michigan City ... Griegers
Michigan City ... The Men's Shop
Mishawaka ... Don Keen's Men's Wear
Nappanee ... J And R Coppes Ltd.
North Manchester ... Maynard's Men's Wear
South Bend ... Gilbert's
South Bend ... Spiro's
Valparaiso ... The Oxford Shop Inc.
Vincennes ... Alberts
Warsaw ... Falvey's Store For Men

IOWA
Cedar Rapids ... Armstrong's
Council Bluffs ... Iowa Clothes Shop
Davenport ... Simon & Landauer
Des Moines ... Bodin Van Dorn
Des Moines ... Frankels
Des Moines ... Kuchares
Ft. Dodge ... The "Mr" Shop
Grinnell ... Bob Reimer Clothing
Indianola ... De-Doc's Clothing
Le Mars ... Bowers Clothing
Marion ... Irwin's Clothing
Sioux City ... Black Knight
Waterloo ... Palace 520 Shop

KANSAS
Fort Scott ... Leek's Mens Wear
Leavenworth ... Kiser's Mens Wear
Overland Park ... Louis Barry Ltd.
Overland Park ... Rothschild's Varsity Shop
Topeka ... Crosby's
Wichita ... Kern's Parklane
Wichita ... Macy's
Wichita ... McDonald's

KENTUCKY
Elizabethtown ... Rider's
Henderson ... Bernstein's
Louisville ... Levy Bros.
Louisville ... Stewart Dry Goods
Madisonville ... The Stag Shop

LOUISIANA
Alexandria ... Caplan's
Baton Rouge ... Cohn-Turner
Baton Rouge ... Goudchaux's
Baton Rouge ... D. H. Holmes Co.-All Stores
Baton Rouge ... I. H. Rubenstein & Son-Both Stores
Lafayette ... Gaidry's-Both Stores
Lake Charles ... The Village Squire
Minden ... McCraney's Mens Shop
Monroe ... The Oxford Shop
Monroe ... The Palace Men's Shop
Monroe ... Selber Bros.
New Orleans ... D. H. Holmes Co.-All Stores
New Orleans ... Selber Bros.
Shreveport ... Arthur Coplon Ltd.
Thibodaux ... Arthur Coplon Ltd.

MICHIGAN
Alpena ... Teny & Norm's Men's Wear
Birmingham ... Steve Petix
Dearborn ... Price's
Dearborn ... Ted's Of Dearborn
Detroit ... Crowley's-All Stores
Detroit ... Demery's-All Stores
Detroit ... Le Clair Men's Wear
Detroit ... Michel Custom Tailor
Detroit ... Steve Petix
Flint ... Marvin's Inc.
Flint ... Smith-Bridgman
Flint ... Milt Weiss Apparel
Grand Haven ... The Big Store
Grand Rapids ... Christopher's Big & Tall Apparel
Grosse Pointe ... Young's Men's Wear
Hamtramck ... Barney's Clothes
Harper Woods ... Van Horn's Men's Stores
Holland ... The Ambassador Shop
Holland ... Lokker-Rutgers
Inkster ... Three Star Clo. & Tailor
Ironwood ... Mrofchak's Mens Shop
Kalamazoo ... Lew Hubbard
Kalamazoo ... Kooi Knapper
Lansing ... Cadillac Clothes
Lincoln Park ... B. L. Sims
Muskegon ... Friend's Friendly Clothiers
Muskegon ... Grossman's Dept. Store
Niles ... Pauls Toggery
Owosso ... Storrer's
Plymouth ... Famous Men's Wear
Pontiac ... Lion Store
Port Huron ... Andy Thomas Mens Wear
Rochester ... Mitzelfeld's
Roseville ... Leed's Men's Wear
Saginaw ... Heavenrich's
Sault Ste. Marie ... Ely Andary & Sons
Southfield ... Danby's
Southfield ... Van Horn's Men's Stores-All Stores
Troy ... B. L. Sims
Troy ... Van Horn's Men's Stores
Utica ... Van Dyke Clothiers
Wayne ... Van Horn's Men's Stores
Wyandotte ... Chelsea
Ypsilanti ... Hayward's

MINNESOTA
Alexandria ... Bob's Clothes Shop
Bemidji ... Gill Bros.
Breckenridge ... Bronson Clothing
Buffalo ... Cohen's Village Shops
Crookston ... C.O.D. Clothing Store
Detroit Lakes ... Norby's Dept. Store
Duluth ... Morterud-Koneczny
Fergus Falls ... Arnesen & Larson
Lake City ... Rose Clothing Store
Mankato ... Wilson Clothing
Marshall ... Ed's Toggery
Moorhead ... The Toggery
Northfield ... Ferman's Inc.
No. St. Paul ... Mr. D's Men's Wear
Red Wing ... Towne Squire
Rochester ... Streitmatter's
Rosemount ... Cedric's
St. Cloud ... St. Clair's Men's Wear
St. Paul ... Cedric's
St. Paul ... Field-Schlick Inc.
St. Paul ... Johnson-Dodds
Shakopee ... Bill's Toggery & Shoes
Virginia ... Palace Clothing Co.
Wayzata ... Foursome Inc.

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi ... Gene Warr's
Canton ... Saab's
Grenada ... The Stag Shop
Hattiesburg ... The Essex House
Hattiesburg ... Fine Bros.-Matison
Jackson ... Emporium
Jackson ... Jim's of Jackson
Jackson ... McRae's-All Stores
Laurel ... Hamilton-Graves
Natchez ... Benoist Bros.
Vicksburg ... Karl's

MISSOURI
Cape Girardeau ... The University Shop
Carthage ... Belk-Simpson
Columbia ... Harry Smith Men's Wear
Kansas City ... Macy's-All Stores
Kansas City ... Rothschild's Varsity Shop
Lebanon ... Farris Bros.
Poplar Bluff ... Clyde Reed Men's Store
Raytown ... Peter's Custom Tailoring
Rolla ... Vern's Mens Wear
St. Joseph ... Ed Cowman Custom Shop
St. Louis ... Boyd's-All Stores
Springfield ... Cole's
Waynesville ... Farris Bros.

NEBRASKA
Columbus ... Curry Bros.
Grand Island ... Brandeis
Lincoln ... Brandeis
Norfolk ... The Star Clothing Store
North Platte ... Hirschfeld's
Omaha ... Brandeis-All Stores
Omaha ... The Captain's Corner
Omaha ... Ross' Red Hanger Shop

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck ... Shark's Clothiers
Fargo ... The Toggery
Jamestown ... Solien's

OHID
Akron ... Koch's-All Stores
Ashtabula ... Globe-Bell Inc.
Canton ... The Harvard-All Stores
Cincinnati ... Pogue's-All Stores
Dayton ... Elder-Beerman
Euclid ... Gornik's
Fairview Park ... Shuttler's Men's Wear
Findlay ... Findlay Toggery
Fremont ... Lytle's
Hamilton ... Elder-Beerman
Lima ... Gregg's
Lima ... The Squire Shop
Mansfield ... Komito's
Mansfield ... Lenzmeier's-The Gentlemen's Room
Marietta ... Bonham's
Marion ... Walter Axthelm's
Middletown ... Worthmore Clothes Shop
Newark ... Mitchell's Men's Wear
Niles ... Carlisle-Allen Co.
North Olmsted ... Allyn's Men's Wear
Parma ... Jerry Schwarz Inc.
Portsmouth ... Wolff's
Solon ... Wickliffe Men's & Boys' Wear
Steubenville ... Myer & Stone
Toledo ... Lamsen's
Toledo ... Lasalle's
Wapakoneta ... Zofkie's
Warren ... The Gentry Co.
Warren ... Hartzell's-Rose & Sons
Wooster ... Nick Amster's
Youngstown ... Hartzell's-Rose & Sons

OKLAHOMA
Bartlesville ... The London Shop
Drumright ... S & S Clothiers, Inc.
Edmond ... S. K. McCall & Co.
Enid ... Richard's
Fredrick ... Rex E. Curtis & Son
Midwest City ... Mr. Buck, Inc.
Midwest City ... Parks Apparel
Oklahoma City ... Mr. Buck, Inc.
Oklahoma City ... Parks Apparel-All Stores
Ponca City ... Abernethy's Mens Wear
Pryor ... Saunders
Sapulpa ... Bayouth's
Stillwater ... Bates Bros., Campus
Tahlequah ... Brass Lantern
Tulsa ... The Madison Shop
Weatherford ... The Dixie Store

SOUTH DAKDTA
Aberdeen ... Jorgensen's Men's Shop
Brookings ... Wilson's Clothing
Huron ... Hedblom The Clothier
Mobridge ... Perron's Toggery
Rapid City ... Walter White's
Sioux Falls ... E & W Clothing

TENNESSEE
Bristol ... Quality Shop
Chattanooga ... Loveman's
Jackson ... Holland's
Johnson City ... Thomas Men's Shop
Memphis ... James Davis
Memphis ... The John Gerber Co.
Memphis ... Louis Lettes Clothes
Memphis ... Lowenstein's
Memphis ... Paul's
Nashville ... Belmont Men's Shop
Nashville ... Joseph Frank & Son
Whitehaven ... The Oxford Shop

TEXAS
Austin ... Blomquist-Clark
Baytown ... Gregory's
Brenham ... Bode & Tonn
Brownwood ... The Stag Shop
Bryan ... The Country Squire
Dallas ... Cullum & Boren-All Stores
Dallas ... Dutch Mens Wear
Dallas ... House Of Lords-All Stores
Dallas ... Irby-Mayes-All Stores
Denton ... Bomar's
Denton ... Varsity Shop
Eagle Pass ... Mr. John's, Inc.
El Paso ... Al's Shop For Men
Ft. Worth ... Walter Johnston
Ft. Worth ... Sherman's
Garland ... Ken's Man's Shop
Georgetown ... Gold's
Houston ... Oshman's
Houston ... Rodney's-All Stores
Killeen ... The Stag Shop
Killeen ... Stanley Weiss Men's Store
Laredo ... Joe Brand, Inc.
McAllen ... Baum's Men's Wear
Pasadena ... Bernard's Men's World
Richardson ... Kent Shop
San Angelo ... Gabriel's
Sherman ... Linxwiler's Store For Men
South Houston ... Bernard's
Stamford ... Hind's Men's Wear
Tyler ... J. Massad's
Waco ... The Charles Shop
Weatherford ... George's Man's Shop

WISCONSIN
Appleton ... W. A. Close Inc.
Beloit ... George Brothers
Black River Falls ... K. Ferries Clothing Cupboard
Chippewa Falls ... Boston Clo. House
Clintonville ... Olson's Tog Shop
Cudahy ... Goller-Stein
Du Pere ... White Store
Green Bay ... White Store
Kaukauna ... S. J. Berens Clothing
Kenosha ... Greening's Clothes Shop
La Crosse ... Newburg's
Madison ... Gimbels
Manitowoc ... Walkers Ltd.
Milwaukee ... Schuette Bros.
Milwaukee ... Friedman's Southgate
Milwaukee ... Gimbels-All Stores
Milwaukee ... Goller-Stein
Milwaukee ... Schmitt-Ortow-Stumpfs-All Stores
Milwaukee ... Walkers Ltd.
Neenah ... Hardt's Mens Wear
Oconomowoc ... The Country Squire, Ltd.
Prairie Du Chien ... Kozelka's Men's Wear
Racine ... Levin Bros.
Stevens Point ... Parkinson's Clothes
West Allis ... Friedman's

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puts them in pretty much the same bag as black people; they control no armies or police forces, make no guns or ammunition, own no factories and, in general, have no real influence within the context of the existing system, which is rotten to the core. In many cases where students have petitioned and demonstrated nonviolently for redress of grievances, they have been met by establishment violence on the part of a Gestapo euphemistically called law-enforcement officers. So it's apparent that the only thing the student has going for him is his potential for disruption, his ability to throw a monkey wrench into the well-oiled social machinery. About the only option left to us, if we want to have an influence in society, is this capacity to disrupt or destroy. It's not an abstract moral issue; it's the simple reality of our situation.

LUCE: To contend that violence is the only tactic open to students seeking change is pure bat droppings. The only thing violence will ultimately achieve on campus is the total suppression of dissent. Mr. Edwards is obviously intelligent enough to realize that violence is a two-way street and that the power structure is more than capable of putting down the infantile leftism he espouses in the guise of revolutionary sloganeering.

HAYAKAWA: I agree. This kind of argument is like saying that the only way to improve airline service is to shoot down the planes.

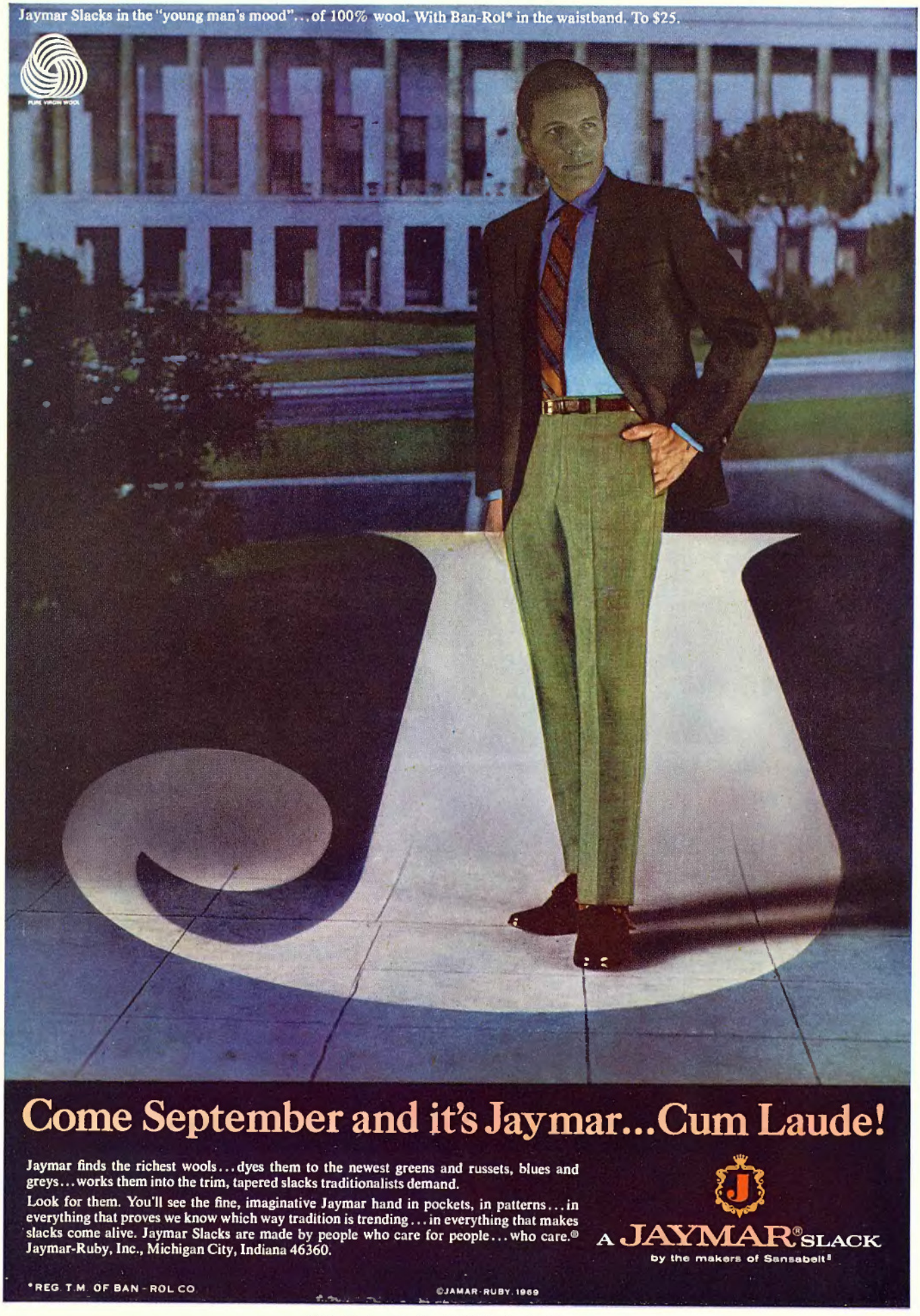
PLAYBOY: One dramatic and recent aspect of the increasing militancy among campus radicals was the appearance of guns during a Cornell demonstration. Mr. Edwards, in fact, is alleged to have been the one who advised the students to carry those guns. Why?

EDWARDS: I supported the decision of the black students at Cornell to arm themselves for self-defense because they had been attacked by white fraternity boys. Black people are *through* being attacked with impunity and without consequence.

PLAYBOY: Would you advise them to carry —or use—guns only in clear cases of self-defense?

EDWARDS: I would hope that they would never have to be used, but I don't put any ceiling on what tactics should be employed if colleges and universities continue to use armed force in suppressing protests against their role as research and recruiting arms for the State Department and Defense Department, engaging in research on chemical-bacteriological warfare, perfecting counterinsurgency strategy—for use in Harlem and Watts as well as in the Third World War—and working on doomsday machines to blow up the entire world.

The system and the Government supported by all these fat cats who piss in their pants over student violence are killing hundreds of thousands of people in Vietnam and creating an arms race that one scientist has said makes nuclear holocaust by the year 2000 a statistical



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probability. Yet these same people turn around in horror because some students block a doorway or occupy a building with guns. What goddamn hypocrisy! I say to hell with the library building that's taken over; people are more important than brick. What I care about is preventing bombs from falling—or at least knowing, if they do fall, that I did my best to prevent it. If that mushroom cloud does open up over my head one day, I don't want to be sitting at a drawing board using my slide rule; I want to be politically involved. What the movement is out to do is stop the systematic destruction of human beings on all levels—in the ghettos, in the countries we exploit, on the battlefields of Vietnam. Tearing up a library or taking over an administration building or throwing some computers out the window is pretty insignificant when you consider what we're trying to do and the forces we're up against.

HAYAKAWA: If you're really trying to demilitarize the United States instead of increasing its reliance on armed force, you're sure going about it in a funny way.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the appearance of guns on campus augurs the course future disruptions will take?

JENCKS: I wouldn't be at all surprised if weapons show up among some black groups again, particularly on campuses neighboring on black ghettos, which give the militants a constituency on which to draw. By and large, the black groups seem more prepared to defend themselves with violence against violence than the white student radicals are. There is a developing discussion of the merits of armed self-defense among militant white groups now, although I think it's still some way off. But if you are absolutely convinced—as they are—that your demands are just, and that anyone who opposes them is part of an oppressive system that should be overthrown, you're bound to turn to violence eventually.

BROWN: I think the Cornell incident simply underscores the fact that students —black and white—are totally committed and will take any measures they feel necessary for self-defense and, in some vital areas, for the furthering of their demands. If the students deem it necessary, they will arm for their own protection.

HAYAKAWA: I think you're wrong. I think the carrying of guns at Cornell frightened the people who did it as much as the people it was designed to intimidate. So I suspect that the appearance of guns in student demonstrations is going to be pretty rare from now on, even among the far-out groups.

HAYDEN: My impression is that the Cornell blacks will be emulated around the country. But we'll see.

LUCE: I hate having to agree with you, but I fear this is a terror tactic we're going to see employed with increasing frequency. When I was a member of Progressive Labor, we used to go to meetings and demonstrations with the express purpose of provoking violence—for no other reason than that we knew it would get us attention in the media. So I'm afraid you'll see more of this kind of thing from these madmen.

GALLAGHER: You may be right, but I hope not. It's a product of the myth that violence is the only way to get things done. Once people believe that, they don't even try the alternative methods of picketing and petitioning—let alone the normal channels of peaceful democratic political action. They go directly into violent protest. I think the probability of serious violence in the future is so real a threat that the universities must take every precaution to keep lethal weapons of all kinds off campus. Force only escalates counterforce, and thus is completely nonproductive. The critical problem is: How can the establishment use nonviolence effectively when protesters insist on eliciting violence themselves?

FRIEDENBERG: All this emphasis on violence in the student struggle is really quite absurd. The relevant questions to be asked are what the struggle is all about, what are the issues and the goals, not whether the tactics employed are violent or nonviolent—particularly when such a broad interpretation is placed on the word violence as to encompass any method of protest short of writing plaintive letters to your Congressmen. All conflict becomes more or less violent at a certain point unless it can be resolved, and the student protest movement is no exception.

PLAYBOY: As you know, some militants consider violence not only inevitable but desirable, on the grounds that the ends of social reform justify the means. How do you feel about this?

JENCKS: Under certain circumstances, I think the ends *do* justify the means. That's certainly true where the issues are really urgent and where nonviolent remedies have proved clearly inadequate. So there are situations where violence can be justified. In fact, of course, most Americans really accept that principle. We don't think a man should *always* do what the courts or the police or the law seems to require—not if the law is sufficiently unjust. But most Americans don't feel that the laws the students break *are* all that unjust.

GALLAGHER: I don't think there are *any* situations where violence can be justified. The dogma that the ends justify the means is pure cant, and self-serving pseudo rationalization, however important the issues that motivate your cause. Always and every time, the means determine the results; the ends are shaped by the process itself.

HAYDEN: I think all this talk about violence and all the fear about trigger-happy students is really irrelevant, because there hasn't been anywhere near as much student-initiated violence on campus as the right-wing types would like you to believe. In most cases, when violence occurs, it's directed *against* students by police; and so far, most students haven't really fought back in any effective or concerted manner. But our opponents obviously like to blow what student violence there is way out of proportion, because it's a great piece of propaganda for them to use against the movement. *Newsweek*, for example, recently ran a cover photograph showing a young white brother with long hair who appeared to be hurling a flaming bomblike object at the police. But when the photograph was checked, it turned out that he was merely throwing a tear-gas canister back at the police, who had launched a barrage against the demonstrators.

Now, let me make it clear that I don't disavow violence as a tactic under certain circumstances—far from it, in fact —but I do believe there is a conspiracy to sell the public the idea that we're on the attack and turning the campuses into arsenals for a full-scale war. In the case of Harry and the Cornell gun thing, the news media systematically conveyed the impression that students had taken over the administration building with rifles and pistols, when, in fact, they didn't arm themselves until reports reached them that a mob of armed fraternity men was on the way over to tear them up. That was a clear case of self-defense, and yet anybody who watched the incident on television or saw that picture of the brothers leaving the building got just the opposite impression. Over and over, the self-defense aspect of our violence has been played down, and the extent of the violence itself has been completely exaggerated, in order to prepare a rationalization for further repression.

PLAYBOY: While you see a conspiracy by the media to distort the motives and methods of the student movement, conservative legislators have accused the press of aiding the protesters by exaggerating not their violence but their strength and significance, in order to get sensational copy. Is there any truth to this?

LUCE: Yes, of course there is. Any time two or three people make some incredible demand of a university, the press immediately picks it up and sensationalizes it. But if the majority of students on a campus refuse to go along with the militants and won't boycott classes or join demonstrations, you practically never hear about it. That kind of news is seldom covered, while the media give a national platform to every extremist, no matter how little campus support he might have. The media have made the militants seem far more popular and powerful than they are; they've implanted bogeymen in the minds of a lot of average citizens, who get the impression

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from TV that every campus is seething with rebellion.

JENCKS: Many campuses *are*, which is why I disagree with the idea that the movement is some kind of synthetic media creation, or that the extent of discontent has been exaggerated any more than any other news event by TV and press coverage. Of course, the press always overexposes a novelty, because that's what the public wants, and it's probably true that there are fewer activists than a lot of people would suppose after reading *The New York Times'* Sunday summary of campus disturbances for the week. There has been a tendency to overemphasize the influence of well-organized protest groups like SDS, rather than to probe the sense of generalized discontent felt by enormous numbers of students who don't belong to any particular group but who are unhappy and alienated and ready to support a protest movement. That's been the main failing of the press in this whole area.

FRIEDENBERG: That's part of the problem, but it's more complex than just a question of oversimplification or exaggeration of a specific incident. What has really appalled me lately is the way people react to media coverage, even fair and balanced coverage such as you find on the standard evening network news shows. They read into it only what they want to see. Thus, a good objective report will be picked up and turned into an occasion for hysteria by many people. I do think, however, that Mr. Hayden is correct in saying that the media themselves have erred in their tendency to create the impression that campus violence is far more serious and widespread than it really is. But this is understandable, because press and TV tend to single out a violent episode for its dramatic content, no matter how isolated it may be in the context of the over-all situation. If violence had not occurred, the media would have had to invent it—and in some cases they have.

GALLAGHER: I know from firsthand experience what Dr. Friedenberg is talking about. At CCNY recently, I saw some television cameramen stand around wearily for half an hour without getting a picture. Finally, the audio man talked briefly with the cameraman, then began pushing and shoving a student, who became quite irate. There was a scuffle, and then the cameraman said, "OK, we've got our picture, let's go." That shot probably came out later on the TV screen as a dramatic incident of campus violence. Of course, this is an old news adage: no trouble, no story.

HAYAKAWA: This is absolutely true, and the dissident students know how to take advantage of the media, often demonstrating solely for the benefit of the television cameras. There's an element of exhibitionism here, and some aspects of instant theater, which naturally appeals to television newsmen anxious to fill space with original and exciting events. All the same, I'm keenly aware that the imperatives of the media can be exploited by people other than radical students.

In my own case, it was a piece of great good fortune that the day I climbed onto the militants' sound truck to rip out the loud-speaker wires, I was wearing a tam-o'-shanter. The combination of that esoteric headgear and my impulsive action apparently registered with great effect on people's imaginations when they saw it on television—far more than anything I could have planned or said. And ever since, I've had excellent access to the media, which must be very frustrating to the other side. Instead of simply complaining how the militants exploit the media against the universities, we should probably learn how to use the media for our own ends and beat the revolutionaries at their own game. But as it stands today, the mass media do help the militants, and their violence is very often designed simply to get them on the TV screen.

JENCKS: What tends to happen through this sort of coverage is that people begin to confuse campus protest with the kind that takes place in the ghettos. The violence that has occurred on most campuses has been trivial, but when people watch TV and see four students throwing rocks through the windows of an administration building, it automatically merges in their minds with the burning down of Detroit. When you really look at it objectively, the amount of damage done to campus property and the number of people injured is almost minuscule—and most of those who are injured are students at the other end of police night sticks. If all the campus violence across the country took place in one ghetto in a major city, it would be described as a minor disturbance; and yet you have millions of Americans with this chilling vision of total chaos and destruction ravaging the campuses. I think what accounts for this confusion, and the hysteria it induces, is that one *expects* violence in a ghetto, whereas in the context of a university one expects peace and tranquillity. And thus even minor disruptions are blown up out of all proportion to their actual seriousness.

HAYAKAWA: Disruptions that would be minor anywhere else *are* serious on a campus, because the real issue is not violence itself but the radical-directed assault on academic freedom.

BROWN: If you had true academic freedom, there wouldn't be any need for violence. But when we talk about the role of the media in covering campus violence, we should be grateful that millions of people have had the chance to witness these incidents for themselves. I feel that the networks have actually performed a public service by dramatizing the fact that the students are deeply dissatisfied, and enabling a lot of people whom we couldn't have reached on our own to hear our demands. The universities would like to sweep these disputes under the rug, but they can't do that with the TV cameras on them.

HAYAKAWA: I'm not quite as sanguine about the role of the press, although I think most newsmen are sincerely trying to present a fair and balanced picture of what's happening on the campuses. But the basic distortion here is not concerned with the media covering the occasional violence—violence is news, after all, and no one can blame them for reporting it—but the fact that they focus almost *exclusively* on the violence. I don't know what could be done to correct this sort of thing. One can't really blame the media; it's just the rules of the game. I don't think you could ever get around it without altering the whole show-business orientation of news, which thrives on disaster, whether on the campuses or in the ghettos. But it's a very unfortunate situation, because by stressing such sporadic violence, the media contribute to a popular belief that the revolutionaries are the principal element on our campuses, whereas in reality they constitute less than five percent of the total national student body and are concentrated in relatively few schools.

PLAYBOY: What kind of university, and what kind of student body, is most likely to become involved in protest?

JENCKS: It appeared as recently as a year or so ago that you were most likely to have student protest movements in schools with high academic standards, where most of the students were affluent white middle-class kids attending liberal-arts colleges or universities. But things have changed so quickly in the past year, and protests have become so widespread, that you can no longer make such a generalization. At this point it's impossible to say what kind of school is most likely to experience student protest, because it can hit anywhere from Harvard to a state agricultural institute.

GALLAGHER: That's quite correct. Almost any school in the country can be affected. There used to be a time when we college administrators sat on secure pedestals in our ivory towers, and the campuses were placid intellectual oases where nothing ever happened. I have since been surprised, and the few administrators who have not yet been similarly surprised soon will be. You can't escape it, because the various causative factors are everywhere. It is a phenomenon of 20th Century American higher education that once students recognize social evils, they will protest them, and they will do it on campus, because that's where they are and that's where whatever influence they have can be directly exercised.

LUCE: I think it's important to point out that the real extremists on campus are still almost invariably the children of the affluent and not the kids who have to

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sweat out an education to prepare themselves for a livelihood. Another important factor is that despite what Professor Jencks said about the left expanding its base, the overwhelming majority of radicals *are* connected with the liberal-arts centers, which have become hotbeds of militancy. This is understandable, because liberal-arts students have much more trouble relating to the technological era in which we live than students in, say, engineering or the natural sciences. They feel generally lost and useless in this computerized age, because they don't understand technology or its role in modern society, and thus they become alienated. A lot of them, too, are just spoiled and bored, overprivileged kids who vent their frustrations in campus politics and radical rhetoric. I call these people Mustang Maoists, because if a revolution ever did occur, they'd drive to the barricades in their sports cars. They're visceral radicals, because their radicalism isn't based on any real understanding of Marxism or revolutionary theory or on any firsthand experience of poverty or exploitation, but on a gut reaction against a system they don't understand or relate to.

FRIEDENBERG: I cannot dismiss these students just because most of them—the white ones, anyway—come from middle-class backgrounds. That's one of the significant and impressive aspects of this situation and is precisely why militancy is so common at what have generally been considered the good universities, which have a large proportion of students from upper-status backgrounds who have reason to suppose they will be the future leaders of society. These students feel an especially acute disappointment at the turn this society has taken, and particularly at the university's increasing negligence in training them for social leadership or preparing them for a life that will have some meaning. And this gives their rebellion added impact.

HAYAKAWA: I'm afraid that's only a surface evaluation of their rebellion. What is really happening is that we're witnessing the rise of an arrogant elitist student movement, the overwhelming majority of whom are from wealthy families and attending the fashionable and expensive universities. In fact, we are now beginning to undergo in the United States what has already occurred in the underdeveloped countries, where the university students consider themselves an elite with a mission to improve the lot of the vast majority of poverty-stricken and illiterate peasants, if necessary by rebelling against the system and overthrowing it. The universities have inevitably been politicized because there is no effective literate political movement beyond the schools, and very often no democratic channels to peacefully effect social change.

We're beginning to see the same phenomenon here in the United States, where an elite student body of wealthy origins regards the rest of the population with the same benignly patronizing contempt as the students in an underdeveloped country regard the mass of peasantry. These student mandarins are also determined to "save" the majority—even if they don't want to be saved. Of course, there is no justification for this attitude in America, because in our society the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker all have a vote and the right to be consulted on every issue; but the elitist student says, "What the hell does a butcher or a baker or a candlestick maker know about Vietnam, or the draft, or racial injustice, or the military-industrial complex?" He says, "I know about such things, so I'll decide these issues my way, whatever the yahoos think or however they vote."

The elitists feel they're the only educated people in the country, and this inevitably breeds a totalitarian, antidemocratic attitude and a willingness to use violence and coercion against those who differ with them. I would agree with Mr. Luce that this type of student is found mainly in the liberal-arts centers and the humanities, very seldom in the sciences. There seems to be nothing in the study of chemistry that makes you feel like a superior order of being, but you study Plato and you begin to believe you're a philosopher—and a philosopher should be king. This is a dangerous trend, and it jeopardizes the democratic principles on which this country was founded.

BROWN: Jive! The students don't think of themselves as any kind of an elite but as people who are challenging the *real* elite—those who control all of our destinies, those who control the system. The students would like to make democracy real instead of just a slogan. My knowledge of the subject is more or less restricted to the black campuses and black students, and we don't consider ourselves a smug elite but people who are angry and disenchanted with everything around us. The only lives we want to control are our own, and we turn to militant measures only because all other means of effecting change have failed.

PLAYBOY: This is one of the arguments the student militants use to justify disruptive demonstrations on campus. Have these students really exhausted the traditional channels of protest?

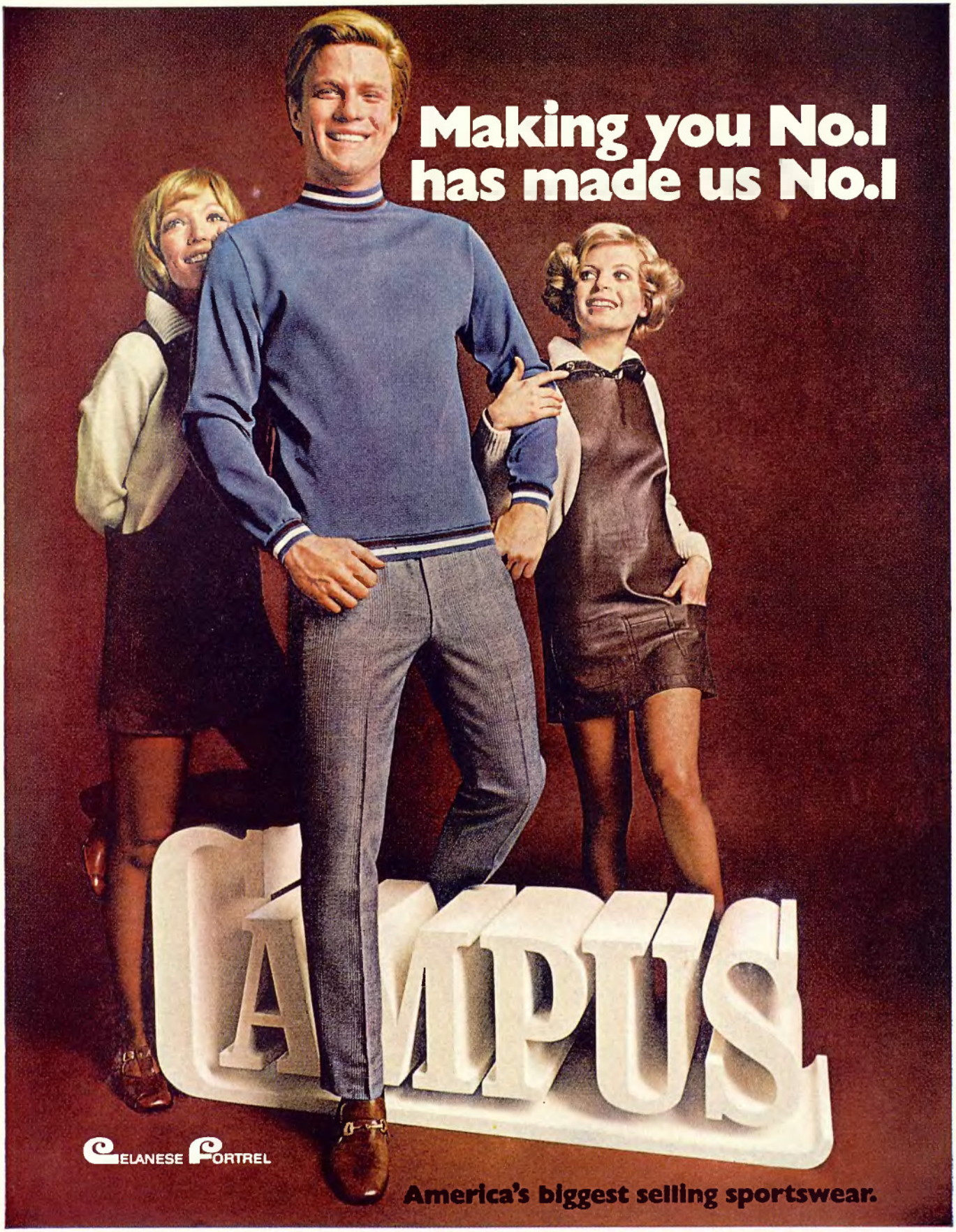
LUCE: Hell, no, they haven't. And now you're really near the crux of this thing, because that is one of the great lies perpetrated by the left. They keep saying the democratic system doesn't work because the university doesn't listen to them. But in almost every case, they have failed even to *try* traditional democratic methods of change. Of course, such changes certainly can't be made democratically if the majority oppose change, and that's what really bugs them. I could give you example after example of where they claim that student referendums didn't work, but when you check back, you find there never *was* a student referendum, or if there was one, the majority of students voted *against* it. They don't even begin to use the legitimate means of protest, much less exhaust them.

MORSE: Luce is, as usual, throwing up a smoke screen, and it's easily provable by a basic truth and some examples. One of the realities of student protest is that white middle-class college students really don't like to fight physically. When confrontations develop, you'll practically always find that everything else has been tried first, and even then our physical response comes only after we've been attacked by the police. That's been almost universally true—at Columbia, Chicago, Stanford and most recently in Berkeley during the people's-park scene, where we literally tried everything, including five straight days of secret negotiations with the university. The Berkeley administration stalled, lied and broke promise after promise, including one that they would not take offensive action on the park without informing us. But at about four A.M. on May 15, 250 police moved on the park in the dead of night and a few hours later, a fence was up. A referendum was held a week or so later and the overwhelming majority of students and faculty voted for the park. Then 40,000 people marched peacefully—but we *still* don't have it. The response has been Ronald Reagan using a free hour of state-wide TV time to lie about what happened and to threaten us. That's how the "traditional channels" work!

HAYDEN: The channels are revolving doors.

HAYAKAWA: To you, but not to most Americans. The thing the radicals forget, or reject, is that democracy doesn't mean that any loud minority can get its way at once. Democracy means that we all have the freedom, even if we're a minority, to try to persuade others to our point of view; that's how you eventually become a majority. Most of Norman Thomas' ideas were regarded as wildly radical for many years, but eventually they became incorporated into the planks of both parties. And relatively speaking, Norman Thomas succeeded pretty fast. But if today's radicals can't get an instant majority, they cry that the whole damn system is corrupt. The very fact that they find themselves frustrated by this process means that they just don't believe in the democratic system.

EDWARDS: How can we? You're talking about a dreamworld democratic system that doesn't exist and never did exist. If this so-called democracy were not, in fact, a hypocritical oligarchy that is rapidly developing into a Fourth Reich, students and minority groups *could* work through the normal channels, since they'd need only to point out the injustices in



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order to get them corrected.

BROWN: But the system has long since learned to deal with the traditional tactics of protest without responding to them. We saw this in the civil rights movement with all the sit-ins, marches, and so forth. The system learns to tolerate such things after a while, but nothing significant is ever done to rectify the injustices that put people in the streets in the first place.

EDWARDS: Whenever students petition or demonstrate for redress of grievances, they are told, "Your grievances have some merit, but you must go through channels to have them corrected." Having neither control of significant channels of communication nor direct access to those with power to correct the problems, students invariably become bogged down in a maze of red tape and legal bottlenecks deliberately geared to maintain the *status quo*. Students and minorities today are recognizing and rejecting this bureaucratic hocus-pocus, which is an effort on the part of the establishment to buy the time necessary to co-opt dissenting elements into the system without changing it. Our emphasis, therefore, is no longer on adhering dogmatically to the traditional rules but on achieving results. In any struggle, a combatant is in bad shape when he allows his adversary both to choose the weapons to be used and to define the rules of the battle. Under such circumstances, the conflict between the students and the establishment would be the most lopsided confrontation since the lions last ate lunch at the Colosseum. So we say to the Hayakawas: We're not going to play your game by your rules. You choose your tactics and we'll choose ours.

PLAYBOY: Some college administrators believe that the only way to avoid continued disruption and violence is to call in the police at the outset of a demonstration and swiftly disperse the demonstrators—with whatever force is necessary. What do you think of this tactic?

BROWN: I think it stinks. It's not only the most brutal but also the most stupid tactic that's been used so far.

FRIEDENBERG: Police on campus are certainly very dangerous. I think Robert Maynard Hutchins, in a recent issue of *The Center Magazine*, put it as succinctly as possible when he wrote that the police should *never* be brought in, and for one simple reason: They cannot be trusted. It would be fine if they were able to control crowds and aggression without the kind of class hatred for students that leads to violence, but as it is now, anyone who brings the police onto campus must know that they're going to bust the heads of the kids.

GALLAGHER: I don't think you can generalize on the use of police or any other tactic. You have to make a pragmatic judgment in each instance. If the demonstrating group is very small, police may be advisable, but at the same time, you run the risk of escalating the situation through their presence. I wouldn't hesitate to call police to protect life and limb, but aside from that, it's a tricky matter. From my own experience, though, I can and do give the lie to the assertion that you can't trust them. Last November, the police arrested 170 persons at CCNY—half of them students—without hurting a hangnail. They came prepared for peaceful nonresistance from students and nonstudents. They met no violence and therefore meted out none. Of course, if the police can be induced to come onto campus without their night sticks, guns and handcuffs—with nothing but their bare hands and uniforms—the student reaction is bound to be much better. An absence of force on the part of the police keeps the general situation at a much lower key.

HAYAKAWA: To rule out the use of armed police when violence threatens or exists is simple abdication of administrative responsibility. Of course, police must be well trained and disciplined; but the police question has arisen on campuses the world over only because lawbreakers make police protection necessary. The answer is not to disarm the police but to de-escalate the violence.

PLAYBOY: But if the police could be persuaded to leave their guns behind, wouldn't this contribute to such a de-escalation?

GALLAGHER: Of course it would—and in many cases they *can* be persuaded. Contrary to the opinion of some people, police are human beings. In my experience at City College, the police are more than ready—anxious, in fact—to avert any form of violence, because they, too, are concerned with their own image. But at the same time, I fear the repressive action of the state. It's too easy for the self-promoting politician to intrude his blunt fingers into campus affairs and profit by it in terms of votes the following November. This vitiates the integrity and independence of any institution of higher learning. But it's also true that if we're going to have freedom from political interference, we've got to have a pretty good record of on-campus performance.

BROWN: We must be talking about different people, because the cops I've seen in action would be lost without their weapons. If you ask a cop to lay down his gun and night stick, what do you expect him to use? Brains? You must be kidding. These men are like hungry wolves. They wait straining at the leash for the word to be given; then they tear into us with their night sticks, tear gas and guns. One night last March, after a cop had thrown a tear-gas canister into a quiet dormitory at Howard, unarmed brothers ran out into the street screaming and cursing. Within minutes there were ten carloads of cops on the campus. They were equipped with everything from Mace to shotguns, and they damn sure didn't come to negotiate. They came nigger hunting.

EDWARDS: I think the administrators who call police on campus are actually serving the cause of the student revolt. For that reason, I can foresee situations where I would be elated by such action, even though the price in busted heads or even in deaths would be high—but not as high as the price people pay daily just to exist in this unjust society. Repression and brutality invariably give rise to more intense and more revolutionary confrontations, with hitherto uncommitted elements being drawn into the conflict, since most students will tend to join or at least become sympathetic to the goals of the demonstrators. So as long as there are so few administrators moving promptly and rationally to correct injustices, I would just as soon see a person like Hayakawa in power rather than a political magician like Perkins at Cornell, who tries to stand up and be counted on both sides of the fence at once. No one brought more unity to the student body at San Francisco State than Hayakawa, and the struggle desperately needs such unity under fire. So send in your cops; they're our best recruiting agents.

LUCE: It's for just those reasons that it's a mistake ever to let the police on campus unless a situation gets completely out of hand and there's no other course open. In most cases, when the police are called in during the early stages of a campus problem, they give credibility to the radicals' contention that the struggle is really one of the student body against the power structure, because when cops drag the radicals out of a hall or a building, other students often join the radicals out of an emotional kind of identification and sympathy. So I think it's obvious that the police in many cases have inadvertently helped the radicals in just that way, as Mr. Edwards rather gleefully points out.

HAYAKAWA: It helps them more if you abdicate your responsibility to maintain peace on campus. I assumed the presidency in the middle of one of these crises, and I made the decision very early that the only mistake is to call the police on campus *after* a disturbance has started. I decided that the police were going to be on campus in a pre-emptive function. And so, on December second when I became president, there were police in every classroom building and a bunch of supplementary police just off campus who could come whenever called upon. As a result, the uproar didn't start in classrooms, although classroom destruction had been a favorite indoor sport until then; it was pushed out into the streets, where it could be more easily controlled with a minimum of injuries and property damage. Throughout the

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disruptions of December and January, I employed the tactic of having the police on hand before anything happened, rather than using them just to pick up the pieces—and I think this worked out pretty well.

PLAYBOY: Your critics contend that police have no place on campus even as a deterrent, since institutions of higher education must be free of pressure from the civil authorities in order to function effectively. How would you answer them?

HAYAKAWA: No one wants to see police on campus, but it's the demonstrations, not their cure, that shatter the academic atmosphere. Even so, I have seen many of my colleagues shocked at the very sight of a policeman on campus, even a policeman there for the protection of their own classes. Some of them even go into hysterics, crying, "I can't teach, I can't teach. There are police around." I try to tell them that if the police weren't there, there'd be a goon squad of radical students busting up their classes, but you just can't reach them. They say, "I can't teach in a police state." What utter nonsense. I agree that police shouldn't have to be on campus at all, but even more importantly, the protest tactics that require the *use* of police shouldn't be on campus, either. I like the medieval idea of the university as a sanctuary from the world and a refuge from all the military strife, power politics, economic reprisal and so on that characterize the larger society. Street fighting and gangsterism have no place in such an academic community; but once the gangsters and street fighters invade the campus, what are you going to do? Just roll over and die?

BROWN: Dr. Hayakawa, you just explained in a nutshell the major reason for strife on your campus. You want a university to function as a sanctuary from the world; we want the university to help eradicate the world's evils by plunging headfirst into the daily operations of this mad, racist planet. Can't you see that today's university, in its isolated approach, actually produces warmongers, racketeers and Southern Senators? And that these men run the country? I'd like to see you walk up to Strom Thurmond or Mendel Rivers and try to convert them with some philosophy you formulated in your sanctuary. In my concept of the new black university, we would concern ourselves with preventing these crackers from keeping black kids hungry and poorly housed. I wish *they* would roll over and die.

FRIEDENBERG: It seems to me that what Dr. Hayakawa is saying essentially is that the use of pressure and certain kinds of force are perfectly legitimate tools—for everybody but students. This means that in social conflict in this country, force is illegitimate only when it is not institutionalized. I was greatly inconvenienced, for example, while traveling to a number of conferences to discuss student disruptions by the perfectly legitimate strike of American Airlines, which denied me means of travel and left large numbers of people stranded and in rather awkward positions. The airline employees made use of interference and disruption of services that was far more than symbolic, and they weren't about to permit any scabbing, either. But people didn't panic over it the way they do over student interference with a university's functioning.

EDWARDS: The airline strike is a good analogy, because just as efforts to suppress strikes almost invariably lead to violence, administrators who take a hard line only escalate repression and increase the number of issues at stake; and when they do that, they inevitably bring more people into confrontation. Any administrator who takes a hard line is only going to start more battles—and create more rebels to fight them.

JENCKS: It's certainly true that violence against the radicals does galvanize the apathetic. But there are many constructive alternatives to violence. If the administration would respond to the students at the outset and do the kinds of things they urge them to do, in certain instances they wouldn't need to resort to violence, because some of the issues would never arise. Of course, the situation varies tremendously from place to place, depending on whether the students who engage in the initial action really care about a specific issue or whether they're primarily interested in radicalizing the rest of the student body, in which case they need and welcome a confrontation. And at that point, most administration tactics fail.

PLAYBOY: Some administrators contend that the best policy is to make concessions that will split the liberals from the radicals and thus give the administration the opportunity to take disciplinary action against the hard-core militants. What do you think of this tactic?

HAYAKAWA: It's a good policy to follow if you can. The stated objectives of the extremists aren't basically different from the stated objectives of the more moderate liberals—that is, they all want educational reform or social justice or ethnic studies or whatever. The real problem is not what they want but the means they use to secure it—not their goals but their tactics. It's the extremists who commit such illegal acts as campus disruption, throwing bricks, tearing up library index cards and so forth, and you have to get after these people without opposing the legitimate reforms that the faculty and administration also very profoundly desire, particularly in a place like San Francisco State, where the faculty is every bit as interested as the students in social justice, racial equality and educational reform. So it's not really difficult to split moderates from militants if, at the same time you're employing hard tactics, you announce your willingness to be liberal in a number of areas. Very early in the student strike, for example, we announced that the black-studies program was authorized to go ahead; we established faculty positions for it, etc. We made a number of such announcements that affected many of the moderates and liberals who heard the messages, and in effect split them from the radicals.

EDWARDS: The students of today are much too sophisticated to fall for this kind of simple-minded ploy, which is just an updating of the old carrot-and-stick bit. They can see that limited concessions do nothing to change the relationship between Cornell University and South Africa, or between R. O. T. C. and the Vietnam war. It's meaningless for an administrator to come in and say, "OK, because you object to the fact that the Chase Manhattan Bank invests heavily in South Africa, we won't allow their people to recruit on campus—but we won't give up our Chase Manhattan stock." That's no concession; it's just an attempt to defuse and deflect protest by granting empty concessions that don't really change anything. The students see through this kind of hypocrisy.

MORSE: Yes, this divide-and-conquer tactic doesn't work, and it never will. It may impede a particular movement at some point in its development, but the fact that the campus revolts are still going on shows that the administrations haven't learned to handle things, and they won't until they face the fundamental questions, which they seem incapable of doing.

BROWN: I actually tend to think Dr. Hayakawa's tactic could be fairly effective, but it's still bad and I'm opposed to it. Everyone within the university—faculty, students, administration—ought to be able to sit down and find out who is wrong and who is right, and then determine in which direction the university ought to go, so that we get not stopgap concessions but serious and basic changes in our institutions.

LUCE: There's nothing wrong with a university's conceding on valid points such as black studies, dorm regulations, abolition of *in loco parentis*, and I don't care whether these concessions bring the liberals in, split them off from the radicals or anyone else. But for a university simply to accede to radical demands purely as a political tactic or out of fear is, I think, not only unrealistic but dangerous.

PLAYBOY: A few liberal administrators have successfully avoided violent confrontation by meeting with dissident students before the situation becomes critical and seeking to enlist their active assistance in realizing reforms. Don't you think this is a tactic other college administrations might emulate?

JENCKS: Certainly—where the dissident leaders can be identified in advance. But the difficulty is that the people who

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Would you like a massage?

You're a double of the actress who couldn't take the part Elia and I offered her this morning.

If national security were at stake, would you spend the night with a man whose name you don't even know?

My doctor has advised me never to drink alone.

You should slap my face for what I've been thinking about you.

When you travel around the world as much as I do, it's good to meet someone you can relax with.

You are the second most beautiful girl I have ever seen.

May I introduce myself? I'm Lord Dunsmoor-Allenby. But you may call me Irv.

Are you free for dinner in Paris tomorrow?

I hate to bother you, but I just bet a fellow over there $25,000 that you'd come to dinner with me.

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lead demonstrations—the occupation of a building, let's say—aren't usually those who have previously been recognized by the administration as leaders; or they are people to whom the administration is reluctant to lend legitimacy by negotiating with them. On campuses that have a relatively small SDS chapter—which is frequently the situation—the university administrators usually keep hoping that they won't have to do business with SDS, since they would rather do business with the student government or with some other elected representatives of the whole student body.

GALLAGHER: I think an administrator ought to respond very quickly to *any* request for conversations—by SDS or any other group. Immediate response is usually a good solution, not only because it may avert further trouble but because it's the administrator's duty to relate to fellow human beings intelligently and with respect. And in doing so, I would be much less concerned with averting future trouble than with the necessity of building affirmative contacts with the student body and strengthening democratic processes. I put my faith in the viability of peaceful change, because I think the basic values lie in human relationships.

EDWARDS: If you really want to resolve these problems within the democratic process and avoid violence and confrontation, the only thing to do is to call a constituent assembly of the entire university every semester, in which you would discuss what problems the university faces and what steps should be taken to solve them, and then open the whole thing up to suggestions. Give students a chance to take the microphone and make themselves heard. The assembly would prepare reports on what has been done, what the university is trying to do, where the students have failed in following up their own demands and how they can most effectively participate in the decision-making process.

LUCE: Now, that is sensible. It's vital that we have a nonviolent approach to opening up channels of communication among students and faculty and administrators. The assembly idea would certainly be supported by libertarian conservatives.

EDWARDS: I'm convinced this is the *only* peaceful means of confronting these problems. I don't care if the school stops all business for a week each semester to hold such assemblies, but it's got to be done. This way you'd really be *dealing* with problems, not just cooling off pressure and postponing a worse conflict.

HAYDEN: Even on the one campus where the tactic of delay and avoidance of confrontation has had some apparent success—the University of Chicago—the administration was able to sit it out and then expel 43 students not because it was so strong or its psychology of attrition so brilliant but because the student movement itself was so weak. It wasn't so much a case of the administration's success as it was of the students' failure to mobilize the forces on and off campus—graduate students, ghetto blacks and poor whites—that could have won the struggle. Of course, it may also have been that their demands weren't correct or that the timing wasn't correct; but whatever the specific reasons, they failed. This was only one instance, however, and I think it would be a great mistake for people to believe that this is an effective way to defuse rebellions.

MORSE: Once the kids at the University of Chicago begin to realize that they are being co-opted by such tactics, that their real demands aren't going to be met, they are going to develop new tactics that won't be co-optable by the university.

JENCKS: Exactly. You can keep escalating the resistance in one way or another until it becomes a situation the administration can't *afford* to wait out. If it's a straight sit-in of the nonviolent variety, the wait-'em-out theory is workable, but it doesn't always—and it *won't* always—stop at that.

LUCE: I don't agree that the wait-'em-out approach is *ever* workable. As I suggested earlier, one sure way to invite a worse situation, in which police *will* be needed, is to take no firm action against people who move into a hall and take it over, violating private property and the rights of other students who want to use those facilities. A policy of sitting back and doing nothing at first and then later taking action seems to me to only play into the hands of the radicals, since most of the militants who engage in lawlessness do so because they know it's easy and they can get away with it. But it becomes much more difficult to be a revolutionary if you know you're going to get drafted or expelled or maybe arrested or lose your grades. The willingness to run such risks is what separates the real revolutionaries from the majority of students.

PLAYBOY: Would the banning of groups such as SDS and Progressive Labor on campus reduce the likelihood of violent demonstrations?

GALLAGHER: On the contrary. When you ban them, you only drive them underground, make them conspiratorial, and therefore much more enticing to many students and probably more effective. Any organization that wants to function on the campus should be permitted to do so, provided it honestly states its goals and identifies its principal officers, who can be held responsible for what the organization does.

LUCE: I agree that any group should be allowed on campus and allowed to express its ideas, however abhorrent they may be, without persecution—but only until such time as it engages in illegal or violent activity. The line between speech and action is very clear, and if a group crosses that line into illegality, then the university has both the right and the obligation to take strong action against it.

HAYAKAWA: The idea of banning SDS is certainly appealing, but such groups would only reappear under other names or meet off campus, so I doubt the desirability of trying to ban extremists.

BROWN: It would only backfire, anyway, as Dr. Gallagher says, because people tend to gravitate to banned organizations, banned words, banned ideas, banned literature. That's why every time somebody like U. S. Deputy Attorney General Kleindienst threatens to put student "ideological criminals" in internment centers, more and more people become uptight and the ranks of the disenchanted swell.

PLAYBOY: Attorney General Mitchell and other Federal officials have charged that among these "ideological criminals" are dedicated Communists holding high positions within the student protest movement. Is there any truth to this claim?

BROWN: Oh, sure, we're all part of the "international Communist conspiracy," getting our orders straight from Moscow in the Russian embassy's diplomatic pouch. Anybody on campus knows that the Communist Party has about as much relevance to this movement as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; they're *conservatives*, man. Of course, there are people in the movement who identify with Marxist-Leninist revolution, but they're far removed from the traditional Communist position and don't have affiliations with any Communist government or political party. We're willing to accept the honest help of *anybody* in this struggle—Communist, vegetarian, Rosicrucian—but the Communists have no organizational hold on us. We don't take instructions from *anybody*; we define our own issues and decide our own tactics.

HAYAKAWA: I think there *is* a common direction to much of this rebellion; the Attorney General and the FBI seem to have solid reasons to believe that at least elements of it are oriented, if not to Moscow, then certainly to Peking and Havana. This doesn't mean that even a majority of the protesting students share this orientation, but it's certainly true that groups like Progressive Labor are openly Maoist. Let's not look under the bed for Reds, but let's not delude ourselves into thinking they play no role whatsoever in this struggle.

HAYDEN: You *are* looking under the bed for Reds, but what you're going to find is not the old type of American Communist—who was basically just a pro-Soviet New Deal liberal—but revolutionaries who believe in a democratic humanist socialism. Of course, this charge that we're all sinister Marxist traitors will be given increasing currency now, because the Government is looking for an

excuse to purge us, and the international-Communist-conspiracy label can be quite effective in softening up the public for tough new repressive measures.

PLAYBOY: Apart from its specific charges of Communist involvement, how do you feel about the Nixon Administration's demand for a general crackdown on student dissent?

LUCE: I'd oppose it. We have too many Federal edicts as it is; the Government has attempted to encroach on the rights and privileges of the American people for too long and in too many areas already. Campus problems as they now exist can be better solved by the students themselves than by either state legislatures or the Federal Government.

HAYAKAWA: I would agree that the role of the Federal Government should be an extremely limited one, since problems on most campuses are problems for the administration itself or local government to deal with. But there have been times when things have escalated to the point where Federal troops have *had* to be called in. That's what President Eisenhower had to do at Central High School in Little Rock in order to prevent white racists from closing down that school; and the same kind of thing occurred in Alabama and Mississippi. Notice that when the Federal Government intervened with men armed with bayonets on those occasions, the liberal community didn't raise a peep about it; they thought it was a fine thing and applauded the Government's action. Somehow they don't respond the same way when campuses are equally threatened by left-wing militants. I believe that the right of people of all colors to an equal education is something that's built into this system, and if the rights of the people have to be protected ultimately by Federal intervention, well, the Government has the power and the authority and the duty to do what's necessary. I don't expect any present or future crises connected with radical student protest to reach that point; I hope not, anyway. But I do think the Government should always be willing, if asked, to do what would be most helpful for any university in turmoil.

FRIEDENBERG: If the Government would do nothing at all, it would be very helpful, indeed.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it likely that the Government will attempt to work through state and local authorities, providing encouragement and investigative support, rather than intervene directly?

JENCKS: I would guess so. If there is tough repression in the form of large-scale arrests, prosecutions, expulsions from colleges and so forth—and there may well be—then it will most likely be done by local authorities, rather than by the Federal Government. Whenever there has been a move toward authoritarianism in America, it's generally been local rather than national in origin, and the local district attorney and police invariably have been given prime responsibility for carrying it out—even if the inspiration came from above. It's much easier for Mayor Daley or a Southern sheriff to be a really repressive force than it is for the Federal Government. It's usually less visible, for one thing, and therefore less embarrassing internationally and less likely to create widespread domestic opposition. The national liberal community reads *The New York Times*, and if violent repression by local police happens in Duluth, it either doesn't make the *Times* or it's buried on page 58. But if Mr. Kleindienst or Attorney General Mitchell had the FBI round up SDS members from all over the country and put them in Federal detention centers, everybody would be up in arms.

On the other hand, there's very little fuss about local prosecution of small numbers of radicals for "inciting to riot." Local repression can create a climate of fear that will inhibit a lot of people from saying or doing anything out of line, even if they think the *status quo* is rotten. And local repression, especially if the FBI and Justice Department informally coordinate it, may also pick off the most effective leaders one by one, without trying to round up everybody.

MORSE: There's no doubt that local authorities are doing their best right now to crush student protest. Hundreds of demonstrators in the people's-park uproar at Berkeley were shot at, gassed or busted on heavy felonies. But the movement will survive this oppression. As leaders get picked off, new leaders will emerge. I don't think the Government has a very good idea who the real leaders are anymore. They know some national figures and some locally prominent people, but this is a fluid movement and leadership is coming from everywhere. Washington can send out its dossiers to local authorities, but for every one of us they put in jail, there will be ten to take our place.

FRIEDENBERG: I doubt that much Federal encouragement of state, county and city officials is really necessary. Most local agencies seem only too happy to prosecute protesters entirely on their own. I'm very afraid that as national hysteria and backlash build, we'll see more and more repression of this kind.

PLAYBOY: Some observers of the student movement feel that by precipitating such backlash and the repression it engenders, the students are in danger not only of making it worse for themselves but of creating a social situation more reactionary than the one they set out to remedy. Do you think there's any truth to this argument?

FRIEDENBERG: I'm afraid so. The backlash is likely to bring about a political and social climate nearly indistinguishable from fascism, except that it will be in a slightly new form. It will be very different from the McCarthy era—much quieter, and with much more use of detention. What frightens me particularly is the increasingly active involvement of the courts as an instrument of repression, which is something new and very sinister and deadly for America, because the courts have traditionally been the protectors of liberty against the incursions of a hostile and demanding legislature or executive. There are hundreds of kids now being held in jail who have been busted for offenses like contempt of court, and for this there is really no defense, since the use of court orders to get kids out of buildings automatically makes their offense contempt of court, which is much more general and far easier to apply arbitrarily than trespass charges. So the backlash is a very real threat to the democratic process.

GALLAGHER: There's no question about a coming backlash, and recent actions by Congress and many state legislatures indicate that it's already upon us. In some cases, this is really what the radicals want—a form of polarization that they hope to turn to their advantage; in other cases, it's *not* what they desire, but they're still ready to run the risk of it. The great danger is that whenever anarchy develops, it will inevitably lead to a hunger for order that may ultimately result in the establishment of a near dictatorship or a police state. I think a strong backlash is the inevitable response to the chaos on many campuses.

EDWARDS: Students and black people are catching so much hell from the frontlash that the backlash doesn't really matter. I doubt very seriously if the right wing can do any more to students today than the so-called liberals have already done. A student who gets sent off to Vietnam because he has less than a C average, a student who can't get into college because of standards set by white liberal academicians—what more could George Wallace do to him? Absolutely nothing.

HAYDEN: I wouldn't even call it a backlash; I would simply say that we have brought out the true character of the people in power. Their racist-imperialist mentality was ugly to begin with, and no one expected that they would become nicer once we started to challenge them. Now they really have to fight to maintain their power, and it looks to me like the Reagans of this country, along with the police chiefs, are trying to create a situation in which they can utilize these incidents of unrest to get rid of not only the radicals but also the liberals, whom they hate just as much—including liberals in the school administrations. Everywhere I go to speak, some state legislator gets up and asks why the university is bringing Hayden to speak on the campus. An investigation begins; the president of the university is put on the hot seat and the pressure on him

becomes so great that in order to preserve his job, he does the work of the right wing *for* them. It wasn't really Reagan or the regents at Berkeley who denied credit for the Cleaver course or for my course; it was the liberal administration, which thought by so doing that it would prevent a take-over by the right wing. Well, a university is *already* taken over by the right wing when the liberals simply capitulate to what the right wing wants. It's not a backlash; the people in power are simply being forced to define their corrupt position more precisely.

HAYAKAWA: Whether you call it backlash or insist, as Mr. Hayden does, on calling it the expression of a corrupt mentality, I think the public and governmental response so far has been quite moderate. Most sane people object to the campus uproar but still believe in the traditional democratic values, and will try, as I will try, to prevent the backlash from gaining too much momentum. This is where college administrators have to show some strength and character, so that they can distinguish between the really repressive measures some legislators may propose and those measures that are reasonable and necessary for the maintenance of peace on campus.

Incidentally, I don't think the backlash is going to come in the form of dramatic repressive laws that limit personal freedoms as much as in the form of reduced appropriations for state-supported institutions; but even this would be a tragic thing, because the 98 percent of students who are interested only in pursuing their studies would then have to pay the price for the two percent who are really responsible for the trouble. San Francisco State, for example, is the only one in a system of 18 colleges that has experienced this kind of violent and prolonged disruption, but the students of all 18 colleges in the state will have to suffer if the taxpayers get mad enough. So the radicals are setting the college system in America back in many ways.

HAYDEN: The college system per se isn't worth preserving unless it adjusts itself to human goals and values, which it shows no sign of doing. Until and unless it does, the campuses will be the scene of continuous and growing conflict.

LUCE: That's typical New Left irresponsibility. You're sowing the seeds of chaos, and you don't even care about the whirlwind you're going to reap. You're creating a backlash that can do much more than deprive colleges of Federal appropriations; it can also create a repressive atmosphere that will crush *all* dissent, legitimate as well as violent. But I'm still optimistic that the responsible majority of students will band together and stop this lunacy before it goes much further.

PLAYBOY: There are already some signs of a student backlash on campus against the more radical groups such as SDS. Organized and unorganized groups of students

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opposed to radical activists counterdemonstrated at several schools last year. Do you see the possibility of more clashes between conservative and radical students?

HAYAKAWA: There's no doubt at all in my mind that the majority of students are disillusioned with the radicals. I can't predict to what degree they're going to take active countermeasures to protect their educational rights, but I think that such a movement is beginning to appear on the horizon. On our campus, for example, students have formed what is known as the Committee for an Academic Environment, a group of fairly progressive people on the whole, representing the broad moderate and liberal group; the outright conservatives are in the Young Americans for Freedom. The members of the committee are all for Negro student demands and for educational reform, but they simply won't tolerate any more of this violence. I also understand that at the University of North Carolina, an organization has been formed called the Hayakawa Society; the members are apparently not at all conservative but liberal and middle-of-the-road students who also refuse to countenance any more violence and disruption on their campus.

BROWN: Listening to Dr. Hayakawa makes me think that if a student leader today wanted to get $1,000,000 from the Government, he could announce he was going to form a counterprotest movement; he'd have no trouble getting the money. But I don't think this is an indication of how most students feel, since disenchantment with the system runs deep in most institutions, even if there's only a core group of people who are willing to act on their commitments.

HAYDEN: And the right wing on campus isn't built on ideological commitment of any kind. Most of these groups are fostered and protected by the Hayakawas; they didn't have any independent existence before the protests and they still won't after the protests. Hayakawa's Committee for an Academic Environment probably contains 12 people; at least that's the figure I hear. I think there will always be a minority of students who are law-and-order freaks, but the vast majority of students will be more or less sympathetic toward our goals, although always uncertain about our methods—not because they consider our methods immoral but because our methods can lead to being put in jail or kicked out of school, and nobody makes a commitment like that lightly. But forget all this crap about a big right-wing backlash on campus; it's just a myth.

GALLAGHER: I disagree that it's a myth and I think that we'll probably be seeing an increasing number of counterprotests. I'm not sure how much of this will come from the great silent middle, but in reaction to the protests of the New Left and the Old Left, one always observes the recurrence of what I would call latent McCarthyism—and not Gene McCarthy—in the offing. It's a frightening thing to see polarizations of this kind beginning to develop in the student body, because it carries the implicit threat of physical violence between ideologically opposed student groups.

LUCE: Though the left has always tried to promote violence for tactical reasons, we have tried to protest their tactics in a peaceful way. I do see, however, a positive resistance developing on the campus against left-wing terrorism—not some kind of new McCarthyism but a principled opposition to left-wing violence. I'm inclined to believe that we're actually coming close to the zenith of left-wing terrorism, because the resistance has already begun on a number of campuses. People are beginning to understand that terrorism, collectivism and socialism are evils to be opposed; but ours has to be a battle that commits students to positive change without becoming part of this incredible backlash phenomenon, which would drastically limit dissent on the campuses.

This libertarian opposition to the left is being led to a very large degree by the organization that I work for—the Young Americans for Freedom. We're calling on students to stand up to those who would try to take over their classrooms and disrupt the functioning of the university. I think we can show the world, if it pays any attention to what we're doing, that this tactic works. At Stanford, where the left tried to occupy a building, our people simply sat down in front of the doors and said, "You're not going to take over this building." The left wing then perpetrated violence on our people and broke into the building. Pictures were taken of this; and it showed the administration, the alumni and the other students that the radicals were themselves violent, beating up innocent students who were nonviolently trying to prevent them from invading private property. If the left attacks our people, I think other students will soon come to our aid, because we're showing that we support and believe in private property and the right of students to attend classes. And this movement is growing. The membership of Y. A. F. has doubled in the past year; we presently have over 44,000 members.

HAYDEN: Headed, in your case, by the only member of our generation to follow the pattern of the ideological fanatics of the Thirties who shifted from far-left dogmatism to far-right dogmatism—from Progressive Labor to a job as consultant to the House Un-American Activities Committee and an executive of Y. A. F.

JENCKS: Whatever his origins, Mr. Luce is exaggerating the strength of his present supporters. The right wing on campus just isn't a major force as things stand now, although that isn't to say it couldn't develop into one. It's not a potent factor, because many, perhaps most, of those who are out of sympathy with the student protests also feel very little loyalty to the authorities, the establishment, the administration, the cops. Consequently, they're just not natural recruits for an anti-radical movement, even though they're not politically radical themselves.

HAYDEN: That's true, and it's also true that there have been very few cases where we have directed any violence against other students. In most cases, we've taken the attitude that our fellow students are not the enemy, but we're well aware that certain small groups of reactionary students, especially jocks, are organized. They go out wearing anti-SDS arm bands and provoke violence by attacking picket lines for the benefit of photographers. These people claim they're being deprived of their right to education while a strike or demonstration is going on, but that's cover-up bullshit, since there are always all kinds of classroom buildings or off-campus centers open; so in no way is their right to education jeopardized. What *is* jeopardized is their comfortable and serene view of the university as a kind of factory where they get a credential to go into industry and become a success in life. So when they attempt to walk through our lines, it's not their right to education that's being violated; it's our right to oppose the system. And more and more people are recognizing our right to self-defense when somebody tries to walk through our lines. If they do that, they're going to be stopped—first by being talked to, second by being ushered away; but if that doesn't work and they start attacking us, then we're going to defend ourselves. We're not frightened by violence or threats of violence, because we recognize that the things which motivate this movement are so vital that they must be fought for with every means at our disposal.

PLAYBOY: What *are* the basic motivations of the movement?

LUCE: Some have tried to assign the cause of unrest to a general sense of anonymity and alienation on the part of the students; but it's not quite that simple, because in a technological age such as ours, everyone feels a certain amount of alienation, apathy and frustration—conservatives as well as radicals. It's natural to question this complex and often oppressive society.

JENCKS: It's not only natural but commendable and imperative that students question the character of the society they'll be joining. They're worried about the future. They have only a few years in college to figure out what to do with themselves, what kind of work to do, whether or not to get married, how to live their lives. Since they are on the verge of integrating themselves into society, they certainly ought to be worried

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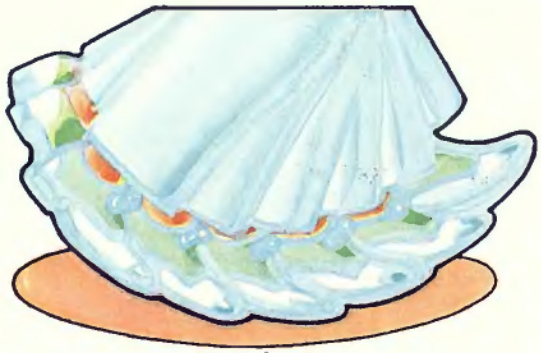

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about what that society is like.

HAYDEN: They have good reason to worry, because they are beginning to realize that society is not fundamentally stable, that in fact it's in the process of collapsing. Students are profoundly affected by this transition, and they're looking for something new to replace the old decaying values and lend meaning and purpose to their lives.

MORSE: We're taught concepts like democracy and brotherly love all our lives —by our parents, by the Church, in school civics courses. The values themselves are beautiful, but then you look around and see that practically no one —certainly not the people who run this country—ever *acts* on these principles. And when you realize that, it causes a big change in your outlook.

EDWARDS: This contradiction between pious word and ugly deed—in regard to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, for example, which promised everything and delivered nothing—ultimately forces people to become revolutionary. When you work within the system and get only hollow legislation, then you have to move outside the system into revolutionary activities. We have been pushed into this, not so much by a lack of faith in the system but because the system hasn't even kept the promises it so blatantly made to us.

HAYAKAWA: That's pure hokum. It's a rationalization to blame the hypocrisy of society for student radicalism. Why does the love generation go around exuding messages of hate? Because hypocrisy is not just a vice of the establishment but a universal human failing. There's not a single damn one of us who is able to live up to all his beliefs and aspirations. It's easy to accuse somebody else of being a hypocrite, but we're not so ready to recognize our own hypocrisy. What's at the heart of things here is the revolt of one generation against another. Let's say your father is a successful stockbroker. You can say: "You've devoted your life to money. You're materialistic. You created a world in which there is injustice, war, et cetera." This is simply a way of rejecting the old man, asserting your own virility and independence.

EDWARDS: There is certainly a generational conflict here, but it's not simply the child breaking away from the parent, and you make a big mistake to dismiss it so smugly. Students are looking for new ways to deal with the same old problems, because the traditional means have failed miserably. They can't look to their parents for the answers to these problems, because their parents are part of the problems, and most parents often don't even recognize that the problems exist. If some white radical student goes home over the summer and talks to his parents about what happened at Cornell and tries to articulate the situation that the blacks find themselves in, his parents will think he's part of a sinister plot to overthrow the Government. That's why students are breaking away from the system as well as from their parents.

LUCE: You people talk about "the system" like Hitler talked about the Jews; you make it a scapegoat and a justification for every kind of extremism. The New Left says that because the United States is involved in the war in Vietnam, students are justified in burning up papers or tearing apart a president's office. What they're really saying, with total illogicality, is that because the United States is involved in a war abroad, then people should be involved in a war at home, and because they don't want to fight in Vietnam, they'll fight the Government on the campus. It all ends in nihilism. And what are the roots of this nihilism? Full wallets and empty heads.

GALLAGHER: It is unfortunately true that this student movement seems less concerned with seeking something better than with scorning what exists. The revolutionary generation of the Thirties was euphoric, while this generation is dysphoric. The Thirties generation was utopian; it had a hope and a structure. But this generation has no utopia; instead of hope, it has despair, and it has no structure for the future. But it's easy to understand why, when you consider that this is the first generation that has lived from childhood under the shadow of the bomb. This is one of the basic facts separating these kids from their elders, because, in a very real sense, our younger generation lives in expectation of apocalypse.

EDWARDS: That expectation of apocalypse is precisely what turns me on about this generation of students. To live with the fact of the bomb, a person has to be genuinely brave and have a lot of faith to bother keeping on with the struggle. Because we're not facing just one bomb; we're facing everything from overpopulation, pesticides, pollution of the water and the biosphere to the hydrogen bomb and chemical-bacteriological warfare. And there's an excellent chance that these bombs will catch up with humanity before humanity begins to solve its problems. The fact that students are not utterly cynical and resigned in the face of all this but are looking for ways to confront the situation is most impressive to me, and gives me faith in this generation and for the future.

FRIEDENBERG: Using this "shadow of the bomb" business is a picturesque explanation that tends to write off student protest as an anxiety response to various threats. It's actually more a matter of being fed up with a system that today's students are beginning to realize is responsible for the whole mess.

HAYAKAWA: But the world has always been a mess and, according to our preachers, moral values have been crumbling every Sunday since I was born. The bomb and Vietnam and racial prejudice and all the other issues we've been discussing don't lie at the root of the student unrest. I believe profoundly that even if this country's current problems were wiped out overnight, this particular kind of student protest would continue —because it isn't motivated as much by a concern with realistic issues as by psychological factors.

GALLAGHER: I'm intrigued with the fact that this generation of students not only grew up with the bomb but was also the first to be raised on the permissive doctrines of Dr. Spock. This general permissiveness is new and the net result is that my generation gets bewildered when our children don't act as we expect children to act.

MORSE: You may think we're radical because of Dr. Spock's permissiveness: and Hayakawa, because we're rebelling against our parents, but both are condescending rationalizations. Speaking for myself, there hasn't been any single cause for my radicalization; it was a slow, evolutionary process over a period of several years. My politics have changed gradually but drastically since the first free-speech movement—and this holds true of everybody who's gone through the movement —because you inevitably grow more radical the more you participate, the more you see people beaten up, the more you study and read and find out about things like nerve gas and chemical and biological warfare. You begin to see that the things this Government is doing are incredible, not only in the political and racial areas but even in the way they fuck up the natural environment. Look at the Santa Barbara oil leak; they just let it leak and they think of that as minor, since it's not killing people—just fish and wildlife. But it's still outrageous. Then there's Vietnam, and what they're doing in black communities, and what they're doing to students. The more you know about what's going on domestically and what this country is doing internationally, the more you see that all this is part of one sick system, and the closer you come to the point where you just want to tear the whole system down, rend it limb from limb and build something completely new.

I have a tremendous sense of urgency just looking at things like the train full of nerve gas going from the Rocky Mountains to the New Jersey shore, and thinking about what could happen. We've got to stop these things or there won't be any planet left for us to live on. The bastards are just going to devastate the whole world, pollute it, destroy its natural resources and eventually blow it up. But the Government doesn't worry about the consequences of what it's doing; it just plows ahead like the bulldozer that ran down a clergyman-protester in Cleveland a few years ago. It almost makes you want to go out and shoot somebody out of sheer frustration—every cop and

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every Government official in sight. But isolated individual acts like that won't make the changes we need. We've got to build a revolutionary movement to change the whole system completely—in an organized way. I just wonder if we'll make it in time. It's really kind of scary.

BROWN: Everything you've said is undeniable, but you're still talking predominantly from the position of white radicalism. I have to put these issues in black perspective. The black student is involved in a two-stage process. He is involved first in discovering himself and eradicating the pervasive self-hatred that has been instilled in him by a wicked system. He then has the job of trying to help his brothers cross the same gap from Negro to black, from slave to sovereign human being. For black people, all the problems of alienation, the bomb and the changing moral fiber of society are piled on top of the overriding problem of being black in a sick white society; so we have to be doubly radical. We are concerned about all the problems confronting our society—because, like it or not, we are part of that society—but our first concern is awakening the black conscience, building black pride and laying the groundwork for a struggle to gain our rights.

PLAYBOY: So far we've talked primarily about the societal causes of unrest. To what extent are academic and social conditions within the university itself a cause?

EDWARDS: To the extent that universities fail to provide real education, they certainly generate unrest and militancy. It's not an accident that students call the big schools factories, because they grind out the replacement parts that keep the corporate machinery humming in high gear. The function of the university today is to teach people how to make a living, which is an indirect way of saying that it exists to fill positions in the Dow Chemical Company, the military-industrial complex and the country's political machinery—and most students involved in the protest movement don't care to become part of that machinery.

MORSE: You just have to look at the percentages of students who are dropping out of the system. Business is very scared today, because it's not getting the cream of the college crop like it did in the Fifties. The best students are more interested in jobs like teaching and social work; they're alienated from the corporate structure and they're disgusted by what they see business and Government doing. Many of them, in fact, are reaching the decision that they're going to have to work to *destroy* what Government and business are doing.

GALLAGHER: You say "many," but I suspect that only a very small percentage feels so alienated that they have committed themselves to the destruction of the system rather than to its constructive reform. As far as the university's relationship to business and Government is concerned, there is undoubtedly an unconscious continuation of the university's traditional role as a professional school to train men for later professional life. To that extent, the university's purposes are identified with those of the society around it: but it's a perversion of fact to argue that the university is manipulating students into the corporate structure. The important thing, though, isn't really whether it's true or not but whether it is believed—and acted upon as belief. And, unfortunately, it is both believed and acted upon.

LUCE: This notion has really been ballyhooed by the left. They've tried to use it as a propaganda tool to make people feel that the university is *only* serving big business, but I'm inclined to believe that this isn't what the university is doing, and I don't think the majority of students buy that kind of simplistic analysis either.

GALLAGHER: It's only a partially correct analysis. And the left also fails to give the universities credit for being the breeding ground of their own dissent.

HAYDEN: That's like crediting German concentration camps for breeding anti-Nazis. The universities are a breeding ground, all right: they're the brain centers of the capitalist system, and the kids know it. The University of California, for example, currently does most of the agricultural research that benefits the wealthy growers of the state—at the expense of the farm workers. The University of California also engages in a wide variety of military research, including work on nuclear weapons, and many other universities across the country are doing the same thing. It's only logical, because if you look at the boards of university trustees at all schools, you'll find that they are comprised almost universally of successful white middle-aged businessmen—not labor, not minorities, not youth. The boards, consequently, are nothing but one big Babbitt warren dedicated to serving the power structure, not the needs of the students. This is the basic truth about our university system, not whether dissenting ideas are permitted on campuses. Such dissent would be meaningful only if it were institutionalized—and the administrations don't show any signs of establishing institutes of guerrilla warfare or departments of revolution. But the schools *have* institutionalized their ties to the military-industrial complex, and this is what has radicalized thousands of students who recognize that the complex is directly responsible for the initiation and continuation of our vicious and immoral aggression in Vietnam.

GALLAGHER: Not so. If any one thing is built into the fabric of the American university at its best, it is the freedom to differ, to challenge, to dissent, to create. This includes the right to be angry about injustice. It does not include the right to establish a new intolerance as the norm of truth and to kick off campus anyone who disagrees. The glory of the Church is its martyrs, prophets and heretics; but when they, in turn, institutionalize their new orthodoxies, they lose the right to be tolerated by those whom *they* will not tolerate. Give me no new fascisms for old.

PLAYBOY: Would the student revolt continue on any significant scale without the impetus of the war in Vietnam?

EDWARDS: It certainly would, because the war has given all the divergent factions—SDS, the Panthers, black student groups—a focus for coalition, made it clear that we're not just dealing with a system that is anti-black but a system that is anti-humanity, a system that has committed genocide against every minority group it has come into contact with, from the American Indians right on down to the Vietnamese. These facts won't be changed by the end of the war. The movement will go on, because the basic issues at stake are the system and the atrocities it continues at home and abroad. Given the nature of the beast, there will be more Vietnams, and we will have to continue this struggle for many years.

JENCKS: It's true that radical student dissension would continue without Vietnam. But if Nixon were to stop the war and give the impression that he was seriously trying to do something about the racial situation in this country, moderate support for radical protest would probably dry up. A moderate is almost by definition a fellow who doesn't get too worked up about anything until it hits him in the face and he can't look the other way anymore. The war and the riots in the black ghettos have made a lot of moderates think about what is wrong with America, but if society gives them half a chance, I'm afraid they'll turn their attention to more enjoyable things.

LUCE: I think so, too. The radicals *need* the war; they use it to sucker moderate students into their movement with the argument that the war is symptomatic of the rottenness of the whole society. To some extent, this tactic has worked, and the war has lent fantastic impetus to the tendency of young people to question the entire American system. It's generally because of the war and their opposition to it that the radicals have been able to mobilize students on other issues, too. I think the leftists would find their movement falling apart if the war suddenly ended. This is actually the Achilles' heel of their cause—the fact that it's essentially a single-issue protest.

HAYDEN: That's just not true. The protest existed *before* the war; it flows from basic conditions in this country, not from any one single policy such as Vietnam.

MORSE: It's true that a few years ago, things were very much oriented around the single anti-war issue. But opposition

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to Vietnam, as Mr. Luce correctly points out, has given us insights into the nature of the entire system, and over the past two or three years the issues have become broader and broader, until today, a large percentage of the student movement finally understands what capitalism really means and what imperialism really means and what the United States is really doing at home and all over the world. In fact, you'll find now that many of the issues that stir people most emotionally have nothing to do with the war.

BROWN: Right. If the war were to stop tomorrow, people would turn their attention to the problems of racism and poverty and exploitation, which existed in this country long before Vietnam. This is particularly true of black students, who are affected most directly by these conditions. Although they're concerned about the war, they are even more deeply concerned about the issues that immediately affect their lives and destinies and the hell of a job they have in front of them in the dangerous fight for self-determination. If the war were to end tomorrow, there might be a slackening off of militancy on white campuses but not among black students. We're just at the beginning of a long, hard road.

FRIEDENBERG: I certainly agree that there will always be enough issues to protest about in the kind of society we have, but without the Vietnam war, the situation wouldn't have reached what the nuclear physicists call critical mass. It's true that a lot of the student protests haven't been directly connected with Vietnam, but the war and the draft are always in the background, shadowing the students' lives. Without a doubt, the draft has done more than any other factor to intensify student opposition to the war and to the system.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the present Selective Service System?

GALLAGHER: The draft laws as they are now established are immoral, for the heavy victims are the poor and the black. They're the ones who do the dying. But even the student who is deferred is victimized, because the draft laws vitiate the academic process by creating all the wrong reasons for going to college. And look at the violence it does to the grading system: A professor who gives a student an F will be told, "You just poured napalm on that kid." If we have to have a draft—and there are those who think we can get along well without one—then it should be on a straight lottery basis.

HAYAKAWA: Amen!

LUCE: I agree that the draft system in the U. S. is an abortion as it stands, but I don't think a lottery system is any solution. There shouldn't be any draft at all, period. This is one of the few points on which the New Left and the New Right are in full agreement. No matter how you rationalize it, Selective Service is really selective slavery, and the lottery would just be another kind of auction block. The draft is both immoral and unconstitutional. What we ought to have is a volunteer military.

HAYAKAWA: It seems to me that if we're going to have a draft at all, it should be applicable to every young man—rich or poor, white or black—whether he's a student or not.

FRIEDENBERG: It's no longer a question of mere class or race discrimination but of genocide against the poor and the blacks, who bear the brunt of the system.

HAYAKAWA: A system that many white middle-class college students seem content to live with. When one of this privileged majority accepts a 2-S deferment, he is saying in essence, "Let the poor and the niggers fight the war." I think one of the reasons the war protest on campus takes such extreme and unrealistic positions is that the students don't have to go to war and for the most part don't have friends or relatives who have to go to war. So it just becomes an abstract academic issue to them. This is why they're happy to play their guitars in the privileged sanctuary of the university while the poor and the minorities die in Vietnam.

HAYDEN: It's typical phony liberalism to favor "equalizing" the draft. Although I agree that middle-class students shouldn't be granted special privileges, that doesn't mean we want equal participation in killing and equal submission to draft-board tyranny. No one should be involuntarily drafted; the right to decide how and when you die is a sacred individual decision, not a question to be settled by the Pentagon or General Hershey.

FRIEDENBERG: Yes, the draft is serving a thoroughly immoral purpose, and I personally find it hard to condemn any lawful means of evading it.

GALLAGHER: Look at the way certain majors, such as physics or medicine, are deferred while others, like English or philosophy, are not. The suggestion that men who are going into medicine or science are more valuable to society than men who are going to be poets, philosophers or politicians is another one of the arbitrary and immoral judgments made by a society that is too much governed by the military-industrial complex. I would argue that every good poet, every fine musician, every effective social worker is just as valuable to society as a scientist or a doctor.

PLAYBOY: One major aspect of the anti-war and anti-draft movement has been the campaign to remove R. O. T. C. programs from the nation's campuses. In view of the immensity of the military establishment, is this a relatively minor target on which to expend so much time and energy?

FRIEDENBERG: Not to the students, because R. O. T. C. is a constant reminder of the presence and influence of the military. The military manner, the guns in the campus armory, the punishment drills, the discipline in command, all these things grate on any sense of the university as a free community of scholars. But it's important to note that it didn't occur to anyone that R. O. T. C. was bad enough to protest against until the threshold of irritability about the military was reached because of its exploits in Vietnam.

GALLAGHER: Most students will tell you frankly, "Let's face it; it's not R. O. T. C. that we're bothered about; it's Vietnam. And one of the best ways to attack it is by getting rid of R. O. T. C." My own judgment is that as long as a military exists in this country, then the method of procuring officers through R. O. T. C. is a sound and satisfactory one—provided it's voluntary; I'm firmly opposed to compulsory R. O. T. C.

HAYAKAWA: The war clouds the issue here, but I also think it's a valuable thing to have R. O. T. C. at a university. For one thing, it guarantees that future officers will have considerable exposure to civilian thought and training, and that's always healthy. I also think R. O. T. C. could be upgraded academically if courses in foreign languages, business administration and so on were incorporated into the program for credit.

EDWARDS: That'll never work. R. O. T. C. is an academic joke. You might as well have a major in bubble blowing. But more important, I don't think the university should have any association with the war machine in this country. R. O. T. C. brings a bunch of crewcutted, beer-bellied, flag-waving Neanderthals like General Hershey onto the campus with their warmongering mentality. Let them go to West Point or Annapolis or the Coast Guard Academy with that shit. The university should teach people how to live, not how to die.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Edwards is on record against not only the R. O. T. C. but any form of war-related research on campus. How do the rest of you feel about it?

HAYAKAWA: In the first place, I think the term war research is a loaded one. I know from the personal experience of many friends that much of what is called war research is really very innocuous. Some of it deals with linguistics, some with marine biology, some with medical examinations, some with survival aids. These things may have military uses, but they also have vast civilian application. In fact, a lot of research goes on under military sponsorship not because it has warlike implications but because the military is the easiest place to get the money.

EDWARDS: That's just hot air. This kind of research serves only to incorporate the university into the military-industrial complex. It's just the Pentagon using its unofficial branches to perpetrate and perpetuate the kind of atrocities that are going on in Vietnam. Well, the time has come to stop being used, to sever those ties and make the university a free

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institution with the power to question such things as the immorality of bacteriological warfare. But Cornell, to name one of many schools, can't very well question germ warfare while it's being researched on its own agricultural campus.

BROWN: That's right. Dr. Hayakawa's acknowledgment that the military is the easiest place to get the money simply highlights the war-oriented nature of the whole Government. All that crap about "vast civilian application" of Government-financed research on campus is nothing but an excuse, a cop-out.

MORSE: The actual civilian application of military research on campus consists of its use on *us* and on the black community. The blister and nausea gases developed by our upstanding universities and used in Vietnam were also used on us during the people's-park crisis at Berkeley—and Stanford is doing research on counterinsurgency to be applied in South Africa and in the black communities here.

JENCKS: It's certainly true that a great deal of military research is pretty bloodcurdling, whether its intended application be on rebels in Asia and Latin America or on blacks and students here at home. But on a more abstract level, the basic problem is that a lot of academic people have developed a moral attitude that says research is *always* good, whatever its ethical, political and human consequences. And that's the attitude we've got to change.

GALLAGHER: The difference between 1944 and 1969 on this question is very interesting. In 1944, it was a very patriotic thing to be engaged in war research.

FRIEDENBERG: That's true, but both the times and the wars are different. I think it's inappropriate for a university to serve its Government's military needs if that Government is immoral or if those military needs are wholly destructive. Whatever the case in World War Two, the Government of the United States of America in 1969 *is* immoral and its military objectives *are* obscene.

EDWARDS: And perhaps the most obscene aspect of the war, from a black vantage point, is its inherently racist character—racist not only in the sense that it annihilates Vietnamese but that it slaughters thousands of young black Americans and, by dislocating all our national priorities, makes it impossible to allocate the Federal funds necessary to relieve the hardships of black people at home. Which is another reason black students are rebelling against the system.

BROWN: Yes, Vietnam has been a major factor in the black student movement; but its main reason for being is an intensified awareness that the universities, like the country at large, are exploiting and dehumanizing black people.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

BROWN: In every way. Oh, a few courses have been renamed Black or Afro-American as a token concession, but the educational institutions haven't even begun to make the wholesale adjustments needed to deal with the problems of black students and the black community at large.

FRIEDENBERG: True. Virtually nothing is being done by the universities or society for poor people generally, except for those few who are well enough endowed with native intelligence and aggression to exploit college for subsequent professional advantage. The question facing the schools up to now has been whether they should make a special effort to admit applicants who, because of educational privation in inferior ghetto elementary and high schools, normally wouldn't be accepted. Until very recently, the colleges had done nothing along these lines, but some advances are beginning to be made as the universities admit the urgency of the problem and recognize a greater obligation to the larger community in which they exist. At Buffalo, for instance, we now have a program to admit black students who can't meet the academic standards expected of middle-class whites with a good secondary educational background.

JENCKS: Even with such special programs, I'm very skeptical about how much an institution like a university can do for black students, much less for black people generally. It seems to me that the things universities are good at are not, by and large, the things either the black students or the black communities need at the moment. In terms of committing traditional academic resources to the education of black people in traditional ways, I think they've done as much as a reasonable man might expect of them at this stage. What they haven't done is invent new ways of reaching students, black and white alike, who can't be reached by ordinary academic methods. They've been very reluctant, for example, to hire people to teach who haven't been thought of as educators in the traditional sense—people like Eldridge Cleaver, who don't have degrees and whose skills are not specifically academic. The universities have been hostile to teaching methods that don't involve classrooms, and even more hostile to definitions of what's worth learning that go beyond just acquiring facts, techniques and theories, to include all of what a man or a woman is. No university is really concerned with the students' feelings, their sense of self-respect or their ethical and political commitments; but these are the kinds of things the black students care about. I don't know if a university *can* teach these things, but they are reluctant even to try.

LUCE: I'm afraid that *any* special programs the universities adopt in this area, no matter how well intentioned, will fail, because the basic problem lies in the inferior schools the black students attend before they ever reach college. Educational standards in ghetto schools have obviously not been equal to those provided whites, and what we should be doing now is improving standards in those schools to ensure blacks an education that will allow them to enter college on the same achievement level as whites. I think we're deluding ourselves if we believe that by simply throwing the doors open to a set number of blacks, they're going to be automatically qualified scholastically and make a successful adjustment to the university. Black people should have the same rights to attend college as whites, but the racial scene in the United States is not going to be improved by admitting large numbers of blacks without the proper scholastic qualifications, and tensions may even be exacerbated when such students find that their inadequate preparation puts them at a disadvantage in academic competition with white students. So reforms must be made in elementary and high schools, since by the time the average black student is ready to go to college, he is already at an educational disadvantage.

GALLAGHER: New York City illustrates this rather tragically. Last year, the city graduated approximately 40,000 students from high school, and out of that number, only 700 blacks and Puerto Ricans were granted the academic diploma that admits them to college. Those figures speak for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Critics of preferential-admission programs for blacks contend that since most black students *are* educationally deprived through inferior preparatory school training, there is a danger that admitting large numbers to college through special dispensation will lower existing educational standards. How would you respond to this argument?

MORSE: This whole idea that blacks aren't ready for college is a vicious-circle deal. The reason a lot of them may not be as well prepared as whites is that the Government isn't willing to put enough money into the shitty elementary and high schools. Blacks are forced to attend these schools, and then the establishment turns around and says it's too bad, but blacks just don't have the educational background for college. That's typical of this system.

FRIEDENBERG: Whatever loss of excellence the universities might suffer by accommodating black students isn't very important, because academic standards and achievements have been largely illusory in their social effects; there is absolutely no correlation between collegiate achievement and subsequent success. This was pointed out by studies conducted at the State University of Iowa and the University of North Carolina, which showed that in a large number of professions—including major ones such as law and medicine—there is no connection between the success of these people who

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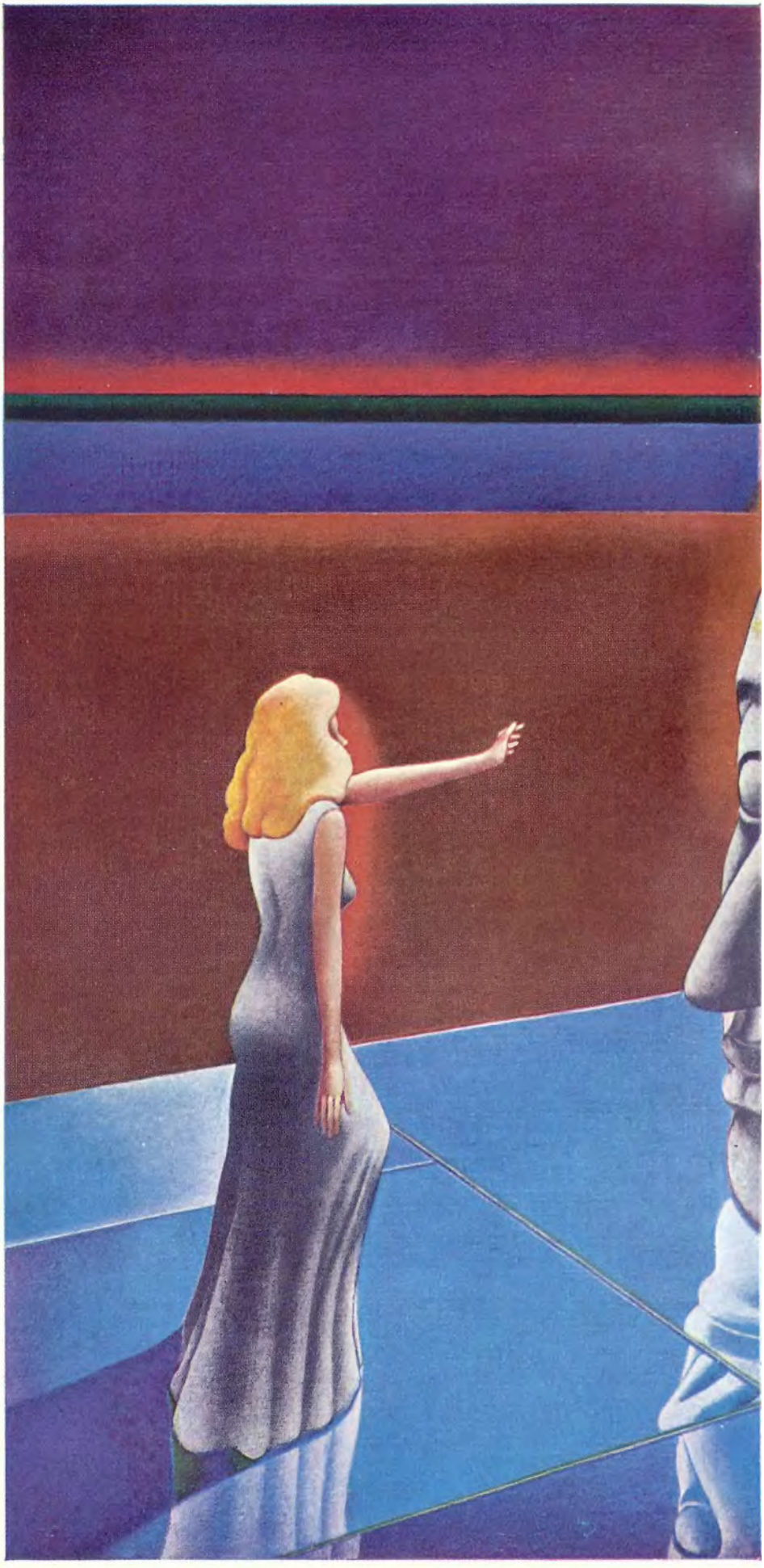
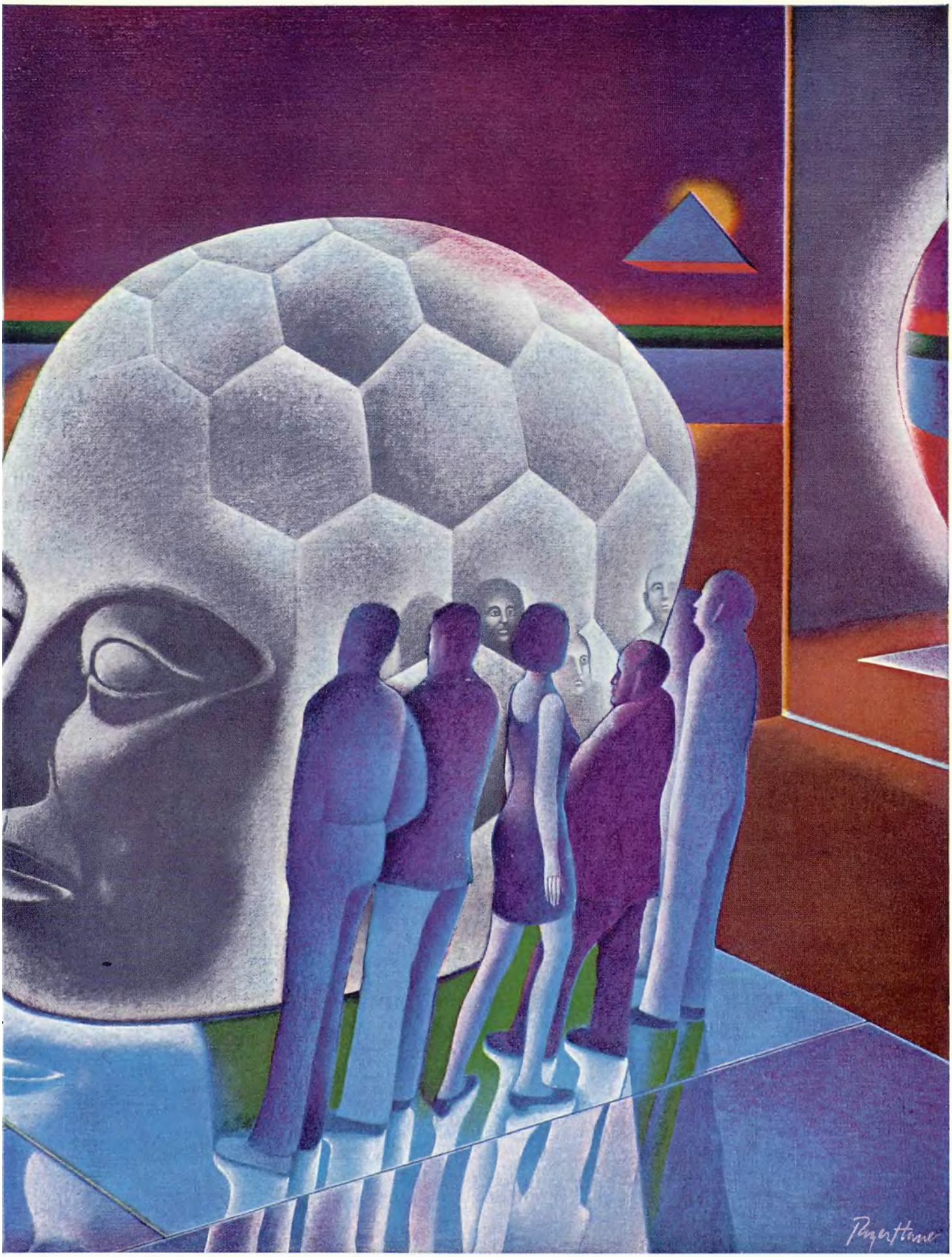
I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING

there on the nile, 50 centuries of history seemed to hold him in thrall even as the girl slipped quietly into his cabin

fiction By JOHN UPDIKE



CLEM CAME FROM BUFFALO and spoke in the neutral American accent that sends dictionary makers there. His pronunciation was clear and colorless, his manners impeccable, his clothes freshly laundered and appropriate no matter where he was, however far from home. Rich and unmarried, he traveled a lot; he had been to Athens and Rio, Las Vegas and Hong Kong, Leningrad and Sydney and now Cairo. His posture was perfect, but he walked without swing; people at first liked him, because his apparent perfection reflected flatteringly upon them, and then distrusted him, because his perfection revealed no flaw. As he traveled, he studied the guidebooks conscientiously, picked up phrases of the local language, collected prints and artifacts. He was serious but not humorless; indeed, his smile, a creeping but finally complete revelation of utterly even and white front teeth, with a bit of tongue flirtatiously pinched between them, was one of the things that led people on, that led them to hope for the flaw, the entering crack. There were hopeful signs. At the bar he took one drink too many, the hurried last drink that robs the dinner wine of taste. Though he enjoyed human society, he couldn't dance. He had a fine fair square-shouldered body, surely masculine and yet somehow neutral, which he solicitously covered with oil against the sun that, as they moved up the Nile, grew sharper and more tropical. He fell asleep in deck chairs, beautifully immobile, glistening, as the two riverbanks at their safe distance glided by—date palms, taut green fields irrigated by rotating donkeys, pyramids of white round pots, trapezoidal houses of elephant-colored mud, mud-colored children silently waving, and the roseate desert cliffs beyond, massive parentheses. Glistening like a mirror, he slept in this gliding parenthesis with a godlike calm that possessed the landscape, transformed it into a steady dreaming. Clem said of himself, awaking, apologizing, smiling with that bit of pinched tongue, that he slept badly at night, suffered from insomnia. This also



was a hopeful sign. People wanted to love him.

There were not many on the boat. The war discouraged tourists. Indeed, at Nag Hammadi they did pass under a bridge in which Israeli commandos had blasted three neat but not very conclusive holes; a wooden ramp had been laid on top and the traffic of carts and rickety lorries continued. And at Aswan they saw anti-aircraft batteries defending the High Dam. But for the cruise between, the war figured only as a luxurious amount of space on deck and a pleasant disproportion between the 70 crewmen and the 20 paying passengers. These 20 were:

Three English couples, middle-aged but for one miniskirted wife, who was thought for days to be a daughter.

Two German boys; they wore bathing trunks to all the temples, yet seemed to know the gods by name and perhaps were future archaeologists.

A French couple, in their 60s. The man had been tortured in World War Two; his spine had fused in a curve as he moved over the desert rubble and uneven stairways with tiny shuffling steps and studied the murals by means of a mirror hung around his neck. Yet he, too, knew the gods and would murmur worshipfully.

Three Egyptians, a man and two women, in their 30s, of a professional class, teachers or museum curators, cosmopolitan and handsome, given to laughter among themselves, even while the guide, a cherubic old Bedouin called Poppa Omar, was lecturing.

A fluffy and sweet, ample and perfumed American widow and her escort, a short bald native of New Jersey who for 20 years had run tours in Africa, armed with a fancy fly whisk and an impenetrable rudeness toward natives of Africa.

An amateur travelogist from Green Bay working his way south to Cape Town with 200 pounds of photographic equipment.

A stocky blond couple, 40ish, who kept to themselves, hired their own guides and were presumed to be Russian.

A young Scandinavian woman, beautiful, alone.

Clem.

Clem had joined the cruise at the last minute; he had been in Amsterdam and become oppressed by the low sky and tight-packed houses, the cold canal touring boats and the bad Indonesian food and the prostitutes illuminated in their windows like garish great candy. He had flown to Cairo and not liked it better. A cheeseburger in the Hilton offended him by being gamy. In the plaza outside, a man rustled up to him and asked if he had had any love last night. The city, with its incessant twinkle of car horns and furtive-eyed men in pajamas, seemed unusable, remote. The museum was full of sandbags. The heart of King Tut's treasure had been hidden in case of invasion; but his gold sarcophagus, feathered in lapis lazuli and carnelian, did touch Clem, with a whisper of death, of flight, of floating. A pamphlet in the Hilton advertised a six-day trip up the Nile, Luxor to Aswan, in a luxurious boat. It sounded passive and educational, which appealed to Clem; he had gone to college at the University of Rochester and felt a need to keep rounding off his education, to bring it up to Ivy League standards. Also, the tan would look great back in Buffalo.

Stepping from the plane at the Luxor airport, he was smitten by the beauty of the desert roseate and motionless around him. His element, perhaps. What was his traveling, his bachelorhood, but a search for his element? He was 34 and still seemed to be merely visiting the world. Even in Buffalo, walking the straight shaded streets where he had played as a small boy, entering the homes and restaurants where he was greeted by name, sitting in the two-room office where he put in the few hours of telephoning that managed the parcel of securities and property fallen to him from his father's death, he felt somehow light, limited to 44 pounds of luggage, dressed with the unnatural correctitude people assume at the outset of a trip. A puff of air off Lake Erie and he would be gone, and the city, with its savage blustery winters, its deep-set granite mansions, its factories, its iron bison in the railroad terminal, would not have noticed. He would leave only his name in gilt paint on a list of singles tennis champions above the bar of his country club. But he knew he had been a methodical joyless player to watch, too full of lessons to lose.

He knew a lot about himself: He knew that this lightness, the brittle unmarred something he carried, was his treasure, which his demon willed him to preserve. Stepping from the airplane at Luxor, he had greeted his demon in the air—air ideally clean, with the poise of a mirror. From the window of his cabin he sensed again, in the glittering width of the Nile, bluer than he had expected, and in the unflecked alkaline sky, and in the tapestry strip of labored green between them, that he would be happy for this trip. He liked sunning on the deck that first afternoon. Only the Scandinavian girl, in an orange bikini, kept him company. Both were silent. The boat was still tied up at the Luxor dock, a flight of stone steps; a few yards away, across a gulf of water and paved banking, a traffic of peddlers and cart drivers stared across. Clem liked that gulf and liked it when the boat cast loose and began gliding between the fields, the villages, the desert. He liked the first temples: gargantuan Karnak, its pillars upholding the bright blank sky; gentler Luxor, with its built-in mosque and its little naked queen touching her king's giant calf; Hollywoodish Dendera —its restored roofs had brought in darkness and dampness and bats that moved on the walls like intelligent black gloves.

Clem even, at first, liked the peddlers. Tourist-starved, they touched him in their hunger, thrusting scarabs and old coins and clay mummy dolls at him, moaning and grunting English: "How much? How much you give me? Very fine. Fifty. Both. Take both. Both for thirty-five." Clem peeked down, caught his eye on a turquoise glint and wavered; his mother liked keepsakes and he had friends in Buffalo who would be amused. Into this flaw, this tentative crack of interest, they stuffed more things, strange sullied objects salvaged from the desert, alabaster vases, necklaces of mummy heads. Their brown hands probed and rubbed; their faces looked stunned, unblinking, as if, under the glaring sun, they were conducting business in the dark. Indeed, some did have eyes whitened by trachoma. Hoping to placate them with a purchase, Clem bargained for the smallest thing he could see, a lapis-lazuli bug the size of a fingernail. "Ten, then," the old peddler said, irritably making the "give me" gesture with his palm. Holding his wallet high, away from their hands, Clem leafed through the big notes for the absurdly small five-piaster bills, tattered and silky with use. The purchase, amounting to little more than a dime, excited the peddlers; ignoring the other tourists, they multiplied and crowded against him. Something warm and hard was inserted into his hand, his other sleeve was plucked, his pockets were patted and he wheeled, his tongue pinched between his teeth flirtatiously, trapped. It was a nightmare; the dream thought crossed his mind that he might be scratched.

He broke away and rejoined the other tourists in the sanctum of a temple courtyard. One of the Egyptian women came up to him and said, "I do not mean to remonstrate, but you are torturing them by letting them see all those fifties and hundreds in your wallet."

"I'm sorry." He blushed like a scolded schoolboy. "I just didn't want to be rude."

"You must be. There is no question of hurt feelings. You are the man in the moon to them. They have no comprehension of your charm."

The strange phrasing of her last sentence, expressing not quite what she meant, restored his edge and dulled her rebuke. She was the shorter and the older of the two Egyptian women; her eyes were green and there was an earnest mischief, a slight pressure, in her upward glance. Clem relaxed, almost slouching. "The sad part is, some of their things, I'd rather like to buy."

"Then do," she said, and walked away, her hips swinging. So a move had been

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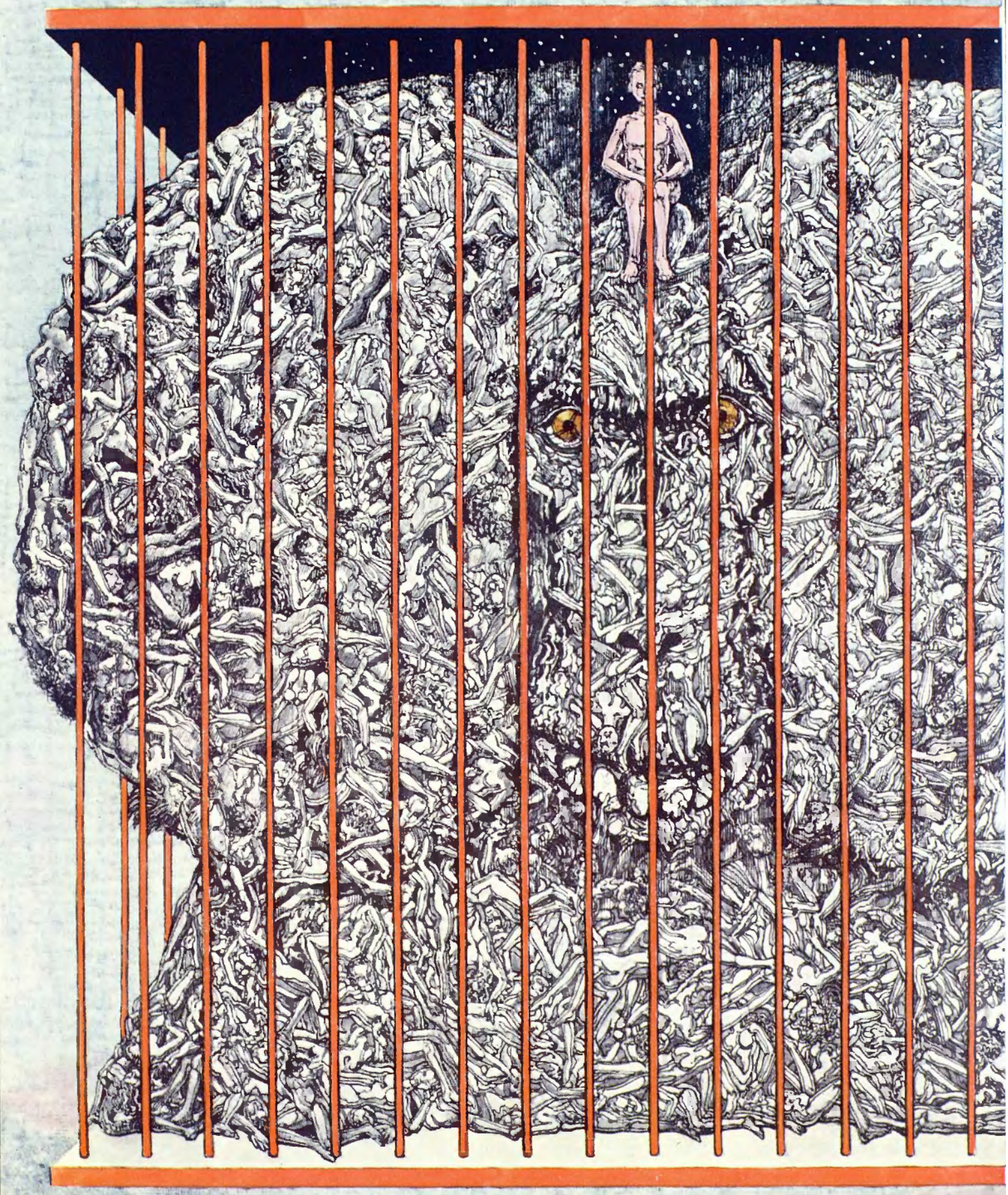
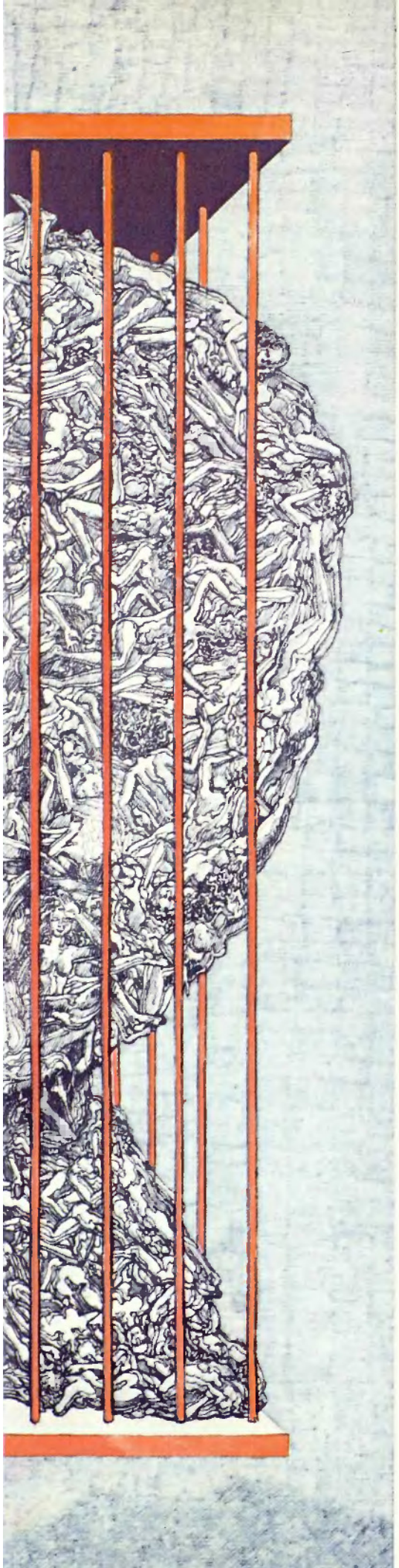
"If you don't quit annoying me, I'll tell my husband."





status and superstatus in THE HUMAN ZOO

the cliché comparison of the city with the jungle is a myth, says the author of "the naked ape," who demonstrates that the aberrant behavior of megalopolis man, with his overheated rituals of upward striving, is more like that of caged beasts

article by **DESMOND MORRIS**

IN ANY ORGANIZED GROUP of mammals, no matter how cooperative, there is always a struggle for social dominance. As he pursues this struggle, each adult individual acquires a particular social rank, giving him his position, or status, in the group hierarchy. The situation never remains stable for very long, largely because all the status strugglers are growing older. When the overlords become senile, their seniority is challenged and they are overthrown by their immediate subordinates. There is then renewed dominance squabbling as everyone moves a little farther up the social ladder. At the other end of the scale, the younger members of the group are maturing rapidly, keeping up the pressure from below. In addition, certain members of the group may suddenly be struck down by disease or accidental death, leaving gaps in the hierarchy that have to be quickly filled.

The general result is a constant condition of *status tension*. Under natural conditions, this tension remains tolerable because of the limited size of the social groupings. If, however, in the artificial environment of captivity, the group size becomes too big, or the space available too small, then the status rat-race soon gets out of hand, dominance battles rage uncontrollably and the leaders of the packs, prides, colonies or tribes come under severe strain. When this happens, the weakest members of the group are frequently hounded to their deaths, as the restrained rituals of display and counterdisplay degenerate into bloody violence.

There are further repercussions. So much time has to be spent sorting out the unnaturally complex status relationships that other aspects of social life, such as parental care, become seriously and damagingly neglected.

If the settling of dominance disputes creates difficulties for the moderately crowded inmates of the animal zoo, then it is obviously going to provide an even greater dilemma for the vastly overgrown supertribes of the human zoo. The essential feature of the status struggle in nature is that it is based on the *personal* relationships of the individuals inside the social group. For a primitive human tribesman in a group with 80 others, the problem was a comparatively simple one; but when the tribes grew into supertribes of 80,000 or 8,000,000, relationships became increasingly impersonal and the problem of status rapidly expanded into the nightmare of superstatus.

Before we probe this tender area of urban life, it will be helpful to take a brief look at the basic laws that govern the dominance struggle. The best way to do this is to survey the battlefield from the viewpoint of the dominant animal.

If you are to rule your group and to be successful in holding your position of power, there are ten golden rules you must obey. They apply to all leaders, from

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES B. SLACKMAN

baboons to modern presidents and prime ministers. The ten commandments of dominance are these:

1. *You must clearly display the trappings, postures and gestures of dominance.* For the baboon this means a sleek, beautifully groomed, luxuriant coat of hair; a calm, relaxed posture when not engaged in disputes; a deliberate and purposeful gait when active. There must be no outward signs of anxiety, indecision or hesitancy.

With a few superficial modifications, the same holds true for the human leader. The luxuriant coat of fur becomes the rich and elaborate costume of the ruler, dramatically outshining those of his subordinates. He assumes postures unique to his dominant role. When he is relaxing, he may recline or sit, while others must stand until given permission to follow suit. This is also typical of the dominant baboon, who may sprawl out lazily while his anxious subordinates hold themselves in more alert postures nearby. The situation changes once the leader stirs into aggressive action and begins to assert himself. Then, be he baboon or prince, he must rise into a more impressive position than that of his followers. He must literally rise above them, matching his psychological status with his physical posture. For the baboon boss, this is easy: A dominant monkey is nearly always much larger than his underlings. He has only to hold himself erect and his greater body size does the rest. The situation is enhanced by cringing and crouching on the part of his more fearful subordinates. For the human leader, artificial aids may be necessary. He can magnify his size by wearing large cloaks or tall headgear. His height can be increased by mounting a throne, a platform, an animal, or a vehicle of some kind, or by being carried aloft by his followers. The crouching of the weaker baboons becomes stylized in various ways: Subordinate humans lower their height by bowing, curtsying, kneeling, kowtowing, salaaming or prostrating.

The ingenuity of our species permits the human leader to have it both ways. By sitting on a throne on a raised platform, he can enjoy both the relaxed position of the passive dominant *and* the heightened position of the active dominant at one and the same time, thus providing himself with a doubly powerful display posture.

The dignified displays of leadership that the human animal shares with the baboon are still with us in many forms today. They can be seen in their most primitive and obvious conditions in generals, judges, high priests and surviving royalty. They tend to be more limited to special occasions than they once were, but when they do occur, they are as ostentatious as ever. Not even the most learned academics are immune to the demands of pomp and finery on their more ceremonial occasions.

Where emperors have given way to elected presidents and prime ministers, personal-dominance displays have, however, become less overt. There has been a shift of emphasis in the role of leadership. The new-style leader is a servant of the people who happens to be dominant, rather than a dominator of the people who also serves them. He underlines his acceptance of this situation by wearing a comparatively drab costume, but this is only a trick. It is a minor dishonesty that he can afford, to make him seem more one of the crowd; but he dare not carry it too far or, before he knows it, he really will have become one of the crowd again. So, in other, less blatantly personal ways, he must continue to perform the outward display of his dominance. With all the complexities of the modern urban environment at his disposal, this is not difficult. The loss of grandeur in his dress can be compensated for by the elaborate and exclusive nature of the rooms in which he rules and the buildings in which he lives and works. He can retain ostentation in the way he travels, with motorcades, outriders and personal planes. He can continue to surround himself with a large group of "professional subordinates"—aides, secretaries, servants, personal assistants, bodyguards, attendants and the rest—part of whose job is merely to be seen to be servile toward him, thereby adding to his image of social superiority. His postures, movements and gestures of dominance can be retained unmodified. Because the power signals they transmit are so basic to the human species, they are accepted unconsciously and can therefore escape restriction. His movements and gestures are calm and relaxed, or firm and deliberate. (When did you last see a president or a prime minister running, except when taking voluntary exercise?) In conversation, he uses his eyes like weapons, delivering a fixed stare at moments when subordinates would be politely averting their gaze, and turning his head away at moments when subordinates would be watching intently. He does not scrabble, twitch, fidget or falter. These are essentially the reactions of subordinates. If the leader performs them, there is something seriously wrong with him in his role as the dominant member of the group.

2. *In moments of active rivalry, you must threaten your subordinates aggressively.* At the slightest sign of any challenge from a subordinate baboon, the group leader immediately responds with an impressive display of threatening behavior. There is a whole range of threat displays available, varying from those motivated by a lot of aggression tinged with a little fear to those motivated by a lot of fear and only a little aggression. The latter—the "scared threats" of weak-but-hostile individuals—are never shown by a dominant animal unless his leadership is tottering. When his position is secure, he shows only the most aggressive threat displays. He can be so secure that all he needs to do is to indicate that he is about to threaten, without actually bothering to carry it through. A mere jerk of his massive head in the direction of the unruly subordinate may be sufficient to subdue the inferior individual. These actions are called intention movements and they operate in precisely the same way in the human species. A powerful human leader, irritated by the actions of a subordinate, need only jerk his head in the latter's direction and fix him with a hard stare, to assert his dominance successfully. If he has to raise his voice or repeat an order, his dominance is slightly less secure and he will, on eventually regaining control, have to re-establish his status by administering a rebuke or a symbolic punishment of some kind.

The act of raising his voice, or raging, is a weak sign in a leader only when it occurs as a reaction to an immediate threat. It may also be used spontaneously or deliberately by a strong ruler as a general device for reaffirming his position. A dominant baboon may behave in the same way, suddenly charging at his subordinates and terrorizing them, reminding them of his powers. It enables him to chalk up a few points, and after that, he can more easily get his own way with the merest nod of his head. Human leaders perform in this manner from time to time, issuing stern edicts, making lightning inspections or haranguing the group with vigorous speeches. If you are a leader, it is dangerous to remain silent, unseen or unfelt for too long. If natural circumstances do not prompt a show of power, the circumstances must be invented that do. It is not enough to have power; one must be observed to have power. Therein lies the value of spontaneous threat displays.

3. *In moments of physical challenge, you (or your delegates) must be able to forcibly overpower your subordinates.* If a threat display fails, then a physical attack must follow. If you are a baboon boss, this is a dangerous step to take for two reasons. First, in a physical fight, even the winner may be damaged and injury is more serious for a dominant animal than for a subordinate. It makes him less daunting for a subsequent attacker. Secondly, he is always outnumbered by his subordinates and, if they are driven too far, they may gang up on him and overpower him in a combined effort. It is these two facts that make threat rather than actual attack the preferred method for dominant individuals.

The human leader overcomes this to some extent by employing a special class of "suppressors." They, the military or

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VROOM AT THE TOP

the last word in luxe two-wheeled transportation, designed and powered for high-performance pleasure

MANY OF OUR VALUES AND IDEAS are shaped by our artifacts; and we, in turn, shape our possessions to fit our beliefs. Take the motorcycle: Its place in our society has changed through the years and so has the type of man who rides it. In the early decades of this century, before America was really sure it trusted and could afford the horseless carriage, the motorcycle was a reliable means of transportation and a common mechanical beast of burden. It was often better than a car, especially when navigating the narrow, bumpy roads of the day. But after World War Two, the motorcycle began to lose favor with the public; and within a few years, it had found its way into several unsavory subgroups of our society. Marlon Brando came along as the cinematic embodiment of the various outlaw cycle gangs and temporarily killed the motorcycle as an instrument of popular transportation. (Actually, to the outlaws, the *(text continued on page 130)*

SUZUKI 500, powered by one of the largest two-strokes ever turned out in a twin-cylinder design, will whisk you and yours along in surprising quietude. Price: $995.

BSA ROCKET 3, a cycle that goes like its name, is also a picnic to drive—it's powered by a three-cylinder 750-c.c. engine that resounds through Flash Gordon–type pipes, $1750.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

MAMMOTH IV, the King Kong of the supercycles, is a traffic stopper that can blow bank accounts as well as minds; its four-cylinder NSU auto engine puts out 80 hp; for the Mammoth, you put out $4000.

KAWASAKI MACH III, a sleek, geared-to-go machine, is not for novices nor the faint of heart. Its 500-c.c. engine sends this superlight (382 lbs.) cycle from 0 to 60 mph in four seconds flat; $999.

HONDA FOUR 750, a frisky colt that's directly descended from Honda's G.P. racing bikes, has a four-cylinder engine that develops 67 horses; purchasers must pony up $1495.

BMW's R 69 US, the Rolls-Royce of cycledom, is dependable and immensely strong; a 600-c.c. engine that's hitched to a drive shaft gives silent, silky acceleration; $1750.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SPORTSTER XLH, an all-American supercycle that packs a 900-c.c., 58-hp engine, comes with an electric starter and rear racing-type shock absorbers; $1850.

motorcycle is more ornamental than locomotive and, indeed, the garish and weird machines they build up are barely roadworthy—they represent mobile jewelry rather than transportation.)

Then came the Sixties: traffic jams, the growth of the megalopolis, no place to park, a national sense of claustrophobia and the feeling among many, especially the young and adventurous, that society was closing in on them. People looked for an escape. And Soichiro Honda provided the avenue for just such a getaway. He foresaw a renaissance in the transportation patterns of Americans; people would ride light, attractive and inexpensive motorcycles when they wished to avoid the tyranny of their cars—or were forced to walk for lack of a place to park them. Honda began the boom, and it's still going on. Hundreds of thousands of machines have been sold; Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki, Kawasaki—the companies blossomed, expanded, began to advertise nationally and to strive for social acceptance.

The first generation of machines was one of lightweights: 50-cubic-centimeter models that were just fast enough to stay within city speed limits to carry one to and from work or from the dorm to the classroom. Then some riders began to want a little more power, so they moved up to 90-c.c. machines, then to 250s.

Soon, large numbers of novice cyclists were getting into the spirit of the sport. They started buying big iron, hefty machines that would carry them up to highway speeds, and maybe faster, with power and prestige: 500-c.c. Triumphs, BMWs and Harleys were available—there from an earlier era.

Manufacturers began to sense the emergence of a class of *cognoscenti*—men who knew a great deal about motorcycles, very often tinkered with them as a hobby and had the money to invest in really luxurious machinery.

These were weekend enthusiasts who would brave the elements and ignore the trepidatious headshakings of nearsighted old ladies in Hudsons to ride their machines up hills, across country or around town. They appreciated the feel, the maneuverability and the ease of parking a big bike, and they loved to taste the narcotic elixir of speed.

Motorcycle manufacturers in Britain, Italy, America and Japan responded to this new kind of cyclist by designing more exotic machines sure to satisfy the most sophisticated and expensive tastes: two-, three- and four-cylinder engines, overhead camshafts, rotary valve inductions—with the sky the limit on power and speed. Who needs 68 horsepower and 125 miles an hour top speed? Quite probably the responsible, careful rider will never extend the machine to such limits. But he can glory in the awareness of this potential and in the quick response to any command. And he can savor the beauty and the intelligence that have gone into the design of such machines as those shown on these pages, each of which is the very best of its kind, and he can be glad that he is around for the golden age of motorcycling.

There are those motorists who wish to glide along in the serene luxury and rich comfort of a Rolls-Royce; there are those who like the speed and balance of a motorcycle—not to mention the fresh-air kicks. And those who want the best of both the automotive and the cycle worlds often buy a BMW. The Bayerische Motoren Werke's R 69 US is a remarkable motorcycle. Its basic design has scarcely changed since the days of the Weimar Republic; although it lacks the raw power of some of the other modern machines, it makes up the difference in sturdiness and size.

Remember those pictures of the *Afrika Korps* roaring across the endless blazing wastes of the Sahara? You could usually spot a feisty-looking field marshal in a sidecar. Those sidecars were on BMWs and they made it—anywhere.

One reason for the reliability of this machine is its distinctive-looking power plant. The flat-twin engine of the BMW is similar in design to the one used in the Volkswagen and the Porsche and, like them, it's a machine that can be driven stylishly across rugged terrain with the engine never missing a beat.

Check the striping and the black-lacquer finish. They're still applied the old way at the factory in Munich. The paint is lovingly rubbed down and the striping carefully applied by hand—slowly and expertly. The engines, too, are fitted with precision and care; they do not complain or leak oil (unlike some of the other similarly priced mounts). Their horsepower rating is mild, but their performance is incredibly smooth and well balanced. The power is fed through a car-type dry clutch and on through an unusual drive shaft to the rear wheel. The drive shaft does away with all the mess, bother and noise of a chain—not to mention the fact that 28 years ago, a rider had to reach Rommel at Tripoli before sunset and he couldn't risk sand in the chain slowing him down.

The R 69 US is too heavy to be really fast or agile, and any wild cornering will probably drag the exhaust pipes on the pavement. But the guy who buys one won't be the type who does such things; he'll be a man of expensive tastes (the R 69 US costs about $1750, a representative price that—like all cycle prices given in this article—may vary according to area and dealership) who demands a ride that is quiet, well mannered and absolutely reliable. Some cyclists love to fiddle with their machines, while others disdain any sort of unreliability. The latter group invariably buys a BMW.

Another big machine in this smooth-touring class is the Moto Guzzi V-7, an Italian road burner that has the power and the reliability necessary for long-distance running. Because the Moto Guzzi weighs only 520 pounds, it *really* handles when rounding bends and charging along rough roads. The power for such gamboling is provided by a transverse V-twin that puts out about 50 horses. You keep a check on it with an amazing array of automobilelike instrument gauges that diagnose the condition of oil, battery, lights, etc. The reliability of this machine is such that it is already used by police in several cities, including Atlanta. You, too, can join the force for $1439.

In the motorcycle kingdom, there is one creature of unquestionably established masculinity—the Harley-Davidson. The Harley is also the American motorcycle. It is the only machine not designed and built by foreigners trying to divine the motivations and desires of the American rider. The big Harley is of the old school. It is large, it is bright, it is loud and it is commanding. The fact that many motorcycle policemen ride Harleys is significant: On the road or parked by the curb, it demands—and receives—your undivided attention.

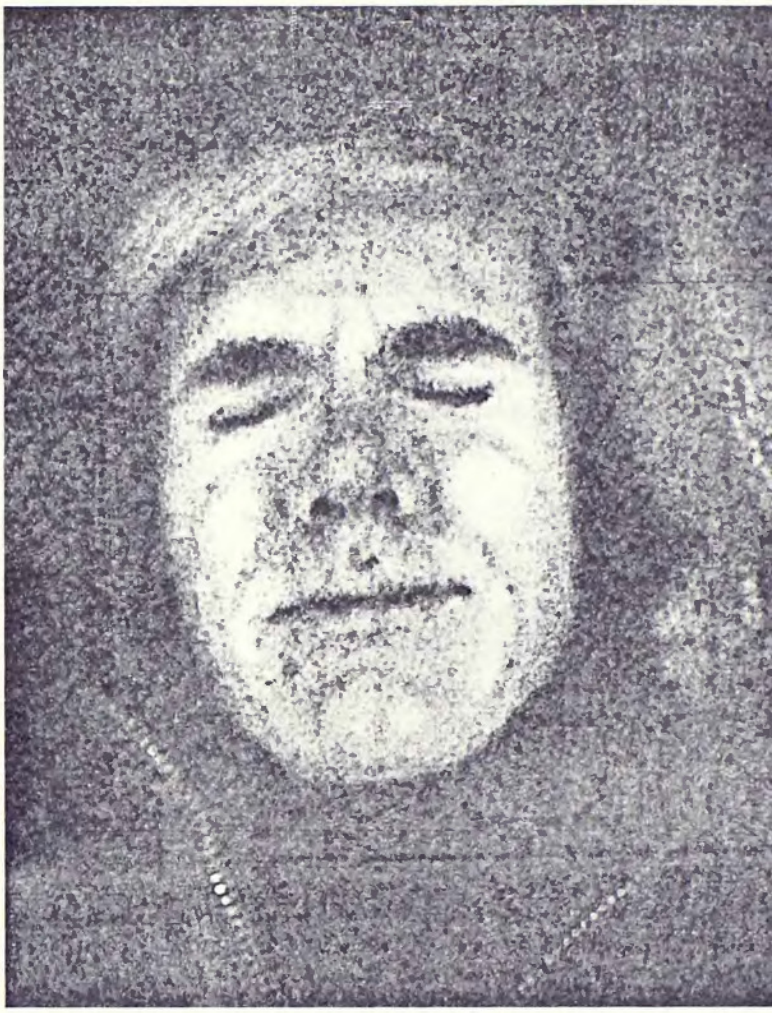
Harleys are extremely popular. The company sells as many machines as it can make; and at the $1850 price the luxury model Sportster pictured on page 129 fetches, that's something for the competition to ponder. The Harley has a solid reputation, and one reason for this is the solid way it's built: Engine, frame and parts are constructed of the highest quality materials.

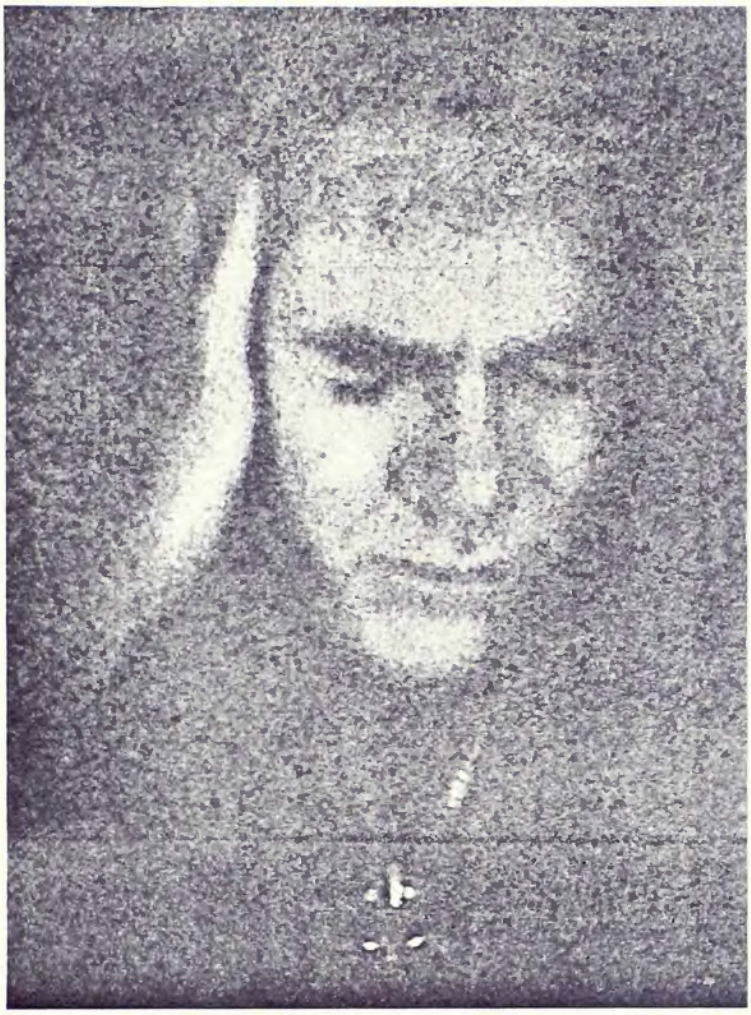
The design of the machine is proof positive of Harley-Davidson's sincere dedication to tradition, for it has changed little over the years. But this adds a certain charisma to the marque, for a distinguished pedigree is just as appealing to motorcyclists as it is to social climbers. While it may be true that the Harley owner would be well advised to know how to tune the carburetor, if he is the sort of man who has chosen the Sportster, it's likely he'll be more than willing to put up with such small demands. Whatever else the machine lacks, it repays the rider with an overpowering sensation of prestige, presence and majesty.

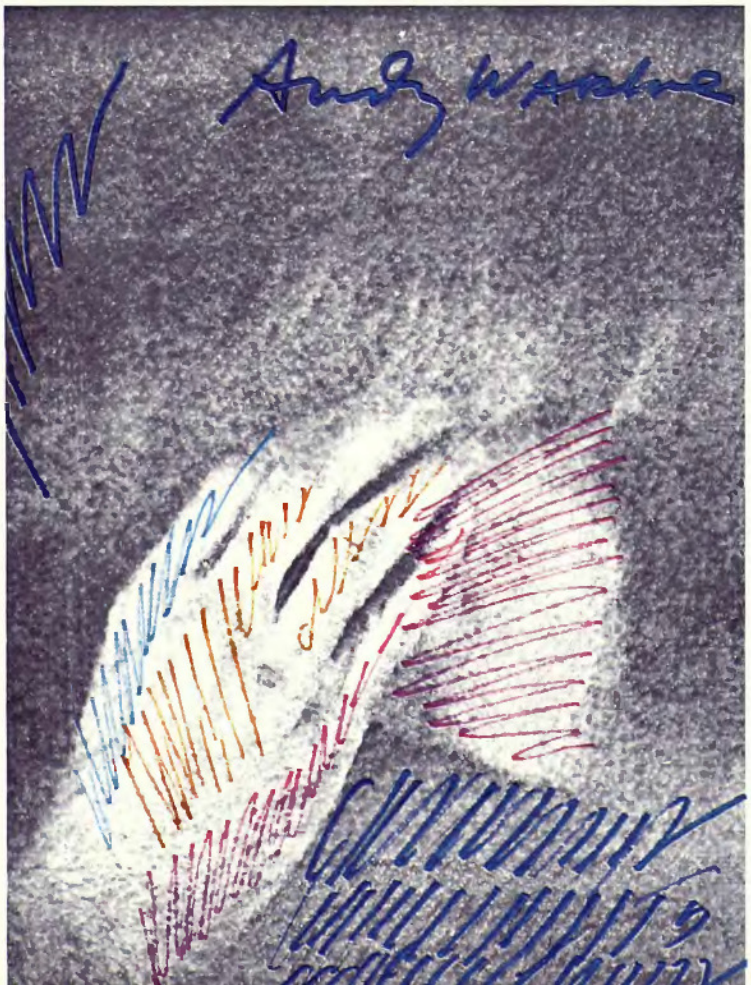
The fact is that the Harley Sportster XLH is fast, at least compared with most motorcycles; and, more important, it gives the rider an unmistakable impression that his machine is as powerful as a locomotive. The roar of its engine, 55 cubes strong (and brought to life by a poke at the electric starter—a nice luxury touch), the bone-tingling vibration of the big-twin at high revs, the powerful torque that makes you think it could pull an aircraft carrier into dry dock (and lets you cruise at highway speeds all day, while the engine chunks easily along)—these are the trademarks of the Harley.

(continued on page 272)

"Mathematically, we have over twelve thousand possible combinations—not counting Dick and Nancy, who aren't here yet."







WHAT'S A WARHOL?

beneath the bland exterior that is his public image lurks a (your choice): 1. bland interior; 2. consummate artist; 3. crown prince of put-ons

article By Paul Carroll "I WANT to make an orgy movie," Andy Warhol said recently. "The orgy is what's happening now."

In the folklore of the Sixties, Andy Warhol is our hip Jay Gatsby: a shadowy, voyeuristic, vaguely sinister host with albino-chalk skin, silver hair, dark sunglasses and black-leather motorcycle jacket, who presides over a melange of kinky sex, drugs and smoking revolvers.

"The blond guru of a nightmare world, photographing depravity and calling it truth," was how *Time* characterized the underground-film maker 15 months ago, when two bullets from a .32-caliber automatic—fired by a man-hating woman who had played a bit role in one of his films—almost killed him, puncturing his spleen, liver, stomach, esophagus and both lungs. As he underwent a critical six-and-a-half-hour operation by a team of four surgeons at Columbus Hospital in Manhattan, the mass media poured forth stories of how Warhol surrounds himself with "freakily named people—Viva, Ultra Violet,

SELF-PORTRAITS BY ANDY WARHOL

International Velvet, Ingrid Superstar—playing at games of lust, perversion, drug taking and brutality before his crotchety cameras." And when Warhol had recovered sufficiently to attend a roast-pig picnic given last October by friends in Greenwich Village, *New York Times* critic John Leonard described the artist as "a Moon-Man, a sort of spectral janitor . . . looking as though he had dropped from a star."

Helping inflame the critical imagination have been such Warhol movies as *The Chelsea Girls* (1966), with scenes depicting: two homosexuals lolling in Jockey shorts and bathrobe on a crumpled bed; a fat girl shooting speed with a needle into her buttock without bothering to take down her jeans ("It's quicker this way," she smiles into the camera); a willowy Lesbian sadistically bullying three girlfriends by sticking pins into their knees and forcing them to participate in harsh slave–master conversations; a homosexual named Ondine wearing a necklace that looks like Hell's Angels' chains, injecting amphetamine into his veins and announcing that as Pope of Greenwich Village, his flock consists of inverts, perverts and junkies, and then exploding in a tantrum directed against a hostile young girl whose "sins" he's been hearing in confession; and a transvestite in wig, false eyelashes, lipstick and satin evening gown, camping it up and singing in imitation of Hollywood sirens of the Thirties and Forties.

Other Warhol movies show scenes of rape, male prostitution and sadomasochistic bondage involving leather halters and torture masks. *Blow Job* begins with a trouser fly being unzipped, then focuses for 45 minutes on a man's face as it expresses passivity, then happiness as an act of fellatio is being performed on him. *Fuck, or Blue Movie* shows a boy and a girl making love in bed and in the bathroom of a New York apartment.

Many establishment critics denounce such Warhol movies as "seamy," "exhibitionistic," "sadistic," "dirty," "half Bosch and half bosh," "sewage," "a peep show," "freakish," "physically filthy," "desperate," "gloomy," "decadent," "Dadaistic provocation," "travelogs of a modern hell," "sordid," "vicious," "too candid," "ruthless," "perverse," "pernicious" and "spontaneous eruptions of the id." Warhol has been scolded as being a commercial purveyor of prurience and a pathetic voyeur—who gets his kicks from peering through a Peeping Tom camera at orgiasts as they soap their bare behinds in showers, exhibit tufts of pubic hair, breasts and limp penises, and engage in teasing sexual foreplay and occasional intrusions into the various bodily orifices.

Other critics and movie *aficionados* insist that such sick scenes both document and satirize the decadence of American society. Critic Sheldon Renan has opined that Warhol's films collectively comprise a definitive commentary on the socialites, starlets, addicts, homosexuals, fashion models, artists and people on the make in New York's "bizarre demimonde." *The New York Times* calls the world depicted in his cinema "a searing vision of hell, symptomatic of the corruption of the Great Society, from godlessness to white power, the profit system and napalm."

In addition to their purported social content, Warhol's movies have also been hailed by some for their innovations in cinema technique. For such early films as *Eat* (1963), the director was awarded in 1964 the Sixth Independent Film Award —sponsored by underground-film maker Jonas Mekas' *Film Culture*—with this citation: "Andy Warhol is taking cinema back to its origins—to the days of Lumière—for a rejuvenation and a cleansing. . . . The world becomes transposed, intensified, electrified. We see it sharper than before." What Warhol tries to do with the film is what James Joyce did with the novel, argues former *New York Times* critic Brian O'Doherty, "and it is a measure of Warhol's achievement that the comparison is not laughable."

Warhol rarely directs and seldom edits a movie; he simply turns the camera on a bare-chested young man sleeping and exhibits it as a six-hour film called *Sleep*; or he focuses on the top of the Empire State Building and lets the camera grind away for eight hours, then releases the film as *Empire*. One day in 1964, he asked Henry Geldzahler—curator of contemporary arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—to sit on a couch in his studio. Warhol turned a loaded camera on Geldzahler and then walked away, without imparting a hint of direction. "Andy played a record for an hour or so in the back of the studio," Geldzahler recalls, "and because I was completely alone, I became a kind of still life. Gradually, I went through my entire vocabulary of gestures as I sat smoking a cigar. That movie," he claims, "is the best portrait of me ever done."

Warhol's movies—he's made some 150 since 1963 but exhibits only the few he feels are "interesting"—are just part of his output during the past ten years in a wide range of media. "Whatever Andy does," observes artist Claes Oldenburg, "he tries to be first and best."

Certainly, he defies categorization. Characteristically, he's one of the very few major American artists to begin as a highly successful commercial artist. His elegant, often whimsical illustrations for women's shoe ads prompted *Women's Wear Daily* to hail him in the late Fifties as "the Leonardo da Vinci of the shoe trade"; in 1957, one of his ads won the coveted Art Directors Club Medal; and his 1961 Lord & Taylor window display featuring paintings of blowups of *Dick Tracy* comic-strip characters is considered by some the first chapter of the book of *Genesis* according to pop art.

Soon after the comic-strip paintings, Warhol established himself as a pioneer of pop with cool, clinically exact and scrupulously deadpan paintings of Campbell's soup cans, silk-screen portraits of Marilyn Monroe, Jackie Kennedy and Elvis Presley, sculpture of Brillo boxes and wallpaper displaying multiple, identical busts of a cow. Each of these works had an impersonal, mechanical and even assembly-line character; and each image was done in multiples: 50 paintings of the same can of black-bean soup, 25 identical Brillo boxes, 100 images of the same cow. Impersonality was also evident in the celebrity portraits. Each was made from a tabloid or movie-magazine photo. And frequently, Warhol let assistants complete a painting or a sculpture for him. "The things I want to show are mechanical," he explained. "I think somebody should be able to do all my paintings for me. It would be so great if more people took up silk screens, so that no one would know whether my picture was mine or somebody else's."

Today, Warhol's assembly-line creations are considered collector's items and—by some—even contemporary classics. Next month, an exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art will feature Warhol paintings including 32 Campbell's soup cans and 35 silk-screen portraits of noted pop-art collector Mrs. Ethel Scull based on a four-for-a-quarter Times Square snapshot. "The show will contain some 300 works which I feel are the best done during the past 30 years," explains Henry Geldzahler, who is assembling the exhibition. "Such a show could not be compiled without a representative sample of Andy's art."

"I'm a retired artist," Warhol announced in 1965, at the height of his pop-art fame and success, when soup-can paintings were selling for $5000, a celebrity portrait for $10,000. He began making films full time. From the beginning, his movies were unlike any others in the history of cinema. A customary complaint was—and is—that they are grindingly boring. "Most people would rather hear about a Warhol movie than sit through one," observes David Katzive, film critic and curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. "But the point is: One relishes Warhol's *concept*, which is terrific!" The concept was revolutionary, if nothing else: Film the most ordinary subjects at an unvaried pace and then exhibit them for unprecedented lengths of time.

Psychedelic mixed-media entertainment is another art form at which Warhol has dabbled—and pioneered. His 1965–1966 extravaganza of dancers and rock musicians—*The Exploding Plastic Inevitable*—was one of the first to explore the possibilities of a show combining electronic

(continued on page 140)

SUITED FOR CITY SQUIRING

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN *the country-gentleman look comes to town*

FOR THIS FALL, two leading men's-clothing designers, Bill Blass and Ralph Lauren, have leaped fashionably forward by way of the past—and resurrected the landed-gentry look in suits; tweedy, well-tailored styles that are eminently more at home in an urban high-rise than they ever were at the country estate. The gentlemen of leisure seen above sporting squire attire pause at midday to discuss grape expectations with their dates. Rugged chap at left has donned a two-button herringbone Shetland wool Norfolk suit that features a half-belted back, flap-patch pockets and extra-wide lapels, $235, worn over multicolor ancient-madder silk foulard shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, $75, both by Ralph Lauren for Polo. His buddy receives a warm welcome in two-button wool worsted shaped suit with giant plaid pattern that features wider lapels and semi-hacking pockets, $165, deep-tone cotton dress shirt with long-pointed collar, $22.50, both by Bill Blass, and wide knit tie, by Turnbull & Asser, $15.

PHOTOGRAPH BY OWIGHT HOOKER

37"-22"-37" MEETS 50"-47"-50"

nifty number julie newmar
tangles with zero-shaped zero mostel
in a sudsy sybaritic romp

SHOWCASING the unmistakable talents of Julie Newmar and the capaciously antic excellence of Zero Mostel, *Monsieur Lecoq*—an outrageous spoof of supercrook and supercop movies—undoubtedly ranks as the most frolicsome film you'll never see. You'll never see it because production problems turned this would-be sexy smash into another of those legendary best-laid plans that often go astray. Before they closed up shop, though, the team of Newmar and Mostel produced some memorable moments—ranging from Julie's unabashed bubble bath, above, to the zany courting scene, at left, in which a fashionably attired Zero takes a hint from *Tom Jones* and combines gustatory inducements with portly charm to zero in on his ladylove, a tempting dish in her own right.

As the title character in the unfinished *Monsieur Lecoq*, Zero Mostel craves to carve out a solid career as a master criminal. He makes a suitably diabolical start, but his abiding passion for ladylove Julie Newmar, plus a recalcitrant streak of honesty, force him into early retirement. His career plans dashed, Zero then opts to work the other side of the street by becoming a supersleuth—only to find the Sherlock Holmes racket equally fraught with frothy distractions. Right: Julie, who enhances *Monsieur Lecoq* by spending much of her time in hot water, tries to lure her outsized lover into sharing her bath with her. Below: Succumbing to her foamy invitation, tubby Zero, looking like a fully dressed and plump Poseidon, saturninely takes the situation in hand. Opposite: After romping through one of three bathing scenes in the film, a shimmering Julie, aided by a wardrobe mistress, aims for drier precincts.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TERRY O'NEILL

WHAT'S A WARHOL? *(continued from page 134)*

music, dance, strobe lights and film. "Andy's like a Renaissance artist: He tries everything," observed a Lower East Side poet.

Last winter, Warhol wrote his first "novel." He calls it *a*. It consists of 451 pages of totally unedited manuscript transcribed from tapes Warhol made as he followed Ondine for 24 hours as he gossiped, quarreled, wooed and talked with friends, lovers, enemies, waitresses and cabdrivers. At first, *a* strikes most readers as a bore. Most of the time, you can't tell who is talking to whom about what; moreover, all misspellings made by the high school girls who transcribed the tapes were religiously reprinted, as were all typographical errors; and at least a third of the sentences simply make no sense whatsoever. But gradually, two elements begin to fascinate. Ondine emerges as a witty, irreverent and engaging character; and it becomes obvious that this is how most people actually sound as they talk with one another. *a* is a genuine microcosm of the world of words, fractured sentences, grunts, giggles, commands, pleas, rhetoric, pop-tune titles, squawks from taxi radios, TV-commercial diction, the oblique, sometimes radiantly direct idiom of the heart and the blablabla that surrounds us every day and often far into the night.

Warhol is also entering television. His recent widely discussed commercial for Schrafft's restaurant chain was a long, voluptuous panning shot of a chocolate sundae, with "all the mistakes TV can make kept in," the artist explained. "It's blurry, shady, out of focus." NBC has since invited Warhol to produce a six-hour special. "In New York, apartments have a channel five which allows you to watch anybody who enters the front door. That will be my show: people walking past the camera," he says. "We'll call it *Nothing Special*."

Not all fellow artists agree that Warhol's art is either fresh or first-rate. One sculptor feels that he is too anemic: "Andy hasn't got any balls," he claims. "If Warhol's art were the only art around, we'd starve to death." And an underground-film maker charges: "His movies lack the personal involvement and vision that make or break a good movie. Warhol hides behind his camera."

Indeed, Warhol himself is usually as anonymous as his camera. Although internationally famous, he remains enigmatic and mostly in the background; as one of his friends says, "He's the Cheshire cat. Just when you're sure he'll be somewhere, he vanishes." In October 1967, Warhol sent an actor—disguised behind dyed silver hair, sunglasses and leather jacket—to impersonate him on a lecture tour of four West Coast colleges; his explanation, once the impersonation was discovered, was that the actor was more like what people expect Andy Warhol to be than he himself could possibly be. A few years ago, he made a movie called *The Andy Warhol Story*, with a young poet and a fragile debutante both playing the role of Andy Warhol. And he does nothing to clear up the confusion about his biography: Various sources list his birth date as 1927, 1930 and 1931, and the place of birth as Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and Providence, Rhode Island. Warhol is apt to suggest that an interviewer make up his own biography of the artist; or he'll say about his life: "It's always been like a dream, I guess"; or about himself: "If you want to know all about Andy Warhol, just look at the surface of my paintings and films and me, and there I am. There's nothing behind it."

Warhol's studio—which he calls the Factory—is even more oddly impersonal than the paintings and films. It is located on the sixth floor of an office building in Manhattan.

One steps from the elevator into a large business office with empty white walls and big windows opening onto Union Square. A gigantic John Chamberlain sculpture—a car squashed for scrap metal?—dominates the room. Two Plexiglas desks face each other near the windows. Manning one desk is 30-year-old Paul Morrissey, the lanky and affable executive director of Warhol Films, Inc. "Most of our calls are business," Morrissey explains, hanging up the phone that rings constantly on his desk. "We're doing all our own distributing now," he continues, describing plans to visit Europe in hopes of selling movies to distributors in Germany and England. Morrissey has been with Warhol since 1965. One of a big Irish Catholic family in the Bronx and a graduate of Fordham, Morrissey is probably sick of hearing it, but he resembles a priest—asexual and fatherly; he's also maternal, particularly when he fusses around Warhol, whom he seems to feed with a constant, animated supply of information, gossip, opinion and moral support.

Taking care of business at the other desk is Gerard Malanga. Wearing a blue puff-sleeved shirt and leather pants, Malanga, who has worked with Warhol since 1963, is an extremely photogenic young poet, actor, film maker and celebrity in the international pop art–high fashion–hip taste world. "My education began with Andy," Malanga reports. "He's got this great way of brushing things aside with power: What you thought was beautiful changes in front of your eyes. He particularly dislikes and puts down 'arty' things for being sentimental and corny. Andy likes clean, plastic images," says Malanga, turning so that his Neapolitan profile will be prominent. Like many in Warhol's group, Malanga is self-absorbed, and it seems to require great effort for him to talk about Warhol. "People say Andy's not serious. It's not true," Malanga continues. "Andy works terribly hard at everything he does—and we both work every day, trying to make our lives into works of art."

Like other members of the Factory, Malanga seems a bit protective of Warhol—and not simply because everybody is nervous about a threatened second attempt on Warhol's life. Quite apart from this understandable concern for his safety, his friends often treat Warhol like a child. Yet, clearly, he's the center of the complex operation, on whom all depend for both livelihood and identity.

Warhol steps from the elevator. "I'm sorry I'm late," he says shyly, explaining that he's been visiting his mother in the hospital. Warhol is slight, about five feet, ten inches tall, around 40 years old. Although indoors, he keeps on his black bullskin coat and tall olive fedora whose brim has been turned down all around and which looks like a tall Pilgrim hat.

He stands waiting for someone to take the initiative. "How do you feel about that woman being on the loose again?" he's asked. "Oh, they caught her, I just heard," he says. Once again, silence. The silence isn't hostile; it's like a vacuum waiting to be filled.

"Andy's idea of conversation is that somebody should talk to him," Henry Geldzahler has observed. A few years ago, the artist phoned Geldzahler around one A.M. "We've got to talk! We've got to talk!" he said by way of apology. "Well, what do you want to talk about?" Geldzahler asked, after the two met in a bar and the artist just sat there, mute. "Say something!" Warhol pleaded.

Around Warhol, you either do the talking or stare back at him. His appearance is unique—old, yet boyish; New York hip, yet old-country European. High cheekbones give a slightly Slavic look. (His parents emigrated in 1921 from Mikova, Czechoslovakia, to Pennsylvania, where his father found work as a coal miner; he died in 1942.)

Throughout the visit, Warhol keeps clutching a shopping bag, which, combined with fur coat and hat, suggests the appearance of an aging European woman. It's as if he were trying to keep his mother well by emulating her. It also becomes clear that the artist keeps on coat and hat in a calculated attempt to convey the impression—an accurate one—that Andy Warhol is mysterious, odd, even a bit bizarre. His outfit, of course, is not what one expects: no sunglasses nor black-leather jacket. On other occasions—equally unexpected—he does wear the jacket, usually zipped up over a navy-blue blazer or tux jacket.

"Everything Andy does is to attract

(continued on page 278)

article By U.S. Senator Gaylord Nelson

HOW NOT TO ELECT A PRESIDENT

that the electoral college is obsolete is widely understood; just how threatening its continued existence is to the nation is here explored by a deeply concerned legislator

ELECTION NIGHT 1968 almost produced the nightmarish spectacle of the most powerful nation on earth on the brink of constitutional chaos. If Illinois, California and Ohio hadn't tipped into the Republican column on the morning of November 6, no one can say with certainty what would have happened to this country.

The best we could have hoped for would have been the triumph of criminal greed among our national leaders. When the members of the Electoral College met on December 16, it seems likely that enough electors would have been influenced to switch their votes—through either outright cash bribery or the promise of special political favors—to produce an electoral majority.

Both acts happen to be felonies under Federal law, calling for long prison terms. But a nation without a President-elect, and with no idea as to how one would be chosen, presumably would prefer to have the office filled through the commission of a crime than to have no President at all.

If naked political deals did not resolve the crisis in the Electoral College, the full catastrophe would have been upon us. The election, as the commentators kept saying, would have been "thrown" into the House of Representatives. But few Americans have any idea what that would really have meant.

At best, the President would have been chosen without any regard for the popular will. For the election of President in the House of Representatives, each state has one vote, a

complete denial of the "one man, one vote" doctrine that our courts enforce in all other elections. The first candidate to receive 26 votes would have been our new President. Deals and vote trading would certainly have been resorted to by all three contending factions at that point. With the Presidency at stake, who would have failed to use any weapon in the political arsenal? One candidate and his supporters had already spent a reported $20,000,000 in an attempt to win the Presidency on November 5. Is there any reason to assume the spending would not have continued until the battle was won?

And, at worst, after all this sordid chaos, we could still have ended up without a President-elect. The party split in the House is such that it is entirely possible that no candidate could have gotten the necessary majority.

The postelection House line-up was 26 delegations controlled by Democrats, 19 controlled by Republicans and five tied and thus unable to cast a vote. Technically, this could have produced a Democratic victory. But it is very doubtful that the delegations from the five states that supported Wallace would have voted for the Democratic candidate. If one or all of these delegations shifted to the Republican candidate or held out for Wallace, it would have created a stalemate.

With the House stalemated, the Senate would have proceeded with the election of a Vice-President. In the Senate, each member's vote is counted; Democrats have a clear majority and would have, presumably, been able to agree on an interim leader. But how much power would he have? Could he expect public support if he had to move quickly to put down some domestic disorder or meet a foreign crisis? Would the new Vice-President be able to prod the House into conferring the Presidency on himself?

Think of the pressures on all concerned: the three principal candidates, the leaders of the Armed Forces, the general public, the incumbent President, who would be properly reluctant to leave the nation without a duly elected commander in chief. Can you imagine the political crisis if we raced from one Presidential term to the beginning of another with no new President elected?

When we were freshly back from the brink of this crisis, public opinion was fired up with a demand that we reform our Electoral College system—a system that even the conservatively oriented American Bar Association has called "archaic, undemocratic, complex, ambiguous, indirect and dangerous."

The United States Chamber of Commerce called for the abolition of the Electoral College. The polls reported that 81 percent of the public favors abolishing the Electoral College and electing the President by direct popular vote.

Senators and Congressmen saw this trend in their daily mail. A schoolboy from New Richmond, Wisconsin, wrote me, "It's just plain undemocratic." A Racine housewife complained that "it seems very odd that the Electoral College is more important than we, the people." A Milwaukee businessman put his finger on the key issue: "We don't like to be passed on by some nameless individual who does our voting for us. The personal feeling of participation is the important point. Keep our country strong and the faith of the people firm in our Government."

When the 91st Congress convened, I labeled Electoral College reform as one of the hottest political issues; yet experienced Congressional observers viewed the prospect for reform as only fair to poor. It may seem astonishing that any reform supported by 81 percent of the people could fail, but the hard fact is that the public does not have a very good reputation for following through on such things. It would have been far more hopeful if this reform was supported by two or three determined special-interest groups. The professionals stick with a fight to the end. The public, no matter how aroused it may get at a moment of apparent crisis, soon goes back to its normal pursuits.

The worst thing that could happen would be the passage of an Electoral College revision bill that would not correct the problem and might make it worse. This is a distinct possibility. Powerful support exists among conservatives for a proposal that would merely eliminate the "winner take all" feature of Electoral College voting, so that each state's electoral vote would be cast in proportion to the popular vote in that state. The rest of the system would be left as it is. This "solution"—which President Nixon substantively endorsed last February in one of his first messages to Congress—would be most unfortunate. It would doom for a generation any hope of electing the President by a direct, popular vote. It would give inflated power to one-party states, which can deliver most of their electoral votes for a candidate, while the votes in the closely balanced states would be virtually canceled out. And it would perpetuate the scandalous system under which tiny states wield disproportionate influence in electing a President, because each gets two bonus votes to match its two Senate seats, without regard to population.

Instead of hammering out some possible compromise to placate all the contending factions, Congress and the public should take a long, hard look at what is wrong with the whole election system and then correct it.

To do less, it seems to me, is to aggravate the most serious problem facing this country—the increasing alienation of many of our people, especially our young people, from our democratic institutions. Rightly or wrongly, there are millions of people in this country who no longer believe that they have any significant voice in the destinies of this nation. Obviously, many things must be done to correct this problem, but one dramatic step toward solving it would be to restore the integrity *(continued on page 260)*

"The purpose of this class is to prevent you from having neurotic preoccupations about sex, so that you'll be able to unabashedly enjoy intimate relations with your sex partner—so you can fondle her warm, soft body without inhibitions, nibble and kiss her most sensitive areas without shame or feelings of guilt—so you can freely and openly. . . ."

the

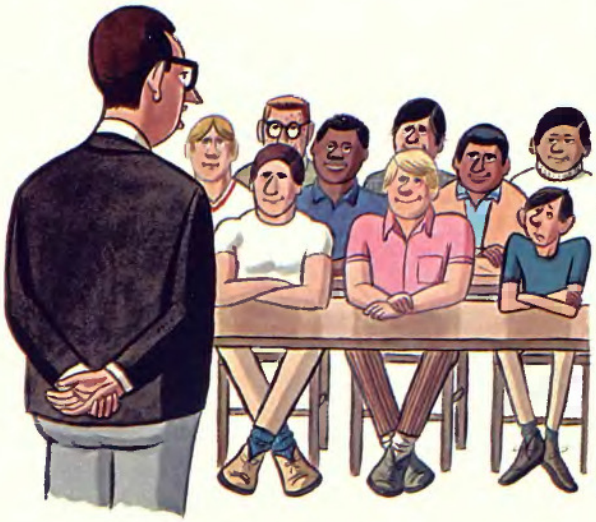
A-B-C of S-E-X

agitated student bodies and dilated pupils abound when course and intercourse combine

By John Dempsey

"Why don't you skip tadpoles and caterpillars and give us the straight dope about people?"

"Let's go over this once more, David. These are the male genitalia and these are the female. . . ."

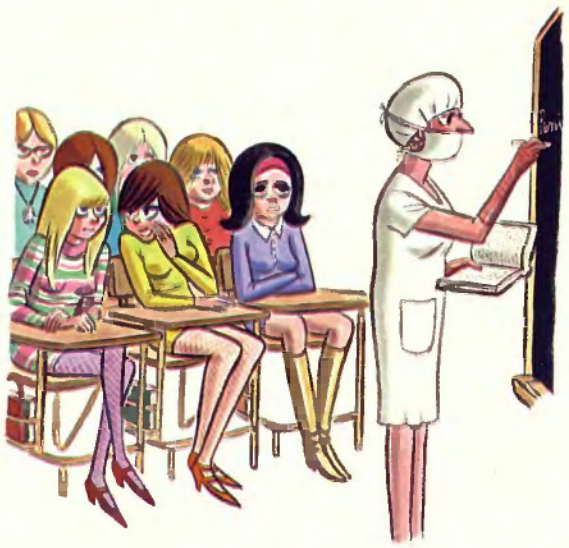


"Experiments by Masters and Johnson have shown that the size of the male organ is relatively unimportant."

"We'll get to that, Ronnie, after we've covered heterosexuality."

"The question is asked, 'Did you personally participate in premarital sex?' No, I was too damned chicken."

"That's the end of the film on coitus. We'll now take a few minutes to resume normal breathing."



"I can't help but feel that Miss Greene thinks sex is dirty."

"Today, class, you're going to be introduced to a subject that I'm sure will be quite strange to you."

"We women have a right to demand and get sexual satisfaction."

"I'm sorry, Kathy, but I just can't give you a passing grade in this class."

table steaks

the chafing-dish approach to that most masculine main course—a sure bet to get your guests in on the act

food By THOMAS MARIO BACHELORS WHO ENJOY both dining *à deux* and cooking *à deux* could hardly turn to anything on the menu better than chafing-dish steaks. A most pleasant accompaniment to your pre-prandial martini is watching a beefsteak slowly turn brown. While the world is increasingly filled with all kinds of steak fanciers fastening their eyes on outdoor steaks over barbecue fires, on indoor steaks over fireplace hibachis and on steakhouse steaks over charcoal or under a blazing salamander, the most worldly wise of all are those at table who enjoy their steaks cooking over a glowing spirit lamp.

Steak lovers generally tend to divide into two camps: those who demand their steaks unadorned and those who prefer them served up with sauces and garnishes. The first school is made up of avowedly stubborn purists, and their single argument goes like this: The flavor of a great beefsteak is so purely satisfying that any possible sauce poured over, or even offered with, the steak is like a veil drawn over a beautiful face. Their adversaries in steakmanship, those who love steak Diane blazed with cognac, or steaks with mushrooms and truffles in port-wine sauce, answer that they're not drawing a veil but actually adding just the right amount of make-up to a beautiful face; that the only really unadorned steak is a raw one; that whenever a chef in a steakhouse dips his raw steak into oil, sprinkles salt and pepper over it, broils it, and then brushes it with a big swipe of butter usually mixed with lemon juice and chopped parsley and sometimes chopped chives, he's in effect concocting a sauce that the unsuspecting beefeater then accepts as the steak's pristine juices on the platter. Needless to say, the steak men who have most fun are those who alternately relish the steaks of both schools and buy the orthodoxy of neither. The fact that they can enjoy a plain *chateaubriand* or a double *filet mignon* grilled over charcoal in no way affects their pleasure when they eat shell steaks smothered with onions and capers. Gainful indoor experience has taught them that the sheer aroma at the table of such savories as clarified butter, chopped shallots, tarragon and dry red wines will draw steak eaters of any persuasion to the chafing dish.

The art of the steak buffeteer depends first of all on his using the right kind of hardware and knowing it as intimately as he knows his favorite lady. Some chafing dishes, for instance, and all fondue dishes are meant only as warming devices. A small-size alcohol lamp can be depended on to melt a cheese fondue or to keep a creamed-chicken hash softly bubbling but can't deliver enough fire to sauté steaks. Fortunately, the small-size alcohol lamp and its narrow wick in many cases can be interchanged with Sterno, which does pour forth a sumptuous flame. There are large- and small-size cans of Sterno; certain chafing-dish outfits and trivets are built so that it's possible to place two or three Sterno cans under the trivet. Two small cans heating the margin of the pan are sometimes better than one large can in the center. The ideal heater, seen both in restaurants and in apartments, is the *réchaud*; it's simply a flared or straight chimney of brass or other metal supporting a shelf on which a cooking pan is

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

placed. The most easily controlled of all table-cooking equipment is the Ronson Varaflame Table Chef, with an adjustable 12-point flame. Finally, there are those tastefully designed electric skillets that make a worthy addition to the table decor.

Chafing-dish flames are always less hurried than a fierce gas flame, and this is all to the good, since steaks cooked at the table should be sautéed over a sensibly moderate heat. You want your steaks seared but not scorched; you don't want fat ricocheting in all directions. The ideal pan is, therefore, one with good heat conductivity. Usually, the blazers of most heavy silver-plated or copper chafing dishes work well with steaks. If you're using a *réchaud* as your heater, a copper pan lined with silver or with heavy tin plating is perfect for spreading the heat evenly to the entire surface. The pan may be oval or round. If you own a crepe-suzette pan, its wide diameter comfortably accommodates large minute steaks and allows sauces to be quickly reduced before the waiting steaks get cold.

Beef must be prime, certainly nothing less than top choice. Only the tenderest cuts should be used for sautéing at the table. This means steaks cut from the shell or the *filet*, which is under the shell. Steaks should be boneless, trimmed of almost all fat and slashed several times on the gristle edge, to prevent curling. They should be ½ to ¾ in. thick. If they're thicker, they may be pounded with a meat mallet, although really tender steaks don't require this beating to soften their tissue. The best beef is aged at least three weeks; during that time, the beef enzymes go to work to make the meat not only more tender but more succulent. Beef loses weight during the aging process, a cost that only a gourmet butcher shop can afford to tolerate. Besides beefsteaks, lamb steaks that have been cut from the center of the leg hit it off beautifully in the chafing dish. Be sure the lamb is top-quality young lamb, its flesh pink rather than brick red, its fat firm and white.

The best fat for sautéing steaks at the table is clarified butter or half clarified butter and half oil, neither of which will blacken in the pan. Clarified butter is made by melting butter over a very low flame, skimming off the foamy top, pouring off the clear butter and discarding the white sediment at the bottom. The amount of fat you'll need will depend on the diameter of your steak pan; a crepe-suzette pan will, naturally, take more fat than a chafing-dish blazer.

Any maître de in an eminent dining room will make a job such as steak Diane look like so much child's play. His skills have been refined in the fires of countless chafing dishes, and when he goes on stage every last little ingredient is within arm's reach. If you've never made a chafing-dish steak before, go through a dress rehearsal privately. You'll solve the whys and wherefores of many small steps. You'll also understand why such jobs as slicing mushrooms, mincing chives and measuring brandy should be out of the way long before the steaks are ready to be cooked. All raw food, garnishes and sauce ingredients should be carried to the table on a single tray. The steaks should be taken out of the refrigerator at least an hour before sautéing, to bring them close to room temperature. If you're serving a casserole of rice or noodles, it should be warming comfortably on a hot table at the side. A green salad in the bowl and its dressing should be ready to be tossed. Wineglasses should be waiting for a dry red Bordeaux. When you finally light the table lamp, place the pan over the flame and take a five-minute breathing space to pour yourself and your date another cocktail while the pan preheats. When you add butter to the pan, again, wait a moment or two, so that the fat gets sufficiently hot.

September, which brings the first chill of autumn, reminds us that the word chafing means warming, and that as early as 1420, in the *Adventures of Arthur*, one could have read of "A schimnay of charcole, to chaufen the knyghte." The following recipes are designed for two servings to chaufen not only the knight but the lady sharing his castle.

STEAK DIANE

2 boneless shell steaks, 8 to 10 ozs. each
Salt, pepper
Clarified butter
1 oz. cognac
½ oz. dry sherry
2 tablespoons unmelted butter
½ lemon
½ teaspoon prepared hot English mustard
1 tablespoon finely minced fresh chives
2 teaspoons finely minced parsley
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

Sprinkle steaks with salt and pepper. Sauté in clarified butter until steaks are light brown on both sides. Add cognac and sherry; set ablaze. When blaze subsides, remove steaks to warm plates or platter. Do not pour off liquid in pan. Add unmelted butter to pan. Squeeze lemon juice into pan. Add mustard, chives, parsley and Worcestershire sauce. Stir well. Heat sauce to bubbling and spoon over steaks.

BREAD CROUTONS FOR CHAFING-DISH STEAKS

4 slices French bread, ½ in. thick, about 3 ins. in diameter
¼ cup olive oil
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

Preheat oven at 350°. Toast bread on both sides under oven flame only until bread is light brown. Place bread in shallow pan. Mix oil and Worcestershire sauce, blending well. Brush toasted bread with oil mixture on top only. Bake in oven 10 to 15 minutes or until bread becomes very firm but is not scorched. Use as sauce absorbers under steaks.

TOURNEDOS DIABLE

4 3-to-4-oz. steaks, cut from narrow section of *filet*
2 teaspoons freshly crushed whole white or black pepper
Salt
Clarified butter
½ cup dry red wine
¼ cup stock or chicken broth
½ teaspoon finely minced fresh tarragon
1 tablespoon finely minced fresh chives
1 tablespoon bottled sauce Diable
2 tablespoons unmelted butter
4 bread croutons (preceding recipe)

Although whole black pepper is commonly used for steak *au poivre*, the flavor of whole white pepper is more enchanting; you may have to go to a spice shop for it. Whole pepper may be finely crushed either in a pepper mill or on a cutting board, pressing on the pepper with the side or back of a heavy pan. Press crushed pepper into steaks on both sides, using a spoon or the flat side of a knife. Sprinkle steaks with salt. Sauté in clarified butter until light brown on both sides. Remove steaks from pan and keep warm on hot table. Pour wine and chicken broth into pan. Add tarragon, chives and sauce Diable. Scrape pan to loosen drippings. Simmer until liquid is reduced to half its original quantity. Add unmelted butter, stirring until it melts. Place steaks on bread croutons on warm plates or platter. Spoon sauce on top.

STEAK WITH OYSTERS, SHALLOT BUTTER

2 boneless shell steaks, 8 to 10 ozs. each
2 tablespoons bread crumbs
1 oz. dry white wine
½ oz. cognac
2 tablespoons finely minced shallots or scallions (white part only)
2 teaspoons finely minced fresh dill
2 tablespoons unmelted butter at room temperature
Salt, pepper
Clarified butter
1 dozen large freshly shucked oysters, well drained
2 wedges lemon

Mix bread crumbs, wine and cognac. When crumbs have absorbed liquid, combine them with shallots, dill and unmelted butter. (Shallots needn't be cooked in this dish.) Mix to a smooth paste and set aside. Sprinkle steaks with salt and pepper and sauté in clarified butter until light brown on both sides. Sprinkle oysters with salt and pepper. Before steaks are removed from pan, sauté oysters in same pan just until oysters are heated through and edges are curled. Place steaks on warm serving plates or platter. Arrange oysters on top of steaks. Spread with shallot butter. (Butter may be further softened in

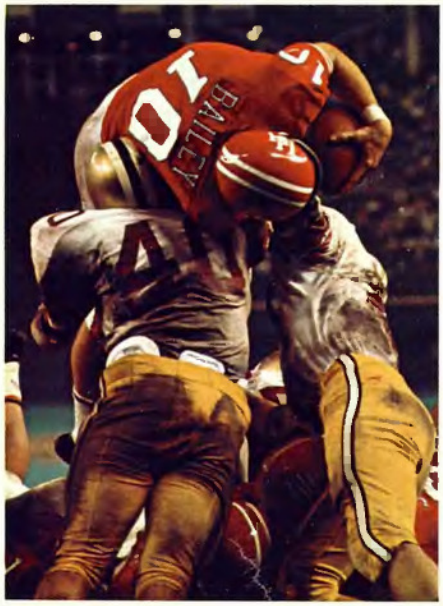
(concluded on page 301)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

PRE-SEASON PROGNOSTICATIONS FOR THE TOP COLLEGE TEAMS AND PLAYERS ACROSS THE NATION

sports By ANSON MOUNT A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in a local student saloon. One of the waggish types, well into his cups and yearning for new sources of excitement, suggested that the group invite those foppish Princeton gentlemen down to New Brunswick for a game of that new form of unorganized mayhem that had come to be called foot ball—a name undoubtedly derived from the fact that an iron-capped toe was the principal weapon for encouraging the flow of blood. Better yet (since, as everyone present knew, the men of Rutgers were a tougher and manlier lot than those scions of wealth and privilege at Princeton), they would shuffle the rules a bit, even further removing the game from its less mutilative precursor, rugby.

The suggestion was gleefully adopted, the invitation tendered and accepted, and the date and field of battle agreed upon.



Quarterback Ken Bailey leaps to score on the way to a home-turf Astrodome victory for Houston, PLAYBOY's top team of the year.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

Thus, as every space-age sports fan by now surely knows, the first game of college football was played on November 6, 1869, thereby changing the character of American college life, providing for the development of osteoplastic surgery, the invention of hip flasks, instant-replay TV recorders and artificial grass, non-smokable, and the eventual emergence of a national folk hero with a $400,000 arm and two ten-cent knees.

Not much is known about that first college football game, other than the score (Rutgers won, six goals to four) and the fact that after the game, both teams promptly, and prophetically, repaired to a local tavern and presumably got themselves amiably plastered. The whole affair seems to have been such a

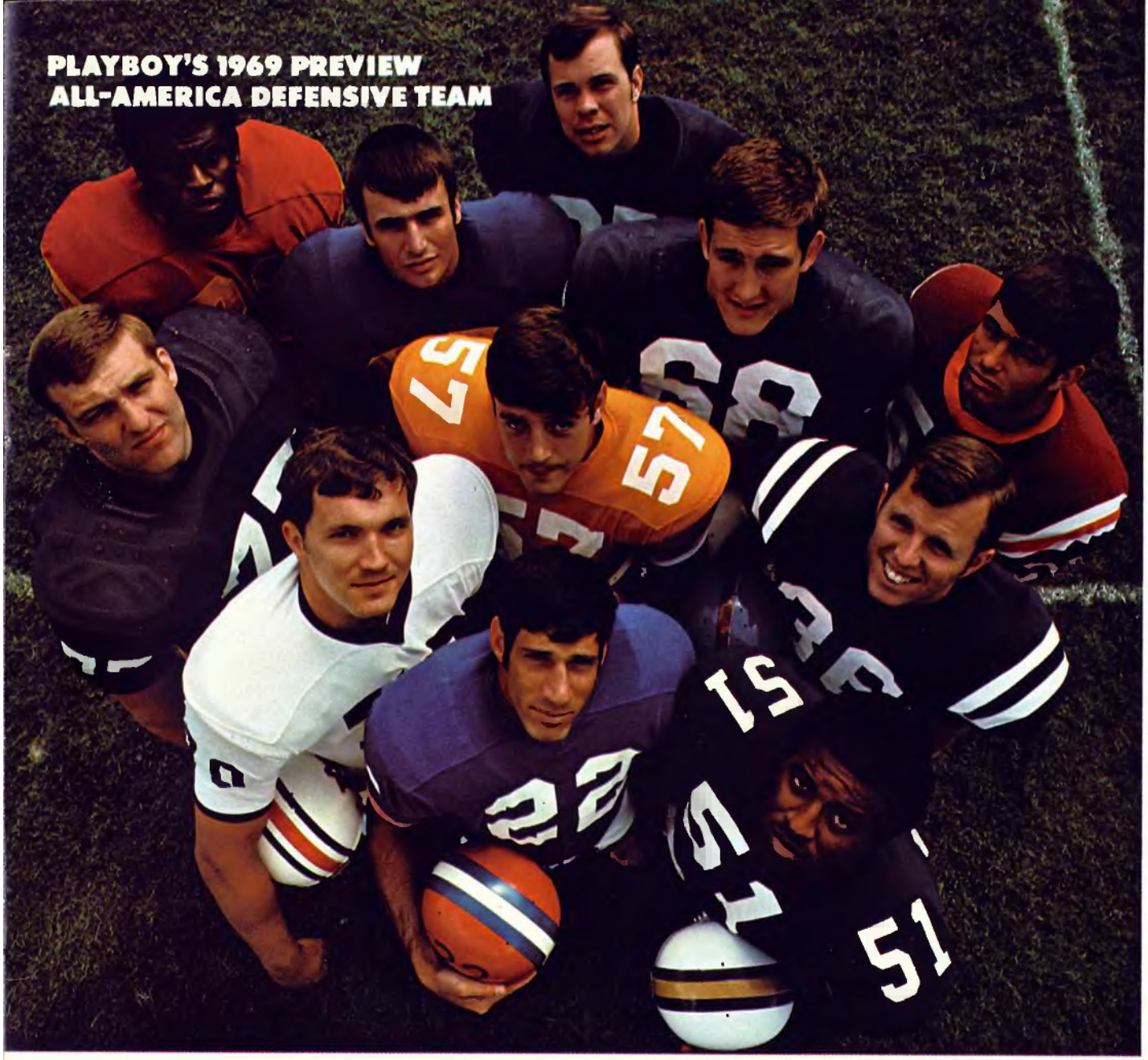
Left to right, top to bottom: Sid Smith, tackle (USC); Richord Stevens, tockle (Baylor); Steve Owens, holfback (Okla.); Chip Kell, center (Tenn.); Alvin Somples, guord (Ala.); Chorlie Pittmon, halfbock (Penn St.); John Riggins, fullbock (Kansos); Glen Holloway, guord (N. Texos St.); Jade Butcher, end (Indiono); Mike Phipps, quorterback (Purdue); Elmo Wright, end (Houston). Below: Bill Yeoman, Cooch of the Year (Houston).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1.	*Houston*	9–1	11.	*Alabama*	7–3
2.	*Arkansas*	8–2	12.	*Missouri*	7–3
3.	*Oklahoma*	8–2	13.	*Indiana*	8–2
4.	*Southern California*	8–2	14.	*Notre Dame*	7–3
5.	*Mississippi*	8–2	15.	*Nebraska*	7–3
6.	*Texas*	8–2	16.	*Tennessee*	7–3
7.	*Ohio State*	8–1	17.	*Virginia Tech*	9–1
8.	*Penn State*	8–2	18.	*Miami*	8–2
9.	*Stanford*	8–2	19.	*West Virginia*	8–2
10.	*Michigan State*	8–2	20.	*Syracuse*	7–3

Possible Breakthroughs: *Auburn (7–3); UCLA (7–3); Colorado (7–3); Michigan (7–3); Kansas (6–4); Memphis State (8–2); Oregon (7–3).*

PLAYBOY'S 1969 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA DEFENSIVE TEAM



Left to right, top to bottom: Jim Gunn, end (USC); Dennis Onkotz, linebacker (Penn State); Mike McCay, tackle (Notre Dame); Tom Curtis, defensive back (Michigan); Mike Reid, tackle (Penn State); Mike Widger, linebacker (Virginia Tech); Dove Compbell, end (Auburn); Steve Kiner, linebacker (Tennessee); Glenn Connon, defensive back (Mississippi); Steve Tonnen, defensive back (Florida); Corl Crennel, middle guard (W. Va.).

gassy event that three more games were played the following year and the lads at Columbia, hearing about the joyful bloodletting, organized their own team and joined the fun. The word spread, and by 1875 Yale, Harvard, Stevens Tech, CCNY, VMI and McGill had fielded teams.

Early football was incredibly primitive in both game rules and playing style, but the new sport apparently filled a great need for a legitimized form of student violence and, within ten years, it had spread all over the East. In 1876, a 17-year-old Yale freshman player named Walter Camp became so enamored of the game that he dedicated his life to it. As player, coach (at Yale and Stanford) and sportswriter (his last All-America team appeared in *Collier's* magazine in 1924, just before his death), Camp was the George Washington of college football. He was *(continued on page 284)*

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Each of whom has a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

ENDS: *Jim Mandich (Michigan), Sammy Milner (Mississippi State), Walker Gillette (Richmond), Chuck Dicus (Arkansas), George Ranager (Alabama), Jim O'Brien (Cincinnati), Jerry Hendren (Idaho), Phil Olsen (Utah State), Al Cowlings (Southern California), Richard Campbell (Texas Tech), Phil Seymour (Michigan), Dave Whitfield (Ohio State), Irby Augustine (California)*

TACKLES: *Jim Reilly (Notre Dame), John Ward (Oklahoma State), Dan Dierdorf (Michigan), Melvin Morris (Iowa), Ron Carpenter (North Carolina State), Jess Lewis (Oregon State), Karl Salb (Kansas), Steve Smear (Penn State), Rocky Wallace (Missouri), Larry Nels (Wyoming)*

GUARDS: *Larry DiNardo (Notre Dame), Joe Vitunic (Georgia Tech), Jon Meskimen (Iowa), James Ray (Texas Christian), Billy Bridges (Houston), John Little (Oklahoma State), Rex Barnes (Southern Mississippi), Rufus Cormier (SMU)*

CENTERS: *Rodney Brand (Arkansas), Ken Mendenhall (Oklahoma), Dennis Bramlett (Texas at El Paso)*

LINEBACKERS: *Emery Hicks (Kansas), John Small (Citadel), Bob Olson (Notre Dame), Mike Kolen (Auburn), Don Parish (Stanford), Dick Biddle (Duke), Mike Anderson (LSU), Glen Halsell (Texas)*

BACKS: *Bill Cappleman (Florida State), Bill Montgomery (Arkansas), Jim Plunkett (Stanford), Bob Anderson (Colorado), Rex Kern (Ohio State), Cleve Bryant (Ohio University), Chuck Hixson (SMU), Leo Hart (Duke), Steve Ramsey (North Texas State), Larry Lawrence (Iowa), Lynn Dickey (Kansas State), Archie Manning (Mississippi), Harry Gonso and John Isenbarger (Indiana), Billy Main (Oregon State), Joe Orduna (Nebraska), Larry Stegent (Texas A&M), Art Malone (Arizona State), Steve Worster (Texas), Jim Otis (Ohio State), Jim Carter (Minnesota), Ted Provost and Jack Tatum (Ohio State), Buddy McClinton (Auburn), Tony Stawarz (Miami), Ken Wiedemann (California), Butch Davis (Missouri), Jack Whitley (North Carolina State)*

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: *Defensive end William Braddock Bourne III (Georgia Tech)*

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: *Slotback Bob Moore (Oregon)*

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

bunny shay knuth—on leove of absence from playboy's lake geneva pleasure dome—is now one of mexico city's comeliest coeds

"I STOOD LOOKING at it and thought that never in the world would there be discovered other lands such as these," wrote Bernal Díaz del Castillo, the conquistador, after his first glimpse of Mexico in 1519. The same sentiments might well have been expressed by Shay Knuth several years ago, when *she* discovered the land of the Aztecs: "I was on a camping trip to Denver and Laredo with a pair of girlfriends," recalls the golden-tressed Milwaukee native, "and we decided, just on a whim, to spend a weekend in Mexico City. I was completely knocked out by the atmosphere of the town—the unfamiliar sounds and smells and the relaxed tempo of life. I told myself, 'This is where I'd like to live and work someday.' " Shay kept thinking of Mexico during a year of studies and secretarial duties at the University of Wisconsin, and nine months of greeting keyholders (in a variety of languages) in the VIP Room at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel —where she had the distinction of being the first Bunny hired. An advance on Shay's Playmate fee made an extended Mexican interlude possible; Shay took a leave of absence from the Club and set out for Mexico City last March. She

Below left: Shay is thinking, no doubt, of the exciting drive to Mexico as she dons her cottontail costume on her last night at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel. On duty, she pauses by the swimming pool for some conversation with a potential Bunny; later, at a farewell party organized by her fellow cottontails, she displays her dancing ability—with rhythmic assistance from The New Zealand Trading Company. Bottom: Early the next morning, Miss September—wide awake, despite the wee-hour bon-voyage festivities of the night before—tries to decide, with the help of her Bunny roommate, what to leave behind and what to take along on her upcoming southern sojourn.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

made the 2100-mile journey alone, in her 1966 Mustang, her only companion a pet cat, who weathered the trip with ease but disappeared three weeks later. Miss September promptly enrolled at the University of the Americas, where she signed up for courses in Spanish, modern philosophy and government. She also found an apartment near Mexico City's "pink zone"—a luxurious locale studded with *boutiques*, restaurants, night clubs and other tourist attractions—and a trio of roommates, all coeds like herself. Most of the university's 1500 students, Shay soon discovered, are from the United States—many of them hippies, in fact—"but the majority aren't politically oriented, so the atmosphere around the campus is very relaxed and easygoing." The university, however, is preparing to move in 1970 to a new location outside the city, and Shay isn't anxious to go along; she'd rather transfer to the

Top: On the outskirts of Mexico City, Shay and one of her new roommates explore a park known as Desert of the Lions—apparently a misnomer, since the only fauna in evidence is a flock of sheep. Above: Also in the Desert is an outdoor market at which Shay and her companion pause to inspect the wares and haggle over prices. Mexico's rustic merchants were one of the first sights that charmed her: "They sell just about everything—tacos, ponchos, leather and silver goods, liquor and jewelry. The prices change hourly, but that's what makes shopping fun."

Universidad Iberoamericana or study Spanish privately. She's also planning to leave her present quarters and move in with a Mexican family. "Almost everybody in the city speaks some English," says Shay, "so I really haven't had much incentive to perfect my Spanish; but if I can persuade a local family to take me in, I'll have no choice but to learn." Though her academic obligations haven't been leaving her much time for recreation, Shay has found that daily—and nightly—life in Mexico City is idyllic in many respects: "The city has several parks, all very spacious, with lakes, and boats that you can rent; there also seems to be an infinite number of after-hours spots." The only word for the restaurants, in Shay's opinion, is fantastic. But Shay emphasizes that Mexico isn't exactly an earthly paradise: Poverty is too widespread. "It's a nation of extremes," she says. "The poor are completely destitute

Most of Shay's time in Mexico City is occupied, directly or indirectly, with academic pursuits. Top, left to right: On their way to a philosophy lecture, Shay and roommate pause for refreshment at a sidewalk café frequented by fellow students, then greet friends as they enter the classroom. Above: Shay concentrates during a lecture. "I'm lucky to be a student here," she admits. "The instructors are first-rate and the school is so small that you don't have to compete for attention. Besides, you never forget that you're in Mexico City, which is so big and varied that it's an education in itself."

MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Discothèques, as madish and frenetic as in the United States, abound in Mexico City; Shay and her escort enjoy an exhilarating workout on the dance floor at Sergio's Le Club, a newly opened night spot, then take a breather to engage in quiet conversation over cocktails.

and the rich are superrich. Both the aristocrats and the workers are very friendly to visitors from other countries—but they don't have any contact with each other at all." Shay's star will soon be leading her to a country where traditional class distinctions are in the process of dissolving; when her visa expires, she plans to cross the Atlantic and resume work as a Bunny—this time at the London hutch. But Mexico-smitten Shay's determined to return one day to her new-found *amigos*.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The successful young rock singer ordered a very expensive custom-made suit, but was wholly dissatisfied with the finished garment. "I told you to make the pants snug," he angrily remarked to the tailor. "I want them tight enough to show my sex."

"I'm sorry, sir," the tailor protested, "but if they were any tighter, they'd show your religion."

Then there was the single-minded miss who finally got fed up with her shy boyfriend's fumbling advances and decided to put him in her place.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *puberty* as that time in every girl's life when she's fit to be tried.

Hoping to break into films, the aspiring young actress slept with a famous director who promised to put her name in lights. Sure enough, the very next week there appeared on Sunset Strip a 50-foot neon sign that flashed, ROBERTA STURGESS IS A PUSHOVER.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *glass* as Chinese marijuana.

I'm always forgetting things," the distraught man grumbled to the psychiatrist. "What should I do?"

"The first thing to do," the doctor prescribed, "is pay me in advance."

We heard of a club for nymphomaniacs whose meetings consist entirely of examining prospective members.

Two youths, newly arrived in ancient Crete, were on their way to consult the Delphic oracle when one stopped to admire a rather aristocratic woman who was entering the royal palace. "Come on, Oedipus," his friend sneered. "She's old enough to be your mother."

We know a passionate young girl who was barred from the beach when the lifeguard saw her going down for the third time.

How come you were absent without leave after only a couple of days in the Marines?" barked the D. I. to the new recruit.

"It's this way, Sarge," the harassed chap nervously answered. "On my first day, we were issued combs, and that afternoon all my hair was cut off. The next morning, they issued us toothbrushes, and that afternoon the dentist pulled out six of my teeth. The third day, I was issued an athletic supporter—and that's when I decided to go A. W. O. L."

Delighted by her good fortune, the statuesque brunette accepted a job as private secretary to a corporation vice-president at a salary of $300 per week. But, arriving for work at nine o'clock the next morning, she was immediately summoned to his office, where she learned that her responsibilities included making love to him. "I guess I knew this would be part of the job," she sighed when they had finished. "But for $300 a week, I really can't object too much."

"Well, here's $3.75 for the past half hour," the executive said. "You're fired."

A *do-it-yourselfer named Alice*
Used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In South Carolina
And part of her anus in Dallas.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *political moderate* as a guy who makes enemies left and right.

While attending an engagement party given by his friends, the young fellow boasted of his past sexual exploits. "You know," he declared, looking over the assembled guests, "I've slept with every girl here, with the exception of my sister and my fiancée."

"That's interesting," his friend responded dryly. "Between the two of us, we've had them all."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *procurer* as a fornicaterer.

Do you enjoy cocktails?" the young chap asked the pretty blonde.

"I certainly do," she cooed. "Heard any good ones?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chimpanzee* as a gay monkey.

An attractive young buyer for a department store was having coffee with her assistant and complaining about her fiancé's extraordinary sexual appetites. "I barely have the strength to come to work in the morning," she murmured. "And now that he's on his vacation, things will probably get worse."

"How long is he off?" the assistant inquired.

"It varies," she replied. "But usually it's just long enough to smoke a cigarette."

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.*

"Don't any of you leave until you each promise not to tell!"

The Dannold Cheque

how can a memento of courage and fame also be a testament to a man's downfall?

fiction By KEN W. PURDY

THE PROMENADE des Anglais. Late May. Blue sea, sugar-white buildings, still a wash of yellow in the sunlight, ten in the morning. Evian Tassopol behind the shutters, waist-high and waxed, that made the back wall of his show window, in one hand a demitasse cup, stark, bone white, the saucer in the other. Blistering-hot coffee, double espresso of his own roast, grind and brew. A sad, unpretty girl stops to look, lifts her eyes to his, blinks, goes away. A bicycle at the curb, unpainted glistening silver alloy, a monster blond—German? Swede? Russian?—holding it stationary in balance with twitches of the handle bar, twitches of the lumped muscles in his legs, calf muscles like bread loaves.

Faint mosquito hum of electric motors from the crawling jam of autos on the promenade. Tassopol carrying the cup and saucer to the little room in back. Basta. Business.

At 10:15, as he had said he would, Henry Dannold came in.

"Ah, Monsieur Dannold," Tassopol said. "Good morning!"

"Good morning, Monsieur Tassopol."

"Please sit down, Monsieur Dannold," Tassopol said. "I shall bring coffee."

Henry Dannold opened the cigarette box. It was gold-framed jade. He pressed the spring and lifted out the false bottom. Tassopol kept the good cigarettes tucked away. They were Merions, handmade, half Macedonian tobacco and half hashish, the only thing fit to smoke, Dannold thought, and sadly beyond his means these days. He lighted one. All cigarettes should be oval, he thought; what a barbarism that they're not! He sensed the first light curling of his nerve ends, fern fronds in sunlight, with the second drag, and he waited in comfort for the coffee. It would have, he knew, a drop of rum in it.

The round table, not 50 centimeters across, stood on a tiny balcony at the back of the shop, two steps up from the floor. The light in the shop was golden now: Tassopol had pressed the OFF show-window button, the Glaverbel glass had turned mirror on the street side, and the word FERME shone jet-black in the door.

"I see," Dannold said, "that you have a new Churchill on the south wall."

"You are observant," Tassopol said. "I bought it yesterday. Let me show you." It was a holograph letter, written at Chartwell on the 22nd of June, 1938, 16 lines long. There was a reference to a drought that had interfered with the lawns, and a tuft of grass, a dozen blades, had been fastened to the letter by a double cut in the paper. A contemporary photograph of Churchill, Churchill as bricklayer, overlapped the letter, corner to corner, and the whole collage was held in a narrow gold frame, restrained and elegant.

"Very nice," Dannold said. "What will it bring?"

Tassopol lifted his shoulders and his head tipped, as if the great mass of black hair overweighed it. He smiled with golden teeth in his golden face. "A hundred thousand francs," he said. "Not less. Because of the grass, you know."

"Yes. Like that Gerald Mattock you had last winter, that 2026 water-color sketch with the bit of cloth from his shirt."

"Exactly. But this is so much older. Just think: Those leaves of grass were pulled over 150 years ago, by Winston Churchill's own hand!"

"Yes. Remarkable." Dannold held rich smoke in his lungs and squeezed. How had it been that day in 1938, he wondered, what had the great man's green-grass-stained fingers held for tea, that same day, as a wet English sun lay red on the rolling fields of Kent? Biscuits? Toast? Honey? Whiskey? He was moved. "So many bits of history on these walls," he said. "A remarkable idea you had, this combination of autograph, artifact, photograph. And that you have got so many of them together!"

"So, but it has been twenty years, after all," Tassopol said. "I am known."

"True. You are well known."

"In the matter of your cheque, Monsieur Dannold," Tassopol said, "I have thought of something novel."

"I was sure you would."

"Yes. First, of course, we have the cheque itself, and a handsome thing it is. Coutts' bank was the last bank in the world to use that big, almost square cheque, you know. And, not to overlook, the amount. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds! Three million francs, even then! And the VOIR stamp in violet ink. All most impressive. There can be no problem about a photograph. It must be Jenille's. After all, Jenille won the Lord Thomson of Fleet Prize that year. Here." It had been in his jacket pocket, a six by eight, marvelously composed, as if Jenille had had all day to do it, instead of a half second (it *must* have been chance, Dannold always thought), catching Dannold just as he broke

COLLAGE BY JOE HENDRICK

Smith's finger and twisted the gun away, the prime minister staring, bump-eyed, terror just rising in him, his bodyguard, the Welshman, Coffyd, grabbing, huge hook hands shooting his bony wrists out of his sleeves stretching for Smith, and off to one side, a tinkling grace note of comedy, the P. M.'s daughter smiling at the little boy who'd given her the bouquet. It was, indeed, one hell of a photograph. Dannold remembered seeing it on a billboard in Birmingham and he remembered feeling the rush of blood to his head, and then the pounding in him somewhere, down inside. That was the day, O my friends, that was the day!

"And then," Tassopol was saying, "we must have a text. And here I am going to ask you to indulge me. I would like the text to be—I warn you, this is very presumptuous—a letter to me, describing exactly what happened that day, the 14th of August, 2049. Yes, to me. You *would* be so good? And because it will be longer, must be longer, than one side of any note paper, we will have it typed, the first page on one side only, for the main collage, and the other pages on both sides, and those in double frames, you know the sort of thing, the way stamp collections used to be shown in museums, and everything beautifully hinged together. What do you think of that?"

"Splendid," Dannold said. "And as for its being a letter to you, I don't see why not. The whole thing was your idea, wasn't it?"

"Ah, thank you!" Tassopol said. He poured coffee. "See this," he said. "This is the paper we will use. It was made for me in Paris, hand laid: there are only two men in France who do this work in the old way, one hundred percent linen fibers, just as a thousand years ago. This paper, under glass, sealed in argon, will last absolutely forever! You see, Monsieur Dannold, we will both be immortals, you and I, more or less immortals."

"More or less," Dannold said. "A sobering thought. Not, I think, that I wish to entertain any sobering thoughts, just now."

"At ten-thirty, which is to say, five minutes from now," Tassopol said, "my secretary will come in. I suggest you dictate the text straight off to her. I have rented a Nagra XI typescriber. You will sign the finished, perfect copy. My man has already made the main frame and six leaves, probably twice what you'll need. He will be here at two-thirty. At three, the Dannold cheque will be finished and upon the wall in the place of honor! The frame, by the way, is of polished chestnut taken from a beam certified to have come from No. 10 Downing Street when the building was demolished."

"Remarkable," Dannold said. He was ever so slightly high, his persona, or whatever ragged thing was left of it after the nibblings of the years, being gently tugged this way and that, like a lost balloon, up coffee, down rum, sideways-slanting-spiraling hashish and tobacco something else.

Secretary. Punctual. Competent.

"Dear Monsieur Tassopol," Dannold began, "Wednesday, the 14th of August, 2049, I returned to London from a weekend's fishing in New Zealand. As I left the Chelsea Hoverstation, George Marten-Dow's car pulled up to the curb. He had won the general election a few days before and he was off on holiday. The chauffeur aside, there were four in the party: the P. M. himself, his daughter, Elaine, his private secretary, Noel Hoskins, his bodyguard, Will Coffyd. My first thought when I saw him, seeing that our paths would cross, or that at least we would pass in parallel, was to wonder if I should merely nod and give him good morning or stop and congratulate him. We had known each other for some time—politically quite well, socially in a casual way. He was much older than I. He was an eminence among the Whigs, whilst in the Liberal Party I was still known, in a revolting term then current, as a comingman. We were opposed, of course, and one reason I questioned the propriety of stopping to chat with him was a speech I had made in Commons. It had been, I must say, a small masterpiece of invective and abuse. It had put him off seriously; his reply had been lame. Some people said I had been rougher than need be, that I had risked making a real enemy of him. They were thinking of our relative positions. Marten-Dow would clearly be called to the palace sooner or later, whilst my foot was still on the bottom of the escalator. To put it plainly, my friends thought I should have played it safe. But that was not my nature.

"The P. M. and I were 20 feet apart when I decided what I would do: Bow, say 'Good morning,' add 'Well done, sir,' and go on, not having stopped. Two seconds later, everything went up the spout.

"Because the television cameras were running continuously, we were able, later, to determine the exact length of the episode of the attempted assassination of the prime minister: six-point-five seconds. At the time, I'd have thought it was all over in *two* seconds; looking back on it afterward, it seemed *hours*. In moments of tremendous excitement, time is elastic. I think of the episode as a film running in what used to be called stop motion—alternate jerky blurs and knife-sharp stills. That was my first impression: a jerky blur as the man Smith jumped out of the crowd and a sharp still of him ten feet in front of the P. M., the right arm well out, aiming the gun as carefully as a shooter competing at Bisley.

"One can think most remarkably quickly in such circumstances, and instantly. I thought, he's a bloody amateur, sighting like that, a professional wouldn't aim at all, he'd simply empty the revolver into George's middle. It was that thought, I believe, that set me off. There is a *chance*, I thought, and I went for him. Actually, the television films, which were taken from three angles, showed definitely that I began moving toward Smith *before* he stopped; that is, before he took aim at the P. M.; but I had a contrary impression—obviously, my brain was lagging behind my body, or something of that sort. Smith was right-handed, and I was on his left, so it was easy to pick the move; it was one I had done at least 500 times in practice in my UN military service. Grab the revolver with your left hand around the cylinder. Now he can't fire. At the same time, take the gun-hand wrist with your right. Upward on the wrist, down on the revolver. And that was that. Marten-Dow went off to Sicily for his holiday and I went home.

"The phone was howling as I opened the door. I had expected it would be. Mrs. Dannold was out; it was cook's day off. I picked it up: 'BBC here,' the man said. They were laying on an hour's program, if you please, on the history of assassination and its effect on humanity down the ages. Obviously, the man said, my presence was imperative. It was for ten o'clock that night. By all means, I told him, you may count on it.

"It was a select company. We had all promised to be on hand at nine, and everyone was, except Peter Merriam; there'd been some trouble on the train from Oxford. John Travis was there, he was leader of the Opposition, and Barrett of *The Times*, Clive MacDonald, Toby Haversford-Moore, Morris Stavinsky—he was really at the top of his fame just then, it wasn't long after he'd shot Jelko—and even Jean Fauriere of *Le Matin* had come over, first time he'd set foot in England in 20 years. They gave us sherry and we laid the program out in a general way, nothing hard and fast about it.

"When we went on the air—live, of course, according to the BBC's unvarying rule—old Merriam gave a five-minute rundown on the history of assassination, absolutely brilliant. Then films were shown, beginning with Sarajevo, 1914, and running up to Jameson in Pittsburgh in 2045. There was a general discussion. Then the best of the stuff the TV people had made that morning went on the screen and I was asked to comment. I explained what I had done, technically, why I had picked the move I used, and so on. The film ran out.

"Someone asked me if I had been frightened and I said yes, badly. Had I thought I might die? Yes, I said, as a matter of fact, I had thought it very likely I would die. Oddly, I didn't think Smith would kill me, because I was convinced he was an amateur and didn't really know anything. I thought the P. M.'s bodyguards would kill me. I

(continued on page 264)

our annual autumnal survey
of classic revivals and new directions
for the academic year

ROLLINS COLLEGE: With Lake Virginia a mere half gainer fram campus, these smartly clad collegians oscend the diving tawer ta take the fashion plunge in fine farm. From left to right: Nichalas Secar dons multicolor waol worsted slacks with wide-flared legs, by Viceroy, $18; multicolor floral black-print cotton sport shirt with pearl snap closures and long-pointed callar, by Gant, $15; and taps it all with hand-crocheted geametric-stitched Italian waal sleeveless cardigon with wooden buttons, by Gardann Gregory, $25. Jim McCann also chooses waol warsted slacks with wide-flared legs, by Viceray, $18; silk-finished catton paisley shirt, by Hathaway, $19; and sueded-pigskin fly-frant belted jacket with perforated yake seoming and inverted center back pleat, by Ericsan of Sweden, $125. John Stephen Fox deftly strikes a balance in a cottan broadcloth shirt, by Gant, $10; rayan acetate flannel slacks with Western pockets, by Male, $9; and wool glen-plaid faur-button jacket with flap packets, deep-notched collar and inverted center back pleat, by H.I.S., $50. Falling into Jan Hopkins' clutches, Carl Jahnson wears a no-wale cottan corduroy faur-button belted suit with flap packets, by Fronklin Bober for Clintan Swan, $75; cottan braadclath tarso shirt with lang-pointed callar and French cuffs, by Excella, $11; and multicolor silk tapestry tie, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, $15. High-styled law man Terry Leech turns Anne Jackoway an with his ciré nylon shirt, by H.I.S., $12; and rayan acetate twill flared-leg slacks with box overplaid and Western pockets, by Male, $13.

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

"UP AGAINST THE WALL!" some collegians cry, while others prefer football, pizza and fraternity parties. But even the most rah-rah undergrads are demanding more say in campus affairs, proving that student power is definitely a force to be reckoned with. Although specific goals and tactics may differ, undergraduate sentiment and rhetoric are dominated by an insistence on freedom of expression and the right to do one's thing.

This new activist attitude also extends to the kind of apparel the male student body prefers to wear. From Berkeley to Boston U, matriculants are returning to the campuses of their choice decked out in conservative, upbeat and offbeat attire that reflects both local and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY: While the lacrosse team works out on Wyman Quad in front of Ames Hall, this quintet of scholars scores high with winning wearables. From left to right: Robert Hyde selects a three-button single-breasted wool tweed with overplaid suit that features a deep inverted center pleat and straight-legged trousers, by Stanley Blacker, $115; cotton broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, $11; and wide tie with windowpane pattern, by Bert Pulitzer, $7.50. David Pickall stretches out in a Dacron and wool striped sleeveless cardigan with belt and two front pockets, by Revere Sportswear, $15; paisley striped cotton shirt with contour body seaming, by H.I.S., $7.50; and wool flannel slacks with straight wide legs, two-button waistband and deep belt loops, by Paul Ressler, $16. Frank Spellman takes it easy in a blanket-plaid belted wool bush coat with patch pockets, by Spatz Brothers, $32.50; cotton velveteen slacks with Western pockets, slightly flared legs, by Hathaway, $40; and Trevira and cotton knitted body sweater, by Forum Sportswear, $11. Track-and-field casualty Wes Daub recuperates in a cotton gabardine belted coat with Orlon pile collar, full lining, back center action pleat, flap patch pockets and chramed hardware buttons and buckle, by Europa Sport, $90; striped acrylic, wool and rayon herringbone slacks with flared legs and boot-notched bottoms, by Paul Ressler, $17; and silk signature scarf, by Michael K. for Handcraft, $15. Jack Palmer earns his fashion letter in an Italian wool sweater with hand-crocheted yoke and wide-ribbed body, by Gardonn Gregory, $25; multicolor wool worsted slacks with wide-flared legs, by Viceroy, $18; and cotton broadcloth striped shirt with medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Lanvin for Hathaway, $20.

national sartorial trends. To accurately chronicle the similarities and differences of fashion opinions, we've conducted our annual photo coverage of schools in five different geographic regions—the East, the South, the Midwest, the Southwest and the West Coast—and interviewed students concerning their preferences in clothing. For openers, let's look Eastward to the hallowed halls of the Northeastern and Middle Atlantic campuses.

THE EAST: We're happy to report that undergrads in this section of the country have broadened their fashion outlook and no longer exclusively don traditional Ivy wear. Stu Zuckerman, a senior at Dartmouth majoring in psychology and the president of the campus radio station,

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA: Refusing to be upstaged by a ballet class rehearsing in the Rupel J. Jones Theater, these switched-on Sooners share the campus fashion spotlight. From left to right: Scott Kronzberg makes his entrance in a wool melton jacket with leather elbow patches and trim, by Fox Knapp, $15; acrylic mock-turtleneck sweater, by Gant, $17; and striped herringbone bonded wool knit slacks with flared legs and Western pockets, by Knit Britches, $35. H. George Modlin is on the boards in a shaped three-button single-breasted Donegal tweed wool suit with buttoned flap pockets and half-belt back, by Haspel, $80; cotton shirt with contour body seaming, by Aetna, $9.50; and wide silk polka-dot tie, by Bert Pulitzer, $15. Seated downstage center is Mark Jenkins in an Acrilan knit Argyle sleeveless pullover, by Forum Sportswear, $14; crushed-corduroy shirt with patch pockets and long-pointed collar, by Creighton, $12; and alternating-color pin-striped pants in wool flannel with boot notches at the flared cuffs, by Paul Ressler, $16. Alan Kagan is a hit in an eight-button wool suit with rope shoulders, slanted-flap pockets and inverted center pleat, by John Hampton, $90; multicolor striped shirt with French cuffs, by Excello, $14; and floral-patterned wide silk damask tie, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, $15. Joe Hull's casual wardrobe includes a Dacron and cotton poplin bush coat with Dacron pile collar and lining, deep inverted center pleat and four flapped bellows pockets with leather buttons, by Weather Coat Guild, $55; variegated cable-stitched wool mock-turtleneck pullover, by Jantzen, $20; and rayon, cotton and acetate bell-bottom slacks with shaped Western pockets, by Contact, $14.

WDCR, comments, "On campus, fashions are pretty hang-loose. Some Ivy styles are still being worn, of course, but there are plenty of bell-bottoms, wide ties and spread-collar shirts around, and many guys also go for unusual odds and ends, such as an old opera cape that they discovered at the local Salvation Army store."

Suits: The majority of Easterners have on hand at least one three-piece dark-toned sack suit to be worn to weddings, wakes or during fraternity rush week. On other occasions, two-button single-breasteds, in subdued plaids and solid shades, and six- and eight-button double-breasteds with wider lapels, deep center vents and additional suppression

ANTIOCH COLLEGE: Students complete a metal sculpture while undergrads stage a stylish wear-in at the kiln behind the Art Annex. Back row, from left to right: Jon Bloom's Italian wool knit pullover, by Gordonn Gregory, $18, tucks neatly into rayon and cotton slacks, by Poul Ressler, $15. Tim Visscher is all wrapped up in a wool overcoat with detachable shoulder cape, greatcoat collar and gold satin lining, by H.I.S., $55; an eight-foot silk signature scarf, by Michael K. for Handcraft, $15; and rayon acetate flannel slacks, by Male, $9. James Flax is artfully attired in a wool worsted flannel four-button suit with long square-front jacket, by Franklin Sober for Clinton Swan, $110; cotton torso shirt, by Excello, $12; and silk tie, by Lanvin for Hut, $8.50. Tessie Jones tunes in to George Crowell in his calfskin shearling-lined bomber jacket, by MacGregor, $90; Italian wool sweater, by Gordonn Gregory, $25; cotton damask body shirt, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle, $20; and wool worsted slacks, by Viceroy, $18. In the front row: Caleb Williams sports a leather-front vest, by Jantzen, $47.50; rayon acetate satin sport shirt, by Carriage Club, $13; and sueded-lambskin slacks lined in rayon satin, by Cresco, $85. Alan Brownstein faces autumn in a cotton corduroy bush jacket with pile lining, by H.I.S., $30; durable-press Dacron and cotton denim Western shirt, by Aetna, $11; and wool and nylon slacks, by Sebring, $18. Gary Freeman may have prompted Laurren Walker's solo sit-in with his antiqued-leather jacket, accented by adjustable waist belt and belted cuffs, by Cartefiel, $95; wool turtleneck, by Jantzen, $20; and herringbone wool worsted slacks with wide-flared legs and deep belt loops, by Viceroy, $18.

at the waist put in a welcome appearance and brighten the fashion scene.

Sports jackets: The ubiquitous navy-blue blazer, both single- and double-breasted, is a uniform favorite worn by the majority of Eastern undergrads. Other more colorful choices include shaped bold-plaid jackets with peaked lapels and tweedy Norfolk models with a full or half belt.

Slacks: From Maine to Delaware, the big swing is to bell-bottoms, in widths that range from a slight 17-inch flare to an elephantine 26 inches. Look for Donegal tweeds that have extra-high three-inch cuffs, classic tartans, denims, striped herringbones and printed corduroys. On some campuses, Army-Navy surplus-store

OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY: Assembled on the Willamette River docks to dig one of the country's few female crews, these Western water sports ore sure to be hailed for their seeworthy garb. Terry Rosenau, at the bottom of the ramp, is looking good in a striped two-button wool suit with wide lapels, front flap pockets and deep center vent, by Sussex, $235; cotton broadcloth shirt with long-pointed collar and French cuffs, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle, $16; and wide silk tie in a geometric design, by Bert Pulitzer, $15. At mid-ramp, goateed Lynn Pearson strikes a seafarer's pose in a wool melton double-breasted jacket with action back pleat, deep center vent and flap packets, by Sebring, $40; wool mock-turtleneck sweater, by Gant, $17; and multistriped wool, nylon and acrylic slacks with cuffed wide legs and back buckle, by Paul Ressler, $16. Coed Janet Jarvis favors Douglas Bean, who looks ready for the Oregon winter in his eight-button maxi-length coat with large military collar and lapels, by MacGregor, $90; and five-foot wool muffler, by Jantzen, $6. Richard Disher can go to the head of the class in his Jacquard striped mock-turtleneck sweater of Shetland, Dacron and mohair, by Jantzen, $20; and rayon, nylon and acetate twill slacks with two-button waistband and deep belt loops merging into straight wide legs, by Paul Ressler, $14. At boatside, hitching a ride from Margi Marrison, is Scott Blackstock in a Donegal wool six-button double-breasted suit with peaked lapels, patch pockets and a deep center vent, by John Hampton, $115; multicolor striped cotton broadcloth shirt with long-pointed collar and two-button cuffs, by Hathaway, $15; and wide silk tie in an over-all geometric design, by Resilio, $10.

bell-bottoms or khaki pants are worn with a buttondown shirt and moccasins or sneakers, both in the classroom and on a casual date.

Shirts: Undergrads who have styled up their wardrobes with shaped suits also select bold-colored shirts that feature medium- and wide-spread collars. The buttondown is still being worn for most occasions by a small band of ultraconservative undergrads who staunchly resist any fashion change. More adventuresome scholars, however, sport billowy-sleeved body shirts in such luxurious fabrics as voile and crepe when attending off-campus parties.

Sweaters: A hefty supply of V-necks, crews, turtles, *(continued on page 172)*

"Now I'll show you what I mean by a garden party."

Vargas

BACK TO CAMPUS *(continued from page 169)*

mock turtles and cardigans is a must. At Williams, for example, bulky mohair ski sweaters earn top sartorial grades. Easterners should also expect to see a revival of wool Argyle V- and crew-neck pullovers woven in classic patterns.

Outerwear: You'll want to prepare early for the cold New England winter that's sure to come: Arm yourself with outerwearables in both light- and heavyweight fabrics. Early in the fall, fringed buckskin jackets, poplin windbreakers, checked wool lumberjack shirts, Mexican serapes and Army fatigue jackets are favored by both SDSers and the type of studious math major who never appears in public without a slide rule strapped to his belt. When the temperature starts to drop, peacoats, pile-lined trench coats, hip-length polished-leather jackets and full-length polished-leather coats in both single- and double-breasted styles bloom on campus. For dressy occasions, single-breasted chesterfields and double-breasted camel's-hair polo models are favored. Raccoon and other fur-out coats are being worn—often topped with a fur astrakhan.

Shoes: Boots in both mid-calf and jodhpur heights are an Easterner's favored footwear, along with monk-strap bluchers, sneakers, penny loafers and wing-tip brogues.

THE SOUTH: In Dixie, there are two schools of fashion thought: A minority of students are exponents of decidedly avant-garb; the rest take the line of least resistance and stick to traditional tailoring. Mike Russell, a junior at the University of Virginia, reports, "This is a coat-and-tie school. Eighty-five percent of the guys wear sports jackets or blazers and a tie to class. Incidentally, I'm what you might call a sartorial dropout, because I wear to class whatever I feel like putting on in the morning—usually a pair of Levis, an old shirt and a pair of loafers."

Suits: One dark three-piece pin stripe in a medium-weight worsted or flannel and a lightweight single-breasted two-button glen plaid should suffice for occasions when a suit and tie are the order of the day—or night. However, there's also a strong indication that more and more Southern gentlemen are forsaking the single-breasted ranks and switching to the double-breasted coat featuring a suppressed waist, slanted pockets and deep center vent.

Sports jackets: Bold plaids and subtle stripes in two- and three-button natural-shoulder models are the norm on most Southern campuses. On casual dates or when T. G. I. F.ing, navy-blue single- and double-breasted blazers, too, are combined with a white or blue shirt and a silk scarf knotted apache style at the side of the neck. However, despite the fact that Dixie is still a bastion of fashion traditionalism, an increasing number of with-it Southerners are being turned on by more contemporary creations, such as those worn by the Rollins students pictured on page 165.

Slacks: Poplins, denims and corduroys in both solid colors and small plaids are often combined with a V- or crew-neck sweater for a collegiate look that's both classic and comfortable. Bell-bottoms combined with a wide belt are rapidly gaining acceptance—especially for weekend dates.

Shirts: While buttondowns and tabs still have the South conservatively buttoned up, shirts with modified-spread and long-pointed collars are making fresh fashion inroads—and are often worn with a three-to-four-inch-wide tie in stripes or paisley patterns. French-cuff styles in powder blue or deep blue also walk away with exceptionally high fashion marks on many campuses.

Sweaters: V-necks, crews, turtles and cardigans are traditional favorites. (If you've gone *way* South for the academic year, plan to spend more money on pullovers in Shetland, alpaca and synthetic blends and less on heavyweight coats.) Also expect to see sleeveless knit Argyles in both pullover and button-front styles worn on most campuses across the South.

Outerwear: Whether you've chosen the University of Virginia or Florida State, you'll need some type of outer apparel, such as a lined windbreaker, for those occasional cool fall mornings and downright cold winter afternoons. When walking in the wet, we strongly advise you to buckle up an English-type trench coat that extends to stylish lengths, thus providing maximum protection from the elements. But for less inclement days, a buckskin frontier shirt worn with a pair of rough-tweed slacks should serve you comfortably.

Shoes: Take along a pair of cowboy boots and both penny and tassel loafers. For dressy affairs, monk-strap bluchers that buckle across the instep and wing tips are Southern shoe-ins.

THE MIDWEST: Middle-of-the-country but only partially middle-of-the-road collegians in the Central States combine a respect for the traditional with a fashion flair that often belies the region's outdated *Main Street* image. Winter snow and sub-zero temperatures may occasionally force some far-out garb into hibernation; but when the weather suits, students suit up in everything from transplanted Ivy to double-breasted blazers worn with colorful extra-wide ties.

Suits: Three-button traditional, with or without vest, finds acceptance on most campuses, though this conservative approach may put you in a class with the Dow recruiter at Antioch and other Midwestern outposts of individuality and OM. Patterns range from stripes and herringbones to outsized windowpanes and glen plaids. Double-breasted shaped suits with wider lapels also continue to grow in popularity.

Sports jackets: Dick Dana, a senior at the University of Wisconsin, pretty well sums up the Midwestern scene by pointing out that students in Madison "sometimes wear bell-bottoms and Edwardian-influenced sports jackets on dressier occasions, along with dark-toned shirts with high collars and wide ties. Single- and double-breasted blazers, too, are often seen with a turtleneck sweater." On all Midwestern campuses, corduroy coats are popular, as they've been for past decades; but the pipe-smoking literary type will look more up to date sporting a full-belted tweed Norfolk jacket.

Slacks: Ring in the bell-bottoms; even on relatively stodgy campuses, 20 to 30 percent of the male populace is swinging to the wide, wide cuff, with the trend pointing toward more of the same. Solid favorites include permanent-press poplins and denims, as well as plaids and assorted (often multicolor) vertical-striped styles. Cords also are popular during early fall, and an occasional pair of leather slacks is seen—often extending over cowboy boots—at football games on chilly weekends.

Shirts: The decline and fall of the buttondown has finally reached Midwestern campuses, and long-pointed and medium-spread collars—worn with an appropriate shaped suit or sports jacket—now are the order of the day and evening. Look for wide-tracked stripes and deep-toned solid shades in rich blues and bright orange. You'll also find that a number of short-sleeved pullover golf shirts will come in handy when engaging in touch-football scrimmages on a sunny fall afternoon.

Sweaters: Polished-wool turtlenecks, Shetland and cashmere V-necks, mohair crews and cable-stitch cardigans are all top-drawer choices. Specific styles vary from campus to campus, so you'd be wise to keep your eyes open for local trends when doing your shopping. You also might try some of the new synthetic blends in fabrics, if you've been a strictly woolly thinker in the past.

Outerwear: This year, Midwestern collegians are hell-bent for rough-and-ready outercoats in polished leather. Fleece-lined three-quarter-length styles are the foremost favorites, with waist-length World War Two aviator jackets coming in a close second. Both lined and unlined polished-leather vests are being worn—often over a heavy wool plaid lumberjack shirt that's tucked into a pair of bell-bottomed Levis and topped with a cowboy hat. On occasions when a suit and tie are called for, a maxi-length double-breasted polished-leather great-coat will separate the style-wise undergrad from his conservative-minded peers.

Shoes: Sandals and sneakers are favored early in the fall and again in the

(concluded on page 276)

THE SHAMELESS SHIKSA

fiction By C. D. HILL

little david listened in titillated awe as that woman—the forbidden fruit of his fantasies—spoke words that placed her beyond redemption

THE SHIKSA is very psychological, I notice. I am cutting off the carrot tops in the back of the store, but I see she has come in and is talking to my father. My mother does not like the shiksa and always goes out front and acts busy when she comes in. The shiksa is the prettiest customer, I think, and she is wearing today one of those little hats like in the movie *Bonnie and Clyde* and my father is saying to her, "Hah. A yarmulke you're wearing. You think you can sneak in with that?"

And Louie, the butcher, who shares the store with us, says to her, "You look good with the hat, Miz Paul. Reminds me a little French girlfriend I use have." Louie always has the cigar in, so he slurs a lot. Anyway, the shiksa is telling my father about De Gaulle.

"You see," and she is very serious, "that's because he has something of a negative transference with the French people. It's a love-hate relationship."

"A what?" my father asks as he weighs out two pounds of onions.

"A love-hate relationship. That's when you both love and hate. It's a special psychological thing," the shiksa explains.

"So what's so special? With everybody, you got a love-hate relationship with everybody else. You love, you hate," my father shrugs, "sometimes both. Right?"

The shiksa puzzles this over. "No. It's something different." She bites her lip, thinking of the word, "A cathexis you call it."

"A what?" Louie leans over now; he wants to hear this, too.

"A cathexis. That's a transference."

"A cathexis is a transference," my father says, "so you know all these words? You know the important words yet? You know what a mohel is?"

The shiksa says, "Yes. A mohel is the rabbi who cuts the foreskin from the penis." Louie

turns red and starts cutting the meat very fast. That word penis I think is a dirty one and so I start cutting more carrot tops. Some people in the store turn around to look at this shiksa who is now reviewing the Boston lettuce.

My father laughs, "Circumcise. That's all you gotta say. You don't got to go into an explanation."

The shiksa shrugs. "This had a worm in it last time," she complains.

"So, did I give it to ya?" my father says. "Did I? No, you take it yourself you get worms. I never give you anything but the best."

The shiksa smiles, "You pick it out." My father goes to the back and comes out with the two my mother is saving from this morning. I pretend not to notice.

My father says at dinner that night he thinks the shiksa must be very smart. "Smart, you call that smart?" my mother says. "For two years," my mother is passionate, "for two years she's been coming into the store, and still when you say, '*Vos machst du*,' she says, 'Eighty-eighth Street.' Smart, he tells me," my mother clucks as she removes the dishes from the table.

"She acts like she don't know," my father says, "but she knows."

"Ech," my mother argues, "she's a cold woman."

"Cold? How, cold?"

"She don't want children." This is like a stab in my father's heart.

"She told you?"

My mother nods gravely. "She don't believe in it."

My father considers this for a moment. "So, maybe *he* don't want."

"Ah," my mother says, "she's a cold woman. You'll see."

The next day, my father starts something. "I hear," my father says, nodding toward my mother, "you don't want kids?"

She shakes her head no.

"So how come?"

The shiksa goes on about overpopulation and other words and then she says, "Besides, the family structure is very neurotic. Everyone growing up with an Oedipus complex. Spending your whole life getting rid of an Oedipus complex. It's ridiculous."

"A what?"

"An Oedipus complex." This is another of the shiksa's words, and by now the store is quiet. "You know, the son wants to marry the mother, the daughter wants to marry the father."

I blanch and look at my feet. I do not want to marry my mother. She is OK most of the time, but I would not want to be married to her.

"Bah," my father says.

"Well, it's true," the shiksa insists. "Haven't you ever heard of a psychological complex? Oedipus, it's a fact. The son's sexual love."

The store has fallen quiet. A new word from the shiksa, the son's *sexual* love for the mother. My father doesn't say anything and begins to put the tomatoes in her bag. She crosses the store and asks Louie to cut her some lamb chops. Louie is red in the face this time.

"Why, Louis, you're blushing. Now, really, there's no reason to be embarrassed. Everyone has one."

"Please, Miz Paul," Louie rolls his eyes and goes into the refrigerator. When he comes out, the shiksa is still at it.

"Well, it's true. Every child goes through it. In fact, if you don't have it or it turns out wrong, you come out queer."

Louie holds the knife. Two words shock his dear Italian heart and she has uttered them both within the last minute: queer and mother.

"Really, Louis," the shiksa explains, "you must learn there is nothing to be embarrassed about in discussing sexual matters. One should be able to talk about anything and everything. Louis," the shiksa leans over the counter boldly, capturing the meat, "you have never learned to be free."

At dinner that evening, my mother says, "There's something wrong with her she reads all those dirty sex books."

"Not dirty," my father says uneasily, glancing in my direction. "It's some kinda science she studies."

"Hah," my mother says, "some science. I tell you, Hymie," she is fierce, "that woman has no shame."

My father looks at his plate.

• • •

The unspoken question in the store, and even Louie participates in this unspoken question, is, Can it be true that the shiksa is a shameless woman? "She pretends, talkin' like that," Louie says, the cigar rolling around. My mother folds her arms and says nothing.

Two weeks later, the shiksa comes in with a book. "Here, Hymie," she says to my father, "here's a book I wrote."

Silence.

My mother comes in from outside. "You wrote a book?" (You shiksa, you.)

"Yes," the shiksa says, "it's a children's book." In one swoop, she has established the possibility of her innocence and convinced my mother she is not too smart, after all. Only a children's book. The book is called *Martin Goes to the Movies* and inside the flap it says, ages ten up.

Hah, I see in my mother's eye. She says, "Oh, it's a children's book."

"Yes," the shiksa says. Then she turns to me. "I hope you read it, David." Me, read it? I am insulted. I have been *bar mitzvahed*. Ages ten up. I say nothing.

At dinner, my mother says, "So for children. So you don't have to be smart to write for children."

"Ages ten up," my father says, "ages ten and up."

"And up?"

"Up. That means could be for adults, too." There is quiet for some time. I dream of the shiksa. The lure of the shiksa is lore I know and I give a start when my mother suddenly adds to it. "They go without underwear."

The next day is Saturday and the shiksa comes in for mushrooms with her husband. My father orders these special for her. My mother right away talks to her husband, whom my father talks Yiddish with and kids him, calling him the *shagitz*.

"So whadya cookin', Miz Paul?" Louie asks.

She says beef something and Louie shrugs and says, "Me, I wouldn't put mushrooms in a stew." The shiksa says nothing.

My mother has gone to the back and returns to court the shiksa's husband. She brings him something. She offers it to him and says, "You ever spread chicken fat on a piece of rye bread with salt? Take."

"Please," the shiksa turns to her and says, "he can't have that. The cholesterol."

"The what?" my mother says.

"Cholesterol. It's bad for your arteries."

"Not this chicken fat. This is good for the arteries. Here."

The *shagitz* reaches eagerly, but the shiksa stops him with a look. "Remember those pictures in *Life* of the big clogging things. That's what it comes from. Chicken fat."

The *shagitz* shrugs and says no. My mother says "Hah" and eats it herself. My father gives the shiksa a grape. Peace has been established. I pray.

• • •

She has not been in for several days now and I miss her. There is a little lift in the afternoon when she comes in. A kind of anticipation. Louie always moves down to the other end of the counter, so he can wait on her. Well, it is true that something usually happens. All day long, when you hear nothing but a pound of round, two lamb chops, a chicken, Louis, please, half a pound of onions, two pounds potatoes, you look forward to a break. But the shiksa usually gives us more than that.

Today especially. She is carrying a big book.

I wait to see who will ask the question. It is Louie.

"What's that book about?" he says, his eyes darting around the store.

"Human sexual response," the shiksa says. Bingo.

"You read too many books," *(concluded on page 176)*

"That's all very well for you, but I'm the one who'll have to sit on the eggs."

THE SHAMELESS SHIKSA *(continued from page 174)*

Louie says, weighing the chopped meat.

"Actually, it's a very important book. It makes a significant contribution to an understanding of the female orgasm."

"What?" Louie looks up from under his cap, puzzled. I know him. He figures he has lost out on something. The lady next to the shiksa turns purple and grabs her meat and runs. The shiksa smiles.

"Oh, never mind," she says. "It's very complicated. They get people in these laboratories and put machines on them to stimulate the genitalia to see what kinds of sexual response they get."

There is silence. In the name of science, machines, genitalia?

Louie chews on his cigar, saying nothing. "I dunno," he mumbles, for he does not wish to be called a prude again today, "sounds like a crazy idea to me." He wraps the meat.

"Well, it *is* mechanistic," the shiksa acknowledges as three pairs of eyes follow her from the store.

"What was that she said?" my mother asks, arms spread, but my father and Louie shrug and do not say anything.

• • •

By now it has become an adventure when the shiksa comes in. She is the new priestess: She knows something they do not know, and she got it from a book. Moreover, it is something that all of us, especially me, I think, are curious about.

A week goes by and nothing further is said. Then the shiksa says, "They think there is no such thing as a sexually satisfied female. After orgasms and everything, it's just one great big driving libido throbbing around."

"Hah," Louie says, "you never meet any Italian women with that."

"Tell me, they tell you where babies come from in that book?" It is Larry and we sigh at his crudeness and then brace ourselves. It is the kind of vagary that will lead the shiksa to be explicit.

"Of course," she says, and Louie rushes back to her end of the counter with the salami. "The sperm is deposited in the female vagina, where it unites with an egg and a fetus grows. That's how." Nobody says too much about this, although they are all, I can tell, made a little nervous about "deposited"; the shiksa is hitting loose with this, but they also sigh with relief that it wasn't worse. I sigh in wonder. Me, I know everything. I am in the eighth grade. But the shiksa, she knows more.

She leaves the store and my mother says, "A shameless woman."

"Talk, just talk," my father says.

"Yeah, all talk." My mother is clever. "Science. She's cold. A shameless woman." My mother is conclusive.

I wonder. Since the shiksa is mine in everything but reality (an area of small circumference and for my purposes generally unimportant), I am curious to know. Harold, who is 15 and my friend, considers the question and agrees to come and see.

My father is surprised when Harold arrives and offers to help unload the grapefruits the following afternoon. At first I think maybe she isn't coming; and then, finally, at 5:30 she comes running in. Right away it starts. I am glad she is looking her best today, because Harold has had to wait an extra hour and somehow I think the shiksa must know this, because she drops her keys right in front of Harold's feet. I am stilled with envy as he leans down slowly and picks them up. He has had a chance to look, so I ask him, as I frantically rearrange the apples, did you see?

But Harold is sly; he says, "Shhh."

I am sorry now I let him into the store, for I should have saved the shiksa for myself. Then, suddenly, my chance. She is in a hurry and drops the grapefruits as she takes them off the shelf. I run and pick them up and hand them to her and she smiles, takes them, and then leans down, *leans down* and puts them in her shopping bag. Her blouse falls from her chest and I seem to have stopped breathing. There, wondrously, is not only yellow lace. I think of leaping down and putting my bare feet all over the soft curving skin that rises up. It is over in a minute; she has stood up. I think it must be clear to her that I was paralyzed where I was looking. But to the shiksa, who glances my way, this is nothing. I am for reading *Martin Goes to the Movies.*

My tossing and turning, made worse two weeks earlier by my mother's sharp pronouncement about shiksa underwear, is especially bad tonight. Ever since, I have strained to imagine a wide variety of degrees of "withoutness"; and it is with some concentration now that I review the yellow lace. Such a top. That is for sure. The lace even, I conclude, makes it more wonderful. And tonight I wonder especially about the amazing little dark crack between the shiksa's . . . what shall I call them? These are not breasts; other women have breasts. Even my mother has breasts. But these? Those! Ah, I sigh. It is a miracle. That they should curve like that, and just for me, for I have seen. . . . I sit up with a start. I discover suddenly I am full of hate for this shiksa. For weeks now, I have struggled, I have planned. I have plotted mightily to see. For weeks now, my father has not talked to his clumsy son who starts an avalanche among the onions to land him on the floor, who drops change in order to crawl devotedly along the sawdust, who has sacrificed even his father's broom, the handle of which he broke off to get down lower. And today, finally today, when I see something, she does not care. She is shameless, this shiksa bitch. I do not think I can live.

• • •

It is several days later and I am following a girl down the street. She has long blonde hair and is pretty from the back. She is wearing a light-blue dress and white shoes and as she walks, the skirt flits out and swings a little from side to side. It's nice to watch. So I watch. I usually walk this way with Harold, who is not with me today, but I am brave and whistle. She does not turn around, of course, but I keep following, although as I do so, I am not sure, but is it not, yes, yes, the skirt is swinging a little more now, a little more from side to side and I hurry up, I do not know what for. I am not going to talk to her. Two blocks later I decide it is time to try again, so I whistle again, and again the skirt swings a little more. The head moves and the ponytail flips up and flies back again and rests on the shoulders. I am brave. I walk faster. I know now I am dangerously close, but she is turning down the block, swing, swing, and so I put both fingers in my mouth and give a loud one. I am safe; after all, Harold says the law of the land is they don't turn around. She turns. And—not to whistle, not to turn—we are both caught. Not to whistle, not to turn. It is the shiksa.

I pretend I do not see her. I run across the street. She pretends she does not see me and turns back and keeps on walking. From where I am, I can see that the skirt does not move so much now.

The next day it rains very hard. About two o'clock the shiksa comes in. "How come so early?" my father says. "You get off early?"

"No, I stayed home today," she says.

"How come? You sick?"

"No," the shiksa smiles, "I just felt like staying home."

She goes over to Louie and I do not dare look up. She has not seen me. I busy myself behind the counter on the floor, sweeping.

"Two lamb chops, double cut, Louis," she says and she is humming. She is not talking too much today.

"What you doin' out in this weather?" Louie asks, weighing the chops.

"I like to walk in the rain."

"You do?" Louie looks at her like she is crazy. "Tell' you, Miz Paul, this weather's only good for doin' one thing."

"What's that?" she says vaguely, and then knows. At this moment, I am forced to get up from behind the counter. My knees are giving out, but I manage to rise. The shiksa sees me and her face turns red. When she blushes, we all blush. See, see? My father, happy, looks at my mother: The shiksa has shame, after all.

He turns to me. "What're you blushing for, *bubeleh?*" my father says, but I won't say. Yet I am glad, glad that I made the shiksa blush. Now I am a man.

RECHARGING THE CHARGER

this built-for-speed variation on a popular dodge theme boasts a wild new prow and the biggest, brashest spoiler in the business

PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT JOHNSON

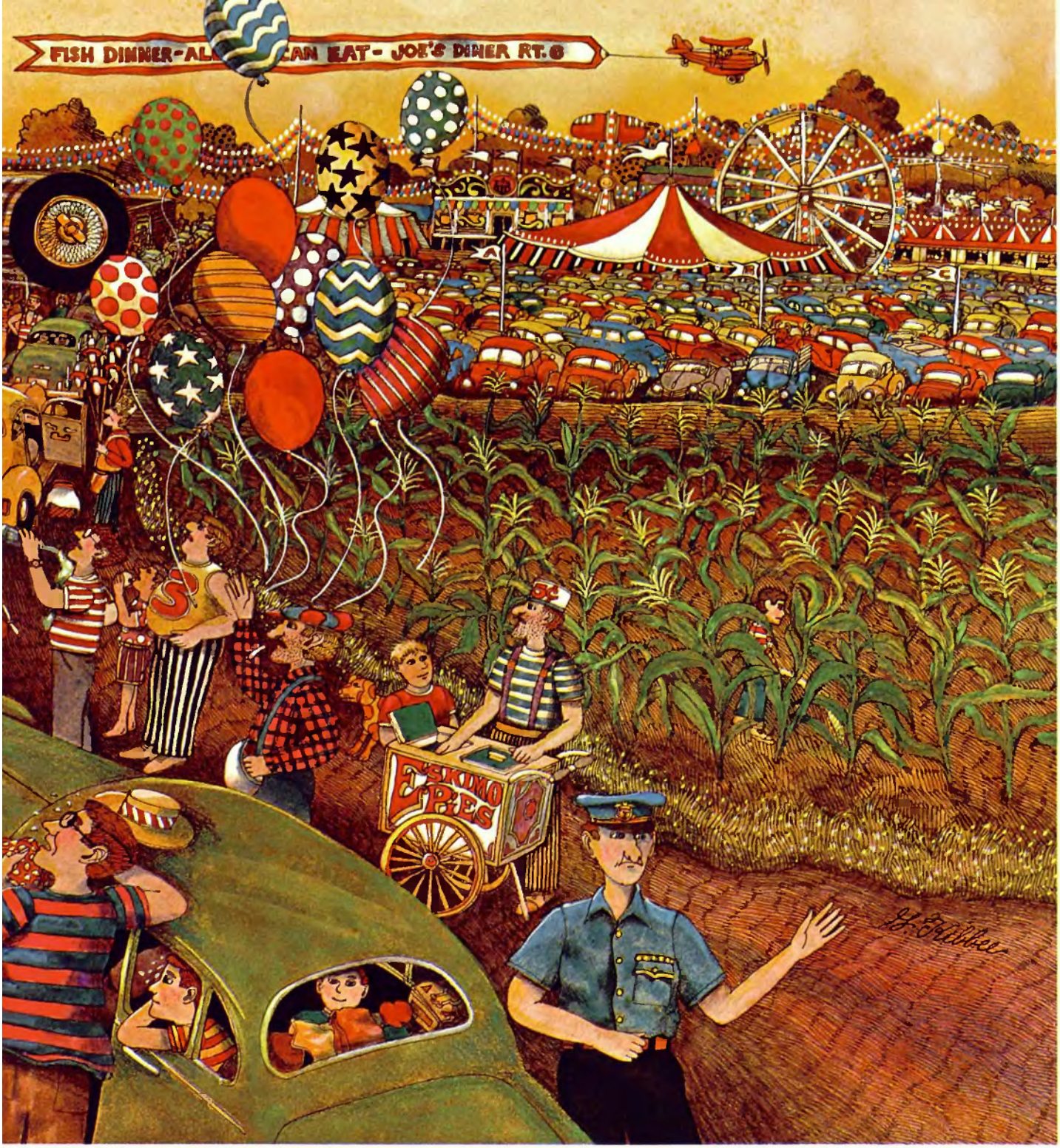
THIS HAS BEEN A YEAR of fierce, flat-out competition among Detroit auto makers at the nation's stock-car tracks. And that's the why of the Dodge Charger Daytona, a hot little item boasting a $4000 price tag, o flying wing rising two feet over its trunk deck and a knifelike plastic nose that makes the machine 16 inches longer than a run-of-the-assembly-line Charger. The Dodge people are aiming their Daytona—available in look-at-me green and orange—at the 500-mile event that will debut Alabama's new Talladega Speedway this month. Racing rules require that in order for a car to compete in a production category, at least 500 of them have to be turned out. Hence the chance for highway hero drivers to lay hands on this latest Motor City melding of solability and speed.

a heart-warming, eye-filling, all-american spectacle starring iron man gabruzzi, roswell t. blount, luke appling, melba, esmeralda, bonnie, big horace, caleb, prince bernadotte charlemagne d'alexandre of honeyvale farms, the intrepid shepherd clan and a cast of thousands

COUNTY FAIR! humor

By Jean Shepherd

I STRUGGLED FRANTICALLY to my feet, spilling Diet Pepsi over the front of my brocade smoking jacket as I flailed about. There wasn't a second to lose. Lurching forward, grasping for the knob, I fell heavily over the coffee table. On hands and knees, I scrambled forward, hoping



to kill the TV set before it was too late. With a groan, I realized that once again, I had lost. The late-late-movie curse had struck again. I sat back to accept my fate.

I was trapped by one of the worst ever, a bucolic horror that I had taken care to avoid, when it was first released, by walking on the opposite side of the street from any moviehouse that played it. In a sky-blue suit and straw skimmer, Dick Haymes stood framed against the movie version of the Indiana countryside, dotted with quaint corn shocks and tinted with lurid oranges and greens, at the entrance to an archetypal Hollywood state fair. A few minutes later, there was the mandatory Old Gramps perched atop a sulky in the big trotting race, and The Girl, rosy-cheeked and beribboned, who watched walleyed while Dick soulfully serenaded the Indiana moon.

Vainly I watched for a single glimpse of the Indiana fairs I had known—the Indiana fairs nobody makes movies about—but it never came. As Haymes warbled on, his eyes twinkling with boyish sincerity, my own grainy movie of a real Indiana fair began to unwind in memory.

As the scene opens, Schwartz, Flick, Junior Kissel and I are standing around back of the Sherwin-Williams paint sign in a misty drizzle. We are discussing current events, as was our wont. Schwartz had found half a can of Copenhagen snuff in the weeds, which we had all tried. After sneezing and gagging violently for 15 minutes, we took up our conversation where it had been interrupted by Schwartz' discovery. The dialog begins:

"My old man says if you ride on the whip too often, it scrambles your brains and you can't think good anymore," said Flick, whose nose was running copiously as a result of the snuff. "And it stunts your growth."

"That must have been what happened to *you*, Kissel," said Schwartz, spitting out a shred of snuff between his teeth. "That's why you're such a shrimp. You musta rode that thing fifty times last year." *(continued on page 192)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR / PETER GOWLAND

The Girls of Australia

a words-and-pictures salute to those sun-bronzed beauties from down under

PICTURE A LAND UPSIDE DOWN, where summer is winter, north is south and even the constellations belong to an unknown universe. The countryside is not green but red; rivers flow inland to disappear in the desert; zinc-gray trees keep their leaves but shed their bark in snakelike coils, while impossible creatures, from antediluvian to apocalyptic, lurk in the bush beyond. Centuries before it was discovered, geographers decided it must exist, because without it the globe would be top-heavy. The very name they gave it—*terra australis incognita*—appropriately cloaked it in mystery.

While no longer the unknown southern continent, Australia today retains the uniquely seductive allure that has drawn northern adventurers since the days of Abel Tasman. Though the languid largo of the didgeridoo is now backed by the insistent rhythms of the electric guitar, the all-too-familiar patina of civilization—with its neon metropolises, sprawling suburbs and transistorized pop addiction—only underscores the strangeness beneath. This fusion of space age and Stone Age, of the commonplace and the extraordinary, is evident not only in the Australian countryside but in the females who populate it. The Australian girl is a delicate amalgam of the familiar and the bizarre; like the sun-warmed island continent that surrounds her, an engagingly beautiful paradox. Her exterior—eye shadow by Helena Rubenstein and small talk courtesy of *Time*—would blend delightfully with the female scenery between Fifth Avenue and Sunset Boulevard; but beneath her well-tanned complexion breathes a spirit as Australian as *Waltzing Matilda*. To try to understand *(text continued on page 225)*

Sunrise at Palm Beach, near Sydney, finds Marie Sokola enjoying a moment of solitude. An accomplished artist and shutterbug as well as a travel enthusiast, Marie hopes to sell a book of original drawings and photographs illustrating a projected trip overland from the tip of Southeast Asia all the way to the English Channel.

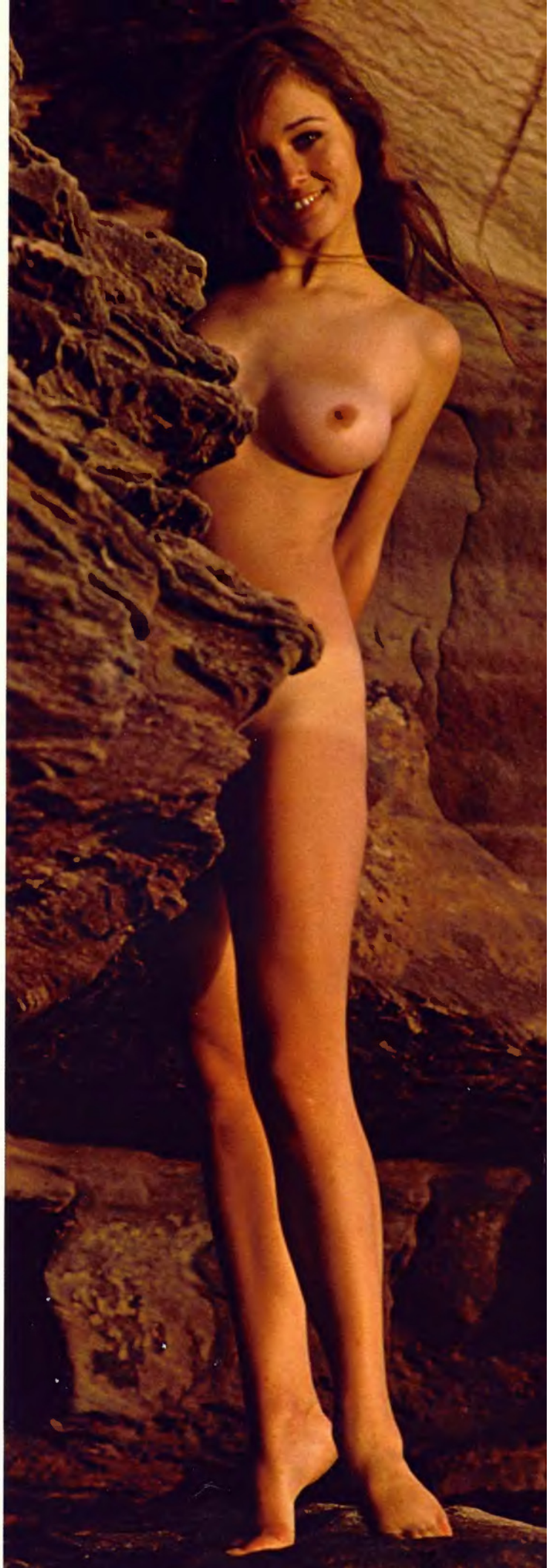
Sunny-tressed Jennie Wallace (left) is a model and dancer—she once won a ballet scholarship—who so caught the eye of singer Trini Lopez on a visit down under that he arranged for photos of them swimming, sun-bathing and sight-seeing together to take home with him. She also caught the eyes of millions of PLAYBOY readers in her appearance on the cover of our June 1968 issue. On deck for a day of sailing at Newport, near Sydney, is Virginia Gai Thomas (above), an artistically inclined stenographer. Enjoying a splash beside a pier in Melbourne Harbor is Jenny Davis (below), relaxing on a day off from her job in a rare-baaks shop.

Eva Kadlec (above left) takes a whirl on a gaily painted merry-go-round in Rushcutter's Bay Park, Sydney. Austrian-born Eva, who has lived in Australia since she was two years old, is working as a psychiatric nurse and saving her pennies for a world tour. Raven-haired Valli Kemp (above center) digs people-watching in the cosmopolitan ambiance of Sydney's King's Cross district, the Australian equivalent of Greenwich Village. "And I love trying different kinds of food there," she says. "That part of town is filled with exotic restaurants." Valli's ambition is to be a top-notch model. Statuesque Inese Parsons (above right), who dislikes the din of city life, finds a chance to collect her thoughts on secluded Southport Spit. Inese, who was born in Germany, now lives in Surfers Paradise, the hub of the famed Gold Coast resort area of Queensland. Like most of her neighbors, she lists her favorite pastimes as swimming and sun-bathing, but her popularity as a photographer's model leaves her precious few leisure moments. If you'd like to make points with Anne Benson (below), consider taking up skindiving, badminton or philately; it might also help if you happen to be European and drive a fast sports car. Like an estimated one out of six fellow Australians, Anne is a newcomer, having emigrated from South Africa with her family to the small southeastern state of Victoria.

Dress designer Janet McLeod (above) pauses during a stroll beside the River Yarra, which meanders through Melbourne, Australia's most British city. Janet recently returned hame after three years in Europe—principally in Rome, where she owns a *boutique*—and where she was discovered for an appearance in *Borbarello*. Water sprite Margarita Rasikari (right), who finds the rivers of New South Wales infinitely more inviting than those of her native Finland, is postponing a dancing career in favor of higher education. The Gioconda smile below belongs to Jennifer Janes, photographed at the artists' colony of Mantsalvat, near Melbourne.

The intricately water-sculpted rock formations of Curl Curl Beach, outside Sydney, provide a backdrop for even more attractively contoured Kristine Mendoza (above). An experienced dancer, Kristine is the daughter of professional entertainers—"Mum's a singer and my dad's a comedian. As for me, I hope to marry a millionaire." Water is a second habitat for Hungarian-born Eva Papp (below, left and center). Her part-time job in a business office leaves her plenty of time for such diversions as feeding the porpoises at Marineland of Australia, where the presence of a gray nurse shark in the tank leaves her unruffled. Shucking fins and diving mask, she relaxes ashore at Surfers Paradise. Eva's aquatic skill and her unusual natural rapport with marine life have led to film roles—in underwater, not underground, movies. Blonde Evelin Hegyesi (below right) is seen here at Sydney Harbor, waiting for the ferry to Mosman. An enthusiastic Sunday painter, Evelin never tires of sketching the blue-and-emerald seascape around Sydney. "Visually, it's really wild," she says. "All these narrow inlets and tropical trees are so different from West Germany, where I come from." Evelin's second love is music; she once won a scholarship to the Sydney Conservatorium. Currently, she's working as a secretary, but several recent appearances on TV commercials give promise of a new career on camera.

Eva Barlow and her canine companion (above) take a Sunday-afternoon stroll on the beach near Sydney's suburb of Maroubra, with its characteristic red-tile roofs. On completion of a four-year convent-school curriculum, Eva took a secretarial job. Off-hours and weekends are spent sun-bathing and swimming; she has won cups for her skill at the backstroke. Eva's landbound ambition at the moment: to own an Aston Martin. On weekdays, you'll find Pamela Fiven (below left), albeit somewhat more conventionally attired, at work in the government office, where she's a clerk. Here she climbs a grassy bank beside an isolated strand at Camp Cove, also near Sydney. The beauties below right are Evelyn Mac in the turtleneck and Lynn Newman in the surf. Evelyn works as a receptionist in an insurance agency, but manages to practice her riding skills and fit in TV modeling assignments on the side. A native of Germany, she moved to Australia on her own at the age of 18. "Why not?" she asks. "After all, I had already traveled all over Europe by myself." By contrast, Lynn was born in Southport, Queensland, where she still lives and works as a cosmetics consultant. It's close to the Gold Coast resort area, where Lynn spends as much of her time as possible. "I'd like to be able to live on the beach," says this surf lover, seen here on North Stradbroke Island.



Sloe-eyed Penny Pardey (below) is a native Australian, born in the country's largest city, Sydney; but the lure of Paris promises to draw Penny away from her hameland: She's received an offer to model for one of France's top fashion houses. "It sounds marvelous, but I'm afraid I won't get much of a chance to surf there," she says. The shy maiden at right is Gillian Anderson, who thinks her most unusual quality is the fact that she rolls her own cigarettes; bird watchers will appreciate her more evident attributes. Gillian is working her way through a course in applied psychology by waiting on tables; her favorite sport is speedboat racing.

Seen outside Sydney's futuristic new Opera Hause, which is a center for conventions as well as all the performing arts, is theater buff Sue Podmore (above left) of suburban Kogarah Bay. Pam Cairns (above center) joins in Australia's national madness, horse racing, with a visit to Flemington Race Course—scene of the $60,000 handicap Melbourne Cup, one of the world's greatest thoroughbred races. Stopping traffic in downtown Melbourne is actress Georgia Gold (above right), a native of Hungary who is becoming known on stage and in films down under. Georgia is addicted to browsing in Melbourne's profusion of smart shops. "Someday, I'd like to be filthy rich," she sighs. Jeanette Corroll (below) is in her element on this deserted stretch of Avalon Beoch, north of Sydney. "I just can't stand great crowds of people," she confesses. Jeanette is currently studying to follow in her mother's footsteps as a nurse; she's also taking up water-skiing, skindiving and flying light aircraft. A refreshing splash in the woterfall at Narrabean Lagoon, outside Sydney, gives Deanna Soutar (right) a chance to relax—and readers a chance to see why she won the title Miss Lovely Legs a couple of years ago. Since Deanna's ancestry is Sponish, it's not surprising that she's a skilled flamenco dancer, much in demand as an entertainer in locol night spots; less predictably, she's a crackerjack billiards player.

"She's something of a collector's piece."

the silver nut of the calliope tree

from a tale of Ninth Century Arabia Ribald Classic

IT WAS DURING THE RULE of the Abbassides that a certain sultan, Abu al-Muktafi by name, had the loveliest daughter in Arabia. Her name was Khadijah and she was the mirror image of her mother, who had been Abu's favorite wife. There was nothing Khadijah asked that her father did not grant.

Every evening as the earth began to cool from the heat of the day, Khadijah would walk alone in her flower garden. Unknown to her, the grand vizier's son, Mohammed, was observing her; and when the girl discovered this, she was greatly flattered, because he was so handsome. His eyes and hair were blacker than any she had ever seen, and from the outline of what was beneath his lower garments, she was sure one of his finest features was yet to be revealed.

In her sternest manner, Khadijah demanded to know who the intruder was and why he was watching her. He replied that he was Mohammed, son of the grand vizier, that he came from Yemen and that he was an Asrah—a tribe whose members perished when they fell in love. He confessed his hopeless love and told her he would surely die unless she loved him enough to do two things for him. Khadijah, who was by now infatuated with the handsome Yemenite, promised before Allah that she would do anything he asked to save him. Gazing into the princess' dark eyes, Mohammed told her that first she must give her body the pleasure of his own. This she did to her delight, even asking the young man to continue his feats deep into the night.

When they had finished, he next said, "My love, you must go to the ends of the earth and pluck the silver nut that grows once every thousand years from the calliope tree and you must return with it in ninety-nine days." Somewhat disheartened, Khadijah agreed. This task seemed rather less exciting.

The sultan was angered greatly when Khadijah told him of the venture and at first refused to let her go; but she fell to her knees and pleaded that she had sworn before Allah. The sultan, not wanting his daughter's soul to live in eternal torment—as is the punishment for all those who swear by Allah falsely—gave Khadijah his blessing.

And so the next morning, as the sun rose to greet the heavens, Khadijah set forth on her journey. Her path was long and tiresome, and each day she bowed toward Mecca and said her prayers. The land she and her entourage passed through was desolate and hostile; many of her retinue perished, but the fearless princess pressed on, so sure was she of her love for Mohammed.

Then one day, a group of fierce nomads swept down upon her caravan. Khadijah's servants defended her gallantly. Nevertheless, all fell before the swords of the nomads. The princess, after satisfying the appetite of the nomad chieftain, was left alone to die in the hot desert sand. As night came on, its coolness began to revive the exhausted maiden. She gathered all her strength and begged Allah for divine protection. Then she fell, her face in the sand. Suddenly, she heard a voice and looked up to behold a powerful jinni standing in a cloud of smoke.

In a voice like a deep drum, he announced that he was "the great jinni, Ali," who had come to aid her. He would even take her to where she could pluck the silver nut and return her to her father's palace, but she would have to give to him what she had given to Mohammed.

Because of her love for Mohammed and her desire to save him, the tired princess agreed. After experiencing the jinni's finest attribute, which was the most enormous one she had ever beheld, she revived remarkably. The jinni, true to his word, carried Khadijah to the ends of the earth, where she plucked the silver nut from the calliope tree and put it in her sash, after which he transported her back to her father's palace, arriving on the 99th day. The sultan greeted his daughter with great joy and sent for Mohammed. Mohammed looked in the peak of good health; the slave girls had not neglected him. Khadijah showed him the silver nut.

"Place it between your thighs, my princess, and crack it," murmured the faithless lover. Khadijah thought this a strange request, but she did as he asked. No sooner had she done so than the halves fell to the ground and a young damsel sprang from them. Mohammed gathered up the shimmering maiden, made his exit, and was never heard of again.

When the stunned Khadijah recovered her senses, she took the matter rather hard and began to wail that she had been betrayed. The sultan fell on his face before Allah, begging the Almighty to restore his daughter to happier spirits. In answer to a father's prayer, the jinni, Ali, appeared once more. "Ah, princess, if you can bring yourself to love me as you did the worthless Mohammed, I will give you ceaseless joy for all your days." Khadijah, remembering how potent his ministrations in the desert had been, pledged him her whole heart. At this, the jinni transformed himself into a human being and, in order to keep his promise, he maintained his most gorgeous attribute—a size few men possess—with which the princess, needless to say, found delight the rest of her life.

—Retold by E. Macgillivray Smith

COUNTY FAIR! *(continued from page 179)*

Kissel, a full half head shorter than any *of* us, said nothing at this, realizing that it was the truth.

"Well, I don't care what your old man says, Flick," I said. "I'm gonna ride on the whip—and the caterpillar, too. There are so many things that stunt your growth and make you crazy, you might as well do it that way as any other." My wisdom, as usual, was profound.

The rain drizzled down steadily, carrying with it its full load of blast-furnace dust and other by-products of the steel mills and oil refineries that ringed the town like iron dinosaurs. We wandered down the alley, kicking Carnation milk cans into imaginary goals as our conversation dragged on.

"One thing I'm gonna get is one of them red taffy apples!" Kissel shouted as he rooted around in somebody's garbage, looking for another can to kick.

"My old man says they stunt your growth, too. That red stuff clamps your teeth together so you can't grow good," said Schwartz as he pretended to sink an imaginary basket against a sagging backboard hanging on one of the garages that lined the alley.

"Yeah, well, your old man should know. He's about three feet tall," Kissel lashed back, cackling fiendishly, as Schwartz threw a half-eaten potato in his direction.

The next scene is a couple of hours later. My old man, my mother, my kid brother, Randy, and I are sitting around the kitchen table eating meat loaf, mashed potatoes and red cabbage. The old man takes a swallow of his beer and says, "It doesn't make any difference to me if you want to look at the quilts and raspberry preserves, as long as we get to see the first heat."

"Then Randy and I'll meet you two after the races," said my mother as she got up to put the coffee on. My kid brother immediately began to whimper piteously.

"You can have a taffy apple," she said to him from the stove. He stopped sobbing.

"One of those red ones?" he sniffed.

"Any color you want."

That was enough for him.

"Well, kid. . . ." The old man batted my arm.

"We'll watch Iron Man Gabruzzi give 'em hell tomorrow." As far as he was concerned, county fairs *were* dirt-track races. All that farm stuff was for the birds.

I went to bed happy. My brother and I whispered back and forth about the great stuff that would happen the next day. He was a Ferris-wheel nut who would have been glad to spend his whole life going around and around on a big wheel that creaked. Come to think of it, that's as good a way to spend it as any.

"I'll get that son of a bitch yet!" my old man's voice hissed suddenly and venomously through the darkened house.

Gawhang! Whap! Gawhang! Whap! Gawhang! Whap-whap!

My parents' bed squeaked dangerously as he leaped up and down on it, batting away at his old enemy. Every night in the late summer and early autumn, mosquito squadrons flew miles from the swamp to seek him out. The minute the lights were off, they dove to the attack. Flying in tight formations, they strafed again and again. The old man loved every minute of it. Fighting mosquitoes was his favorite sport. He slept with his personal fly swatter always at his side; he also had a loaded flit-gun, but he preferred the swatter. It was more sporting, somehow.

Whap! Whap! Bang! Something crashed in the darkness.

"Got the bastard!" He laughed exultantly. The battle was over—until the next hot puff of air brought in reinforcements. Our screens served only to keep the more enormous mosquitoes out of the house, allowing the smaller, lither, angrier types free access. During the second lull between attacks, I drifted off to sleep.

ZZZZZZRRRRIIIIINNNNGGGGGG!

The alarm clock blasted me hysterically into consciousness. Gray Saturday-morning light filled the house. The old man cursed and muttered sleepily as my mother padded out into the kitchen in her bathrobe and curlers to get the scrambled eggs started.

An hour later, we were in the Pontiac on the way to the county fair. The ill-fated Pontiac was an inexplicable interruption of the old man's lifelong devotion to the Oldsmobile. He was an Oldsmobile man the way others were Baptists, Methodists, Catholics or Holy Rollers. He later recanted after this episode of backsliding and returned to the fold with the purchase of a 1942 Oldsmobile station wagon that appealed far more deeply to his flamboyantly masochistic nature. A block or so ahead of us, Ludlow Kissel's battered Nash, loaded with kids and Mrs. Kissel (who weighed 360 pounds and read *True Romance*), struggled toward the fairgrounds. His Nash laid down a steady cloud of blue-white exhaust that hung over Cleveland Street like a destroyer's smoke screen. Junior Kissel peered out of the grimy back window, grinning wildly.

"Old Lud is sober. That makes the second time this summer," said my father as he struggled with the Pontiac, which had started shimmying again. It had bad kingpins.

Ten minutes later, we were out on Route 41, bumper to bumper in the great tangle of cars all headed for the fair. The sun rose higher over the distant steel mills. Steadily, the temperature and humidity rose until the sky was one vast copper sheet. We inched along like an endless procession of ants across a sizzling grill.

In the front seat, my mother fanned herself with a paper fan marked ORVILLE KLEEBER COAL AND ICE—REASONABLE. The flat fan was cut in the shape of a lump of coal. It had a wooden handle. She always kept it in the car for days like this.

"WHAT THE HELL YOU DOING, JERK?" barked the old man, head stuck aggressively out the window, at the driver ahead of us. His neck was red from sweat; his pongee shirt clung limply to his wiry frame; and his drugstore sunglasses dripped sweat as he glared through the heat waves and exhaust fumes at the idiot ahead.

"SLEEPING JESUS, YOU GONNA PARK THAT WRECK OR DRIVE IT?"

"Little pitchers have big ears," my mother intoned automatically, gazing placidly out her window at a Burma-Shave sign. The old man's latest curse—one of an endless lexicon—was a new one to me. I filed it away for future use. It might come in handy during a ball game or an argument with Schwartz.

It was now well past noon, but we were getting close. Far ahead, we could see the enormous, billowing cloud of dust that rose from the fairgrounds. Excitement mounted in the Pontiac as we shimmied closer and closer to the scene of action. Suddenly, with a great hissing, scalding roar, the radiator of the car ahead boiled over. Drops of red, rusty sludge streaked down over our windshield and spattered on the hood.

"OH, NO! FER CHRISSAKE, NO!"

The old man pounded on the steering wheel in rage as the lumbering Buick wheezed to a halt. The driver, a beet-faced man wearing a stiff blue-serge suit and a Panama hat, stumbled out of the car and raised the hood. A white cloud of steam enveloped him from head to toe.

"Goddamn it! There goes the first heat. Son of a bitch! Gimme a bottle of pop."

Silently, my mother opened a bottle of Nehi orange and handed it to him. She passed one back to me and gave my kid brother another. I felt the stinging carbonation sizzle through my nostrils as I guzzled the lukewarm contents.

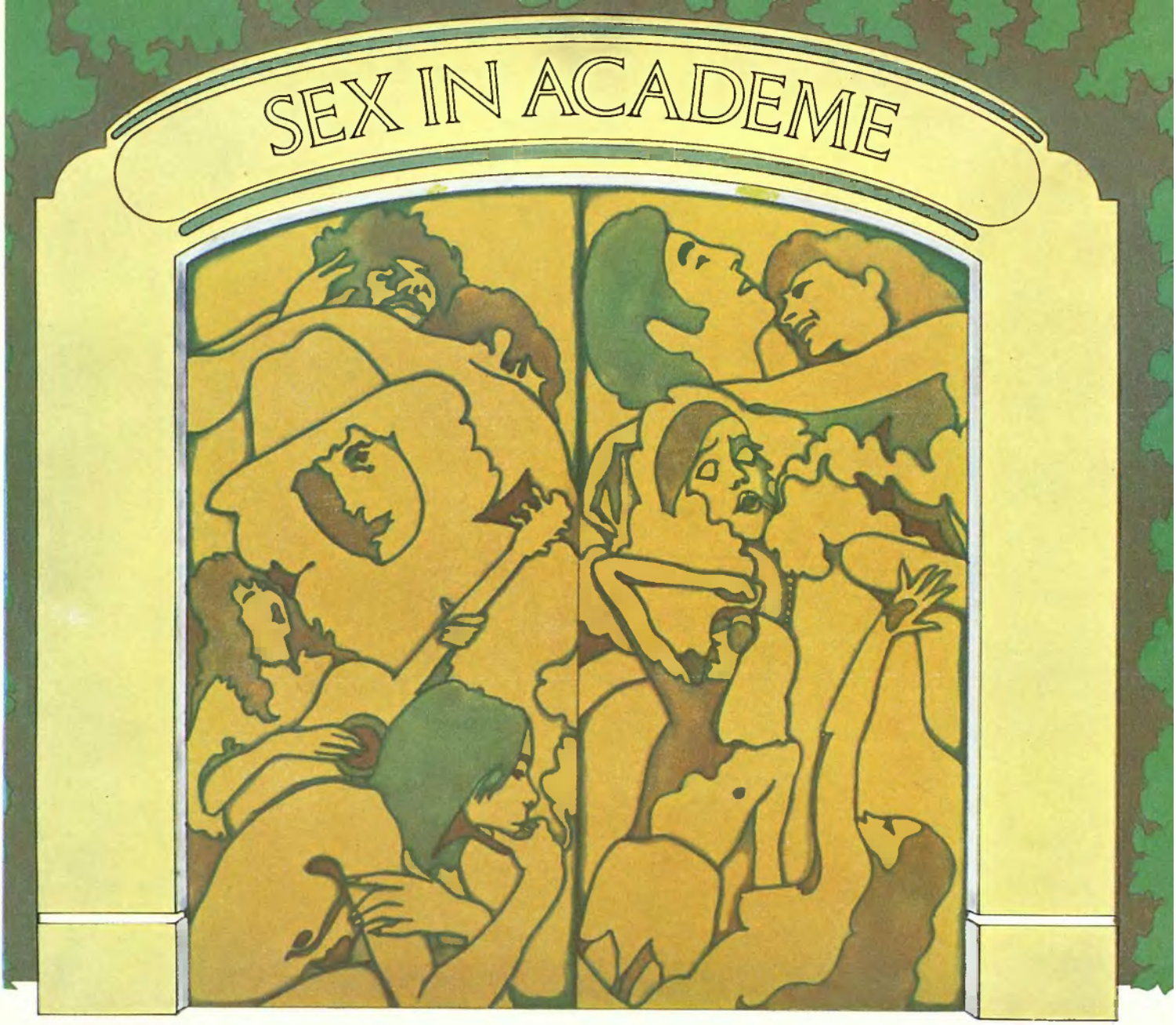
Ahead, the other occupants of the Buick had gathered around the car and were fanning the hood with somebody's white shirt. The steam rose higher into the heavens. The car behind us began honking; then others joined in. This only bugged the old man even more. Out the window went his head.

"SHUT UP, YOU JERKS!" he yelled at the line of cars. They honked even louder.

The Buick was not the only car giving off steam. Several others had begun to

(continued on page 302)

SEX IN ACADEME



a tripartite takeout on campus mating mores—featuring a two-page chart of where the action is and isn't, a probing five-school sex census and an insightful appraisal of the current college climate

PLAYBOY herewith presents its second annual report from the front lines of the sexual revolution on America's college campuses—this year expanded to include the social revolution as well. The results of our sexological research appear on the following pages. Our *Campus Action Chart* rates 25 different schools as it did last year: in descending order of permissiveness—the chart's upper reaches being meccas for the scholarly hedonist, its lower depths monasteries for the sexually meek.

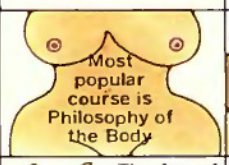
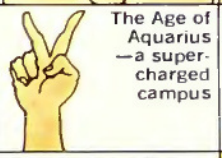
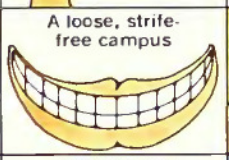
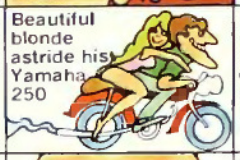
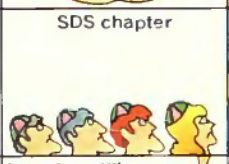
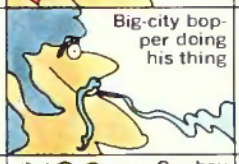
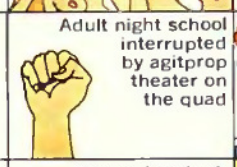
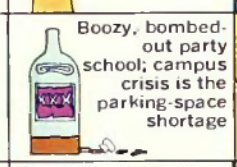
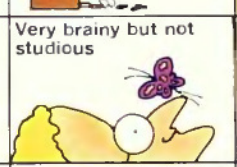
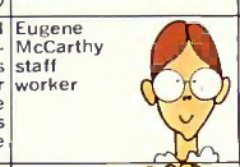
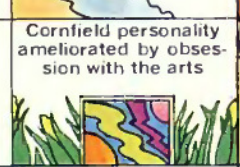
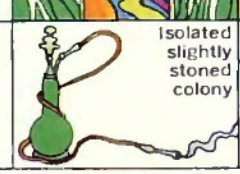
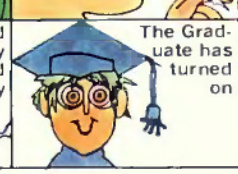
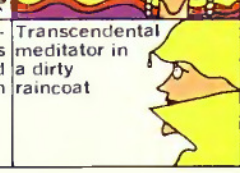
The 25 schools span a cross section of types (Ivy, megaversity, state, small, sexually segregated, etc.) and represent every major demographic area of the United States. Each school's rating was derived from a number of variables, some tangible (dorm hours, availability of women on and off campus, etc.) and some intangible (mood of the students, atmosphere generated by the faculty, etc.). Although the tone of the chart entries is sprightly, the research behind them was thorough enough to support a treatise in a sociological journal. What we've done is save you the trouble of plowing through such to extract the pertinent nuggets.

Depending on your personal proclivities and your academic status at the moment, a perusal of the chart will tell you where to go to college, or where you should have gone if you had known. And for those in and out of school who'd like to know a little more about where this campus generation is—and where it's headed—our chart is buttressed this year by an in-depth sexual profile of five well-known campuses that details what the boys and girls are doing together. The information was provided by a comprehensive sociological survey of the students' behavior and attitudes. The results indicate that the sexual revolution may be somewhat less than total, though in the areas where it's thriving, the old schoolhouse is burning down.

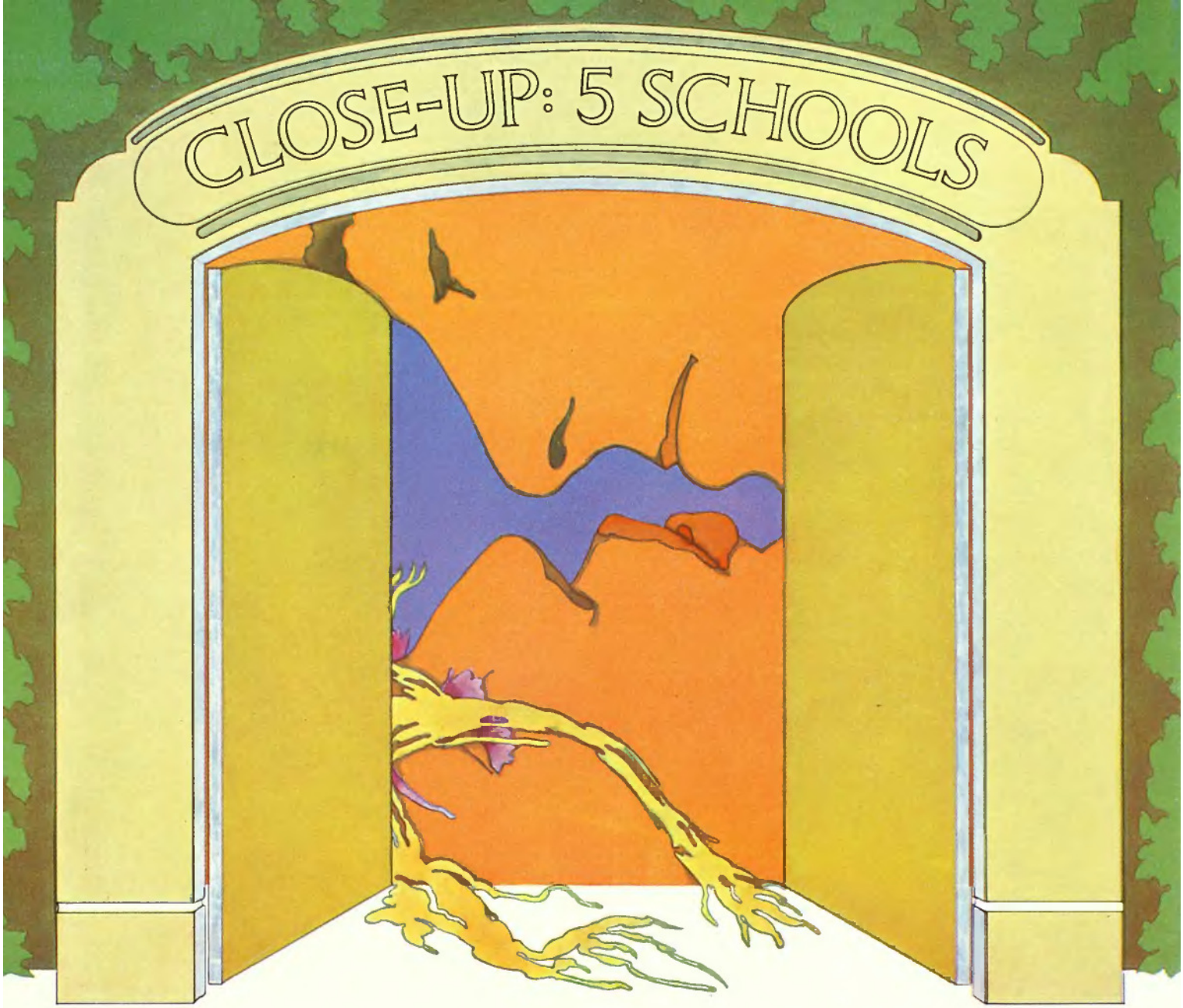
The final view in this college panorama is provided by writer Stephen Yafa, who spent the spring semester at a score of campuses in search of the essential student body behind the headlines. That body turned out to be impressively alert and aware, and well worth the attentions being lavished on it here and across the nation.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB POST

CAMPUS ACTION CHART

SCHOOL	AVAILABILITY OF WOMEN on-campus-off m/f ratio		ADMINISTRATION	CAMPUS AMBIENCE	CAMPUS MALE	CAMPUS FEMALE	EXTRACURRICULUM
1. U of Florida, Gainesville	2–1	Fair	*Laissez faire*; only freshmen girls have curfew and it's not strictly enforced				Action is off campus in "sin city" apartments; everyone goes to Crescent Beach
2. U of Michigan, Ann Arbor	5–3	Poor	Permissive; no social restrictions (dorm hours, etc.), not even for frosh girls; the house mothers left last year				Michigan is prototypical of the changes on campus—fraternities are running ads for pledges, while an experimental communal college thrives
3. San Jose State College, California	6–5	Fair	Permissive; no hours— girls have dorm keys				San Jose is breaking out with coed dorms and an experimental college; everyone still goes to Alum Rock Park
4. State U of New York, Buffalo	2–1	Fair	Thoroughly liberated socially and politically; no curfew, 24-hour parietals, anyone can live off campus				Students and faculty have a great thing going here—only drawback is high paranoia quotient inspired by the entrapment ploys of the local fuzz
5. U of New Mexico, Albuquerque	3–2	Fair	Permissive; curfew for freshmen women only				Campus is a libertine's delight; it is surrounded by communes and azure skies; a motorcycle is *de rigueur*
6. San Francisco State College, California	1–1	Good	Politically repressive; socially progressive—24-hour visitation				The strike is the first thing to unify the kids on campus in 70 years
7. Tulane U/ Newcomb C, New Orleans, Louisiana	4–3	Good	Moderate; alcohol allowed in upperclassmen dorms, weekend open house at boys' dorms				A campus poll showed that 60% of students smoke pot, but it's a bad place for hair
8. Bryn Mawr C/ Haverford C, Pennsylvania	3–4	Good	Beyond permissiveness; unlimited class cuts; Bryn Mawr girls can sign out to anywhere, including Haverford				Dating is dying, but lots of visiting between the girls at Bryn Mawr and the boys at Haverford—the visiting can last for weeks at a time
9. U of Colorado, Boulder	3–2	Fair	Liberal; no curfew				Everyone runs off to the nearby mountains to ski or meditate or smoke grass away from the ubiquitous narcs
10. Stanford U, Palo Alto, California	7–2	Good	Progressive but harassed by wealthy, conservative alumni				Coed living, official (Grove House) and unofficial, is a way of life
11. U of Iowa, Iowa City	3–2	Poor	Becoming liberal; recently extended parietals, etc.				Lots of cohabitation, little formal dating and partying; Iowa is full of pleasant surprises
12. Brandeis U, Waltham, Massachusetts	1–1	Poor	Moderate; rules are ignored by students, unenforced by adm.				There's no formal social life and students are left to their own resources; they are very resourceful

SCHOOL	AVAILABILITY OF WOMEN on-campus-off m/f ratio		AOMINISTRATION	CAMPUS AMBIENCE	CAMPUS MALE	CAMPUS FEMALE	EXTRACURRICULUM
13. Howard U, Washington, D.C.	3–2	Good	Permissive; each residence hall elects its own parietals	Intellectual training ground for the black revolution; common wall slogan: "We are not the majority but the chosen few"	The new Afro-American man	Daughter of the black *bourgeoisie*	An anachronistic, prepish East Coast elitism is being challenged by the soul culture of the young militants
14. Brown U/ Pembroke C, Providence, Rhode Island	5–2	Good	Liberal; unlimited overnights, no curfew for soph-senior coeds	Industrious, quiet liberal	Future corporation counsel	Radcliffe reject	Oate Wheaton College swingers; Providence turns in early, so weekends are spent in Boston and New York
15. Oklahoma State U, Stillwater	2–1	Fair	Newly liberal; only frosh girls have curfew	The personality and charm of an oil refinery	Wheels on fire: he must drive around for 3 hours on his way to a 50-minute class	Peter Pan collars and permanent waves	Fraternities and boozing still prevail at OSU; the big parties are out at the lakes
16. Dartmouth C, Hanover, New Hampshire	None	Fair	Liberal; student-faculty committee is blind to violations	Swacked Ivy League jock	Establishmentarians sowing wild oats	None	Weekend isolation is dispelled by busloads of visiting coeds; Dartmouth is the nostalgia center of the U.S.
17. Temple U, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	3–2	Good	Moderate; girls over 21 have a 10 A.M. curfew	Overgrown high school, most students commute	Pragmatist; get out, get the bread	Education major who abhors kids	No social life on campus; fraternities can't compete with the great Germantown apartment parties
18. U of Illinois, Urbana	2–1	Poor	Socially liberal; no curfew for women; politically conservative	Soda shoppe	Corporate man	Breaking out of her Midwestern cocoon	The weekend action is at the Holiday Inn
19. Baylor U, Waco, Texas	2–1	Poor	19th Century prim, proper and forbidding	Baptist convention	Oral Roberts	Baylor girls don't	No drinking or dancing on campus; if you stay at Baylor long enough, someone will tell you where the parties are
20. U of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	3–2	Fair	Liberal; curfew for frosh coeds only	Streetcar commuters	Aspiring dentist	Pinned but not petting	Oate girls from Chatham College, Mt. Mercy College and Carnegie-Mellon
21. Massachusetts Inst. of Technology, Cambridge	18–1	Good	Liberal; groups determine own parietals; unlimited overnights	Conservative, cautious—the combined hearts and souls of 4000 engineers	Grind	Mrs. Grind	MIT's two saving graces are the tiddlywinks championship of North America and incredible graffiti
22. U of Alabama, University	2–1	Poor	Antebellum conservative; men not allowed in girls' rooms	Confederate state; Wallace was a liberal here	Boisterous Greek who has discovered Sweet Caporals	Social hurricane, sexually becalmed	Y.A.F. and the Youth for Christ have social clout; that drug-selling stranger is a narcotics agent
23. Alfred U, Alfred, New York	2–1	Fair	Politically uptight; socially liberal; no curfew	Provincial pall	Ceramics engineer	Unlovely and unavailable	The off-campus apartments are worse than the dorms—leases include prohibitions against women and alcohol, and landladies are wont to make surprise midnight inspections
24. Muhlenberg C, Allentown, Pennsylvania	3–2	Good	Moderate; junior and senior women can have dorm keys	Oppressive rectitude	Ooctors' sons	Ministers' daughters	Muhlenberg is in the middle of nowhere and there's nothing to do
25. U of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana	None	Poor	Restrictive; no visiting	A chapel in every dorm	Hale and horny	None	Girls descend for the football games, but after the snows fall, it's every man by himself



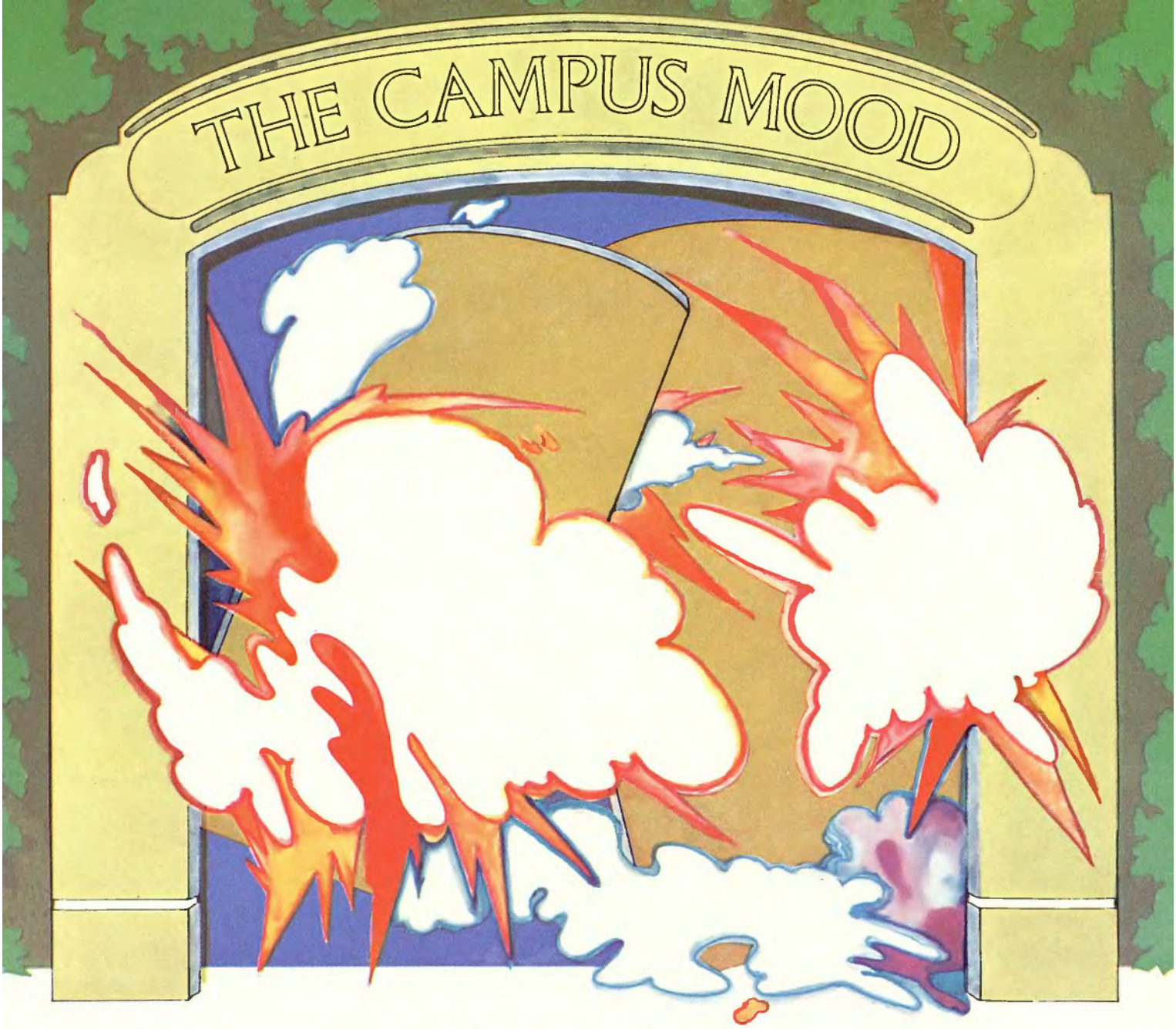
playboy explores student sexual attitudes and behavior in a new in-depth survey

FEW AREAS of modern sociological inquiry are as filled with conjecture, not to mention prior interest, as is the question of whether or not there has been a sexual revolution on campus. While statistics showing an increase in sexual activity are available, some sociologists and journalists are inclined to long debates over sampling procedures, the labeling of categories and the differences between the terms sexual evolution and sexual revolution. All the arguing is done with an eye toward trapping the national campus sexual psyche—a formidable beast.

Being of a more pragmatic than academic turn of mind, we've noted that discussions of broad national samples bear little relation to what is really going on at a particular school. It also seems clear (as the preceding chart indicates) that at one school the student body may be frolicking on the verge of a sociosexual frontier while another's is still groping in dimly lit caves. An all-encompassing survey, indiscriminately combining the statistics from both schools, would produce a middle-ground figure applicable to neither.

To avoid this pitfall, PLAYBOY sponsored a new, in-depth survey of five campuses—each representing a specific type of college—selected from the 25 that are listed on our chart. We chose an Ivy League school, Brown/Pembroke; a Southern school, the University of Alabama; a large Midwestern school, the University of Illinois; a Western school, San Francisco State; and a girls' school, Bryn Mawr. We received a 30-percent return on our mailed survey, which is above average for this kind of sample. Assuming that women students are a better indicator of sexual-behavior patterns on campus than men—because the males traditionally have found their sexual outlets off the campus, among "townies" and prostitutes—we surveyed twice as many female students as males. We also concentrated on sophomores, juniors and seniors, because they had already become acclimated to college life, and their behavior is more representative than freshmen's. In the interest of student objectivity, the questionnaire contained no reference to PLAYBOY—the name of the study group and its address were anonymous and innocuous. In a departure from most surveys, which tabulate past as well as present sexual activities, we limited the most significant sexual-behavior questions to student conduct during the past school year (fall 1968 to spring 1969), so that our figures represent the most recent campus behavior that it was possible to obtain. The subjects included in the questionnaire *(continued overleaf)*

THE CAMPUS MOOD



shock waves of the student explosion have shaken even the most sequestered halls of ivy

article By STEPHEN YAFA "PHILOSOPHERS pinch and poke it, scientists prod it, and it answers them only with spring," said E. E. Cummings of our sweet spontaneous earth. Gazing about today, he might very well have chosen to celebrate our sweet spontaneous campus revolution in similar verse. Attempting to explain what is happening in our universities is something like trying to describe a beautiful woman whose features, taken separately, suggest an unsightly creature too thin about the neck, too severe in the cast of the lips, too short of chin: The flawed features must be seen working together to be appreciated, and even then, they touch something beyond the mind.

What the mind sees of the student revolution is the part of it that rises to view at either political extreme. At the extreme right, for example, the revolution surfaces in the form of get-tough legislative bills contrived to quash the equally visible and calculated antics of the New Left. [Both extremes are fully explored in *The Playboy Panel: Student Revolt*, page 89.] Submerged between these peaks of polarization lies the soul of the beast, the ghost in the machine, and it honors no ideologies. When a volcanic campus confrontation erupts, it sends out vibrations that transfigure the life styles of many students lingering in the tidewaters of the revolution. They may remain apolitical after the smoke clears, yet they seem to be forever jolted loose from their complacency and total preoccupation with petty self-centered concerns: It is in these students that the soul of the revolution manifests itself.

Consider, for openers, the contemporary virginal coed. Not so long ago, a virgin's primary concern was her virginity, a rather jejune subject unless you were doing everything in your power to preserve it or to conquer it. These days, however, while collegiate virgins are still chaste in body, they are sleeping around with so many radical ideas that all the old lines of demarcation have collapsed. Take Sheila, for instance. (A pseudonym: Who are we to malign a coed's reputation by accusing her of purity?) Sheila hangs out at the University of Colorado. She is a thin, tidy, platinum-blonde junior who until last spring was quite uninvolved with campus politics, peace movements, strikes and picketing of any sort. The Boulder cops busted some of her friends for possession of marijuana. The university suspended an acquaintance who demonstrated too vociferously against R. O. T. C. A short time later, she was working day and night to elect a campus radical running for president of the student body.

"You have to do *something*," she *(continued on page 266)*

ranged from dating habits to religion to frequency of intercourse. The most significant findings are reported below.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: INTERCOURSE

The results of a three-year survey of unmarried junior and senior students analyzed and reported in 1968 by Dr. Eleanore Luckey of the University of Connecticut for Vance Packard's *The Sexual Wilderness* revealed that 58 percent of the men and 43 percent of the women had engaged in coitus. Other recent studies have shown statistics in a comparable range: In a survey of sophomores by Professor Keith E. Davis at the University of Colorado, 60 percent of the men and 42 percent of the women reported that they had had premarital intercourse; and a study at Oberlin showed that 40 percent of the unmarried women there had engaged in intercourse. Studies a generation ago by Dr. Alfred Kinsey showed that 50.6 percent of college men and 27 percent of college women 21 years of age had engaged in premarital sexual intercourse. These figures will provide a basis of comparison with those obtained in our own survey.

The unmarried students on the five campuses were asked if they had engaged in sexual intercourse during the past school year. The following percentages answered yes.

	WOMEN
San Francisco State	57%
Pembroke	47%
Bryn Mawr	45%
University of Illinois	28%
University of Alabama	19%

	MEN
San Francisco State	62%
Brown	51%
University of Illinois	39%
University of Alabama	47%

What is most revealing about these figures are the disparities between the highs and the lows (particularly among females), clearly indicating that changes in campus sexual behavior—though rapidly accelerating in some areas—are yet to arrive in others. Most observers would agree that the changes reflect the sexual emancipation of the female student, and that this phenomenon generally occurs where other forms of emancipation from traditional values have either preceded or accompanied it. Thus, the women at San Francisco State, where the "new morality" is deeply entrenched, revealed a higher percentage of coital activity (57 percent) than either the national average (43 percent) as evaluated in the sample made by the University of Connecticut or the other schools in the survey. The figures for the women at Pembroke and Bryn Mawr were slightly higher than the national average, while both Illinois and Alabama women scored well below it. The figure for Illinois (28 percent) was almost the same as the figure released for college-age women by Kinsey over 20 years ago. The figure for Alabama (19 percent) was decidedly lower than even the Kinsey figure.

On the male side, San Francisco State led all the schools in this survey, and the men there were similarly the only ones to have a higher percentage of intercourse than the national average. The male percentages for Brown and Alabama showed a small drop-off from the national average.

Sexual emancipation appears to be barred from Alabama. The girls, as already noted, show less coital activity (19 percent) than the national average of the 1940s, while the men are only just below the current national average (47 percent) Compare this with San Francisco State and Brown/Pembroke, where a nearly equal percentage of men and women engaged in intercourse. This would indicate that the double standard—the elimination of which is a barometer of female sexual emancipation—is probably dead at those schools, but very much alive at traditionalist Alabama.

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: AGE AT FIRST INTERCOURSE

Age at initial sexual intercourse is generally considered to be an indicator of sexual permissiveness. The percentages below indicate a sharp distinction between the women at San Francisco State and Bryn Mawr (where a significant number had engaged in coital activity before age 18) and the other schools. Bryn Mawr demonstrated a definite precocity, with 29 percent of the total number of nonvirgin girls having had intercourse before the age of 18. On the other hand, none of the girls at Alabama or Pembroke had engaged in intercourse before the age of 18.

The men at each school showed a more consistent pattern of early activity, as nearly 50 percent of all the male nonvirgins had coitus for the first time before 19.

Those students who affirmed in an earlier question having had sexual intercourse were asked, "At what age did you have intercourse for the first time?"

San Francisco State

	WOMEN	MEN
16 years or younger	12%	23%
17	5%	0
18	16%	23%
19	10%	30%
20	23%	0
21	18%	15%
22	16%	9%

Brown/Pembroke

	WOMEN	MEN
16 years or younger	0	34%
17	0	10%
18	45%	14%
19	33%	16%
20	22%	13%
21	0	13%
22	0	0

Bryn Mawr

	WOMEN
16 years or younger	12%
17	17%
18	22%
19	37%
20	10%
21	2%
22	0

University of Illinois

	WOMEN	MEN
16 years or younger	0	22%
17	9%	14%
18	19%	15%
19	16%	19%
20	25%	11%
21	28%	15%
22	3%	4%

University of Alabama

	WOMEN	MEN
16 years or younger	0	23%
17	0	16%
18	8%	23%
19	69%	23%
20	23%	0
21	0	15%
22	0	0

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: NUMBER OF PARTNERS

In the debate over whether the colleges are undergoing sexual revolution or sexual evolution, the following figures would seem most important. Premarital intercourse with one or a few partners would indicate that sex has become a part of courtship behavior among college students—a natural outgrowth of "serious relationships." (See Dr. William Simon's statement in *The Playboy Forum Newsfront*, April 1969.) On the other hand, a high incidence of sex with many partners would mean an increase of casual sexual activity, unrelated to intentions of marriage, and would indicate a true revolution. San Francisco State and Bryn Mawr in the tables below showed a notable percentage of women who had had intercourse with eight or more partners. Seventy-five percent or more of the women at the other schools had limited their sex relations to three partners or less, which would tend to deflate the tabloid notion of rampant promiscuity on all the nation's campuses.

The figures for San Francisco State (where a nearly equal number of men and women had eight or more sex partners) and the University of Alabama (where none of the women and 47 percent of the men had had eight or more

(continued on page 220)

THE PASSAIC AFFAIR

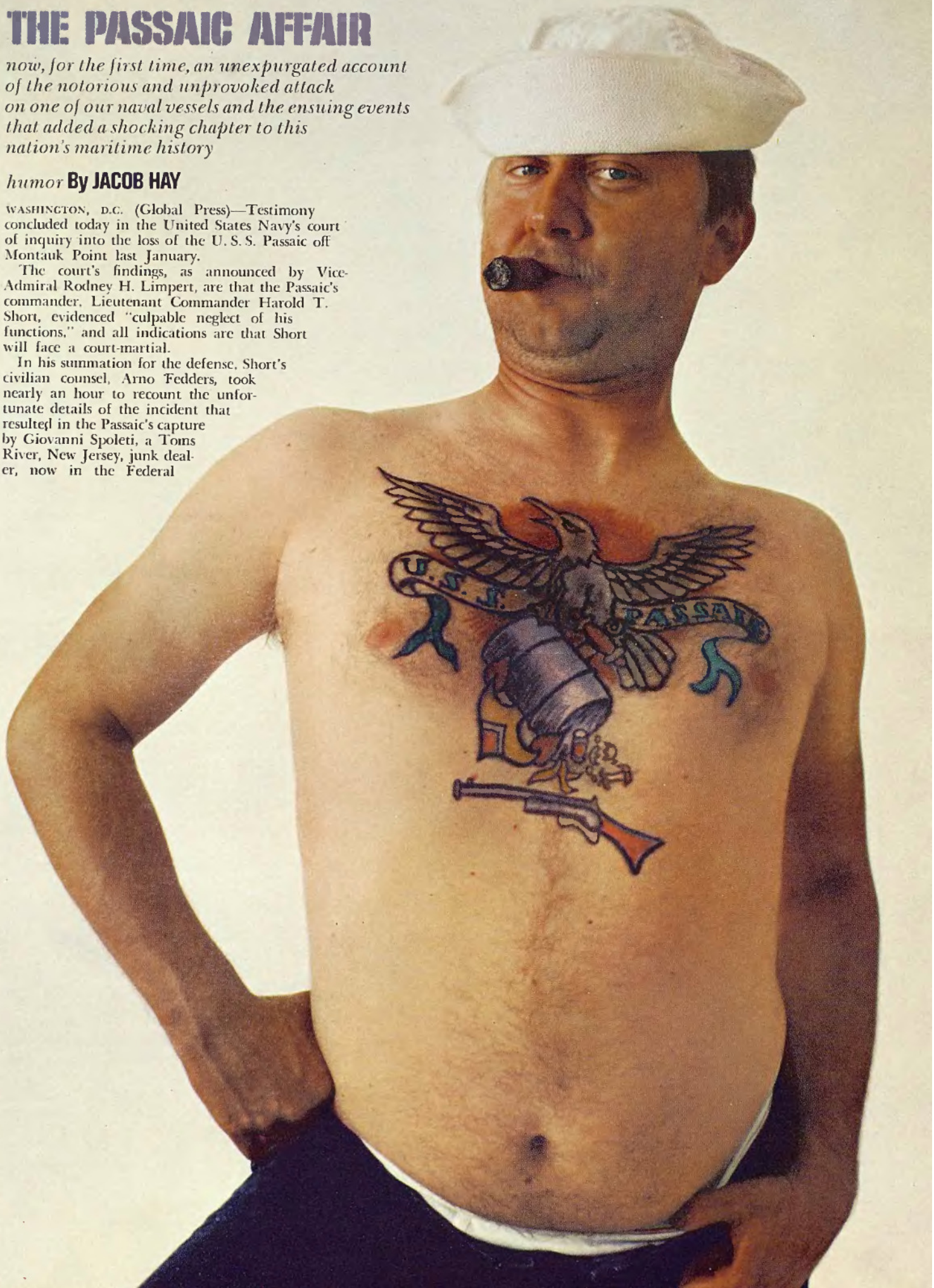
now, for the first time, an unexpurgated account of the notorious and unprovoked attack on one of our naval vessels and the ensuing events that added a shocking chapter to this nation's maritime history

humor **By JACOB HAY**

WASHINGTON, D.C. (Global Press)—Testimony concluded today in the United States Navy's court of inquiry into the loss of the U. S. S. Passaic off Montauk Point last January.

The court's findings, as announced by Vice-Admiral Rodney H. Limpert, are that the Passaic's commander, Lieutenant Commander Harold T. Short, evidenced "culpable neglect of his functions," and all indications are that Short will face a court-martial.

In his summation for the defense, Short's civilian counsel, Arno Fedders, took nearly an hour to recount the unfortunate details of the incident that resulted in the Passaic's capture by Giovanni Spoleti, a Toms River, New Jersey, junk dealer, now in the Federal



penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

The Passaic was the self-propelled barge pressed into service from the reserve fleet to assist in the disposal of garbage gathered in the wake of last winter's strike by New York sanitation workers.

Fedders pointed out that the barge's "self-propulsion" was provided by a pair of outboard motors affixed to the stern, giving it a top speed of .04 knots in calm seas, thus making evasive action well-nigh impossible in any kind of weather.

Earlier testimony had established that the Passaic, her capacious holds fully loaded with refuse, was making for a dumping area roughly 12 miles off Montauk Point when she was intercepted by a Chris-Craft motor cruiser chartered by Spoleti, who was aboard at the time.

"I thought the guy was some kind of a nut," Lieutenant Commander Short told the court of inquiry yesterday. "I told him to talk to the Bureau of Ships or somebody if he wanted to buy my barge, but he wouldn't pay any attention; just kept yelling that it was the biggest floating junk heap he'd ever seen and he'd pay top prices."

It was just after this exchange, Short declared, that a powerful oceangoing tug appeared on his port quarter; and within minutes, he continued, his starboard outboard motor failed, cutting his top speed to .02 knots.

Short's counsel called the court's attention to the fact that the Passaic had been originally designed to be filled with concrete and sunk as part of the "Mulberry" artificial harbor on the coast of Normandy during World War Two, but was never put to use.

It was also developed that Short, as the vessel's commanding officer, was not permitted into the garbage holds, since he did not hold a sanitary-disposal clearance, as required by the U. S. Public Health Service. These areas of the barge were under the direction of Lieutenant (j. g.) Emerson Furlong, a 1966 Naval Academy graduate.

When it became evident that Spoleti intended to board his barge, by force, if necessary, Lieutenant Commander Short said his first thought was for the safety of his crew and cargo. Scuttling the barge was impossible, since all the plugs that required opening were rusted fast, as well as being under several hundred tons of garbage. Earlier, when the Passaic was undergoing a refit for sanitary-disposal duty, he had requested that the plugs be freed, but the commander of the Fifth Naval District, Rear Admiral Hugo Schmidt, had declined the request on grounds of economy. A further consideration, Lieutenant Commander Short told the court, was the danger of water pollution.

"If I had scuttled," he declared, "I would have sent hundreds of tons of garbage floating toward the beaches of Long Island. But I couldn't even scuttle."

Why, the court then asked, did he not radio for assistance?

This query brought out the fact that the only radio equipment aboard the Passaic was an eight-transistor radio belonging to Seaman Second Class Udell Smith, capable of receiving but unable to transmit signals. For normal signaling purposes, the Passaic carried a heliograph mounted abaft the deckhouse; and since the day of the incident under investigation had been foggy, the heliograph had been inoperable.

It was at this point in the proceedings that the court's law officer reminded Lieutenant Commander Short that he might be in violation of naval regulations and that his testimony might be used in the event of a court-martial. Lieutenant Commander Short then indicated his willingness to continue his testimony.

"The motor cruiser carrying Spoleti, as well as the tug, was very close aboard, and Spoleti was offering bribes to my crew if they'd jump overboard. A ship's captain is the father of his crew, and I couldn't go on permitting my men's morals to be corrupted. It was at this point that I decided to surrender."

With the surrender, Spoleti took possession of the Passaic, setting Short, Lieutenant Furlong and Seaman Second Class Smith (the barge's entire complement) adrift in a life raft. Through his lawyers, Spoleti told the court that he had intended to tow the Passaic back to Toms River and break it up but that halfway to its destination it sprang a leak and sank. The Navy conceded that it had discovered the Passaic's loss only when Seaman Second Class Smith failed to turn up to receive his pay check.

"That Commander Short and his crew were adrift for 130 days without food or water does not relieve the commanding officer of his responsibility to report the loss of his ship immediately to the chief of operations," Vice-Admiral Limpert declared at this juncture. "A note in a bottle would have sufficed in the circumstances." Advised that there was no bottle aboard the life raft, Vice-Admiral Limpert said that this gave strong indication of a lack of proper inspection and general carelessness of procedure. He also noted that despite the inclemency of the weather, Navy emergency rules require that an effort should have been made to transmit a distress signal by means of the heliograph or, failing that, semaphore flags.

To this, Lieutenant Commander Short replied that the Passaic's semaphore flags had been eaten by moths while the barge had been moth-balled, and that a request for replacement had been denied "on the grounds that the efficiency of the semaphore system had been downgraded by obsolescence and minimal short-range visibility."

Testifying under oath, Giovanni Spoleti told the five admirals composing the

"Listen, mister! When you call this country a violent country, you'd better be ready to back it up!"

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

The luck of the Scotch.

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court that he had been the victim of "intolerable provocation."

"How long," he asked, "can a professional scrap dealer like myself put up with the sight of all that valuable junk doing nothing but haul garbage? I was doing the Navy a favor, just taking that floating wreck off their hands."

The question was then asked: Did Lieutenant Commander Short offer any armed resistance when Spoleti and his party began the boarding operation?

"They was throwing rotten tomatoes right up until the end, also grapefruit rinds and banana peels," Spoleti replied.

This exchange brought out the fact that the Passaic's sole armament was a BB gun belonging to Seaman Second Class Smith, who was in the habit of amusing himself by attempting to control the rat population in the bilge. Further questioning established that at the time of the incident under investigation, Smith had run out of pellets and his BB gun was, in consequence, functionally useless.

Throughout the proceedings, Lieutenant Commander Short's wife, Anne, sat dry-eyed, betraying her emotions only by an occasional gasp as the details of her husband's 130-day ordeal aboard the life raft—caught in a flat calm just three miles off Asbury Park, New Jersey—were described. Even when the court's findings were announced—findings that will probably mean the end of his naval career—Short retained his imperturbable calm. A "mustang," in naval parlance, Short won his commission from the ranks.

In view of his relative inexperience, Vice-Admiral Limpert said, Naval Academy graduate Furlong was fully cleared of any accusations of dereliction of duty.

The court concluded with a recommendation that Seaman Second Class Smith be given a dishonorable discharge for his failure to provide an adequate supply of BB pellets for his gun.

"It seems to defeat the whole idea of our conjugal visiting program."

THE HUMAN ZOO

(continued from page 124)

police, are so specialized and professional at their task that only a general uprising of the whole populace would be strong enough to beat them. In extreme cases, a despot will employ a further, even more specialized class of suppressors (such as secret police), whose job it is to suppress the ordinary suppressors if they happen to get out of line. By clever manipulation and administration, it is possible to run an aggressive system of this kind in such a way that only the leader knows enough of what is happening to be able to control it. Everyone else is in a state of confusion unless they have orders from above and, in this way, the modern despot can hold the reigns and dominate effectively.

4. *If a challenge involves brain rather than brawn, you must be able to outwit your subordinates.* The baboon boss must be cunning, quick and intelligent as well as strong and aggressive. This is, obviously, even more important for a human leader. In cases where there is a system of inherited leadership, the stupid individual is quickly deposed or becomes the mere figurehead and pawn of the true leaders.

Today the problems are so complex that the modern leader is forced to surround himself with intellectual specialists; but despite this, he cannot escape the demands of quick-wittedness. It is he who must make the final decisions and make them sharply and clearly, without faltering. This is such a vital quality in leadership that it is more important to make a firm, unhesitating decision than it is to make the *right* one. Many a powerful leader has survived occasional wrong decisions made with style and forcefulness, but few have survived hesitant indecisiveness. The golden rule of leadership here, which in a rational age is an unpleasant one to accept, is that it is the manner in which you do something that really counts, rather than what you do. It is a sad truth that a leader who does the wrong things in the right way will, up to a certain point, gain greater allegiance and enjoy more success than one who does the right things in the wrong way. The progress of civilization has repeatedly suffered as a result of this. Lucky, indeed, is the society whose leader does the right things and, at the same time, obeys the ten golden rules of dominance; lucky—and rare, too. There appears to be a sinister, more-than-chance relationship between great leadership and aberrant policies.

It seems as if one of the curses of the immense complexity of the supertribal condition is that it is almost impossible to make sharp, clear-cut decisions, concerning major issues, on a rational basis. The evidence available is so complicated, so diverse and frequently so contradictory

that any reasonable, rational decision is bound to involve undue hesitancy. The great supertribal leader cannot enjoy the luxury of ponderous restraint and "further examination of the facts" so typical of the great academic. The biological nature of his role as a dominant animal forces him to make a snap decision or lose face.

The danger is obvious: The situation inevitably favors, as great leaders, rather abnormal individuals, fired by some kind of obsessive fanaticism, who will be prepared to cut through the mass of conflicting evidence that the supertribal condition throws up. This is one of the prices that the biological tribesman must pay for becoming an artificial supertribesman. The only solution is to find a brilliant, rational, balanced, deep-thinking brain housed in a glamorous, flamboyant, self-assertive, colorful personality. Contradictory? Yes. Impossible? Perhaps, but there is a glimmer of hope in the fact that the very size of the supertribe, which causes the problem in the first place, also offers literally millions of potential candidates.

5. *You must suppress squabbles that break out among your subordinates.* If a baboon leader sees an unruly squabble taking place, he is likely to interfere and suppress it, even though it does not in any way constitute a direct threat to himself. It gives him another opportunity of displaying his dominance and, at the same time, helps to maintain order inside the group. Interference of this kind from the dominant animal is directed particularly at squabbling juveniles and helps to instill in them, at an early age, the idea of a powerful leader in their midst.

The equivalent of this behavior for the human leader is the control and administration of the laws of his group. The rulers of the earlier and smaller supertribes were powerfully active in this respect, but there has been increasing delegation of these duties in modern times, due to the increasing weight of other burdens that relate more directly to the status of the leader. Nevertheless, a squabbling community is an inefficient one and some degree of control and influence has to be retained.

6. *You must reward your immediate subordinates by permitting them to enjoy the benefits of their high ranks.* The subdominant baboons, although they are the leader's worst rivals, are also of great help to him in times of threat from outside the group. Further, if they are too strongly suppressed, they may gang up on him and depose him. They therefore enjoy privileges that the weaker members of the group cannot share. They have more freedom of action and are permitted to stay closer to the dominant animal than are the junior males.

Any human leader who has failed to obey this rule has soon found himself in

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difficulties. He needs more help from his subdominants and is in greater danger of a "palace revolt" than his baboon equivalent. So much more can go on behind his back. The system of rewarding the subdominants requires brilliant expertise. The wrong sort of reward gives too much power to a serious rival. The snag is that a true leader cannot enjoy true friendship. True friendship can only be fully expressed between members of roughly the same status level. A partial friendship can, of course, occur between a dominant and a subordinate, at any level, but it is always marred by the difference in rank. No matter how well-meaning the partners in such a friendship may be, condescension and flattery inevitably creep in to cloud the relationship. The leader, at the very peak of the social pyramid, is, in the full sense of the word, permanently friendless. And his partial friends are perhaps more partial than he likes to think. As I said, the giving of favors requires an expert hand.

7. *You must protect the weaker members of the group from undue persecution.* Females with young tend to cluster around the dominant male baboon. He meets any attack on these females or on unprotected infants with a savage onslaught. As a defender of the weak, he is ensuring the survival of the future adults of the group. Human leaders have increasingly extended their protection of the weak to include also the old, the sick and the disabled. This is because efficient rulers not only need to defend the growing children, who will one day swell the ranks of their followers, but also need to reduce the anxieties of the active adults, all of whom are threatened with eventual senility, sudden sickness or possible disability. With most people, the urge to give aid in such cases is a natural development of their biologically cooperative nature. But for the leaders, it is also a question of making people work more efficiently by taking a serious weight off their minds.

8. *You must make decisions concerning the social activities of your group.* When the baboon leader decides to move, the whole group moves. When he rests, the group rests. When he feeds, the group feeds. Direct control of this kind is, of course, lost to the leader of a human supertribe, but he can nevertheless play a vital role in encouraging the more abstract directions his group takes. He may foster the sciences or push toward a greater military emphasis. As with the other golden rules of leadership, it is important for him to exercise this one even when it does not appear to be strictly necessary. Even if a society is cruising happily along on a set and satisfactory course, it is vital for him to change that course in certain ways in order to make his impact felt. It is not enough simply to alter it as a reaction to something that is going wrong. He must spontaneously, of his own volition, insist on new lines of development, or he will be considered weak and colorless. If he has no ready-made preferences and enthusiasms, he must invent them. If he is seen to have what appear to be strong convictions on certain matters, he will be taken more seriously on *all* matters. Many modern leaders seem to overlook this and their political platforms are desperately lacking in originality. If they win the battle for leadership, it is not because they are more inspiring than their rivals but simply because they are less uninspiring.

9. *You must reassure your extreme subordinates from time to time.* If a dominant baboon wishes to approach a subordinate peacefully, it may have difficulty doing so, because its close proximity is inevitably threatening. It can overcome this by performing a reassurance display. This consists of a very gentle approach, with no sudden or harsh movements, accompanied by facial expressions (called lip smacking) that are typical of friendly subordinates. This helps to calm the fears of the weaker animal and the dominant one can then come near.

Human leaders, who may be characteristically tough and unsmiling with their immediate subordinates, frequently adopt an attitude of friendly submissiveness when coming into personal contact with their extreme subordinates. Toward them they offer a front of exaggerated courtesy, smiling, waving, shaking hands interminably and even fondling babies. But the smiles soon fade as they turn away and disappear back inside their ruthless world of power.

10. *You must take the initiative in repelling threats or attacks arising from outside your group.* It is always the dominant baboon that is in the forefront of the defense against an attack from an external enemy. He plays the major role as the protector of the group. For the baboon, the enemy is usually a dangerous member of another species; but for the human leader, it takes the form of a rival group of the same species. At such moments, his leadership is put to a severe test; but, in a sense, it is less severe than during times of peace. The external threat has such a powerful cohesive effect on the members of the threatened group that the leader's task is in many ways made easier. It takes a remarkably inefficient leader to bungle it. Of course, he has to have an enemy who is capable of being painted in sufficiently villainous colors, or he is likely to be in trouble. The disgusting horrors of war only become converted into glorious battles when the threat from outside is really serious, or can be made to seem so. Then the more daring and reckless the leader is, the more fervently he seems to be protecting the group, who, caught up in the emotional fray, never dare question his actions (as they would in peacetime), no matter how irrational these actions may be. Carried along on the grotesque tidal wave of enthusiasm that war churns up, the strong leader comes into his own. With the greatest of ease, he can persuade the members of his group, deeply conditioned as they are to consider the killing of another human being as the most hideous crime known, to commit this same action as an act of honor and heroism. He can hardly put a foot wrong; but if he does, the news of his blunder can always be suppressed as bad for national morale. Should it become public, it can still be put down to bad luck rather than bad judgment. Bearing all this in mind, it is little wonder that, in times of peace, leaders are prone to invent, or at least to magnify, threats from foreign powers that they can then cast in the role of potential enemies. A little added cohesion goes a long way.

These, then, are the patterns of power. I should make it clear that I am not implying that the dominant baboon/human ruler comparison should be taken as meaning that we evolved from baboons, or that our dominance behavior evolved from theirs. It is true that we shared a common ancestor with baboons, way back in our evolutionary history, but that is not the point. The point is that baboons, like our early human forebears, have moved out of the lush forest environment into the tougher world of the open country, where tighter group control is necessary. Forest-living monkeys and apes have a much looser social system; their leaders are under less pressure. The dominant baboon has a more significant role to play and I selected him as an example for this reason. The value of the baboon/human comparison lies in the way it reveals the very basic nature of human dominance patterns. The striking parallels that exist enable us to view the human power game with a fresh eye and see it for what it is: a fundamental piece of animal behavior. But we must leave the baboons to their simpler tasks and take a closer look at the complications of the human situation.

For the modern human leader, there are clearly difficulties in performing his dominant role efficiently. The grotesquely inflated power that he wields means that there is the ever-present danger that only an individual with an equally grotesquely inflated ego will successfully be able to hold the supertribal reigns. Also, the immense pressures will easily push him into initiating acts of violence, an all-too-natural response to the strains of superstatus. Furthermore, the absurd complexity of his task is bound to absorb him to such an extent that it inevitably makes him remote from the ordinary problems of his followers. A good tribal leader knows exactly what is happening

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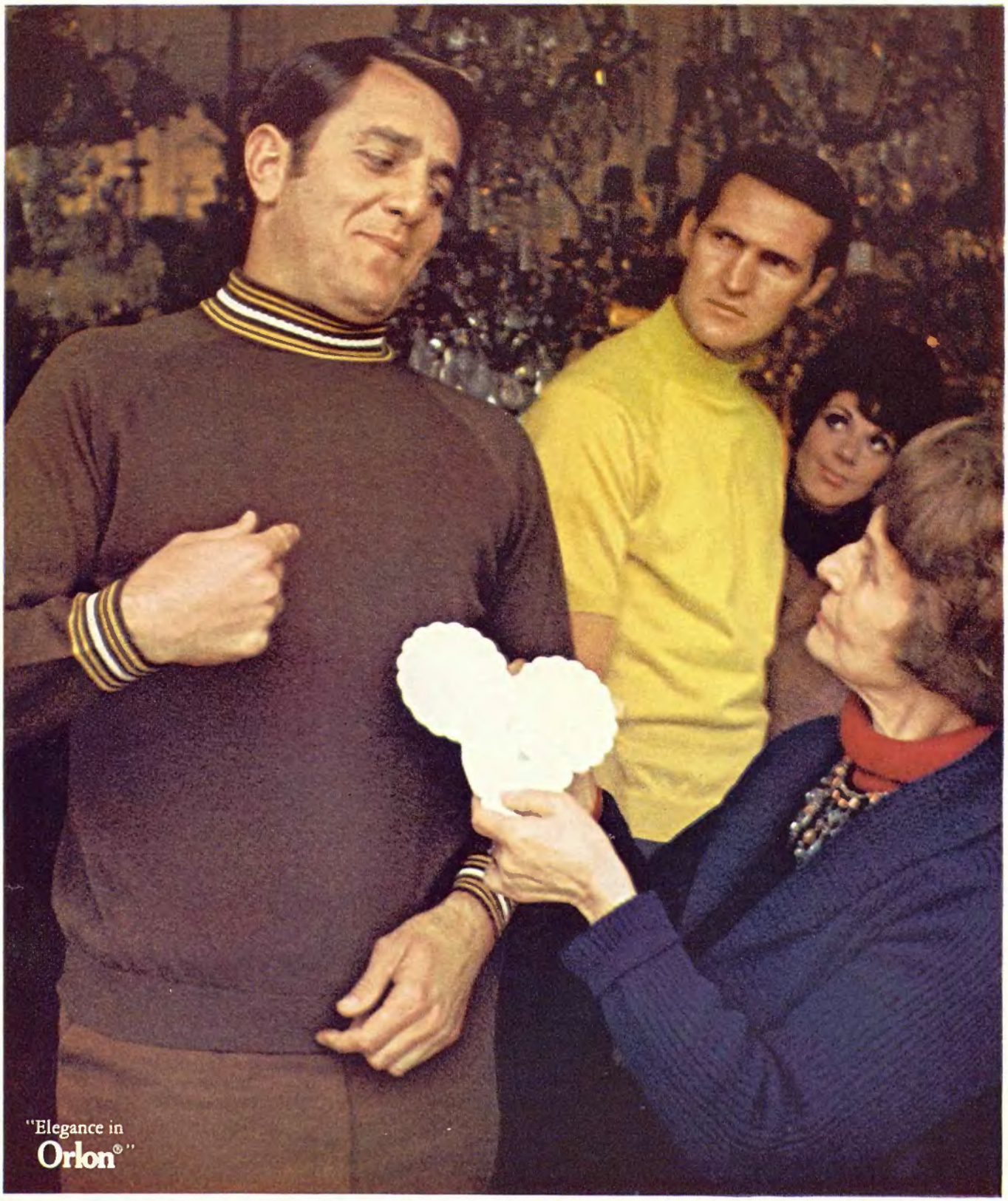

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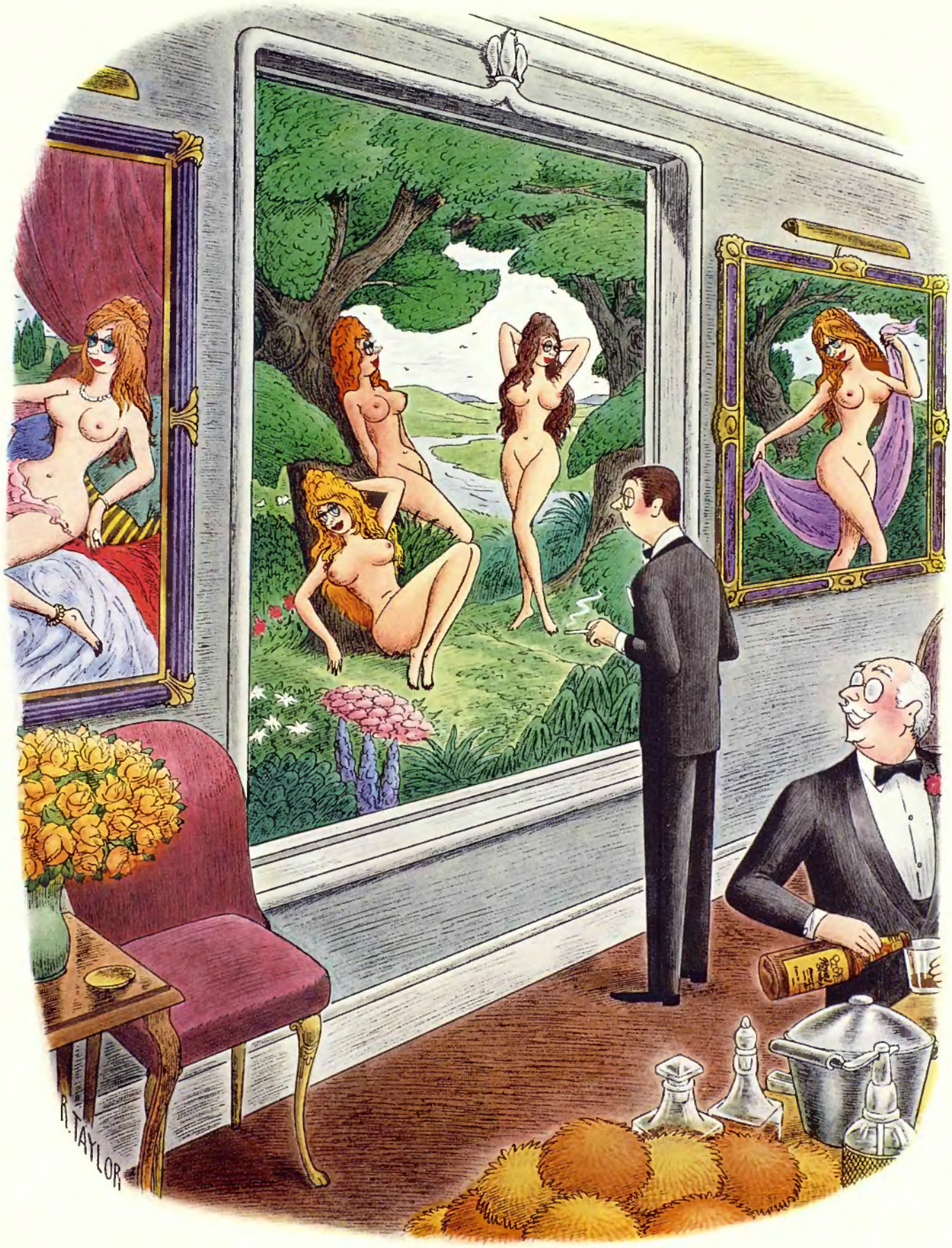

"No, that's not a painting—it's a window. Why?"

in every corner of his group. A supertribal leader, hopelessly isolated by his lofty position of superstatus and totally preoccupied by the machinery of power, rapidly becomes cut off.

It has been said that to be a successful leader in the modern world a man has to be prepared to make major decisions with a minimum of information. This is a frightening way to run a supertribe, and yet it happens all the time. There is too much information available for any one individual to assimilate and, in addition, there is a great deal more, hidden in the supertribal labyrinth, that can never be made available. A rational solution would be to do away with the powerful leader-figure, to relegate him to the ancient, tribal past where he belonged, and to replace him with a computer-fed organization of interdependent, specialized experts.

Something approaching such an organization already exists, of course; and in England, any civil servant will tell you without hesitation that it is the civil service that really runs the country. To emphasize his point, he will inform you that when Parliament is in session his work is seriously hampered; only during Parliamentary recesses can serious progress be made. All this is very logical, but unfortunately it is not "bio-logical," and the country he claims to be running happens to be made up of biological specimens—the supertribesmen. True, a supertribe needs supercontrol; and if it is too much for one man, it might seem reasonable to solve the problem by converting a power figure into a power organization. This does not, however, satisfy the biological demands of the followers. They may be able to reason supertribally, but their feelings are still tribal and they will continue to demand a real leader in the form of an identifiable, solitary individual. It is a fundamental pattern of their species and there is no avoiding it. Institutions and computers may be valuable servants to the masters, but they can never themselves become masters (science-fiction stories notwithstanding). A diffuse organization, a faceless machine, lacks the essential properties: It cannot inspire and it cannot be deposed. The single dominant human is therefore doomed to struggle on, behaving publicly like a tribal leader, with panache and assurance, while in private he grabbles laboriously with the almost impossible tasks of supertribal control.

Despite the great burdens of present-day leadership and despite the daunting fact that an ambitious male member of a modern supertribe has a chance smaller than one in a million of becoming the dominant individual of his group, there has been no observable lessening of desire to achieve high status. The urge to climb the social ladder is too ancient, too deeply ingrained to be weakened by a rational assessment of the new situation.

Throughout the length and breadth of our massive communities there are, then, hundreds of thousands of frustrated would-be leaders with no real hope of leading. What happens to their thwarted ladder climbing? Where does all the energy go? They can, of course, give up and drop out, but this is a depressing condition. The flaw in the social dropout's solution is that he does not really drop out at all. He stays put and pours scorn on the rat-race that surrounds him. This unhappy state is avoided by the great majority of the supertribesmen by the simple device of competing for leadership in specialized subgroups of the supertribe. For some, this is easier than for others. A competitive profession or craft automatically provides its own social hierarchy. But even here the odds against achieving true leadership may be too great. This gives rise to the almost arbitrary invention of new subgroups where competition may prove more rewarding. All kinds of extraordinary cults are set up, everything from canary breeding and train spotting to UFO watching and body building. In each case, the overt nature of the activity is comparatively unimportant. What is important is the fact that the pursuit provides a new social hierarchy where one did not exist before. Inside it, a whole range of rules and procedures is rapidly developed, committees are formed and—most important of all—leaders emerge. A champion canary breeder or bodybuilder would have little chance of enjoying the heady fruits of dominance, were it not for his involvement in his specialized subgroup.

In this way, the would-be leader can fight back against the depressingly heavy social blanket that falls over him as he struggles to rise in his massive supertribe. The majority of all sports, pastimes, hobbies and good works have as their principal function, not their specifically avowed aims, but the much more basic aim of follow the leader and beat him if you can. However, this is a description and not a criticism. In fact, the situation would be much more grave if this multitude of harmless subgroups, or pseudo tribes, did not exist. They funnel off a great deal of the frustrated ladder climbing that might otherwise cause considerable havoc.

I have said that the nature of these activities is of little significance, but, nevertheless, it is intriguing to notice, in passing, how many of the various sports and hobbies involve an element of ritualized aggression, over and above simple competitiveness. To take a single example: The act of taking aim is, in origin, a typically aggressive pattern of coordination. It reappears suitably transformed in a whole range of pastimes, including bowling, billiards, darts, table tennis, croquet, archery, squash, netball, cricket, tennis, football, hockey, polo, shooting and spearfishing. In children's toys and fairgrounds, it abounds. In a slightly heavier disguise, it accounts for a great deal of the appeal of amateur photography, where we *shoot* film, *capture* on celluloid, take snap*shots*, and use cameras/pistols, rolls of film/bullets, cameras, with long telescopic lenses/rifles, and cinecameras/machine guns. However, although these symbolic equations may be helpful, they are by no means essential. Matchbox-top collecting will do almost as well, providing, of course, you can make contact with suitable rivals, similarly preoccupied, whose matchbox-top collections you can then seek to dominate.

The setting up of specialist subgroups is not the only solution to the superstatus dilemma. Localized geographical pseudo tribes also exist. Each village, town, city and county within a supertribe develops its own regional hierarchy, providing further substitutes for thwarted supertribal leadership.

On a smaller scale yet, each individual has his own closely knit social circle of personal acquaintances. The list of noncommercial names that appears in his private phone book or address book gives a good indication of the extent of this kind of pseudo tribe. It is particularly important because, as in a true tribe, all its members are personally known to him. Unlike a true tribe, however, all the members are not necessarily known to one another. The social groups overlap and interlock with one another in a complex network. For each individual, however, his social pseudo tribe provides one more sphere in which he can assert himself and express his leadership.

Another major supertribal pattern that has helped to split the group up without destroying it has been the setting up of a system of social classes. These have existed in much the same basic form from the times of the earliest civilizations: an upper or ruling class, a middle class comprising merchants and specialists, and a lower class of peasants and laborers. Subdivisions have appeared as the groups have swollen and the details have varied, but the principle has remained the same.

The recognition of distinct classes has made it possible for members of classes below the top one to strive for a more realistic dominance status at their particular class level. Belonging to a class is much more than a mere question of money. A man at the top of his social class may earn more than a man at the bottom of the class above. The rewards of being dominant at his own level may be such that he has no wish to abandon his class tribe. Overlaps of this sort indicate just how strongly tribal the classes can become.

The class-tribe system of splitting up the supertribe has, however, suffered serious setbacks in recent years. As the

(continued on page 210)

ON THE SCENE

O. C. SMITH *gentle soul*

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING, but Ocie Lee Smith—an artist of restraint in an age of abandon and a jazz-based vocalist in a time when jazz is supposedly fading out of earshot—has emerged without question, at 33, as one of the world's premier pop singers. Since his reflective recording of the country-and-western ballad *Little Green Apples* defied Newton's law and sped to the top of the charts a year ago—earning him two Grammy nominations and a hefty pile of green—Smith's singles and LPs have been consistent winners in both the U. S. and Britain; he's also enjoyed a steady succession of lucrative gigs and TV appearances. Yet the unassuming, elusive Smith is a stranger to most of his fans. Born in a small Louisiana town, he grew up in Los Angeles with his mother, a music teacher who turned him on to Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. O. C. honed his vocal style during an Army stint in Alaska, then crashed the Catskill club circuit. Three years with Count Basie enabled him to visit Europe and the West Indies but didn't bring him fame—nor a recording contract. After two more seasons of touring the States (and the Orient) on his own, the much-traveled troubadour resettled in L. A., where he finally caught the attention of Columbia Records. It seemed a singular stroke of bad luck when Frank Sinatra eclipsed O. C.'s first release, *That's Life*, with his own version of the song; but the Smith rendition—and a subsequent "live" LP with a small jazz combo—made the *cognoscenti* aware that a new soulmeister had appeared. Currently ensconced in a modest house in Beverly Hills, Smith plans to continue recording with varied formats and to extend his career by acting, either in films or in Broadway musicals. We've no doubts that O. C. can handle dramatic dialog with the same quiet conviction he invests in a lyric.

MARTIN GARBUS *defending the defenseless*

IN THE CASE OF *King vs. Smith*, Martin Garbus argued before the Supreme Court last year that welfare benefits should no longer be denied to children whose mothers are cohabiting with men not obligated to support the family. His powerful presentation of the case convinced the high Court to strike down this substitute-father rule, not only in Alabama, where the appeal began, but in 18 other states and the District of Columbia. "The states can no longer penalize children for the alleged transgressions of the mother," says Garbus, attorney and director-counsel of the Roger Baldwin Foundation of the American Civil Liberties Union. Having represented such clients as Lenny Bruce, Timothy Leary, Cesar Chavez and the Students for a Democratic Society, Garbus considers himself a "movement" lawyer, deeply committed to the preservation of individual freedoms and the defense of those he calls the disinherited. Born 34 years ago in the Bronx, he attended the High School of Science there and later studied economics at Hunter College and Columbia University. After earning a law degree from New York University, he established a successful personal-injury and criminal-law practice, which he left in 1966 for a post as codirector of Columbia's Center on Social Welfare Policy and Law. Now, with the Baldwin Foundation as his base of operations, he is involved in the process of upheaval that is shaking the nation. "America is changing," says Garbus, "and movements like the ones being waged by Chavez and the SDS are responsible for those changes." What he hopes to see emerge from this period of conflict, among other things, is a guaranteed annual income for all Americans and the restoration of the university's purely educational functions. But wherever progress can be made, Garbus is sure to be there—from the vineyards of California to the ghettos of Harlem.

RON COBB *visions of apocalypse*

THOUGH HIS BLACK-HUMOR CARTOONS have appeared weekly for the past five years in the underground *Los Angeles Free Press*, Ron Cobb has transcended its subterranean confines: His work is now carried in over 60 college newspapers and a number of establishment dailies as well. Divorcing himself from specific political personalities and issues, Cobb creates apocalyptic pictorial parables—timeless commentaries on our most pressing contemporary crises. He sketches a hirsute Samson, chained to the temple, suffering the insults of the rabble. "Fag! Long-hair freak!" they shout, failing to see that this archetypal rebel is about to pull down the most stable of their institutions. In one of his most bitterly cynical anti-war cartoons, an American flag is catching fire from the flaming corpse of a Vietnamese. Influenced by Doré and Goya, Cobb began seriously to explore this prophetic medium in 1964, during his "late beatnik, early hippie" phase, employing the artistic skills he'd nurtured through his introverted, misanthropic high school days in Burbank. Following graduation, he helped animate *Sleeping Beauty* for Walt Disney, served three years in the Army and then, after a successful showing of his paintings and drawings at the Encore Theater in Los Angeles, began his weekly contributions to the *Free Press*. Now, at 32, Cobb has collected two anthologies of his anti-political cartoons—*RCD-25* and *Mah Fellow Americans*—and is preparing a third, *Raw Sewage*, to deal with the pollution of our environment. His myriad plans range from film making and playwrighting to illustrating a guidebook that will indicate points of historical interest in the post-nuclear rubble of Los Angeles. "I try to come up with things that don't exist yet," Cobb explains. With both feet planted firmly in the future, it's likely that he'll continue to do so.

THE HUMAN ZOO

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supertribes grew to even bigger proportions and technologies became more and more complex, so the standard of mass education had to be raised to keep pace with the situation. Education, combined with improvements in mass communication and especially the pressures of mass advertising, led to a major breakdown in class barriers. The comforts of knowing your own station in life were replaced by the exciting and increasingly real possibilities of exceeding that station. Despite this, the old class-tribe system kept on fighting back and is still doing so. We can see the outward signs of this running battle very clearly today in the ever-increasing speed of fashion cycles. New styles of clothing, furniture, decoration, music and art replace one another more and more quickly. It is often suggested that this is the result of commercial interests and pressures, but this is not so. It would be just as easy, easier in fact, to go on selling new variations of old themes rather than introducing new themes. But new themes are continually demanded because the old ones permeate so rapidly downward through the social system. The quicker they reach the lower strata, the quicker they must be replaced by something new and exclusive at the top. History has never before witnessed such an incredible turnover in styles and tastes. The result, of course, is a major loss of pseudo-tribal identity provided by the old, rigid social-class system.

Replacing this loss to some extent is a new supertribal-splitting system that has recently reared its head. Age classes are emerging. A widening gap has appeared between what we must now call a young-adult pseudo tribe and an old-adult pseudo tribe. The former possesses its own customs and its own dominance system that are increasingly distinct from those of the latter. The entirely new phenomenon of powerful teenage idols and student leaders has heralded a major new pseudo-tribal division. Desultory attempts on the part of the old-adult pseudo tribe to encompass the new group have met with very limited success. The piling of old-adult honors on the heads of young-adult leaders, or the tolerant acceptance of the extremes of young-adult fashions and styles, has only led to further rebellious excesses. (If Cannabis smoking is ever legalized and widely adopted, for example, an immediate replacement will be required, just as alcohol had to be replaced by Cannabis itself.) When these excesses reach a point that the old adults cannot engulf, or refuse to copy, then the young adults can rest easy for a while. Safely flying their new pseudo-tribal flags, they can enjoy the satisfactions of their new pseudo-tribal independence and their more manageable, self-contained dominance system.

The sobering lesson to be learned from all this is that the ancient biological need of the human species for a distinct tribal identity is a powerful force that cannot be subdued. As fast as one supertribal split is invisibly mended, another one appears. Well-meaning authorities talk airily about hopes for a global society. They see clearly the technical possibility of such a development, given the marvels of modern communication, but they stubbornly overlook the biological difficulties.

A pessimistic view? Certainly not. The prospects will remain gloomy only as long as there is a failure to come to terms with the biological demands of the species. Theoretically there is no good reason why small groupings, satisfying the requirements of tribal identity, should not be constructively interrelated inside thriving supertribes that, in turn, constructively interact to form a massive, global megatribe. Failures to date have largely been due to attempts to *suppress* the existing differences among the various groups, rather than to improve the nature of these differences by converting them into more rewarding and peaceful forms of competitive social interaction. Attempts to iron out the whole world into one great expanse of uniform monotony are doomed to disaster. This applies at all levels, from breakaway nations to tear-away gangs. When the sense of social identity is threatened, it fights back. The fact that it has to fight for its existence means, at the least, social upheaval and, at the worst, bloodshed.

• • •

Where, exactly, does he stand, the modern status seeker? First, he has his personal friends and acquaintances. Together they form his social pseudo tribe. Second, he has his local community—his regional pseudo tribe. Third, he has his specializations: his profession, craft or employment and his pastimes, hobbies or sports. They make up his specialist pseudo tribes. Fourth, he has the remnants of a class tribe and a new age tribe.

Put together, these subgroupings provide him with a much greater chance of achieving some sort of dominance and of satisfying his basic status urge than if he were simply a tiny unit in a homogeneous mass—a human ant crawling about in a gigantic, supertribal anthill. So far, so good; but there are snags.

To begin with, the dominance achieved in a limited subgroup is itself limited. It may be real, but it is only a partial solution. It is impossible to ignore the fact that there are bigger things going on all around. Being a big fish in a little pond cannot blot out dreams of a bigger pond. In the past, this was not such a problem, because the rigid class system, ruthlessly applied, kept everyone in his place. This may have been very neat, but it could all too easily lead to supertribal stagnation. Individuals with minor talents were well served, but many of those with greater talents were held back, frittering their energies away on strictly limited goals. It was possible for a potential genius from the lower class to stand less chance than a raging idiot from the upper class.

The rigid class structure had its value as a splitting device, but it was a grotesquely wasteful system and it is not surprising that it eventually succumbed. Its ghost goes marching on, but it has largely been replaced today by a much more efficient meritocracy, in which each individual is theoretically able to find his optimum level. Once there, he can consolidate his social identity by means of the various pseudo-tribal groupings.

This meritocratic system provides an exciting format, but there is another side to it. With excitement goes strain. An essential feature of a meritocracy is that, although it avoids waste of talent, it also opens up a clear channel from the very bottom to the very top of the enormous supertribal community. If any small boy can, on his personal merits, eventually become the greatest of leaders, then for every one who succeeds, there will be vast numbers of failures. These failures can no longer put the blame on the external forces of the wicked class system. They must place it firmly where it belongs, on their own personal shortcomings.

It seems, therefore, that any large-scale, lively, progressive supertribe must inevitably contain a high proportion of intensely frustrated status seekers. The dumb contentment of a rigid, stagnant society is replaced by the feverish longings and anxieties of a mobile, developing one. How do the struggling status seekers react to this situation? The answer is that, if they cannot get to the top, they do their best to create the illusion of being less subordinate than they really are. To understand this, it will help at this point to take a sidelong glance at the world of insects.

Many kinds of insects are poisonous and larger animals learn to avoid them. It is in the interest of these insects to show a warning flag of some kind. The typical wasp, for example, carries a conspicuous color pattern of black and yellow bands on its body. This is so distinctive that it is easy for a predatory animal to remember it. After a few unfortunate experiences it quickly learns to avoid insects bearing this pattern. Other, unrelated, poisonous insect species may also carry a similar pattern. They become members of what is called a warning club.

The important point for us, in the present context, is that some *harmless* species of insects have cashed in on this system by developing color patterns similar to those of the poisonous

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members of the warning club. Certain innocuous flies, for instance, display black and yellow bands on their bodies that mimic the color patterns of the wasps. By becoming fake members of the warning club, they reap the benefits without having to possess any real poison. The killers dare not attack them, even though they would, in reality, make a pleasant meal.

We can use this insect example as a crude analogy to help us understand what has happened to the human status seeker. All we have to do is to substitute the possession of dominance for the possession of poison. Truly dominant individuals will display their high status in many visible ways. They will wave their dominance flags in the form of the clothes they wear, the houses they live in, the way they travel, talk, entertain and eat. By wearing the social badges of the "dominance club," they make their lofty status immediately obvious, both to subordinates and to one another, so that they do not have to constantly reassert their dominance in a more direct way. Like the poisonous insects, they do not have to keep on stinging their enemies; they only have to wave the flag that says they could if they wanted to.

It follows, naturally enough, that harmless subordinates can join the dominance club and enjoy its benefits if they can display the same flags. If, like the black-and-yellow flies, they can mimic the black-and-yellow wasps, they can at least create the illusion of dominance.

Dominance mimicry has, in fact, become a major preoccupation of the supertribal status seekers, and it deserves close examination. First, a distinction between a status symbol and a dominance mimic: A status symbol is an outward sign of the true level of social dominance you have attained. A dominance mimic is an outward sign of the level of dominance you would like to attain, but have not yet reached. In terms of material objects, a status symbol is something you can afford; a dominance mimic is something you cannot quite afford but buy all the same. Dominance mimics therefore frequently involve making major sacrifices in other directions, whereas true status symbols do not.

Earlier societies, with their more rigid class structures, did not give so much scope for dominance mimicry. As I have already pointed out, people were much more content to know their station. But the upgrading urge is a powerful force and there were always exceptions, no matter how rigid the class structure. The dominant individuals, seeing their position weakened by imitation, reacted harshly. They introduced strict regulations and even laws to curb the mimicry.

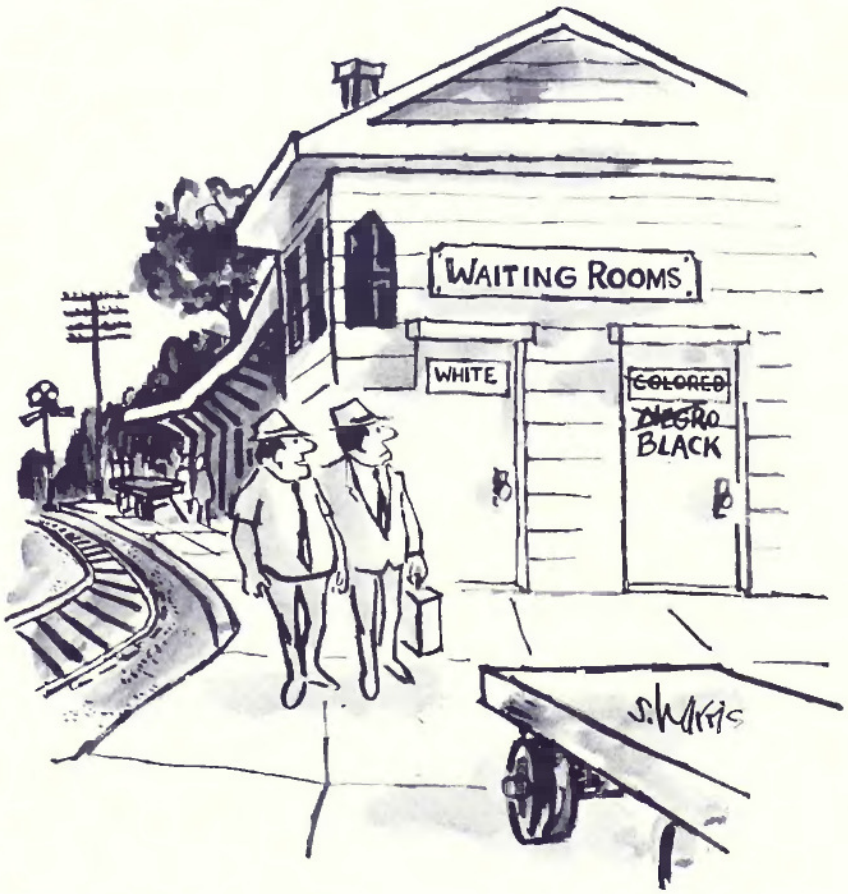
The various rules of costume give a good example. In England, the law of the Westminster Parliament of 1363 was concerned chiefly with regulating the fashion of dress in the different social classes, so important had this subject become. In Renaissance Germany, a woman who dressed above her station was liable to have a heavy wooden collar locked around her neck. In India, strict rules were introduced relating the way you folded your turban to your particular caste. In the England of Henry VIII, no woman whose husband could not afford to maintain a light horse for the king's service was allowed to wear velvet bonnets or golden chains. In America, in early New England, a woman was forbidden to wear a silk scarf unless her husband was worth $1000. The examples are endless.

Today, with the breakdown of the class structure, these laws have become severely curtailed. They are now limited to a few special categories such as medals, titles and regalia, which are still illegal, or at least socially unacceptable, to adopt without the appropriate status. In general, however, the dominant individual is far less protected against the practices of dominance mimicry than he once was.

He has retaliated with ingenuity. Accepting the fact that lower-status individuals are determined to copy him, he has responded by making available cheap, mass-produced imitations of high-status goods. The bait is tempting and has been eagerly swallowed. An example will explain how the trap works:

High-status wife wears a diamond necklace. Low-status wife wears a bead necklace. Both necklaces are well made; the beads are inexpensive, but they are gay and attractive and make no pretense to be anything other than what they are. Unfortunately, they have low-status value and the low-status wife wants something more. There is no law or social edict preventing her from wearing a diamond necklace. By working hard, saving every penny and eventually spending more than she can afford, she may be able to acquire a necklace of small, but real diamonds. If she takes this step, adorning her neck with a dominance mimic, she starts to become a threat to the high-status wife. The difference in their status displays becomes blurred. High-status husband therefore puts on the market necklaces of large, fake diamonds. They are inexpensive and superficially so attractive that the low-status wife abandons her struggle for real diamonds and settles for the fake ones, instead. The trap is sprung. True dominance mimicry has been averted.

On the surface, this is not apparent.



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The low-status wife, sporting her flashy fake necklace, *seems* to be mimicking her dominant rival; but this is an illusion. The point is that the fake necklace is too good to be true, when judged against her general way of life. It fools no one and therefore fails to act as an aid in raising her status.

It is surprising that the trick works so well and so often, but it does. It has infiltrated many spheres of life and has not been without its repercussions. It has destroyed a great deal of genuine but overtly low-status art and craft. Native folk art has been replaced by cheap reproductions of the great masters; folk music has been replaced by the gramophone record; peasant craftsmanship has been replaced by mass-produced plastic imitations of more expensive goods.

Folklore societies have been rapidly formed to collectively bewail this trend, but the damage has already been done. At best, all they can achieve is to act as folk-culture taxidermists. Once the status race was opened up from the bottom to the top of society, there was no turning back. If, as I suggested earlier, society is repeatedly going to rebel against the dreary uniformity of this new monotony, then it will do so by giving birth to new cultural patterns rather than by propping up old, dead ones.

For the really serious status climber, however, there is no rebellion. Nor, for him, do the cheap fakes provide a satisfactory answer. He sees them for what they are, a clever sidetrack, a mere fantasy version of true dominance mimicry. For him, the dominance mimics must be genuine articles and he must always go one step further than he can afford, when purchasing them, in order to give the impression that he is slightly more socially dominant than he, in fact, is. Only then does he stand a chance of getting away with it.

For safety's sake, he tends to concentrate on areas where cheap fakes are out of the question. If he can afford a small motorcar, he buys a medium-sized one; if he can afford a medium-sized one, he buys a large one; if he can afford a single large one, he buys a second car as a runabout; if large cars become too common, he buys a small but wildly expensive foreign sports car; if large rear lights become the fashion, he buys the latest model with even bigger ones. The one thing he does not do is buy a row of life-sized, cardboard models of Rolls-Royces and display them outside his garage. There are no fake diamonds in the world of the status-climbing fanatic.

Motorcars are a single example, and an important one because they are so public; but the ardent status struggler cannot stop there. He must extend himself and his bank balance in all directions if he is to paint a convincing picture for his higher-status rivals. The whole rental, mortgage and overdraft system depends for its survival on this expression of the powerful upgrading urge in terms of dominance mimics.

Unhappily, the extravagant trappings of the unrelenting status seeker acquire such an importance that they appear to be more than they are. They are, after all, only mimics of dominance, not dominance itself. True dominance, true social status, is related to the possession of power and influence over supertribal subordinates, not the possession of a second color-television set. Of course, if you can easily afford a second color-television set, then it is a natural reflection of your status and acts as a true status symbol. A second color-television set, when you can just afford only the first one, is a different matter. It may help to impress the members of the social level above you that you are ready to join them, but it in no way *ensures* that you will do so. All your rivals, at your own level, will be busily installing their own second color-television sets with the same idea in mind; but it is the fundamental law of the hierarchy that only a few from your level will make the grade to the one above. They, the lucky ones, can justifiably hang wreaths around their second color-television sets. Their dominance mimics worked the trick. All the rest, the power failures, must sit there, surrounded by the expensive clutter of the dominance mimics that have suddenly revealed themselves for what they are: illusions of grandeur. The realization that although they are valuable aids to successful dominance ladder climbing, they do not actually guarantee it, is a bitter pill to swallow.

The damage caused by the exaggerated pursuit of dominance mimicry can be enormous. It not only leads to a condition of depressing disillusionment for the less successful status seekers, it also demands such great efforts of the supertribesman that he may have little time or energy for anything else.

The male status seeker who indulges in an excess of dominance mimicry is driven to neglect his family. This forces his mate to take over the masculine parental role in the home. Taking such a step provides a psychologically damaging atmosphere for the children, which can easily warp their own sexual identities when they mature. All that the young child will see is that its father has lost his leading role inside the family. The fact that he has sacrificed it to a struggle for dominance outside, in the larger sphere of the supertribe, will mean little or nothing in the child's brain. If it matures with anything remotely approaching a state of mental health, it will be surprising. Even the older child, who comes to understand the supertribal status race and boasts about his father's status achievements, will find them small compensation for the absence of an active paternal influence. Despite his mounting status in the outside world, the father can become a family joke.

It is very bewildering for our struggling supertribesman. He has obeyed all the rules, but something has gone wrong. The superstatus demands of the human zoo are cruel, indeed. Either he fails and becomes disillusioned, or he succeeds and loses control of his family. Worse yet, he can work so hard that he loses control of his family and *still* fail.

This brings us to another and more violent way in which certain members of the supertribe can react to the frustrations of the dominance struggle. Students of animal behavior refer to it as the redirection of aggression. At the best of times, it is an unpleasant phenomenon; at worst, it is literally lethal. One can see it very clearly when two rival animals meet. Each wants to attack the other and each is afraid to do so. If the aroused aggression cannot find an outlet against the frightening opponent who caused it, then it will find expression elsewhere. A scapegoat is sought—a milder, less intimidating individual, and the pent up anger is vented in his direction. He has done nothing to warrant it. His only crime was to be weaker and less frightening than the original opponent.

In the status race, it frequently occurs that a subordinate dare not express his anger openly toward a dominant. Too much is at stake. He has to redirect it elsewhere. It may land on his unfortunate children, his wife or his dog. In former times, the flanks of his horse also suffered; today, it is the gearbox of his car. He may have the luxury of staff subordinates of his own that he can lash with his tongue. If he has inhibitions in all these directions, there is always one person left: himself. He can give himself ulcers.

In extreme cases, when everything seems utterly hopeless, he can increase his self-inflicted aggression to the maximum: He can kill himself. (Zoo animals have been known to inflict serious mutilations on themselves, biting their flesh to the bone when unable to get at their enemies through the bars, but suicide seems to be a uniquely human activity.) Views concerning the main causes of suicide have differed widely, but hardly anyone denies that redirected aggression is a major factor. One authority went as far as to claim that: "Nobody kills himself unless he also wants to kill others or at least wishes some other person to die." This is, perhaps, slightly overstating the case. A man who kills himself because of the pain of an incurable disease scarcely falls into this category. It would be fanciful to suggest that he wants to kill the doctor who has failed to cure him. What he wants is release from pain. But redirection of aggression does seem to account for a large number of cases. Here are some of the facts that support this idea:

"OK, team—here's the opening kickoff . . . !"

There is a higher suicide rate in big towns and cities than in rural areas. In other words, where the status race is hottest, the suicide rate is highest. There are more male suicides than female suicides, but the females are catching up fast. In other words, the sex that is most involved in the status race has the highest suicide rate; and now that females are becoming increasingly emancipated and joining in the race more, they are sharing its hazards. There is a higher rate of suicide during periods of economic crisis. In other words, when the status race gets into difficulties at the top, there is an increase of redirected aggression down the hierarchy, with disastrous results.

There is a lower rate of suicide during times of war. The suicide curves for the present century show two huge dips during the periods of the two world wars. In other words, why kill yourself if you can kill someone else? It is the inhibitions about killing the people who are dominating and frustrating the potential suicide that force him to redirect his violence. He has the choice of killing a less daunting scapegoat, or himself. In peacetime, inhibitions about killing make him turn most often toward himself; but during wartime, he is ordered to kill and the suicide rate goes down.

The relationship between suicide and murder is a close one. To a certain extent, they are two sides of the same coin. Countries with a high murder rate tend to have a low suicide rate and vice versa. It is as if there is just so much intense aggression to be let loose, and if it does not take the one form, it will take the other. Which way it goes will depend on how inhibited a particular community is about committing murder. If the inhibitions are weak, then the suicide rate goes down. It is similar to the wartime situation, wherein inhibitions against killing are actively and purposely reduced.

By and large, however, our modern supertribes are remarkably inhibited where acts of murder are concerned. It is difficult for the majority of us who have never had to toss the murder/suicide coin to appreciate the conflict, although in theory, it seems biologically more unnatural to kill oneself rather than someone else. Despite this, the figures go the other way. In Britain during recent times, the yearly suicide figures have hovered around the 5000 mark, while the yearly (detected) murders have kept below the 200 level. What is more, if we look at these murders, we find something unexpected. Most of us gain our ideas about murder from newspaper reports and detective novels, but newspapers and thriller writers tend to concentrate on murders that will sell copies of papers and books. In reality, the most common form of homicide is an unglamorous and squalid little family affair in which the victim is a close relative. There were 172 murders in Britain in 1967 and 81 of these were of this type. Furthermore, in 51 cases, the murderer followed his act of homicide by committing suicide. Many of these latter cases are of the kind where a man, driven to turn his frustrated aggression onto himself, first kills his loved ones and then himself. Often, it appears that he cannot bear to leave them behind to suffer from the mess he has made, and so dispatches them first. Students of murder have discovered that an interesting change may then come over the killer. If he does not finish the job off and add his own corpse quickly to the rest, he is likely to experience such an enormous relief from tension that he suddenly finds he no longer wants to kill himself. Society dominated and frustrated him to the point where he was ready to take his own life, but now the slaying of his family consummates his revenge on society so effectively that his depression lifts and he feels released. This leaves him in a difficult situation. There are bodies lying about and all the signs that he has committed a multiple murder, when, in fact, it was only part of a desperate suicide. Such are the nightmare extremes of redirected aggression.

Most of us, happily, do not reach such extremes. Our families may experience nothing more than our arrival home occasionally in a disgruntled mood. Many supertribesmen can find an outlet by watching other people kill villains on television or at the cinema. It is significant that in strongly subordinated or suppressed communities, the local cinemas show a remarkably high proportion of films of violence. In fact, it can be argued that the thrills of fictional violence have an appeal that is directly proportional to the degree of dominance frustration that is being experienced in real life.

Since all the large supertribes, by their very size, involve extensive dominance frustration, the prevalence of fictional violence is widespread. To prove the point, it is only necessary to compare the international sales of books by authors of violent fiction with those of other writers. In a recent survey of the all-time best sellers in the world of fiction, the name of one author who specializes in extremes of violence appeared seven times in the top 20, with a total score of over 34,000,000 copies sold. In the world of television, the picture is much the same. A detailed analysis of transmissions in the New York area in 1954 revealed that there were no less than 6800 aggressive incidents in a single week.

Clearly, there is a powerful urge to watch other people being subjected to the most extreme forms of domination. Whether this acts as a valuable and harmless outlet for suppressed aggression is a hotly debated point. As with dominance mimicry, the cause of violence watching is obvious, but the value is open to question.

The action of redirecting aggression has often been referred to as the ". . . and the office boy kicked the cat" phenomenon. This implies that only the lowest members of a hierarchy will turn their blocked anger onto an animal. Unhappily for animals, this is not the case; and animal-protection societies have the figures to prove it. Cruelty to animals has provided a major outlet for redirected aggression from the times of the earliest civilizations right up to the present day; and it has not been confined to the lowest levels in the social hierarchy. From the slaughters of the Roman amphitheaters to the bearbaiting of the Middle Ages and the bullfighting of modern times, the infliction of pain and death on animals has undeniably had a mass appeal for members of supertribal communities. It is true that ever since our early ancestors turned to hunting as a method of survival, man has inflicted pain and death on other animal species; but the motives were different in prehistoric times. In the strict sense, there was no cruelty then, the definition of cruelty being "taking delight in another's pain."

In supertribal times we have killed animals for four reasons: to obtain food, clothing and other materials; to exterminate pests and vermin; to further scientific knowledge; and to experience the pleasure of killing. The first and second of these reasons we share with our early hunting ancestors, the third and fourth are novelties of the supertribal condition. It is the fourth that concerns us here. The others may, of course, involve elements of cruelty, but it is not their primary function.

The history of deliberate cruelty to other species has taken a strange course. The early hunter had a kinship with animals. He respected them. So, rather naturally, did the early farming peoples. But the moment that urban populations began to develop, large groups of human beings became cut off from direct contact with animals and the respect was lost. As civilizations grew, so did man's arrogance. He shut his eyes to the fact that he was just as much an animal as any other species. A great gulf appeared: Now only *he* had a soul and other animals did not. They were no more than brute beasts put on earth for his pleasure. With the spreading influence of the Christian religion, animals were in for a rough passage. We need not go into the details, but it is worth noting that as late as the middle of the 19th Century, Pope Pius IX refused permission for the opening of an animal-protection office in Rome on the grounds that man owed duties to his fellow men but none to the lower animals. Later in the same century, a Jesuit lecturer wrote: "Brute beasts, not having understanding and therefore not being persons, cannot have any rights. . . . We have, then, no duties of charity nor

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duties of any kind to the lower animals, as neither to sticks and stones."

Many Christians were beginning to have doubts about this attitude, but it was not until Darwin's theory of evolution began to have a major impact on human thought that man and the animals came closer together again. The reacceptance of man's affinity with animals, that had been so natural to the early hunters, led to a second era of respect. As a result, our attitude toward deliberate cruelty to animals has been changing rapidly during the past hundred years: but despite increasingly powerful disapproval, the phenomenon is still very much with us. Public displays are rare, but private savageries persist. We may respect animals today, but they are still our subordinates and, as such, are highly vulnerable objects for the unloading of redirected aggression.

Next to animals, children are the most vulnerable subordinates and, despite greater inhibitions here, they too are subjected to a great deal of redirected violence. The viciousness with which animals, children and other helpless subordinates are subjected to persecution is a measure of the weight of the dominance pressures imposed on the persecutors.

Even in war, where killing is glorified, this mechanism can be seen in operation. Sergeants and other N. C. O.s frequently dominate their men with extreme ruthlessness, not merely to produce discipline but also to arouse hatred, with the deliberate intention of seeing this hatred redirected at the enemy in battle.

Looking back, we can see now how the unnaturally heavy weight of dominance from above, that is an inevitable characteristic of the supertribal condition, has taken its toll. The abnormality of the situation for the human animal, who only a few thousand years ago was a simple tribal hunter, has produced patterns of behavior that, by animal standards, are also abnormal: the exaggerated preoccupation with dominance mimicry; the excitement of watching acts of violence; the deliberate cruelty toward animals, children and other extreme subordinates; the acts of murder and, if all else fails, the acts of self-cruelty and self-destruction. Our supertribesman, neglecting his family to drag himself one more rung up the social ladder, gloating over the brutalities in his books and films, kicking his dogs, beating his children, persecuting his underlings, torturing his victims, killing his enemies, giving himself stress diseases and blowing his brains out, is not a pretty sight. He has often boasted about being unique in the animal world and, on this score, he certainly is.

It is true that other species also indulge in intense status struggles, and that the attaining of dominance is often a time-consuming element in their social lives. In their natural habitats, however, wild animals never carry such behavior to the extreme limits observable in the modern human condition. As I said at the outset, only in the cramped quarters of zoo cages do we find anything approaching the human state. If, in captivity, a group of animals is assembled that is too numerous for the species concerned and they are packed too tightly together, then, with an inadequate cage environment, serious trouble will develop. Persecutions, mutilations and killings will occur. Neuroses will appear. Parents will cannibalize their young. But even the most ignorant and stupid of zoo directors would never contemplate crowding and cramping a group of animals to the extent that man has crowded and cramped himself in his modern cities and towns. *That* level of abnormal grouping, the director would predict with confidence, would cause a complete fragmentation and collapse of the normal social pattern of the animal species concerned. He would be astonished at the folly of suggesting that he should attempt such an arrangement with, say, his monkeys, his carnivores or his rodents. Yet mankind does this willingly to himself; he struggles under just these conditions and somehow manages to survive. By all the rules, the human zoo should be a screaming madhouse by now, disintegrating into complete social confusion. Cynics might argue that this is, indeed, the case, but plainly it is not. The trend toward denser living, far from abating, is ever gaining momentum. The various kinds of behavior disorders I have outlined are startling, not so much for their existence as for their rarity in relation to the population sizes involved. Remarkably few of the struggling supertribesmen succumb to the extreme forms of action I have discussed. For every desperate status seeker, home wrecker, murderer, suicide, persecutor or ulcer nurser, there are hundreds of men and women who not only survive but thrive under the extraordinary conditions of the supertribal assemblages. This, more than anything else, is the truly astonishing testimony to the enormous tenacity, resilience and ingenuity of our species.

"The crew is in excellent health and seems to be suffering no ill effects, with the exception of Commander Fenwick, who reports that he is hornier than a hoot owl!"

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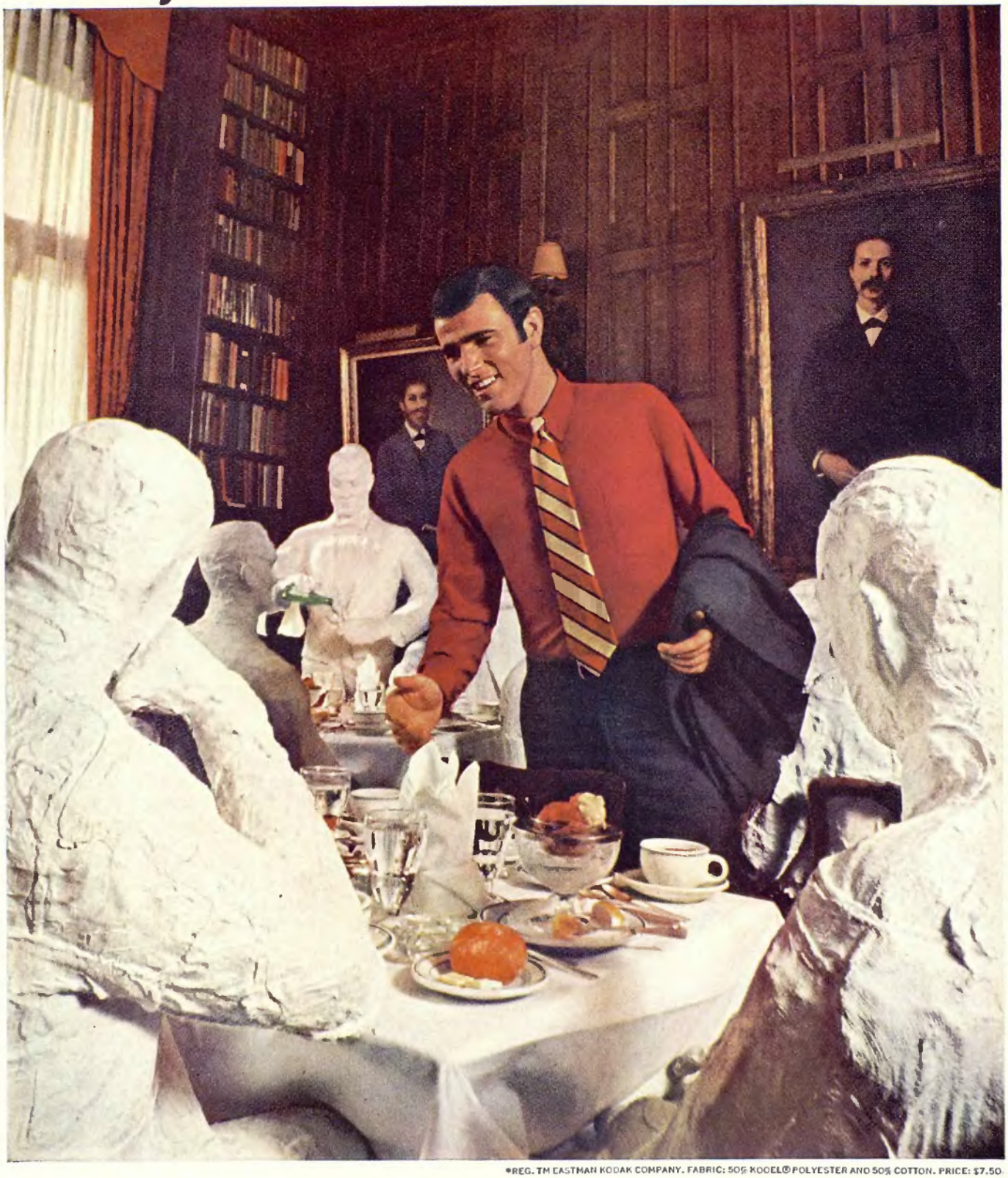

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The people who unstuffed the shirt

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card—Page 61.

CLOSE-UP: 5 SCHOOLS *(continued from page 198)*

partners) again indicate that the sexual double standard is a thing of the past at the West Coast school, whereas it is an ongoing institution in the South.

Those students who affirmed having had sexual intercourse in an earlier question also were asked, "How many different sexual partners have you had intercourse with?" The following percentages for both men and women were obtained:

San Francisco State

	WOMEN	MEN
1	28%	25%
2	12%	8%
3	10%	8%
4	8%	17%
5	10%	9%
6	4%	8%
7	4%	0
8 or more	24%	25%

Brown/Pembroke

	WOMEN	MEN
1	66%	27%
2	11%	28%
3	12%	3%
4	11%	3%
5	0	8%
6	0	3%
7	0	0
8 or more	0	28%

Bryn Mawr

	WOMEN
1	39%
2	17%
3	8%
4	7%
5	4%
6	3%
7	3%
8 or more	19%

University of Illinois

	WOMEN	MEN
1	58%	30%
2	16%	30%
3	6%	7%
4	7%	5%
5	13%	4%
6	0	4%
7	0	8%
8 or more	0	12%

University of Alabama

	WOMEN	MEN
1	46%	0
2	16%	13%
3	15%	6%
4	0	27%
5	15%	7%
6	8%	0
7	0	0
8 or more	0	47%

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR: ORAL-GENITAL CONTACTS

Oral-genital activity carries a traditionally high social stigma. In his study of the human female, Dr. Kinsey wrote that oral-genital activities "are the last of the petting techniques to be accepted by males or females, for there are males as well as females who consider such activities biologically abnormal and perverse." The Kinsey data generally indicate low incidence of oral-genital activity; for example, only 15.5 percent of the college men surveyed had had oral contact with female genitals. The PLAYBOY survey, on the other hand, showed a significant amount of oral-genital activity among both men and women with the exception of the coeds at Alabama. The figure for Bryn Mawr (48 percent) is extraordinary because it is slightly higher than the percentage of girls there who had sexual intercourse during the same time period. The figures for the women at Pembroke, San Francisco State and Illinois supported a liberalizing trend, as do those for the men at all schools. However, the figures for Alabama again indicated a vast difference between the behavior patterns of men and women there: 48 percent of the men, as against 9 percent of the women, have had oral-genital contacts. These figures confirm a consistent trend of high male but low female sexual activity at Alabama. It is an obvious speculation that the men at Alabama are not sexually involved with the women at that school, and are far more likely to be engaging in sex with off-campus townies and prostitutes than are the male students at the other schools surveyed.

We asked the students whether or not they had engaged in oral-genital contacts during the past school year. The following percentages of men and women answered yes.

WOMEN

San Francisco State	41%
Pembroke	37%
Bryn Mawr	48%
University of Illinois	22%
University of Alabama	9%

MEN

San Francisco State	53%
Brown	51%
University of Illinois	46%
University of Alabama	48%

SEXUAL ATTITUDES: RESPECT

Contrary to the behavior questions, which placed San Francisco State on the sexual frontier, with Bryn Mawr and Brown/Pembroke slightly behind and all three a goodly distance from Illinois and Alabama, there was surprising unanimity on this question of sexual mores.

When asked if they thought that a girl would lose the respect of a boy with whom she went to bed before she married him, the following percentage of all the girls queried answered no.

San Francisco State	87%
Pembroke	84%
Bryn Mawr	88%
University of Illinois	82%
University of Alabama	56%

Although the 56 percent of Alabama girls who were not afraid of losing respect is low when compared with the high affirmative response of girls on the other campuses, it indicates that the new morality—with its emphasis on motives rather than actions—has made substantial inroads in the female attitudes on this campus. The question is: Will future behavior conform to these new attitudes?

SEXUAL ATTITUDES: LOVE

The response to the previous question strongly indicates that sex, when related to courtship, is quite permissible among today's college women. Consistent with that response, a majority of the girls reject sex when love is removed from the relationship.

The women students were asked if they thought it was permissible for a girl to have intercourse with someone she did not love. The following percentages (notably lower than for the question above) of all girls queried answered yes.

San Francisco State	39%
Pembroke	44%
Bryn Mawr	35%
University of Illinois	16%
University of Alabama	12%

SEXUAL ATTITUDES: FIDELITY

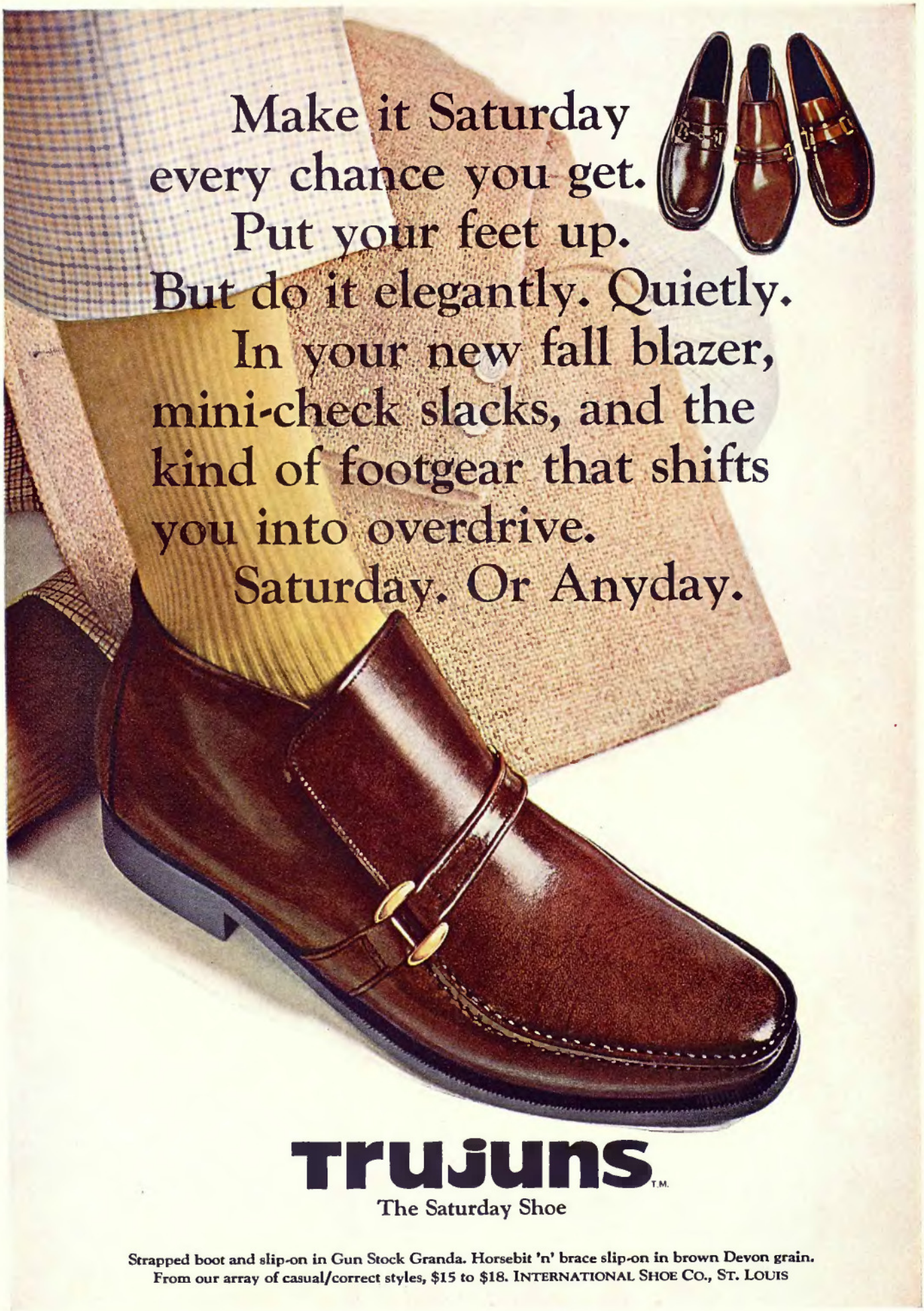
Though they are much more permissive than their mothers were, the girls of this college generation hold almost unanimously to the traditional romantic ideal of the right man for the right woman.

When asked if they thought it was possible for a woman to be satisfied with just one man for her entire life, the following percentages of all girls queried answered yes.

San Francisco State	82%
Pembroke	88%
Bryn Mawr	80%
University of Illinois	93%
University of Alabama	93%

SEX AND HAPPINESS

A prevalent attitude expressed in sociological studies of the Thirties and Forties was that women who engaged in premarital intercourse were prone to greater emotional conflicts and underwent more psychological stress than those who remained chaste until marriage. This was attributed to the fact that girls engaging in sex were doing so in conflict with pervasive social and religious values and, therefore, felt lingering guilt and anxiety about their behavior. The following figures show that a large majority of the women who engaged in premarital


Make it Saturday
every chance you get.
Put your feet up.
But do it elegantly. Quietly.
In your new fall blazer,
mini-check slacks, and the
kind of footgear that shifts
you into overdrive.
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sex did not feel beset by anxiety, indicating that attitudes, in this instance, are catching up with behavior.

The following percentages of women students who had engaged in coitus during the past school year described their emotional state as one of contentment.

San Francisco State	76%
Pembroke	89%
Bryn Mawr	81%
University of Illinois	82%
University of Alabama	93%

An even more decisive blow against the belief that unhappiness results from premarital sexual activity was struck by the girls at Bryn Mawr and San Francisco State who had had eight or more lovers. Asked how they would describe themselves, 100 percent of these females at Bryn Mawr and 82 percent of them at San Francisco State, all of whom could be presumed to be quite sexually active, said their prevailing emotional mood was one of happiness.

DATING BEHAVIOR: FREQUENCY

We studied the dating habits of the women students in an attempt to correlate sociability with sexuality. What we found was that frequent dating is at best an unreliable indicator of sexual activity and may even go hand in hand with chastity.

The women students were asked how often during the school year they dated. Those percentages were:

Frequency	San Francisco State	Pembroke
Twice a week or more	19%	50%
Once a week	30%	17%
2 or 3 times a month	24%	22%
Less than once a month	27%	11%

	Bryn Mawr	University of Illinois
Twice a week or more	38%	50%
Once a week	20%	22%
2 or 3 times a month	21%	8%
Less than once a month	21%	20%

	University of Alabama
Twice a week or more	57%
Once a week	18%
2 or 3 times a month	18%
Less than once a month	7%

DATING BEHAVIOR: NUMBER OF PARTNERS

The women students were asked how many persons they had dated since coming to college.

	San Francisco State	Pembroke
1–5	26%	11%
6–10	18%	21%
10–20	26%	48%
20 or more	30%	20%

	Bryn Mawr	University of Illinois
1–5	33%	27%
6–10	27%	20%
10–20	18%	18%
20 or more	22%	35%

	University of Alabama
1–5	11%
6–10	17%
10–20	20%
20 or more	52%

The University of Alabama, where the rate of sexual activity has been shown to be unusually low throughout our survey, indicated a high degree of social activity. That school seemed to demonstrate an inverse relationship between frequent dating and sex relations. This inverse relationship also can be seen at San Francisco State, where the rate of sexual activity was high and the girls generally dated less than at the other schools. The San Francisco State figures seem to show that dating, as a formal institution on that campus, is dying. Pembroke was the only sexually active school that also revealed extensive formal dating.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

We questioned the students about churchgoing, in an attempt to gauge their attitude toward one of society's more traditional institutions.

The students were asked if they had attended church at least once in the past month. The following percentages answered yes.

WOMEN

San Francisco State	36%
Pembroke	58%
Bryn Mawr	32%
University of Illinois	55%
University of Alabama	81%

MEN

San Francisco State	41%
Brown	45%
University of Illinois	41%
University of Alabama	62%

Here, Alabama maintained its position as the bastion of tradition. But more noteworthy is that San Francisco State was the only school where the women attended church less often than the men. It was part of a pattern at that school: The women generally seemed to be less conventional than the men.

SEX AND CHURCH

We had thought there might be a negative correlation between sexual activity and churchgoing, but regional mores proved a more powerful determinant of religious observance than sexual behavior. At Alabama, where churchgoing is generally high, women who had had coitus showed nearly as strong an inclination to attend church as did virginal coeds. Yet at San Francisco State, where churchgoing is rather low, the number of women who had engaged in intercourse was significantly lower than the churchgoing average for that school. The most obvious conclusion to be drawn from these statistics is that churchgoing per se is not a reliable indicator of sexual behavior.

Women who had engaged in intercourse during the past school year were asked if they had attended religious services during the past month. The following percentages answered yes.

San Francisco State	21%
Pembroke	44%
Bryn Mawr	29%
University of Illinois	50%
University of Alabama	78%

POLITICAL SELF-IMAGERY

Although the campuses showed wide divergence in sexual and social behavior and attitudes, there is a preponderance of liberal political self-imagery among the students. Even Alabama mustered over 40 percent of both men and women who would identify themselves as liberal. Also notable is the fact that about as many students testified to being politically indifferent as would consider themselves radical.

The students were asked to rate themselves politically on a scale from very conservative to radical or indifferent. Those percentages were:

San Francisco State

	WOMEN	MEN
Very conservative	1%	0
Moderately conservative	16%	17%
Moderately liberal	41%	36%
Very liberal	32%	42%
Radical	10%	0
Indifferent	0	5%

Brown/Pembroke

	WOMEN	MEN
Very conservative	0	3%
Moderately conservative	11%	18%
Moderately liberal	37%	51%
Very liberal	42%	20%
Radical	5%	5%
Indifferent	5%	3%

Bryn Mawr

	WOMEN
Very conservative	4%
Moderately conservative	16%
Moderately liberal	32%
Very liberal	30%
Radical	8%
Indifferent	10%

University of Illinois

	WOMEN	MEN
Very conservative	0	10%
Moderately conservative	24%	28%
Moderately liberal	58%	42%
Very liberal	10%	13%
Radical	4%	0
Indifferent	4%	7%

University of Alabama

	WOMEN	MEN
Very conservative	8%	0
Moderately conservative	47%	53%
Moderately liberal	39%	33%
Very liberal	3%	9%
Radical	0	0
Indifferent	3%	5%

POLITICAL BEHAVIOR: DEMONSTRATIONS

The low incidence of radicals in the previous tables seems to bear little relation to campus unrest and student demonstrations. Whereas none of the men surveyed at San Francisco State defined themselves as radicals, 59 percent of them have taken part in demonstrations. The single highest percentage in the following tables was registered by the girls at Pembroke, 74 percent of whom have taken part in demonstrations; yet again, only 5 percent of the Pembroke women had defined themselves as radicals. It would seem to the college students, then, that the word liberal has a far more active meaning than it does to their elders. There may also be a definite reluctance on the part of students to identify themselves as extremists, either of the left or the right.

Students were asked, "Have you ever participated in student demonstrations of any kind?" The following percentages answered yes.

WOMEN

San Francisco State	46%
Pembroke	74%
Bryn Mawr	38%
University of Illinois	11%
University of Alabama	4%

MEN

San Francisco State	59%
Brown	55%
University of Illinois	19%
University of Alabama	14%

SEX AND POLITICS

It is widely believed among college men that politically active girls are more sexually active than less involved girls. In testing this belief, we found that girls who had engaged in intercourse were, indeed, more likely than virgin coeds to take part in political demonstrations. At San Francisco State, Illinois and Alabama, the coeds with sexual experience were more than twice as likely to be politically active as were virgins.

Of the women students who had engaged in intercourse during the past school year, the following percentages had taken part in a student demonstration.

San Francisco State	55%
Pembroke	89%
Bryn Mawr	53%
University of Illinois	18%
University of Alabama	7%

Virgin coeds were asked if they had taken part in a student demonstration. The following percentages answered yes.

San Francisco State	24%
Pembroke	50%
Bryn Mawr	23%
University of Illinois	7%
University of Alabama	3%

MARIJUANA

Pot smoking, perhaps because it is an illegal activity, seems to be one of the most significant rites of the young generation in its conflict with the old; and our survey showed a definite correlation among sex, political activism and grass. Just as San Francisco State, Brown/Pembroke and Bryn Mawr showed high proportions of students who had engaged in sexual intercourse and political demonstrations, those schools were the only ones where a significant number of students smoked marijuana. One anomalous comparison was the extraordinary difference between the high percentage of women who smoked pot at San Francisco State and the relatively low percentage of men. We have already noted the demise of the sexual double standard at that school, but these figures may further suggest that the women at San Francisco State are socially far more adventurous than the men. This is quite the opposite case at the more conservative schools (Alabama and Illinois), where the women showed a strong aversion to marijuana while the men seemed to be somewhat less cautious.

We asked the students if they had smoked marijuana and intended to continue doing so. The following percentages answered yes.

WOMEN

San Francisco State	42%
Pembroke	37%
Bryn Mawr	34%
University of Illinois	2%
University of Alabama	2%

MEN

San Francisco State	17%
Brown	41%
University of Illinois	9%
University of Alabama	14%

CONCLUSIONS

Brown/Pembroke reflects the liberated but not promiscuous attitudes and behavior that are traditionally associated with exclusive liberal-arts colleges. Bryn Mawr is somewhat further along the permissiveness scale and shows a definite inclination toward increased casual sex. Illinois is cautious by comparison with both Eastern schools and, in some areas (oral-genital contacts, marijuana smoking), reflects a thorough conservatism. Alabama seems almost to be functioning in another time: the double standard flourishes; women are chased but rarely caught; sex is not a proper activity for college-age girls. San Francisco State, on the other hand, may be one of the first schools of the sociosexual avant-garde. It is a school where sex does not necessarily seem to be a part of serious courtship, where the double standard and formal dating have both been dealt body blows and where more women smoke marijuana and take part in political demonstrations than go to church.

Finally, although there are pitfalls to making sweeping conclusions on the basis of limited data, the information in this survey, combined with the findings of other sociologists and observers of the college scene, justifies certain judgments about the nature of the sexual revolution. We've known since the publication of the Kinsey reports that sexual behavior in this country was, in the post–World War One era, more permissive than sexual attitudes. During the 1950s and early 1960s, the latter began rapidly to catch up with the former; it seemed obvious to many observers, however, that it was only a question of time before the liberalized attitudes would spur another move forward in behavior. Apparently, such a move has already begun—resolutely in some places, tentatively in others and not at all in yet others. In spite of the behavioral changes, however, there is no evidence of the unchecked trend toward promiscuity that had been predicted by many conservatives. We would speculate that the rationale for the increased sexual behavior, where it occurs, is provided by the new morality, with its emphasis on the quality of relationships and its deemphasis of inflexible moral yardsticks. As sexual behavior increases, it becomes less of a preoccupation. Sociologist John Gagnon has said: "Sex means less and less to this generation. There's a kind of cooling off of sex as an important organizing tendency in life." At the same time, an increase in morality has accompanied the increase in sexuality; students on the most permissive campuses are the ones who have taken strong moral positions on the most compelling issues of the times: the racial problem, the war in Vietnam, etc.

As for the future of the campus sexual revolution, our guess is that it will continue strongest in those areas hit by the student revolution, weakest on the quiescent campuses, since both revolutions seem to be motivated by similar qualities: respect for individual judgment, rejection of authority for its own sake and elimination of double standards and hypocrisy.

Girls of Australia

(continued from page 181)

her on any but her own terms is to fail to understand her at all.

Of course, even on the surface, she has her distinctive characteristics. The first of these likely to be noticed by the bachelor fresh from Stateside and buffeted in the noontime surge of sun-bleached, cerulean-eyed femininity along Sydney's teeming George Street is her sheer number. No city in the world, New York, Stockholm, Paris and San Francisco included, boasts a higher ratio of really wizard girls per 1000 population. The Australian men tend to be rather blasé about this *embarras du choix*, but visitors usually require acclimatization. The real smasher, the girl you might encounter twice in a lunchtime stroll around Madison Avenue and 52nd Street, is so common here she hardly draws a glance.

Most striking, our man will immediately note, is her figure. The Australian girl has a superb body, at once full bosomed and lissome, firmed and toned by a lifetime of sunshine and swimming. Her superior muscle tone means she reaches form early and keeps her shape well into middle age. The world of dress designing—usually a brier patch of disagreement—evidences surprising unanimity in its opinion that perfect figures are most often unveiled on the girls from down under. Bearing this out, a manufacturer's survey disclosed that the most popular bra size among young Australian women (and presumably young Australian men) is a respectable 34-C; and an investigation by Sydney University physiologists revealed that 57 percent of Australian teenage girls have a waist at least ten inches smaller than their bust or hips.

Besides being chesty, the Australian girl is generally tall, averaging a statuesque five feet, six inches—fully three inches taller than her British cousins and almost an inch up on her girlfriends in the States. As he takes this all in, our discerning man about Sydney might also observe that the influences of sun and surf that combine to produce her standout figure—magnificent bust line, hourglass waist, sculptured stomach, slim hips and firm derrière—breed ankles, calves and bone structure slightly more robust than the wraithlike European standard.

For her compact hips and affluent bosom the bikini was invented: It's her apotheosis and the badge of her uniqueness. Bikinied, you'll find her every sunny weekend from September to May on any of the magnificent beaches that are within an hour's drive for the vast majority of Australians. Even the jaded roué from the Côte d'Azur will concede that more Australian girls wear briefer bikinis, and wear them better, than any other of the world's women. On the yellow sands of Sydney's Bondi Beach—the Riviera of the antipodes—the visitor will encounter acre upon delightful acre of opulently endowed (and generally unescorted) femininity, clad in arrestingly insignificant swimwear whose glorification of form leaves only function to the imagination. And he'll immediately remark that while she is acutely aware of her body's attractiveness, the Australian girl displays it with a peculiar detachment, as if she were pleasing not others but herself, sensuously exposing near-naked skin to the soothing rays of the southern sun.

And what skin it is. A wise diet, the spray of salt water and a benign climate bereft of the extremes that exact their dermatological toll in most northern cities combine to give her the unpowdered, unlotioned complexion usually encountered only in sonnets. Even in winter, she'll be tan—a rich, honeyed caramel, which in the summer deepens to sienna. As a result, cosmetic alchemy is something of a lost art in Australia, where the typical girl needs no more than a hint of light lipstick to set off her full mouth from the radiant color of the flesh surrounding it. Should she attempt to bedaub herself with more devious potions, the result can sometimes be garish.

When she wears clothes, she wears

them well—not with the *haut monde* chicness of Paris or Mayfair but with good sense, taste and an instinctive appreciation of color. Mornings on the lime-and-lemon Sydney harbor ferries, lunchtimes in the formal green elegance of the Domain, Sydney's Central Park, or after five at one of the fashionable cocktail lounges in the Menzies Hotel, our man will find a formidable phalanx of well-groomed young womanhood—stylish without being obtrusive, neat but not dashing, understated but not anonymous. Simple sleeveless shifts, in gay, primary colors, seem best to suit her tanned, self-confident figure. Certainly it needs no further adornment.

• • •

Though it may appear small, dwarfed on the underside of the globe by the enormity of the surrounding Pacific and Indian oceans, the nation the Australian girl inhabits is immense. In general shape and total land area, Australia is comparable with the United States. As with America, it is simply foolish for the tourist to try to take it all in in one vacation.

The continent's vastness gives rise to the myth—perhaps strengthened by the koala-and-kangaroo image with which the Australian girl is sentimentally reluctant to dispense—that her country is predominantly rural. In fact, Australia is the most urbanized nation in the world, with two thirds of its population living in cities of over 100,000. A study of Australia's females is made considerably less fatiguing by the fact that over 80 percent are to be found in the boomerang-shaped coastal crescent bounded by Brisbane and Adelaide, and fully 40 percent of them live in Sydney or Melbourne. If a peripatetic male wished to investigate the choicest of Australia's girls in their natural habitat, he might well undertake a bird-watching expedition through this populous wedge. The trip would not be completely comprehensive, of course; no trip (or account thereof) could be—but it would be eminently enjoyable.

Besides a soupçon of wanderlust, a modicum of loot and a few weeks of time, our man would need passport and visa (the latter can be processed in about 24 hours at the local Australian consulate) and the standard vaccination booklet. Thanks to the jet age, flight times have dwindled to a still-imposing 24 hours from New York to Sydney, 17 from San Francisco. The round-trip tariff from New York is about $1735 first-class and $1246 tourist, for which the traveler may choose from a delectable smorgasbord of exotic stopovers: Hawaii, Tahiti, Pago Pago, Fiji, Nouméa and Auckland.

Once he reaches Australia, a suitable address for his research might be the languid, tropical area of Brisbane—and the Gold Coast resorts around Queensland's Surfers Paradise. Queensland girls, as a rule, are slightly leggier and less full busted than their cousins farther south. Even with a population of 700,000, Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, is hardly more than an oversized bush town; and most of its girls, along with a fair sampling of the rest of Australia's distaff population, find themselves drawn to the Catalina-*cum*-Waikiki atmosphere of the Gold Coast. By Stateside-resort standards, entertainment facilities on the Gold Coast—including the holiday islands along the Great Barrier Reef—are minimal, but the lack is more than compensated by a breathless, year-round whirl of informal beach-and-bungalow get-togethers. Especially during the June-to-August southern winter, the visitor will encounter the tan-breasted, pleasure-seeking surfer girl who is rapidly becoming the international image of Australian beauty. Gold Coast waves are fast, well-formed and easy to catch; so are its girls.

An easy 600 miles down the Pacific Highway, across the Hunter Valley and through industrial Newcastle, brings one to Sydney. A big city by anyone's standards, with a population of over 2,500,000, Sydney owes much of its verve to the schizophrenic diversity of foreign-born inhabitants who have settled there since 1945. Golden Teutonic *Fräuleinwunders* from Berlin; sultry Lorenesque *signorine* from Rome and Naples; provocative demoiselles from Paris and Nice; even darkly mysterious Iron Curtain *émigrés*—each with her distinctive national stamp and an accent straight off the Orient Express—ably populate and staff a kaleidoscope of tiny restaurants and cappuccino cafés all over Sydney. The city probably boasts more foreign-language newspapers than any other in the world, and the New Australian girls lend an *élan* reminiscent of New York in the Twenties.

In addition to the foreign-born, of course, the Manhattan effect lures the native-born from all corners of the continent. From the steaming, half-Asian tropics of Darwin to the dust-reddened shanties of tiny Alice Springs, the girls of Australia stream to Sydney in quest of cultivated companionship, exotic avocations and a cosmopolitan dreamworld of other dimly visualized scintillations.

Despite the spate of newcomers, Sydney's style still owes a tarnished, patrician glitter to the established community of Old Australians, which inherits both influence and pelf from the convicts-turned-land-barons of the early 19th Century. Watching the great-granddaughters of ax murderers and whores contrive to look like British aristocracy over harborside gibsons at the downtown yacht club is one of the palpable pleasures of girl watching in Sydney.

A date with a Sydney girl, old stock or new, will invariably take you to King's Cross—a mile or so from downtown

"It's beautiful theater, but inasmuch as we're opening in November, wouldn't it be better to have the audience undress after intermission?"

Sydney and the few blocks of Australia's 3,000,000 square miles that in any way savor of the cosmopolitan. With its night-swinging drag shows, topless revues, strutting prostitutes, ultrablue night clubs and restaurants in which you can actually order a drink (something of a rarity down under), the Cross is the antipodean response to Soho, Greenwich Village and Pigalle. Of course, you've seen it all before, but as your charming escort is sure to point out, you won't find it anywhere else in Australia, so enjoy.

For *homo solus*, the Cross offers an abundance and variety of accessible females unrivaled in the Southern Hemisphere. In a walk down Macleay Street —through an area allegedly boasting one of the world's highest population densities—the foot-loose bachelor is likely to encounter (and, if fancy please him, to engage): a white-lipped, black-stockinged folknik sipping espresso over her 12-string; a barefoot, bronzed beachnik whose string-mesh frock does little to conceal her superbly carved calves and diminutive bikini; a well-scrubbed legal secretary, primly awaiting adventure over a shandy, consisting of cold beer mixed with lemonade; a black-jeaned university beatnik, hip in the demonology of pop existentialism from astrology to Zen; a gorgeous and intense young Communist detachedly eating an American-style doubleburger as she pores over the galleys of her latest incendiary monograph; and even a few painted professionals, in plastic wigs and Day-Glo stretch pants, forlornly superannuated amid the profusion of amateur competition. Prostitution is discouraged in Australia, less by law than by the edict of a free market; as a result, those who still ply the oldest profession tend to be, literally, the oldest professionals. (In the past two years, however, a new breed of semipros has arisen—younger and considerably more attractive than their washed-out elder sisters. The traveler who is willing to forgo the pleasures of the chase will find these girls any evening, standing in front of their flats on the side streets between King's Cross and central Sydney.)

One of the true delights of King's Cross is its restaurants. Here, in almost impossibly authentic conditions (the waiters may not speak English), you and the girl of your choice can savor anything from Hungarian goulash to Neapolitan *osso buco*. The French Restaurant and Le Trianon are especially favored for fine Gallic cooking, while The Bombay offers top Indian cuisine. For Australian seafoods, try The Contented Sole. Your accompanying wines—especially the lighter varieties, from unfamiliar-sounding houses such as Dalwood, McWilliam's or Lindeman's—are superb. After the repast, you may wish to stroll round Sydney's lovely harbor, whose shores are lined not with industry and its foul wastes but with forests, parks and red-roofed

"When will I see you again?"

homes. Or you may wish to sample the after-hours entertainment, usually American or British, featured at such King's Cross cabarets as the Silver Spade and Les Girls and at the big downtown hotels. (Unfortunately, as in South Africa, many of the imported acts touring Australia are either over the hill or still struggling for recognition.) But whatever diversion you choose, you will soon discover, probably without disappointment, that Australia is a nation early to bed. Public drinking ends at ten and most everything else is closed long before. The happy result is that dates invariably terminate at your pad or hotel over a late-evening aperitif and improvised entertainment *à deux*.

Having seen Sydney, you've seen much of the best of Australia. Farther south and inland is the capital city of Canberra: circular, rational, open and empty, planned with such foresight that it can easily accommodate ten times the people who have so far been induced to live in it, probably because it has little to offer save its grimly bellicose War Memorial and humdrum drone of federal politics. The girls of Canberra are generally very bright, mostly students or daughters of university or government personnel. Like their parents, they raise much red dust in their haste to get away each weekend. During holidays, the best place to meet Canberra girls is King's Cross. If you should decide to stay in the capital for more than a few hours, you'll want to sample such wining, dining and dancing spots as The Pigalle and The Carousel.

Four hundred and fifty air miles southwest of Sydney lies the second city of Melbourne—regular, stratified and occasionally elegant, a slightly tarnished show place of quaint Victoriana. Though the girls of Melbourne closely resemble their Sydney sisters, they tend to be a bit bustier and to dress more conservatively. Melbourne is, appropriately, the capital of the state of Victoria and is generally regarded as the fountainhead of spoilsport do-goodism—wowserism, as it is called—in Australia. Billy Graham joyfully found Melbourne one of the most moral cities it had ever been his pleasure to visit, and Ava Gardner, starring in *On the Beach*, declared it an appropriate setting for a film about the end of the world. Until recently, it was inadvisable for any novice to attempt to secure spirituous potables after teatime in Melbourne (the witching hour is now ten P.M.), and literary censorship in Victoria is still a standing sick joke. As in Victorian England, the superficial prudery of Victorian Australia thinly veils a jet-set night life worthy of *La Dolce Vita*. However, an engraved introduction is all but essential to penetrate the icy isolation of this exclusive society. With an inside friend to open the right doors, you may find yourself charmingly accompanied in the members' pavilion at Flemington for the Melbourne Cup race, and equally well favored for the dazzling, weeklong array of parties that surrounds this Ascotlike affair. Appropriately, The Stagecoach Inn, one of Melbourne's best restaurants, is designed to capture the atmosphere of the country's colonial days.

An overnight boat trip from Melbourne

takes you to Tasmania, a sleepy, green and beautiful little island reminiscent of Old or New England. The local girls—almost exclusively of handsome British and Scottish stock—are overwhelmingly friendly: They rarely see males from across the Bass Strait, let alone from overseas. During the December-to-February summer vacation, the island additionally abounds in mainland girls—mostly students—attracted by holiday fruit-picking jobs, in casual, coed conditions that usually mean all play and very little work.

There's much more to Australia than the coastal crescent, but for girl-watching purposes, the game's not worth the plane trip. Adelaide, in South Australia, is formal and meticulous, even more superficially inhibited than Melbourne, but vibrant with an electric aura of booming technology. Isolated in the far southwest corner is Perth, sunny and relaxed, whose pert, perky girls remind one of the sun-bleached nymphets of Surfers Paradise. There's also Darwin, a perfect setting for a Joseph Conrad novel, and Alice Springs, dry and desolate, both, like Everest, offering inaccessibility as their major attraction. In outback areas, men decidedly outnumber women; and since the combined population of Darwin and Alice is just 26,400, pickings here are slim, indeed.

Since few nations have ethnic origins as homogeneous as Australia's, much can be said about the present girls of Australia by examining their past. Australia is a middle-class country, founded on the large-scale import of the habits, prejudices and eccentricities of what—until the end of World War Two—were overwhelmingly working-class British migrants. These are the Old Australians—as distinguished from the original Australians, who, like the American Indians, are seldom seen and still constitute a great, unsolved national problem; and as distinguished from the New Australians—European migrants who have been arriving at a rate of 66,400 a year since the realities of world war brought Australia abruptly to the awareness that she cannot forever remain an Anglo-Saxon paradise in the Pacific. The New Australians are a source of some irritation to the Old, many of whom, if they care to, can trace their ancestry all the way back to the criminals whom Britain began transporting to Australia after the American Revolution closed her penal colonies in the New World. Its convict origins are a significant and still recent page in Australian history; it was only in 1938 that the last transportee died in an old-men's home in Perth.

The transported convicts were a tough lot to begin with, and the incredibly squalid conditions in which they arrived assured that only the hardiest survived. Since only 20,000 of the 160,000 convicts were females, it's not surprising that many of them fell into prostitution—or embraced it eagerly. As one historian observed: "When, by ill fortune, a woman guilty of a petty misdemeanor, but still retaining some moral standards, found herself aboard one of the earlier convict ships, her chances of reaching her destination undebauched were exceedingly slim. A woman of virtue who managed to retain it deserved canonization."

The arrival of the First Fleet women at Sydney in 1788 signaled a spectacle of license that has no equal in the annals of colonial history—and is certainly a far cry from the Pilgrim piety that christened Colonial America. The journal of surgeon Arthur Bowes of the ship Lady Penrhyn records that "the men got to the women soon after the landing, and the scene of debauchery and riot that ensued during the night might be better conceived than expressed."

Thus the origins of Australia. By the 1820s, the native girls were already developing the characteristics that modern observers still remark in them. While several of the colonies were already cities in the rough, morals still were those of the transport ships. A visiting minister, not given to hyperbole, noted that "almost the whole of the Australian population is living in a state of unblushing concubinage," and a New South Wales government official described his colony as being "little better than an extensive brothel."

Another girl-watching surgeon, Peter Cunningham, observed, in his *Two Years in New South Wales* (written in 1827), that Australian females "grow up tall and slender, like Americans, and are generally remarkable for that Gothic peculiarity of fair hair and blue eyes. They have complexions of reddish yellow and can easily be picked from those born in Britain. They are a fine, interesting race. The young girls are of a mild-tempered, modest disposition, possessing much simplicity of character; and like all children of nature, credulous and easily led into error. They do not commonly appear to class chastity as the very first of virtues, which circumstance arises partly from their never having been tutored by their parents so to consider it, but more especially from never perceiving its violation to retard marriage."

Happily, this attitude still prevails among the girls of Australia, probably in keeping with the widely credited myth that they are far outnumbered by their men. In fact, while the most recent census showed a population of 11,751,000, divided into 49.5 percent women and 50.5 percent men (hardly a significant deviation), it showed that the imbalance is entirely confined to the desolate outback, where a foot-loose bachelor, or any other reasonable person, is hardly likely to find himself. In metropolitan areas, women actually outnumber men by a considerable margin. Moreover, since the average Australian girl marries, in her early 20s, a man four years older than herself, the relatively scarcer males born in the austerity of the Depression are now confronting the teeming, charming minions conceived in the heady affluence of world war. The resulting preponderance of females is clear to anyone willing to accept the evidence of his sense of sight on the crowded noonday streets of Sydney or Melbourne.

The notion of a vast continent bereft of females works to such advantage for

"For heaven's sake, Agnes, I'll be happy to discuss a divorce after the game."

the Australian girl that one suspects she is largely responsible for perpetuating it. Supremely confident in her attractive powers, firm in the belief that mere demography will eventually fling her together with Mr. Right, she does not instinctively assume the predatory crouch that can characterize a girl on the make. She inherits her great-grandmother's distrust for chastity, accepting sex with the same casualness with which she regards the other natural blessings—health, good food and sunshine—in which Australia abounds. Few nations in the world are better equipped to meet—or satiate—the demands of corporeal existence; an aura of languid self-gratification pervades the countryside and its females.

Considering the heady, anti-puritanical elements in Australian history and the strong, positive emphasis its society places on the physical side of life, it seems certain that the Kinsey statistics for American women, at least regarding premarital sex, would be quite conservative if compared with any for Australia. Its per-capita consumption of birth-control pills is the highest in the world. Presumably, a large percentage of the users, probably a majority, is unmarried, since the typical Australian family is a large one and, in a nation whose unspoken motto is "Populate or perish," the economic pressures for birth control among the married are relatively slight. The widespread use of the pill among Australian girls is quite in keeping with their straightforward tendency to regard sex as a pleasant and therapeutic recreational diversion—as gratifying and worth while as an afternoon of mixed doubles or body surfing.

As in Sweden, though perhaps not as extensively, it is becoming increasingly common for an Australian girl and her beau—whether contemplating marriage or just seeking kicks—to set up housekeeping without benefit of clergy, usually with the tacit or overt approval of their parents. And surprisingly common, indeed, is the young thing who cannot leave her mother, yet enjoys such a happy home life that she has no qualms about inviting a date home for the evening to share cordials, coffee and bed—and to enjoy a hearty steak and eggs with Mum and Dad the next day, totally unabashed.

The easygoing Australian girl *appears* to enjoy a position of sexual equality and sexual independence. Her insistence on "shouting" (i.e., buying) you a drink after you've bought her one, her casual mastery of the hail-fellow banter of Australian-rules beer drinking, the nonchalance with which she discusses her past love affairs and the straightforwardness with which she initiates new ones—all seem to support the notion that she has fully entered the world of men. But Australian appearances deceive. In fact, the evidence foreigners have taken as betokening her admission into male society is just a part of the Australian temperament. Like blonde hair, blue eyes and a suntan, it shows itself in the males as well as in the females, and has little bearing on relations between them.

The Australian girl has never struck her men as particularly independent, and they have saved her the risk of identity crisis by setting up a society that spells out quite clearly when she is to be equal and when she can be different. She is completely and in many instances joyously dependent, willing and even eager to sacrifice to the traditional ideal of *Kinder-Küche-Kirche*, secure in her role as a lesser but still essential component in a society fabricated by men for their own glorification.

One of the dominant themes in Australian social history has been a strong, intrasexual loyalty among men, an inheritance from the cell-block isolation of the penal days and the outback desolation of the pastoral era, which has led more than one sociologist to suggest it drowns male sex lives in a subliminatory sea of heavy drinking, aggressive masculinity and loyalty not to mistresses but to mates. And since from the earliest days there was no room in Australia for weak women, the notion of the Victorian heroine, all silks, swoons and smelling salts, was never enshrined. As a consequence, Australia today is an unromantic—even an anti-romantic—country. Australian girls are treated by their own men with a casualness that seems to border on sheer neglect. Except among the very young, public displays of affection are rare. Though the streets of an evening teem with couples, rarely do they exchange the rapturous glances that characterize lovers round the world. The typical relationship between the sexes in Australia strikes foreign observers as a singular combination of Neoplatonism and bondage—based more on mateship and convenience than on emotional or sexual attraction. Bearing this out, Peter Michaels, in his well-written and perceptive guidebook *Australia*, has described it as an "anti-sexy" nation.

To a degree remarkable in a country so progressive in its social institutions, Australian law and custom emphasize sexual inequality and the dependence of woman upon man—attitudes so ingrained that they are rarely questioned or

"No man can serve two masters, Eddie; you'll have to choose between selling pot or selling me."

PLAYBOY MAN ON CAMPUS

PMOC

FASHION APPROVED

1969

For the Playboy Look... shop these

ALABAMA

ANNISTON
Hudson's
The Village Shop
ATHENS
Smith's Men's Wear
AUBURN
Parker's Inc.
BESSEMER
Sokol's
BIRMINGHAM
Budd's
Squire's Shop
The Stag Shop
CULLMAN
Stiefelmeyer's
DECATUR
Wilder's Men's Wear
DOTHAN
Blumberg & Sons
ENTERPRISE
Howard's Store for Men
EUFAULA
Cole's
FLORENCE
Otto Speake Men's Wear
GADSDEN
Budd's—Gadsden Inc.
GEORGIANA
Blackmon's
HUNTSVILLE
Budd's—Patton Rd.
Budd's—Whitesburg
Dunnavant's
JACKSONVILLE
The University Shop
LIVINGSTON
The Hub by Cobb
MONTEVALLO
Zane's Men's Shop
PRICHARD
Paulmont Clothing Co.
SCOTTSBORO
Adams Store
SELMA
Tepper's Inc.

ARKANSAS

CAMDEN
Watts
CONWAY
Ed Camp's
FORT SMITH
Boston Store Men's Shop
Poise n Ivy Shop
JONESBORO
I. Rosens
LITTLE ROCK
Howard Cohn Co.
Crawford Ltd.
Sears, Roebuck & Co.
NEWPORT
Gullic's Men's Store
PRAIRIE GROVE
Crescent Dept. Store, Inc.
RUSSELLVILLE
Cowan-Goodwin Company
SPRINGDALE
Camp's Men's Store
TEXARKANA
Dillard's Moustache

ILLINOIS

ADDISON
Russell's Store for Men
ANTIOCH
Gibbs and Jenssen
ARTHUR
Delbert's Clothing
BELLEVILLE
Deutch's
Imbers Men's Wear
Small's
Union Clothing
BENSENVILLE
The Stag Shop
BERWYN
Pivonka Clothing
BLOOMINGTON
The House of Stewart
Marben's Inc.
CAIRO
E. J. Walder's
CANTON
Beckner's Men's Wear
CARTHAGE
Califf's Clothing Inc.
CHAMPAIGN
Buck's
Karoll-Kaufman—County Fair
Karoll-Kaufman—Main St.
Sholem's
CHARLESTON
Cavins & Bayles on Campus
Hill & Shafer
CHICAGO
Bernard's Men's Wear
Bovenkerk's 44 East Shop
Tom Hynes—Fashion for Men
Karoll's—Golf Mill
Karoll's—Hillside
Karoll's—Kedzie Ave.
Karoll's—State St.
Karoll's—Yorktown
Wolke & Kotler
CHILLICOTHE
Mannering's Men's Wear
CLINTON
Stewart's Toggery
CRYSTAL LAKE
Gunter's Clothing & Tailoring
Tober's Men's Store Inc.
DANVILLE
Sholem's Shoes
DE KALB
The Bull Pen
Jolly's
DECATUR
Harry Appelbaum Store
DES PLAINES
Allen's Store for Men
Spiegler's Dept. Store
DIXON
Hank Henry's Men's Shop
Klines Dept. Store
DOWNERS GROVE
Herbert's Men Shop
EAST MOLINE
Bob Cobert Men's Wear
EAST ST. LOUIS
Modern Dept. Store
ELGIN
Brenner's Clothing for Men
ELMHURST
Mr. Ron's Formal Wear
EVANSTON
Gingiss Formalwear, Inc.
EVERGREEN PARK
Park Men's Shop
FAIRFIELD
Lex B. Tickner Clothing
GALESBURG
O. T. Johnson Co.
Stern & Field
GLENVIEW
Dell's Family Apparel
HARVEY
Karoll's
Mark's Toggery
HOOPSTON
Gary's Men's Wear
KANKAKEE
Plant-Kerger Co.
LA GRANGE
The Male Box
Mr. Floyd's
LA HARPE
La Harpe Clothing Company
LA SALLE
Shea Bros.
The Varsity Shop
LE ROY
The How
LIBERTYVILLE
Langworthy's
MC HENRY
White's Men's Shop
MASON CITY
L. Frank Clothing & Shoes
MATTOON
Earl Ross Clothier
MIDLOTHIAN
D & G Men's Shop
MOLINE
Vander Vennet's Men's Wear
NORMAL
Tallon's Men's Wear
NORTHBROOK
Plaza Toggery
OAK PARK
Style Center
PARK FOREST
The Golden Hanger
PEORIA
Johnson's Inc.
ROCK ISLAND
The Original Mosenfelder's
ROCKFORD
Chas. V. Weise Co.
SHAWNEETOWN
Harmon's Dept. Store
SPRINGFIELD
The Hub Clothiers
STREATOR
Powell Lechner
TAYLORVILLE
Summer's
URBANA
Sholem's
Jos. Kuhn & Co.
VILLA PARK
Harris Men's Wear

INDIANA

ANGOLA
Jarrard's Men's Wear
ARGOS
Schoonover's
AUBURN
Hoham Men's Wear
AURORA
Tandy's
BEDFORD
The Toggery
BEECH GROVE
Herb's Men's Wear
BLOOMINGTON
Sullivan's Inc.
BRAZIL
Leifheit's Men's Wear
BROWNSBURG
Brunt's Menswear
COLUMBUS
Oalton & Payne Inc.
Dell Bros.
CONNERSVILLE
The Leo Kahn Company
CRAWFORDSVILLE
Brunt's Menswear
CROWN POINT
Craig's Clothing for Men
ELKHART
Drake's
EVANSVILLE
Gordon's Red Hanger Shop
Weinbach Men's Shop
FORT WAYNE
Gladieux-Morrisey Men's Wear
FRANKFORT
Laverty's On-The-Alley
GARY
Indiana Clothing Co.
The Varsity Shop
Bob Weaver's
GAS CITY
Brunt's of Gas City, Inc.
HAMMOND
Gingiss Formalwear Center
The Golden Hanger
HIGHLAND
Ellis & Reed
INDIANAPOLIS
Cohen Bros.—"Hut"
The Man's World
JASPER
The Rochester
JEFFERSONVILLE
Keith Clothing
KOKOMO
Golightly's-Maple Crest Plaza
Golightly's-Markland Mall
Ralph Golightly-Forest Park
Ralph Golightly-Main St.
Maher's
LAFAYETTE
Rapp's Sire Shop
LEBANON
Brunt's Menswear
LOGANSPORT
Bailey's Inc.
MICHIGAN CITY
Blake's Clothing Store
MUNCIE
The Ougout
NAPPANEE
J. & R. Coppes, Ltd.
NEW CASTLE
Goodwin-Pope
PLAINFIELD
Campbell's Men's Shoppe
RICHMOND
Loehr's
SOUTH BEND
Gingiss Formalwear Center
Lion's Den
Rasmussen's
TERRE HAUTE
The Root Store Co.
Schultz & Co. Inc.
TIPTON
Carroll's Men's Store
VALPARAISO
Miller's of Valpo
Salberg's His & Her Shop
VINCENNES
Albert's
WABASH
Dick's for Clothes
WARSAW
Kline's Dept. Store

IOWA

ADEL
Fisher's Town 'N' Country
AMES
Berck Clothing Co.
CEDAR FALLS
Stag Shop
COUNCIL BLUFFS
Peoples Dept. Store
CRESTON
Evans Bros. Clothing Store
DAVENPORT
Schutman's
DES MOINES
Bonds of Beaverdale
DUBUQUE
Stampfer's Dept. Store
EAGLE GROVE
Leuthold-Anderson
ELDORA
Leuthold's Clothiers
ESTHERVILLE
McAdams' Clothing
FAIRFIELD
Perry Clothing
FORT DODGE
Charles A. Brown, Inc.
FORT MADISON
Hesse's
HAMPTON
Whitney's
HAWARDEN
De Zeeuw's Hub Clothiers
INDIANOLA
Ce-Doc's
LE MARS
Bowers Clothing
MARSHALLTOWN
The Shed
MASON CITY
Gildner's Clothing Store
The Hub Oxford Shop
St. Clair-Starks
MT. VERNON
Bauman Student Style Center
NEWTON
Hesse's
OELWEIN
Baum's Clothing
OSKALOOSA
Sunstrum's
RED OAK
Jessen's
STORM LAKE
Douglass Clothiers
WATERLOO
Marvin's Men's Wear
WAVERLY
Carriage House
Leuthold Johannsen Co.
WILLIAMSBURG
Livingston Clothing

KANSAS

ARKANSAS CITY
Kelley Gray's Squire Shop
BELOIT
James Clothing
CHANUTE
Wells Clothiers
COFFEYVILLE
Campus Shop
GOODLAND
Goodland Clothing Co.
HOISINGTON
John's
HUTCHINSON
Biles & Long Men's Wear
INDEPENDENCE
Krueger & Rouse Clothiers
LIBERAL
Tucker's
MANHATTAN
Sheaffer's Ltd. "Aggieville"
Stevensons Clothing Co.
SALINA
Hines-Roth
WELLINGTON
Dwight's

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND
Corman's Clothing
The C. H. Parsons Co. Inc.
Star's Red Hanger Room
BOWLING GREEN
Pushins
CYNTHIANA
Gordon's
FRANKFORT
Mr. Suburban Men's Wear
GEORGETOWN
Lair and Oldham
HENDERSON
Bernstein's Red Carpet Shop
LEXINGTON
Howard-Knight, Inc.
Kent Men's Wear
LOUISVILLE
Bobby Blake Clothing
Levy Bros. Inc.
Loevenhart's
MOREHEAD
Clayton's Men's Shop
OWENSBORO
Interstate Stores
Moseley & Kunze, Inc.
PADUCAH
Marshall's
PIKEVILLE
Pikeville Clothing Co.
RICHMOND
Lerman Bros.
The University Shop
RUSSELL SPRINGS
Rippetoe's Men's Wear
WILLIAMSBURG
Levin's Dept. Store

LOUISIANA

ALEXANDRIA
Caplan's Men's Shop
The Fair
AMITE
The Royale Oak
BASTROP
Harold's Red Carpet Room
BATON ROUGE
Arthur's Bon Marche
Cohn-Turner
CROWLEY
Nichols Inc.
HAMMOND
The Toggery Shop
HOUMA
A. M. & J. C. DuPont
LAFAYETTE
Abdalla's
Gaidry's—Downtown
Gaidry's—Oil Center
LEESVILLE
Caplan's Men's Shop
MORGAN CITY
Du Ral's Men's Shop
NATCHITOCHES
Caplan's Men's Shop
NEW ORLEANS
Dural-Willis Men's Fashions
Labiche's Red Hanger
Mumme's
RUSTON
Lewis Stagg Shop
THIBODAUX
Arthur Coplon Ltd.

MICHIGAN

ADRIAN
Jim Green Men's Shop
Kline's Dept. Store
ALBION
Young's Apparel
ALMA
Miller's Men's Shop
ALPENA
Kotwicki's
ANN ARBOR
Wagner's, since 1848
BATTLE CREEK
Beebe's
BAY CITY
Ford's
BELDING
Wood's Men's Wear
CHELSEA
Strieter's Men's Wear
COLDWATER
Corey's—Best Men's Wear
CROSWELL
Jerry's Casuals
DEARBORN
Putzig-DeMara Clothiers
DETROIT
Princeton Shop
Valente's Men's Formal Wear
DOWAGIAC
Phillipson Clothing Co.
FLINT
Gingiss Formalwear Center
GAYLORD
Guggisberg's Men's Store
GLADSTONE
Hanson's Clothing
GRAND RAPIDS
Cardinal Men's Store
Holmes Men's Wear
HAMTRAMCK
Campau Clothing Co.
HOLLAND
The Ambassador Shop
HOWELL
Howell Apparel Shoppe
IRON MOUNTAIN
Colenso's
Koffman's Store for Men
JACKSON
Miller's Clothing Store
KALAMAZOO
Logan's Town Village Shop
LANSING
Roger-Stuart Ltd.
The Tux Shop
LUDINGTON
The Toggery

PMOC stores

PLAYBOY MAN ON CAMPUS PMOC FASHION APPROVED 1969

Scan this list for the store nearest you that features campus clothes fashion-approved by PLAYBOY—the quality brands advertised in this issue. You can spot a Playboy Man On Campus store by the Playboy Rabbit and PMOC® sign in the window.

MARQUETTE
Getz's Men's Shop
MONROE
Graessley's Men's Wear, Inc.
MT. PLEASANT
Cartwright Shoes
Ken's Men's Shop
RIVER ROUGE
Gill's Men's Wear, Inc.
ROCKFORD
Sears-Coon
SAGINAW
Seitner's Men's Shop
ST. JOSEPH
Heritage Shop
SOUTH HAVEN
McKimmie's
SOUTHFIELD
Publix Stores for Men
STURGIS
Carl Rehm's—The Habit
TRAVERSE CITY
Wilhelm's
WHITEHALL
Mr. Pics Men's Wear
WYANDOTTE
Chelsea Down Under Shop
YPSILANTI
Mellencamp's For Men

MINNESOTA

ALBERT LEA
Herberger's
AUSTIN
Gildner's Red Hanger Shop
BEMIDJI
Patterson's
Poise 'N Ivy
BUFFALO
Cohen's Village Shops
DULUTH
Livingston's Big Duluth
GOLDEN VALLEY
Frank Neuman-Fashions for Men
INTERNATIONAL FALLS
Harold's Men's Store, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS
Bloch's Ltd. Men's Shop
Freeman's
MORRIS
Palmer's Clothing
MOUND
Longpre's Village Squire
NORTHFIELD
Freeman's—The Hub
PRIOR LAKE
Enggren's
ROCHESTER
M. C. Lawler's
ROSEAU
Burggraf's of Roseau
ST. CLOUD
St. Cloud Men's Store, Inc.
ST. PAUL
Cole's Highland Village
Danny Howard Men's Wear
Robinson's Men's Wear
SHAKOPEE
Bill's Toggery & Shoes
STILLWATER
Kolliner's
VIRGINIA
Palace Clothing Co.
WEST ST. PAUL
Mr. John's Clothing

MISSISSIPPI

BILOXI
Corral Toggery
CLEVELAND
Kamien's Squire Shop
COLUMBUS
Crossley's, Inc.
GRENADA
Trusty's
GULFPORT
Jerome's Thom McAn
HATTIESBURG
Donavan-Lane Men's Wear
JACKSON
Person's
The Rogue
Wilton's Clothing
LOUISVILLE
Jones Men's Wear
MERIDIAN
Bud's Men's Shop
Loeb's Inc.
MONTICELLO
Gerry's Shop
TUPELO
The Village Corner—Black's

MISSOURI

CAPE GIRARDEAU
The Buckner-Ragsdale Co.
Rodells for the Man
University Shop
CLAYTON
Stallone's Formal Wear
CLINTON
J. L. Goss Clothing Co.
DEXTER
Stovall's
FULTON
Klobuchar Shoes
JEFFERSON CITY
American Shoe Store
KIRKSVILLE
Herboths
Stag Shop
LEXINGTON
Stier's
MACON
Mr. Ed's
MALDEN
Stovall's
MARYVILLE
Livingston's Clothing
MEXICO
Hagan's
MONETT
Mansfield's
Mr. Shop
ST. CHARLES
Palace Clothing Company
Thro's
ST. JOSEPH
Hirsch's
ST. LOUIS
Downs Men's Shops Inc.
Lewis Men's Wear Inc.
SPRINGFIELD
Coles Clothing & Shoes
SWEET SPRINGS
Berry and Smith Store
VANDALIA
Pearson's
WEST PLAINS
Eads'
Evans' Men's Wear

NEBRASKA

COLUMBUS
Adams Clothing
HOLDREGE
The Man's Shop
KEARNEY
The Brass Buckle
Varsity Formal Wear
KIMBALL
Flohrs Clothing
LEXINGTON
Ayers Clothing
LINCOLN
Magee's
Winston's Men's Shop
MC COOK
Turman's Store for Men
NORTH PLATTE
McDonald's
SCOTTSBLUFF
Zoellners, Ltd.
VALENTINE
Babcock's Men's Wear

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK
Evans Men's Shop
DEVILS LAKE
Glickson's Red Carpet Shop
GRAND FORKS
Silverman's Men's Wear
Strauss Company
MINOT
Greengard-Cranston

OHIO

AKRON
Carlton's Clothes
Tux Shop Akron
Halle's
Kenmore Tailors & Clothiers
Nelson's Stag Shop
Phillip's Men's Store
ASHLAND
N. Strauss & Son Wearhouse
The Toggery
ATHENS
Roberts Men's Shop
BELLEFONTAINE
Corwin's Clothing
BEREA
Hauck's Men's Shop
Milton Shoe
Neubrand's
BRYAN
Villa Shoe
CAMBRIDGE
Roberts Men's Shop
CANTON
Acme Clothiers
Ivy Korner
CINCINNATI
Charles Clothes Inc.
Oakley Men's Shop
Skeffington's Formal Wear
CLEVELAND
Cleveland Tux Shop-Chesterfld
Cleveland Tux Shop-Fairview
Cleveland Tux Shop-Heights
Cleveland Tux Shop-Parmatown
Cleveland Tux Shop-Richmond
Cleveland Tux Shop-Univ. Cir.
Geiger's Men's Shop
Halle's
Harry Weinraub Inc.
COLUMBUS
Top Drawer
DAYTON
Dunhill's Inc.
DEFIANCE
Villa Shoe
DOVER
Pruni's Men's Shop
FAIRBORN
Cox's
FREMONT
Joseph's Dept. Store
GALLIPOLIS
The Haskins-Tanner Co.
Thomas Clothiers
MARIETTA
Roberts Men's Shop
MARION
The Loft at Walter Axthelm's
MASSILLON
Howard's for Men
MIDDLETOWN
Central Store Inc.
NAPOLEON
Denny's Clothing
NEWARK
Alten's Southgate Men's Wear
Cornell Men's Shop, Inc.
Levin's Store
OXFORD
Jack's Corner
Roy Young's College Shop
SALEM
R. S. McCulloch Co.
SANDUSKY
Weber's Men's Wear, Inc.
SIDNEY
Rhees Clothes
STEUBENVILLE
Myer & Stone
TOLEDO
Harry's Squire Shop
Silka's Men's Wear
WARREN
Hartzell's-Rose & Sons
WESTERVILLE
The Cavalier Shop
WILMINGTON
Foster's Men's Wear
YOUNGSTOWN
Hartzell's-Rose & Sons

OKLAHOMA

ADA
Black's Men's Wear
ALTUS
Austin's Men's Store
ARDMORE
L. O. Hammons Men's Store
BARTLESVILLE
May Brothers
CHICKASHA
Meyer & Son Clothiers
ENID
Austin's
Trego's
LIC ALESTER
Harden's Men's Clothing
MIAMI
Hommons & Barton, Inc.
MUSKOGEE
Hunt's Dept. Store
STILLWATER
Mr. G in the Union
SULPHUR
Mace's
TAHLEQUAH
The Stagg Shop
TONKAWA
Moore's Dept. Store
TULSA
Exodus
WEATHERFORD
Gayle's
WOODWARD
Trego's

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN
Jorgensen's Men's Shop
PIERRE
Brady's Men's Wear
RAPID CITY
Crown Clothing

TENNESSEE

BRISTOL
Quality Shop
CLARKSVILLE
Rankin's on Franklin
COOKEVILLE
Ideal Men's Shop
COVINGTON
Cherry's-Ye Olde Haberdashery
HUNTINGDON
Dilday's of Huntingdon
JACKSON
Brasher's
KINGSPORT
Sobel's
KNOXVILLE
The Knox Dept. Store
Proffitt's Clothiers
MEMPHIS
Goldsmiths
Louis Lettes
The Oxford Shop
I. Rosens
Stag Men's Shop
Stamm's Top Drawer
Tatum's Family Shoe Store
NASHVILLE
Bittner's
Petway-Reavis Co.
PARIS
The Toggery
UNION CITY
Bennett's

TEXAS

AUSTIN
Henry Jacobson's Men's Wear
BAY CITY
Sirs Fine Men's Wear
BEAUMONT
Charles Hoffer Co.
BEEVILLE
Wilson's Men's Wear
BORGER
Cory's Men's Shop
BRENHAM
Boedeker's
BROWNSVILLE
Perl Bros.—Fashion Clothiers
BRYAN
Iva Starnes Univ. Menswear
COLEMAN
The Man's Shop
COMMERCE
Jim Clark Men's Wear
CORPUS CHRISTI
Jack English
DAINGERFIELD
Knieff's
DALLAS
Murray's Men's Shop
Reynolds-Penland Co.
Titche's
Turner's
DENTON
Craven's Dept. Store
EDINBURG
Brumley's Store for Men
EL PASO
Given Brothers
Mayfair Men's Wear
Rayburn's Men's Wear
EULESS
Carl's Clothes
FALFURRIAS
J. L. Men's Wear
FORT WORTH
Stag Shop
GALVESTON
Levy's
Schwartz's
GREENVILLE
L. O. Hammons
GULFGATE
Levy's
HOUSTON
Gene's Tailors Inc.
HUNTSVILLE
Kollett's Tailoring Company
McAdams Co.
JACKSBORO
Ed's Clothes Shop
KILLEEN
Stanley Weiss
LAREDO
High-Lite Men's Wear
LIBERTY
The Grand Leader
LUBBOCK
Fields University Shop
S & Q Clothiers
MC ALLEN
Ken's Shop for Men Inc.
NACOGDOCHES
Mize Dept. Store
PALESTINE
Pryor's Men's Store
PASADENA
Bernard's Men's World
Walker's Men's Wear
PLAINVIEW
Corcorran's Men's Wear
PORT LAVACA
Regan's
RIO GRANDE CITY
Rio Grande Dept. Store
SAN ANTONIO
Leo Mendlovitz Men's Wear
SHERMAN
Toppers Menswear
STEPHENVILLE
Higginbotham's
TEMPLE
Johnson's
UNIVERSAL CITY
Angel's Men's Wear
UVALDE
Rowland's
VICTORIA
Rather's
WACO
Harlik's Man's Shop
Iva Starnes Univ. Menswear
WAXAHACHIE
Marchman's

WISCONSIN

ALGOMA
Katch's Dept. Store
ANTIGO
David's Side Door
Perry-Ernst
APPLETON
Ferron's—The Red Hanger
BELOIT
The National
BURLINGTON
Larson and Hofner
CEDARBURG
Alston's
CHIPPEWA FALLS
The Boston
FOND DU LAC
Fond du Lac Dept. Store
HAYWARD
Rivkin's
LA CROSSE
Mader's Store for Men
LITTLE CHUTE
Reynebeau's
MADISON
Campus Clothes Shop
The Hub—Ed Schmitz & Sons
Lord Jim, Inc.
MANITOWOC
Schuette Bros. Co.
MARSHFIELD
Ray T. Baer
MENOMONEE FALLS
Dan's Tog Shop
The Stag Shop at Kahn's
MILWAUKEE
Gieringer's Coach Lamp Shop
Lord Jim, Inc.
MONROE
Schuetze's of Monroe
NEENAH
Hardt's Menswear
PRAIRIE DU SAC
Van Loenen's Men's Store
RACINE
Gingiss Formalwear Center
Jos. Lawrence, Inc.
RIPON
Arthur's Men's Shop
Vieth's Fashions for Men
RIVER FALLS
Kulstad Bros. Clo. Co.
SOUTH MILWAUKEE
Jerry's Men's Wear
SPARTA
Hanson's Men's Wear
STEVENS POINT
Parkinson's Clothes for Men
SUPERIOR
Ekstroms
Siegel's Squire Shop
TOMAH
Red Hanger Shop
TWIN LAKES
Hildebrandt's Dept. Store
WEST BEND
Alston's
WHITEWATER
Art Lein Men's Wear

even discussed. Sexual segregation is enforced by law at schools and in some public bars, and by mutual consent elsewhere: Men go with other men to races and rugby, and banter almost exclusively with other men at parties. While the economy is running at full employment–plus and crying out for labor, girls are excluded from all but the most menial service, clerical and teaching jobs. The universal assumption is that every young girl will soon marry and so be rendered unfit for employment. Frequently, this becomes a self-defeating prophecy, because with career advancement precluded, the typical Australian girl has few alternatives *but* to marry. For her to hold a job after her wedding is vaguely scandalous; she may be keeping a family man from employment, and she's either shirking her patriotic duty to reproduce or, through her neglect, fostering an untidy bungalow full of juvenile delinquents. In this light, it's quite understandable that the career girl—in the New York sense—is a rare bird, indeed, in Australia, regarded with something akin to suspicion by both sexes.

Though education at every level is effectively free for all who qualify, more than half the girls of Australia leave school between the ages of 14 and 15. Fewer than ten percent enter the groves of academe; and while many of these get their bachelors, only half wind up with a degree. Yet the huge state universities perennially disgorge ever-increasing numbers of attractive coeds with specialized training they have little hope of ever using. This is one explanation of the delightfully large numbers of peripatetic Australian girls one encounters the world over: Once their education is complete, travel (or an overseas job) is the only alternative to boredom for those unready to marry. It also explains why the brain drain—the constant exodus of Australian creative and technical talent—involves beauty as well as brains.

Whenever she thinks about all this, the Australian girl tends to accept it as the natural order of things. If the ambition of the American girl, as some commentators have opined, is to capture a man and use him, the inclination of the Australian variety is still to snare her man and let him use her. In a world of increasingly hazy distinctions between male and female roles, she retains an unadorned, unafraid and largely unarticulated sense of inviolable identity. The future may not hold much glamor for her, but it guarantees security and comfort; for her, the gain justifies the sacrifice.

Yet sociologists detect undercurrents of dissatisfaction. While nine of every ten Australian girls will marry before the age of 30, two thirds of all high school girls list success in a career—almost an impossible goal for Australian females—as their chief ambition. This disparity between the realities of Australian society and the aspirations of its girls gives rise to a startling proliferation of ladies' do-good organizations and culture-hunting clubs; it provides the powerful weekly women's magazines with a huge, diversion-hungry audience and fills their letters columns with endless complaints of frustration and neglect.

All this is understandably perplexing to the visiting American bachelor. The Australian girl is accustomed not to being trod on as much as just being ignored. And she appears to enjoy it. Give her a compliment and you may succeed only in embarrassing her. She's probably quite pretty, but she's not used to being told so. The thrust and parry of heterosexual repartee is decidedly not her forte, and even small talk is unfamiliar to her. If she thinks you're sincere, she may smile at you, blushing and hesitant; but if she thinks you're putting her on, she may just disappear. The obverse, of course, is that the casual treatment to which she's accustomed makes her something of a pushover—once the initial barriers are overcome—for the male who takes a sincere interest in her as a human being. The smallest gesture—the held-open door, the proffered bouquet, the concession to girlish vanity that is S. O. P. in the U. S. A.—is a cherished treasure for this unspoiled female, precious acknowledgment of her individuality as well as her femininity, appreciated if not in words, then in thoughts and deeds.

He who is willing to make the effort will discover a charming, affectionate and interested individual, anxious to please and ready to be led. If the chemistry is there and her beau succeeds in arousing her gamboling fervor, he'll almost certainly find her game for a chance on love—even if onward reservations stack the deck against the probability of formalizing the partnership. For she is, above all, a kinetic creature of many appetites, disarmingly direct in voicing her mating call, candidly preferring being chased to being chaste. In her straightforward acceptance of her own natural impulses, her easy willingness to submit to thoughtful male direction and her implicit security in her own femininity, many visiting bachelors find welcome relief from the ritualized Punch and Judy show of courtship, American style. The Australian girl asks so little from her men, and brings so much, that the newcomer is likely to feel rewarded beyond all bounds. When her swain's sojourn is at an end, chances are he'll be as regretful as she is, and she'll bid him adieu not with unseeming scenes or strings but with shared regret mingled with affectionate equanimity, always content with keeping love in the present, cherishing the happy afterglow of evanescent ecstasies past and serenely seeking more of the same in the sunny Australian future.

"I'm glad you young people have seen fit to protest nonviolently. It shows you're civilized. Now get out."

years after graduation were making prominent contributions to their respective fields and their class ranking or grades while at college. So what students learn in a college classroom is generally irrelevant to actual life, and that holds true for both white and black students.

PLAYBOY: In addition to the question of inequitable academic standards, isn't the high cost of education another factor contributing to the still tiny proportion of black college students?

GALLAGHER: Of course it is. And that's why many schools remain the preserve of the white middle and upper-middle class.

EDWARDS: There's never been any question about that. Colleges primarily serve everyone from the middle class on up, and the ones on the bottom stay at the bottom. That's why I don't buy all this crap about preserving academic standards and not lowering entrance requirements. That attitude is all part of the corrupt elitist philosophy that has dominated American education all along.

LUCE: I don't believe the relatively small number of blacks on campus has anything to do with this mystical Marxist "class" bit. If you're going to get into the economic aspects of the question, you could blame the unions for the black man's plight a hell of a lot easier than the universities; there are more black Ph.D.s in this country than there are black members of the bricklayers or steam-fitters union. So it's not essentially an economic problem, though black students definitely do require certain kinds of extra assistance.

BROWN: And it should start by allowing all black students to go to school free. They should also have economic assistance while in college—but we should be very careful to see that such aid is not the type that will evolve into control of their education by the Government or any other "benefactor."

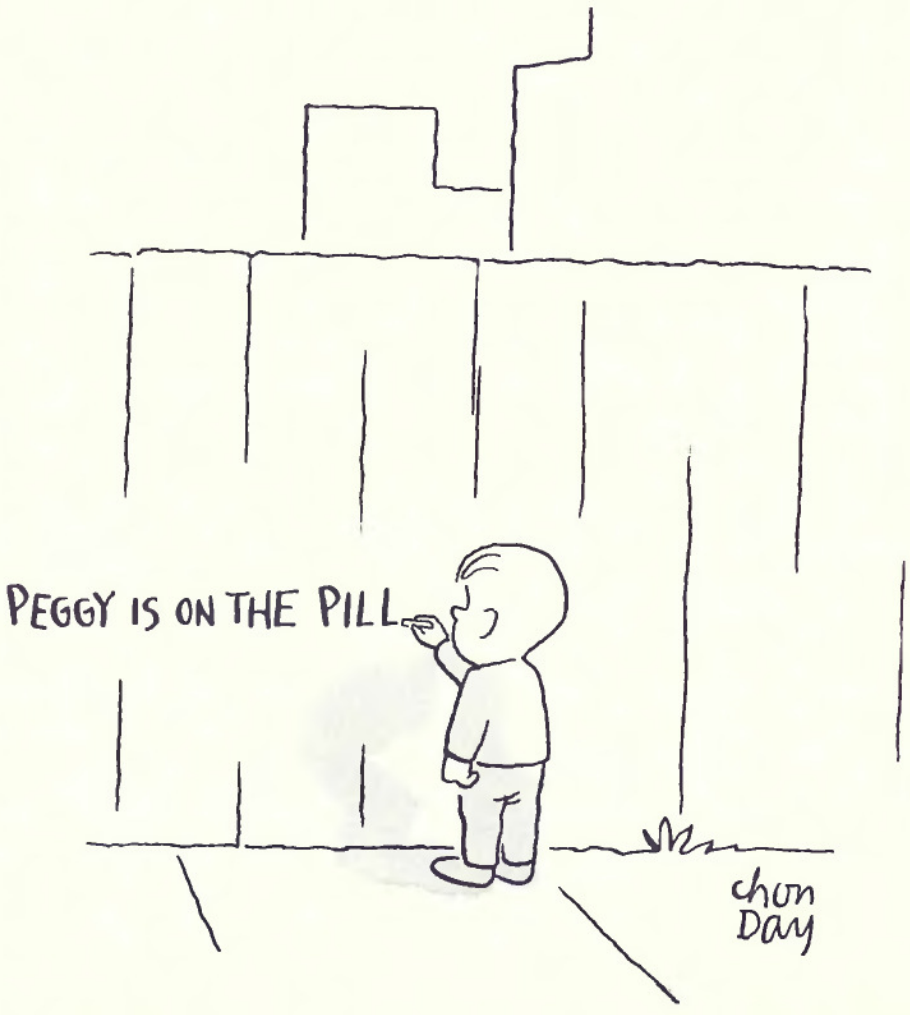
FRIEDENBERG: I would oppose singling out black students for a free education just because they're black. It's a question of the right of *poor* people to attend school. But since a large percentage of poor people are black, they would naturally receive a major share of financial assistance.

EDWARDS: If you address yourself to the whole problem of black people, you'll find that money is actually only part of it. What difference does it make if black people are given big grants if they still have to live in Harlem, over which they have virtually no political or economic control? What difference does it make if a black student has a $6000-a-year fellowship at Cornell if he still has to take sociology and history classes in which he turns to the back of the textbook and finds under "Negro": "See also *delinquency, illegitimacy, crime* and *illiteracy*"? What difference does it make if they give me all the money I need to go to school if I still can't really become a part of the academic community—let alone American society—because I'm black?

What blacks are saying is, "Look, man, I don't want to live in a dormitory that's 99 percent honkie; if I have a choice, I'd rather live in a dorm that's all black, where I can have meaningful conversations and relationships with the people there, where I can get together and talk about anything, something besides race." I've lived in white dormitories, and what happened every time was that I couldn't go to the shower or the john or downstairs to watch television without someone walking up and saying: "Hey, man, I want to ask you something. . . ." I always had to be a spokesman, a representative, never just myself, another guy, a fellow student. Not only that, but I usually wasted my time, because the cracker I was talking to wasn't going to do anything anyway; he wasn't going to act to correct the situation. So it's not an economic thing but a matter of changing the entire concept of the university to make it a place that's relevant to all its students, rather than one oriented totally toward the needs and desires of the white majority. This is one of the reasons black students are demanding all-black dormitories on predominantly white campuses. It's also one of the reasons for setting up black-study centers to teach us about our history and culture.

FRIEDENBERG: The demand for black-study centers is understandable, and they would probably serve some good purposes. But it would be foolish to try to teach, say, a black history that excludes white history in a society that has been dominated, however wrongly, by whites. If you're talking about Pocahontas, you can't ignore John Smith.

HAYAKAWA: Yes, but you can't focus *only* on John Smith, either, if you're going to tell the whole story—as we have focused only on whites in American history. When you consider the fact that there are some 22,000,000 Negroes in the United States, you realize you're talking about a lot more people than live in many other nations of the world—more than in Belgium, Holland, Denmark or Israel. And they have a long and honorable history, and a fertile subculture. There is a great and in many ways inspiring lesson to be learned from the story of a people who survived under almost impossible conditions in this



country, and ultimately were neither assimilated nor destroyed but, in one way or another, managed to work out a place for themselves in our society. There is no other situation exactly analogous to this in the whole of world history. How the American Negro got where he is and where he would like to go from here are vitally important questions not only for the black man but for all of us in America to study. Most of you are white and I'm Oriental, but all our fates are intimately entwined with what happens to the black man, so we cannot afford to be ignorant of his history. Unfortunately, this history has so far been imperfectly written or not written at all, because historians have never thought it worth going into research on the Negro in a serious way; so much of the important work has yet to be done.

GALLAGHER: It certainly does. The history books that mention Crispus Attucks in a half-sentence reference on the American Revolution, and after that refer to the slaves as one of the causes of the Civil War, and then mention nothing else about the black man in American history, have to be rewritten to include him in his proper role, which has been a very significant one. The same goes for courses in American literature, which teach the works of John Greenleaf Whittier but disregard the works of James Weldon Johnson. Study of one's cultural or racial history—be it black, white, yellow, red or brown—is essential, because it builds one's self-image and thus generates self-respect and self-pride. That the Afro-American should know all about his African and his American history is not the question; the question is where the emphasis will be placed in teaching such history. We are going through a phase of American life at the moment that is familiar to any student of history. A group that has been dependent must become independent before it can really be interdependent. Since we are now in the phase of independence, it's perfectly natural and healthy that the emerging group is asserting itself and stretching its muscles. We should encourage this self-assertion—provided it carries with it the seeds of a future that leads to eventual interdependence.

LUCE: As I hope I've made clear, I'm in favor of black studies, and I think they should be incorporated into the curriculums of every university, but I'm emphatically opposed to the demand of many black student groups that such courses and centers be segregated, with only blacks teaching and attending. This is just academic apartheid, and doubly detrimental precisely because the role of the black man has to be pointed out not only to blacks but to whites in this country. The way to do that, obviously, is to teach an integrated brand of sociology or history within an integrated educational system. I'd like to see everyone in the university structure of the United States gain the same knowledge of the black man's role in history, but not through racially restricted separatist courses.

BROWN: I'm sure it would do white students good to sit in on such courses, but that's not the basic issue. The main thing is the need for black students to determine the validity of black-studies programs: no white instructor, no white administrator can be allowed to determine or evaluate any black-studies curriculum. For many years, we have submitted to what we were told was a progressive curriculum, but we found that it excluded us. So now we're going to set up our own curriculum, and if we want a course called James Brown 101, we'll have it.

EDWARDS: I'm afraid we're a long way from that. A professor like myself, for instance, would not be tolerated as a teacher of the kind of courses I have in mind. In a course on the black community, I would be telling the truth about oppression, about brutality, racism and the corruption of white cops, about the paternalistic and coercive role of the Federal Government in the black community, about the exploitive activities of various other official agencies in the black community. What would happen if I then began to talk about how to rid ourselves of these oppressive devils? You *know* what would happen. So, you see, in practical terms, a genuine black curriculum is impossible within the structure of American society today. Any real black-studies program would quickly become a center around which to mobilize young black people as political activists on behalf of the black man, and the power structure wouldn't permit that to happen.

PLAYBOY: Mightn't some conservatives say this lends credence to charges that black-studies centers are intended to serve as little more than training grounds for revolutionaries?

BROWN: Revolutionaries are born, not trained. They are born out of the situation that oppresses them, and they develop internally. But people who have a revolutionary spirit don't necessarily

"I must say, we've certainly come a long way since 'The Perils of Pauline.'"

have guns on their shoulders. With the black-studies program, we intend to intensify our exposure of the contradictions between whites and blacks, and most likely we'll produce more angry people; but this anger will give us momentum and solidarity. And from there we can move toward a common ideology and a united revolutionary struggle.

GALLAGHER: I suppose there are some people who live in a fantasy world where they think of themselves as young Frantz Fanons or Ché Guevaras or Joans of Arc, and want to get off in the mountains by themselves and dream up their revolutions and then return to the ghetto with their machetes and their Molotov cocktails, their knives and their guns to lead a liberation army. But this kind of fantasizing is engaged in by very few, and its total impact is, I think, much more rhetorical than anything else.

EDWARDS: Our revolution isn't rhetorical. If you set up a real black university or an autonomous black school, that school is going to be oriented toward meeting the real needs of black people; and when you begin to speak about meeting the needs of black people, you naturally begin to talk about identifying the causes of the specific problems facing black people. This inevitably takes you back to racism, and if you talk about the causes of racism, then you have to talk about ways of remedying them. You run through abolition, through accommodation, through integration and the whole philosophy of nonviolence, and you finally realize that the only way to solve the problem is the way it has been solved historically by other peoples facing the same situation: revolution.

That's why those of us who are organizing black communities, who are organizing revolts on campus, who are moving against the system, believe in bringing about confrontation, because through it we can expose the contradictions of the system and create an atmosphere in which people are more susceptible to being educated to the institutionalized inequities of this society and to the fact that it is no longer necessary or even relevant to move against the individual cracker or individual nigger—such as Roy Wilkins—because they are merely spokes in the wheel. It is now necessary to move against the system itself. As the confrontation grows, we will begin to mobilize the large numbers of individuals who are going to be needed in order to bring about enough pressure for the system to change, either violently or nonviolently. All our efforts on issues such as black-studies centers are directed toward this basic goal of awakening black people to their needs and organizing a revolutionary movement to fight for them.

PLAYBOY: Despite such militance, some campus administrators have evinced a tendency to treat black protesters less harshly than their white counterparts. Why?

"It's a well-balanced group—eight WASPs, seven blacks, two Jews, nine Catholics, three Swedes and a barefoot Hungarian field-goal specialist."

FRIEDENBERG: The more sophisticated the campus, the more likely it is that black students will be treated leniently. Dr. Hayakawa at San Francisco State and Robben Fleming at the University of Michigan seem to be the leading spokesmen for the lenient approach to handling black militants, because they say they understand that the demands of black people are just, even though their methods may be wrong.

MORSE: What such administrators are really trying to do is to split the black and white protesters by mollifying the blacks and coming down hard on the whites, in order to play on the prejudices in both groups. But I don't think it's going to work.

BROWN: A great deal depends on where the school is. Columbia, for example, is situated in the heart of the black community, and any unnecessarily strong discipline against blacks could have spilled over into the community. In Oshkosh, you would probably find about 100 black folks in the whole town, so they could afford to come down hard on some isolated niggers.

GALLAGHER: There's considerable truth to that. I'll admit that my own actions in this area have been in part influenced by the probable repercussions in the surrounding community and city. Normally, I would think it wrong to differentiate between militant blacks and whites on the basis of their race, and I would ordinarily treat them alike. But at City College, located as it is in Harlem, one knows that the evocation of a massive counterforce of police against either small or large groups of black protesters is likely to result in a community involvement that would make Watts or Detroit look tame by comparison. This isn't fear but prudent consideration.

FRIEDENBERG: Another reason for different treatment is that the protests themselves are different. In the first place, black protest is in essence a confirmation of society's values. The blacks are saying, "You have injured me by refusing to grant my proper share of what is here for everybody." Now, this is quite easy for college presidents to deal with in principle, because they can reply, "We know you're right, and we're going to see that you get your slice of the pie if we possibly can—though there are political problems." This may not soothe black people, but it's something the presidents feel they can honestly do—or try to do. The white militants, on the other hand, are doing something very different. They're saying, "The society is corrupt, the rewards are corrupt, this whole system is corrupt, and we don't want what you have to offer. We want a university we can use to direct ourselves to different values, to different goals, to a different kind of life." That's much more threatening to the university, to its real *raison d'être*, than the black demands, and it's a situation you can't get away from by making a few concessions. I think, finally, that the white militants often tragically delude themselves that

they have potential supporters among the blacks over any period of time, because many black leaders have come to be quite skeptical of them. It's not necessarily a suspicion of exploitation by the whites, but rather a cool realization that they don't have to go nearly as far as the SDSers to get what they want. They have far less to begin with, and the things they want are far more tangible, far easier to realize.

EDWARDS: It may surprise you to learn that black revolutionaries reject this system as totally as many white radicals: they'll tell you they don't *want* a slice of pie if the pie is riddled with worms. University administrators may treat us differently from white protesters because they feel we can be bought off easier, but they'll soon find out they're as wrong as Mr. Friedenberg in his analysis of our demands and of what will and will not satisfy us. But he's right about our mistrust of whites—even white radicals. If you can find me a black person who isn't suspicious of whites in general, whatever their politics, I'll show you a black person who should be in a mental institution. I'm as suspicious of whites as flies are of spider webs, because too many blacks have been trapped and killed by whites, and I think that's just being honest about the subject. So I don't see any lasting coalitions emerging except on the larger issues—the issues of moving against the educational institutions and the system as a whole.

BROWN: Whether or not whites and blacks work together depends to a great extent on the location and the personalities involved. On the West Coast, there is a sort of tense, perilous coexistence between black student leaders and SDS people. But there are people in SDS and other white organizations who do understand our problems, and the only difficulty that arises is the one in which there are white students in positions of leadership over black students. That's a problem, because we have to develop our own leaders, and it's difficult to ask a white cat to come into an organization where he can go only so far in terms of running the show. But that's how it is, and if he wants to work with us, he's got to realize this and accept it.

MORSE: The whole Black Panther movement has created very basic changes in the black-white relationships that have prevailed for the past few years. It's essentially a process of white students overcoming the racism that has been drummed into them for all the years of their lives and realizing the necessity of a united struggle against the power structure. The black movement also had to go through a stage where it withdrew from the white in order to become whole politically; only then was it strong enough to build an equal alliance with the white movement. Building this united revolutionary coalition is a slow process, because of all the prejudices and misconceptions on both sides, but I think it will happen. We've got to clean all the old garbage out of our minds—from race and class prejudice to male chauvinism, which relegates women to second-class citizenship in this society.

PLAYBOY: You seem to share the view of the growing feminist movement that women are systematically discriminated against in every area of American life, from the campus to the business board room. How do the rest of you feel about it?

HAYAKAWA: I really don't know if there has been any pattern of discrimination against women on campus. But I can attest that in a school like San Francisco State, which has always been a coeducational institution, women have equal opportunities with men and all the advantages they're willing to make use of.

GALLAGHER: With all due respect to Dr. Hayakawa, I don't think there's much doubt that there *has* been a long-standing pattern of discrimination against women in American higher education. Until 1836, when the first coeducational college was founded, only men attended colleges or universities, and if a woman desired a higher education, she had to go to a female seminary. The time for separate universities for men and women has long passed, and the few remaining such schools will soon become coeducational.

MORSE: Yes, but that's no solution to the basic problem. Coeducation is as phony as token integration unless women are given equal rights *within* the university, which in most cases just doesn't happen. Women are not treated seriously in terms of scholarship or teaching, because people automatically assume that they're just going to get married and breed babies. This isn't something unique with colleges, of course; it's part of a whole system in which women are still treated as inferior, despite the ritual lip service to equal opportunity. And women themselves are brainwashed from childhood to consider marriage and children and housekeeping their ultimate goal in life. We're taught from an early age to be decorative and "feminine"—whatever that is—to discuss things but never to argue, to be emotional but not brainy, because otherwise we would be, God forbid, competing with men. We're even conditioned to think of other women as enemies, as threats to our sexual security, and as a result, it's not easy to be close friends with another woman.

It's forced into our heads all the time that we can define ourselves only in terms of men—as sexual objects or mothers or glorified domestic help. And it's also forced into men's heads to think of women as bodies rather than as intellectual, political or creative beings in their own right—often not even as human

"Goodness! I've never seen so many celebrities."

beings, in fact. Obviously, we're going to have to turn both men's and women's minds around if we're going to make any progress. We're starting to do it now within the movement in terms of our relationships with our men. In various sections of the country, we've formed a group called the Women's Liberation Front, which feels that women in the United States are an oppressed group—oppressed economically, socially, sexually and mentally. The Front was formed because we discovered that the radical student movement failed to answer the needs of women, and we began going through an intensely personal stage of meetings where we dragged out all the stereotypes, myths and prejudices against women and discussed them and gained a better understanding of ourselves in relationship to society and to men.

HAYDEN: I think this is a damn good development, because the movement itself has significant male-supremacist tendencies that have to be overcome.

MORSE: It sure does. There's a whole tone in the movement that says the women should be medics, trained in nursing to take care of guys injured in demonstrations, or relegated to office and clerical positions, cranking a mimeograph handle while the guys make all the political decisions. This is beginning to change now, but some of the men are really uptight about it all. It's not easy for even a radical to jettison all the garbage this system plants in your brain. Already there have been a number of marriages within the movement that have broken up because the men just couldn't take some of the little things involved, like doing the dishes and taking care of the child equally with the woman—let alone larger things like accepting a woman as his intellectual and social equal. But we're moving ahead. Six months ago, Women's Liberation was laughed at by the majority of the movement; today it's beginning to be treated as a serious political force.

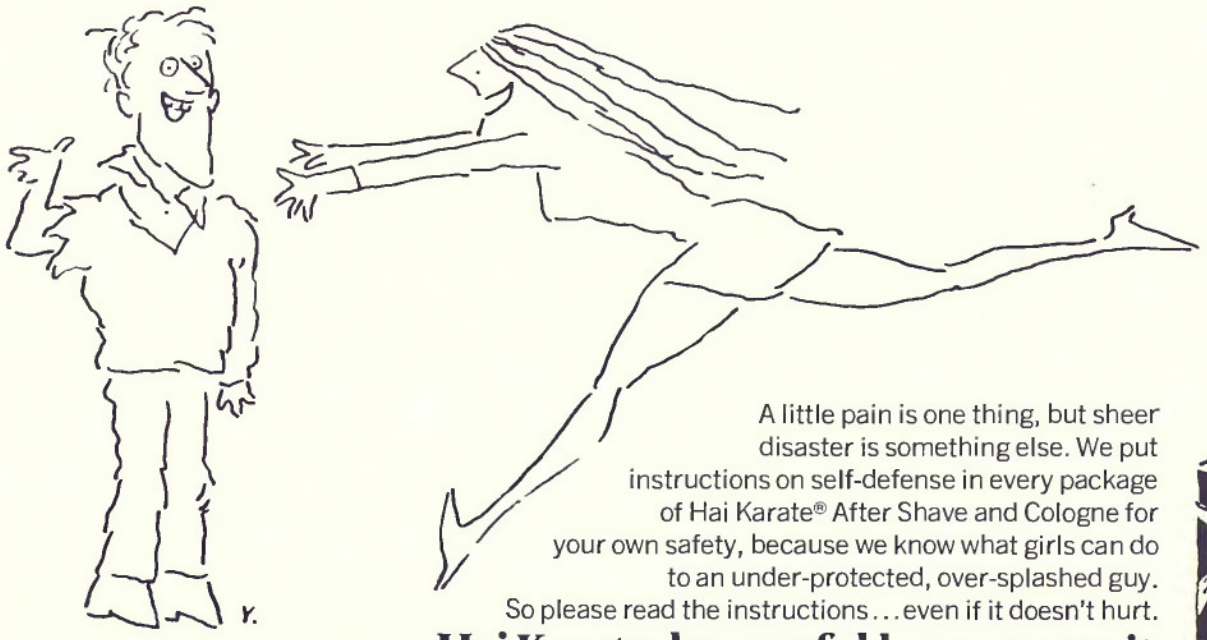
EDWARDS: I'm completely sympathetic to you on all this. But women, like blacks or students in general, won't realize any of these changes until they reach the point where they really threaten the system. When they begin to jump on faculty members and take over buildings—or burn them down—then they'll start getting some justice from the system.

MORSE: Right. Women's Liberation realizes that the whole system will have to change if our needs are to be met. But we've also discovered, through reading and talking with Vietnamese and Cuban women, that it's possible to have a revolution *without* meeting all the needs of women. Castro, in June of 1967, praised Cuban women for fighting side by side with their men, but with the revolution won, he said it was time for women to go back to the kitchen and the children, because if they didn't, who would feed the men at lunchtime when they returned from their jobs, and so on. That's why women everywhere have to get together, cutting across all national, ideological, class and color lines. Black women, white women, middle-class women and lower-class women have to unite and organize as a political movement separate from general revolutionary causes.

PLAYBOY: Once you have such a strong organizational base, would you be prepared to employ the same methods on behalf of women's rights as today's black militants and student radicals?

MORSE: Damn right, we would. It's all part of the same fight, after all. I remember that before Eldridge Cleaver went underground, he made a remark to the effect that women should not define themselves as revolutionaries but should just *sleep* with revolutionaries. This upset a lot of us, and when we called him on it later, he asked one of us if she would be willing to kill for Women's Liberation and she said, "Well, I don't know: I'd be more willing to *be* killed for it." Cleaver replied, "If you're going to define yourself as a revolutionary—and not just sleep with one—you're going to have to be prepared to both die for the revolution *and* kill for the revolution, and that includes Women's Liberation." That kind of took some of us aback at first: but on

"I'm a masochist. I threw away my instructions on self-defense."



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reflection, some of us "extremists" think that's exactly what we'll have to do.

LUCE: I'm dumb struck. All I can say is God help us all.

HAYDEN: The importance of what Linda's been saying is that you can't have a revolution just based on one or two issues, like changes in the university or the military. You've got to have a total commitment to get rid of all the sickness in society, and the revolutionaries themselves have to be purged of the materialism and corruption of this society. If men and women keep living in continuous jealousy of each other, in continuous competition for control and domination of each other, and if they're ridden with all the security hang-ups of this materialistic system, then the overpowering appeal of the system will win out against *any* kind of revolutionary effort. The importance of Women's Liberation is that it's a movement within a movement, triggered by the needs of women to be full human beings. It's going to help us revolutionize our relationships within the movement, and from that healthy position it will extend outward.

EDWARDS: I think it's about time people recognized that ours is a male-chauvinist society just as much as it's a racist society. You can see it clearly right on the campuses, in the way recruiters come to interview prospective accountants, attorneys or engineers. A chick may have the highest grades in her class, but they'll still pick even a mediocre male student over her. Of course, their rationalization is that she'll stay on the job only for a year or two and then get married, whereas with a man, they think they don't have to worry. The result is that they never allow a woman to realize her full potential, in these or any other fields.

FRIEDENBERG: Women on campus are also discriminated against enormously in the area of academic appointments, particularly in terms of tenure and regardless of how competent they are.

LUCE: Yes, and another problem is that in a great many schools, subtle pressure is applied on career-oriented women to enter fields that are traditionally female, such as library science, social work, nursing, grammar and high school teaching. Just one more expression of the old prejudices.

MORSE: You'll notice also that all of the fields you've mentioned involve taking care of people in one form or another, which is considered the woman's role in this society. There's no room for women in fields that require intellectual or physical aggressiveness.

GALLAGHER: This isn't so much a deliberate policy as it is the dead hand of tradition. The old argument was that women were inherently different in nature from men and that, therefore, it was only natural that they have a different kind of education—one that should teach them the womanly arts: housekeeping, cooking, sewing and so on. These old traditions die hard. In America, women are nowhere represented in medicine, for example, in terms of their percentage of the population; whereas in the Soviet Union, three quarters of the medical doctors are women. The American tradition of male dominance has dictated that women, if they are to be educated at all, must be given the kind of education that will never challenge the male role. So a great deal remains to be done not only in terms of the specific curriculum and the educational process but in altering the general attitudes of society.

MORSE: But before you can alter these attitudes effectively, you've got to make people aware of the true sickness of society and convince them that the only answer to these problems is basic institutional change that can meet the real needs of the majority of exploited Americans—white workers, minorities, women and students. And, frankly, I don't think that's going to happen—not without revolution.

PLAYBOY: Are you dismissing the possibility that school administrations—especially liberal ones—will move to meet your legitimate demands?

MORSE: Not completely; anything's *possible*, I suppose—but I can't hold out much hope for a human response from an inhuman institution.

LUCE: Of course not—because you don't really *want* reform. And I don't doubt that you'd refuse to admit the fact that many reforms have already taken place. Hard-core revolutionaries like Miss Morse aren't really interested in making the system work; they're interested in making it *stop*—and then dismantling it. Some of them have said as much to me, admitting outright that the real issue isn't R. O. T. C. or the draft or the war or Dow recruiters or anything of that sort. The real issue is student power—total student power. Other issues are just used to rope in the gullible.

MORSE: When you claim that we want to dismantle the system, all you're saying is that we recognize the wholesale rottenness of the system, and we know it can't be changed through half measures. More and more students are recognizing that the educational system must change totally or be destroyed totally—because we're not going to tolerate a university that supports mass killing in Vietnam by doing war research for the Government; we're not going to put up with a university that trains most of the officers for the Army; and we're not going to collaborate with a university that perpetuates racism. The movement isn't going to sell out on these issues, and we're not going to be scared off, either; so the university will either change itself or it will all come tumbling down. Don't think we can't do it. Look at Berkeley: It's becoming a second-rate university after decades of being first-rate, and if it doesn't learn anything soon, it'll shortly become third-rate—all because of the uproars on campus. It's probable, of course, that the universities literally cannot change, because they're too intimately involved in the whole structure of the military-industrial complex. They're part of the system, and it may be impossible for them to reform without the whole society being changed in the process.

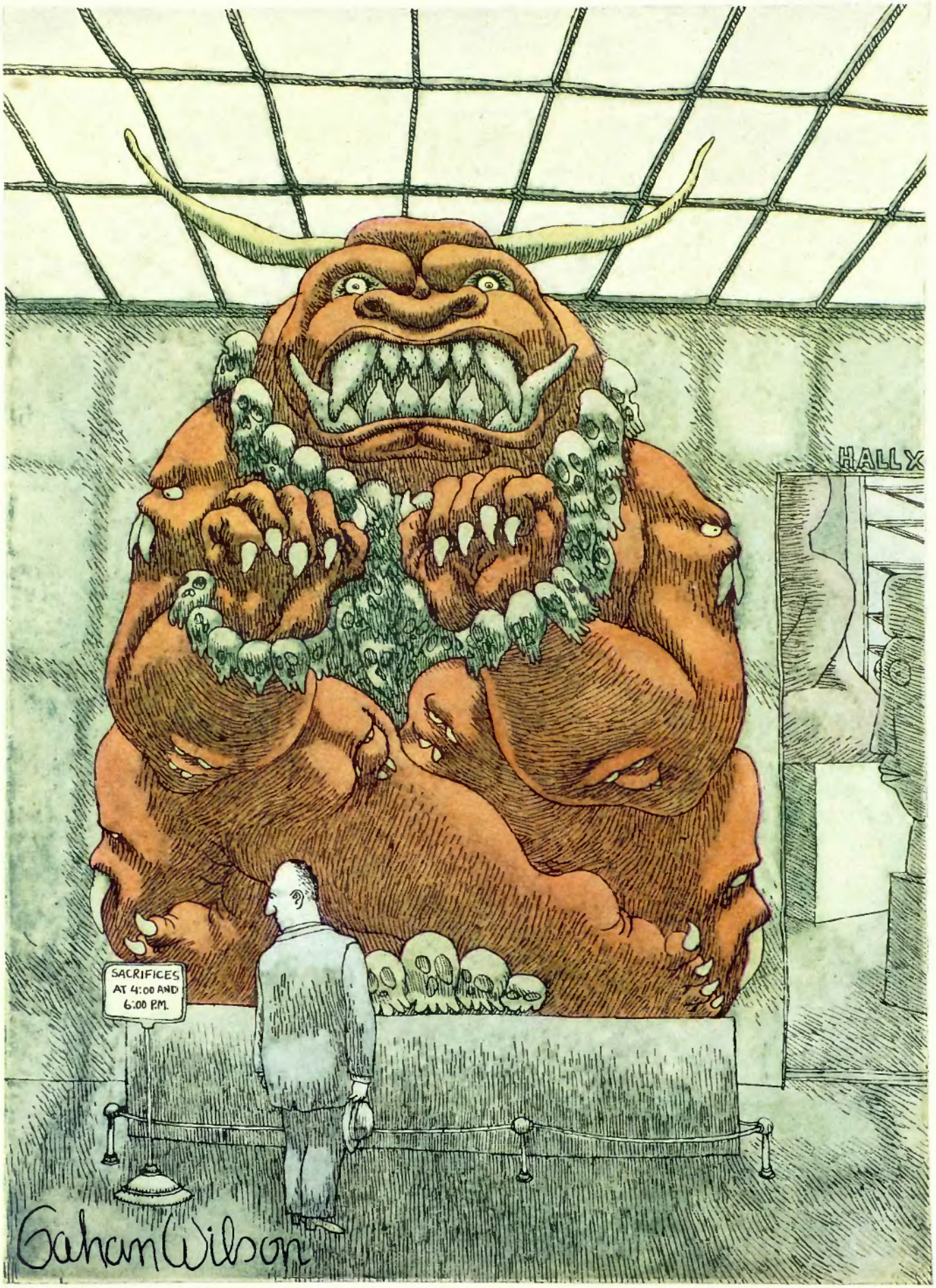
EDWARDS: Right. In fact, the universities have a slim chance of surviving at all, because they have so many intimate ties to the military and economic institutions of imperialism that it would be cutting their own throats to even try to change in a meaningfully radical way. And even if they do try, they're not going to do it quickly enough to avoid the really gigantic confrontations that will occur when black-white coalitions become the rule instead of the exception.

BROWN: I don't know what's going to happen, but I do think everything depends on whether or not people are willing to sit down and reason with one another; if they are, chaos can be avoided. It's when the talking stops that the violence begins.

FRIEDENBERG: And if that talking doesn't accomplish something significant in the way of basic institutional reform—and *soon*—there's a good chance of total defeat for both sides. By that I mean that eventually the law-enforcement agencies, local and Federal, will mount a sufficient force of repression to squash the dissidents completely, and that will also mean the death of the university as an intellectual institution.

JENCKS: Yes, that's a very real danger. The only way to answer protest is to change the character of our society. Right now, the students have what I consider a very accurate perception that the establishment is not trying to change society in any fundamental way. They also see that unless there *are* fundamental changes, the problems are going to get worse, not better. As long as students recognize this, they will raise hell with institutions that represent the establishment—and that means universities. The only way a university is likely to avoid attack from its students today is for its leadership to get out in front in opposing the *status quo* effectively. And that's tough on the annual budget.

HAYAKAWA: I don't agree that the university must become a revolutionary vanguard in order to meet student demands. And I also think the demagogs of the left are simply lying when they say the university won't change except under violent pressure. In fact, the universities are constantly changing, sometimes slowly and sometimes very rapidly, but peaceful reforms just don't get nationwide TV and press coverage. Of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course, there is the matter of the subjectivity of time sense—that is, what do you mean by slow or fast?

GALLAGHER: What Dr. Hayakawa is referring to is what I would call the existentialism of this generation, and academic mentalities find it very difficult to understand existentialists. The academic approach wants to analyze everything and understand it from all sides and put it into committee; months or years later, some reports finally emerge with proposals in them. The existentialist, on the other hand, says, "Act now!" The academician runs the risk of analyzing indefinitely and never performing, and the existentialist runs the opposite risk of acting without sufficient data and blundering horribly. We urgently need a synthesis of the two approaches. Meanwhile, we are going to have continuous troubles and uproars.

Above all, we have to realize that the problem won't be solved by gadgets and gimmicks; a fundamental reorientation of the entire philosophy of the university is needed. Objective research, objective assessment of values, suspended judgment and all the disciplines of the academic mind are going to have to be wedded, somehow, to the existentialist commitment to humanistic goals. Right now, these philosophies are like ships passing in the night, not communicating with each other at all. There are bound to be increased tensions, increased misunderstandings, increased bitterness, estrangement, alienation and violence until we get these two alien factions into a real dialog. And I believe this creative dialog and the reforms it can generate *must* happen in the universities before they can happen in society at large. The university must lead the rest of the nation.

FRIEDENBERG: This is really the basic question, the most important question in our whole discussion: *Can* the universities be reformed without prior reform in society at large? The students think so—and so, apparently, does Dr. Gallagher. Realizing how the universities relate to the entire economy in a very central and crucial way, the students believe that if you can force the university to reform, you will cause the rest of society to reform also. This is logical, but not very realistic, I'm afraid. I just don't think the universities can change fast enough—or radically enough—to change society in any meaningful or enduring way. And unless society is changed, no changes in the university can be truly meaningful or enduring, either. The result, I fear, will be mounting frustration—and a concomitant escalation in violence and disorder.

MORSE: I don't see this in such either/or terms. Society isn't going to be run by the present U. S. Government until midnight one day and then at one minute past 12 by the revolutionaries. The change is going to be gradual. There will be sections that we gain control over, as the N. L. F. has done in the villages of Vietnam, and sections that Washington still dominates, as it does the area around Saigon, and sections where the fighting continues to rage. The blacks will be taking over their own communities, and we'll be taking over the colleges, and there will be more and more liberated territory, but the establishment isn't going to fold up all at once. So in this context, some universities will be reformed before the whole society is, but the whole university system, of course, won't be improved until the entire society is changed.

"Sure, our opponent's got good first-strike capability, but my boy's safeguard system will enable his second-strike capability to finish him off."

LUCE: I'm really glad you've given us the specifics of your "revolution." Talk about the politics of the sandbox. This is a marvelous example of the illogic of playing at revolution. In case you haven't noticed, there is a real difference between the objective conditions in the United States and those in Vietnam. These differences notwithstanding, your comments are absurd. You're trying to put people on if you don't realize that the Government isn't going to passively sit back and allow you to destroy the country. Your slogans are kamikaze radicalism disguised as Maoism. Obviously, you want to destroy the system that exists, but I pity the people of this country once you gain power.

HAYDEN: We only want the power to correct the institutionalized injustices of this society. We recognize that America isn't Vietnam, but the issues that motivate revolutionaries in both countries are the same. It's not a question of "destroying" this country when we say that basic changes are needed. We simply recognize that you can't have a free university in an unfree society. Any campus reforms that may be pushed through by the movement today will be perverted and eventually turned against us—even black studies. Today's seeming reform will be tomorrow's oppression; look at welfare and public housing. The only answer is revolution—not just in this country but around the world. Why? Because our immense technology, which could and should be used to feed the people and raise the standard of living, is instead being used to send people to the moon and airlift military hordes all over the world to occupied and quasi-occupied countries. And the only reason this technology is being used to conquer the world and then the planets, instead of being used to benefit humanity, is because a few men at the top—not the people as a whole—decided it that way.

A lot of kids in this country are finally beginning to realize this—more of them every day—and so are millions of starving people in the third world. Their liberation movements, presently climaxing in Vietnam, are beginning to prove that the cost of maintaining the American empire might be more than the empire is worth. This is going to be settled in our lifetimes—one way or the other. I don't think America can win against all the people's liberation movements of the world. It can blow up the whole planet, of course, but it just can't win—because too many people, including

millions in this country, will not let themselves be enslaved or manipulated for the interests of a few. This is the context in which I look at the campus rebellions. They are part of the worldwide revolution against domination by Washington's "Free World," and they can't succeed until the revolution as a whole succeeds. We can either win or lose, but the other side can only lose. We won't stop fighting, and they can't kill us all without killing themselves in the process.

JENCKS: I agree that the campus revolts are part of a world-wide attack on traditional ways of doing business, dividing up the pie and exercising authority. But in Vietnam, the N. L. F. offers a genuine social and political alternative, whereas on the campus, the student movement doesn't, because it has so far failed to offer any coherent ideas about building a new society to replace the old one. Until it does, Washington or Wall Street doesn't need to lose much sleep.

LUCE: The leaders of the protest *do* have a program, and it would create a totalitarian slave state. The students who follow the militants so mindlessly should ask where they are being led. I've been to Cuba and I know the kind of education you get after a Marxist revolution. Many more people are getting an education in Cuba now, but it's all pure indoctrination, and the same would happen here if these types took over. Academic freedom, intellectual freedom and everything the students think they're fighting for would vanish and be replaced by an authoritarian ideology and a program of dogmatic instruction. The universities would turn into puppet factories.

BROWN: Did you say "*turn* into puppet factories"? What in the hell do you think they are now? Castro isn't doing any more harm to the minds of Cuban children than you and your ancestors did to black kids like me when you forgot us in the history books and taught us about a white Jesus and a white Santa Claus and a white world we didn't belong to. At least Castro is instilling a spirit of nationalism and self-respect in young Cubans, while our schools have been human meat grinders.

PLAYBOY: What kind of people do you think our universities *should* be turning out?

MORSE: People who can relate to and help build a revolutionary world.

JENCKS: I suppose many students today would agree with that—though the majority would prefer a less startling word than revolutionary, like human. There's no question that the university should be a place where those who want to devote themselves to changing society can learn the relevant personal and political skills. But even a postrevolutionary society needs people with technical skills, too, and not all these people will be interested in politics. Right now, you can describe a doctor or a teacher as "a cog in the corporate machine," but in another society he may be a "hero of socialist labor." The fact remains that all societies need doctors, and universities seem to be the best place to train them.

BROWN: Maybe so, but the university has a much larger responsibility to society—even if society doesn't have the sense to recognize it: to train people, whether they're headed for a career in medicine, law, education or anything else, to think freely and independently and creatively. If the university abdicates that responsibility, the schools will continue to be assembly lines turning out hordes of high-grade morons—specialists who are plugged into jobs that any well-constructed robot could perform. Ask any college graduate if the four years he spent in school really help him on the job and he'll just laugh. A vast number of Howard University graduates, for example, end up working in the Post Office. Hell, they could have bypassed college and started sorting mail right after high school. The schools are programed to turn out such zombies, because that's all society wants or expects. But it's not enough. We've got to produce a generation of generalists—men and women who, whatever their major fields of interest, also understand the problems of the world and have the will and the compassion and the imagination to help solve them. If we don't, there won't be any world left. If the university ignores that responsibility—the survival of humanity—it'll just blow up with the rest of us.

GALLAGHER: Despite the present sense of thermonuclear emergency, which we all share, I don't think the function of the university has changed. Its real job has always been to teach men to think independently. The failure of our present system is that it gives the student only two choices—to conform like a herd animal or to rebel and take the consequences. These are the only alternatives today; he must be a yes man or a no man. But he must have the opportunity to be something more than a conformist or a rebel; he must be able to say what he thinks, and to have it count. The function of the university should be to teach him to be a thoughtful and productive member of society. If the university really did that, the social responsibility Mr. Brown talks about would be automatically fulfilled. Rational, independent men will neither blow up the world nor pander to its immoralities.

LUCE: I don't think the university should try to produce any particular type of graduate. The individual should be his own creation, and all the university should do is expose him to so many different questions that his capacity to think for himself, if he has any, will be aroused. What he does with that capacity is then his own business.

FRIEDENBERG: Precisely. The university is not a factory and shouldn't manufacture a "product"—even a humane, socially committed product. It shouldn't produce revolutionaries or "responsible citizens" or any other *types*. If we must use the metaphor of production, the students should be their own manufacturers and create the selves they want to be. If the university encourages independent thought, the rest will take care of itself.

MORSE: The problem is that the university *doesn't* encourage independent thought. It wants to train men and women who don't think about the evils of this society and whose principal values are consumerism, money worship, fetishistic job security and moral hypocrisy.

EDWARDS: And as long as that remains its aim, society will go right on heading for hell in a hand basket, and you can expect more uprisings everywhere.

LUCE: This litany of doom is beginning to get tiresome. It's absolutely vital for students to think independently, but it's a myth that society will squash them for it—or turn them into robots. I know lots of archheretics and iconoclasts who are also holding very good jobs. The great fiction of total repression and conformity in our society is absurd, because a man can still stand up in this country and speak his mind—and even make a difference—without getting sacked or landing in jail for it.

HAYDEN: You try handing that bullshit to the people who stood up and spoke their minds in Chicago at the Democratic Convention or in dozens of other places around this country and got beaten or jailed or killed for it. But we don't shrink from that kind of repression and brutality, because it has a great educative function. Ten years ago, I certainly didn't believe the things I believe now; what educated and radicalized me was standing up and speaking my mind—and taking the brutal consequences. Struggling with the power structure in this country is what made me a revolutionary, not reading radical books. That's why I'm still interested in student power. It's unimportant in itself, considering the enormity of the world's problems; but when the students start to fight for their rights, they learn what the establishment is really like, and it makes revolutionaries out of them.

PLAYBOY: What do you think will happen to these radicalized students when they leave the academic community? How many of them will carry their activism beyond the university, and how many will be co-opted by the system?

MORSE: That's a very difficult question. Part of it's going to depend on how the movement maintains contact with its members after they get out of college. One of the problems for a lot of us who are postcollege age has been the fact that when you're on campus, you can just go up to the student union and sit around

and find out what's happening; whereas once you're on a 40-hour-a-week job and you have a family, you become very, very isolated unless there's some kind of adult radical organization to relate to. And one of the failures of the white movement so far is that it hasn't created such organizations. Eventually, I think some kind of nationwide revolutionary party will have to be organized, but the time hasn't come for that yet. Meanwhile, we're going to have to develop local community organizations that can, at some future point, provide people with a base so that they don't get left behind. Isolation is what makes people drop out.

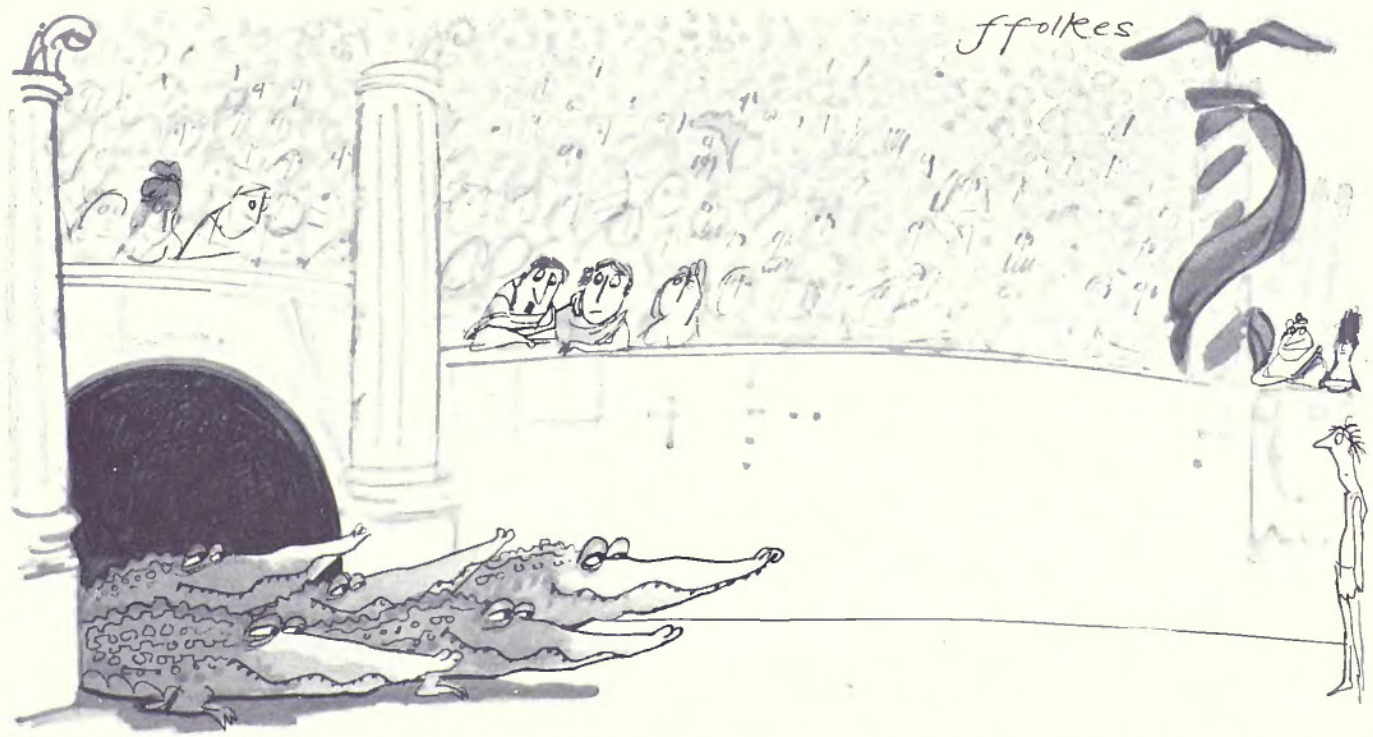
JENCKS: People don't necessarily have to shed their radicalism when they leave school. There is a good deal of concern in the professions about the adult roles SDS alumni can play. There is a radical "grown-up" organization in New York called the Movement for a Democratic Society, which holds caucuses among various professional groups: doctors, lawyers, academicians. They meet to discuss how they can sustain their involvement and commitment, how they can do something socially useful while holding down a nine-to-five job—and also to *make* something socially useful out of that nine-to-five job. My impression is that a rather high percentage of SDS alumni stay involved in various active efforts to change society—though they often get less rhetorical about it.

LUCE: I think most of the radicals finally cop out. As a friend of mine has pointed out, SDS has the same membership characteristics as a men's room: An awful lot of them go in, do their thing and leave by the other door. It's easy to be a radical on campus, where you're isolated from reality. It's easy to stand up on a platform at a university and call for revolution. It's even easy to raid the president's office or burn the papers of a professor or beat up students who want to go to class; the punishments are almost always minor because of the gentility of the college community. But it's a different story when you leave this insulated environment and go out into the world. Try taking over your boss' office and burning his files and see what happens to you. You'll be canned and probably jailed so fast it'll make your head spin—and there'll be no crap about amnesty. And even if they don't get into trouble, postgraduate radicals discover that their revolutionary fervor doesn't merely lose them friends and ruin their chances for promotion; it also limits their potential for functioning as free and productive individuals.

HAYAKAWA: I agree very profoundly. But most postgraduate radicals make their adjustments to the system quite unprotestingly; they become prosperous brokers or advertising men or whatever. A good example of this is the fact that, during the Thirties, many of my fellow graduate students were either flirting with communism or became actual members of the party. A few of them stayed with the party through the Forties and Fifties and got prosecuted—and some of them are still in Federal penitentiaries for various violations—but the majority gradually metamorphosed into advertising executives or insurance brokers, joined the teachers union or became scholars in fields unrelated to communism or any other political philosophy, absorbing themselves in literature or Renaissance history and took no more part in politics. The same thing will happen to today's radicals; a small hard core will continue as revolutionaries, but most will cheerfully join the society they now condemn so violently.

FRIEDENBERG: I don't know about that. I suspect that a great many of the black leaders will be co-opted by the system, since all they really want—apart from self-respect—is their fair share of what the system has to offer. But among the white radicals, I am astonished and frightened, as well as really rather deeply moved and impressed, at how *few* have been co-opted after leaving college.

HAYDEN: The problem is that while people are students, they simply have more time and more opportunities to take their concern into the street; but when they feel the economic pinch after leaving the university, and the structured opportunities for doing things shrink to zero, and there are no meaningful jobs available, then they must make adjustments. It's not so much that their heart goes out of the cause; it's just that in order to survive, they must work in occupations that have no relevance to either their humanity or the public interest. There are not going to be any easy solutions to this problem. People are going to have to learn how to live off the system by hustling, or to work within it —struggling to form caucuses in the



"I miss the old roaring."

places where they work—without falling into the trap of believing that working within the system is the best or the only way to do things. If they'll get materialism out of their heads, they'll find that it's really very easy to get by in society, that it's easy to live on the fringes of society, that it's easy to get enough money to survive—*if* they're willing to be failures in traditional career terms. It's striving for what the system calls success that ties you up and keeps you from accomplishing anything meaningful.

PLAYBOY: What meaningful things do you think the student revolt has accomplished so far?

MORSE: The fact that the American people have been hit day after day by student sit-ins, demonstrations and other actions against the war has educated them to what is going on in Vietnam and prevented a consensus from developing in support of the war in this country. That is a tremendously important thing to have done. The revolt is also making a lot of students come face to face with the choices they will have to make and decide whether they will participate in this society as it is or become radicals and participate in movements for social change.

LUCE: It's possible that at some schools the protests may have awakened students to the great political, social and racial conflicts that beset the country, but by and large, the few gains achieved on individual campuses have been completely offset by the beginnings of the tremendous backlash we discussed earlier, which is leading to such overreactive steps backward as the refusal of the public to support school-bond issues; next will come the repressive Federal legislation I warned about—legislation that may ultimately outlaw all dissent. In my mind, this is an enormous price to pay for what the radicals have achieved.

BROWN: Well, I think many positive things have been accomplished, but foremost among them is the fact that people are finally beginning to take students seriously. Legislators all over the country are talking about how to involve students in the running of the educational system. The students have become a force in this society, and that in itself is a major accomplishment.

FRIEDENBERG: I would agree that a great deal has been accomplished. For one thing, we would have Lyndon Johnson as President of the United States right now except for the revolts on the campuses and the war protest. Considering who replaced him, I'm not convinced that this has been an unmixed blessing, but it has certainly accomplished something. I think that a lot of the kids have also begun to sort out which grievances and which kinds of protest are legitimate and significant—in a way that will make their future efforts less fruitless and counterproductive, that will free them to become less pompous and didactic in articulating and pursuing their goals. Protest has freed them from many of society's old shibboleths and hang-ups, and they have begun to realize that society may be youth's enemy, just as youth has been defined as the enemy of society.

HAYDEN: Yes, and youth is a dangerous enemy. The revolts have shattered the myth that the American power structure is invincible and has permanent authority over the minds of young people in this country. We were raised to believe, by reading C. Wright Mills and Marcuse, that this is a one-dimensional society in which the possibilities for revolutionary change were very, very small, not only because of the coercive powers of the establishment but also because of its adaptive and manipulative powers, which gave it the capability of brainwashing people into contented drones. But this has turned out to be an overly pessimistic analysis, and I think the events of the last decade have established that we are making this a *multi*dimensional society, that there is not one America and that no one group or power elite has a claim to speak for the American people. That's a monumental achievement, it seems to me, in such a short time. The idea that this is the American century, that America should rule the world and that everyone in this country is happy has been irrevocably shattered. This, in turn, has had a lot to do with triggering revolutionary movements around the world and creating revolutionary questions for people in this country. There is a growing recognition that the universities and colleges don't simply alienate white middle-class students and exclude black people; they also fail to serve the people as a whole. I think we're now on the threshold of transcending our limited role as a student movement and beginning to grow into a movement that will spread beyond the campus and eventually become a majority force in the society.

PLAYBOY: What is your prognosis for the coming academic year? Is campus protest and disorder likely to continue—and perhaps escalate—or do you foresee a trend toward resolution of the conflicts?

JENCKS: I think we're going to see more of the same. The expansion of the movement into high schools is a sign that the situation is likely to become more intense. And on college campuses, the backlash seems to be growing even faster than the protest movement. I see repression, frustration and probably more violence ahead.

FRIEDENBERG: I'm sorry to say that I agree. And the most tragic aspect of this is that the violence is going to come from the establishment, not from the students. Before there is any kind of resolution, any kind at all, I think some students will be imprisoned, some will be killed—and all of them will be terrified. Our prospects are dark, indeed.

HAYAKAWA: I'm not so pessimistic. I

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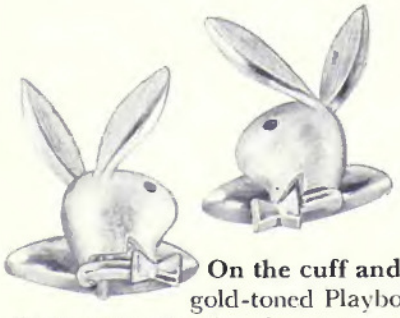

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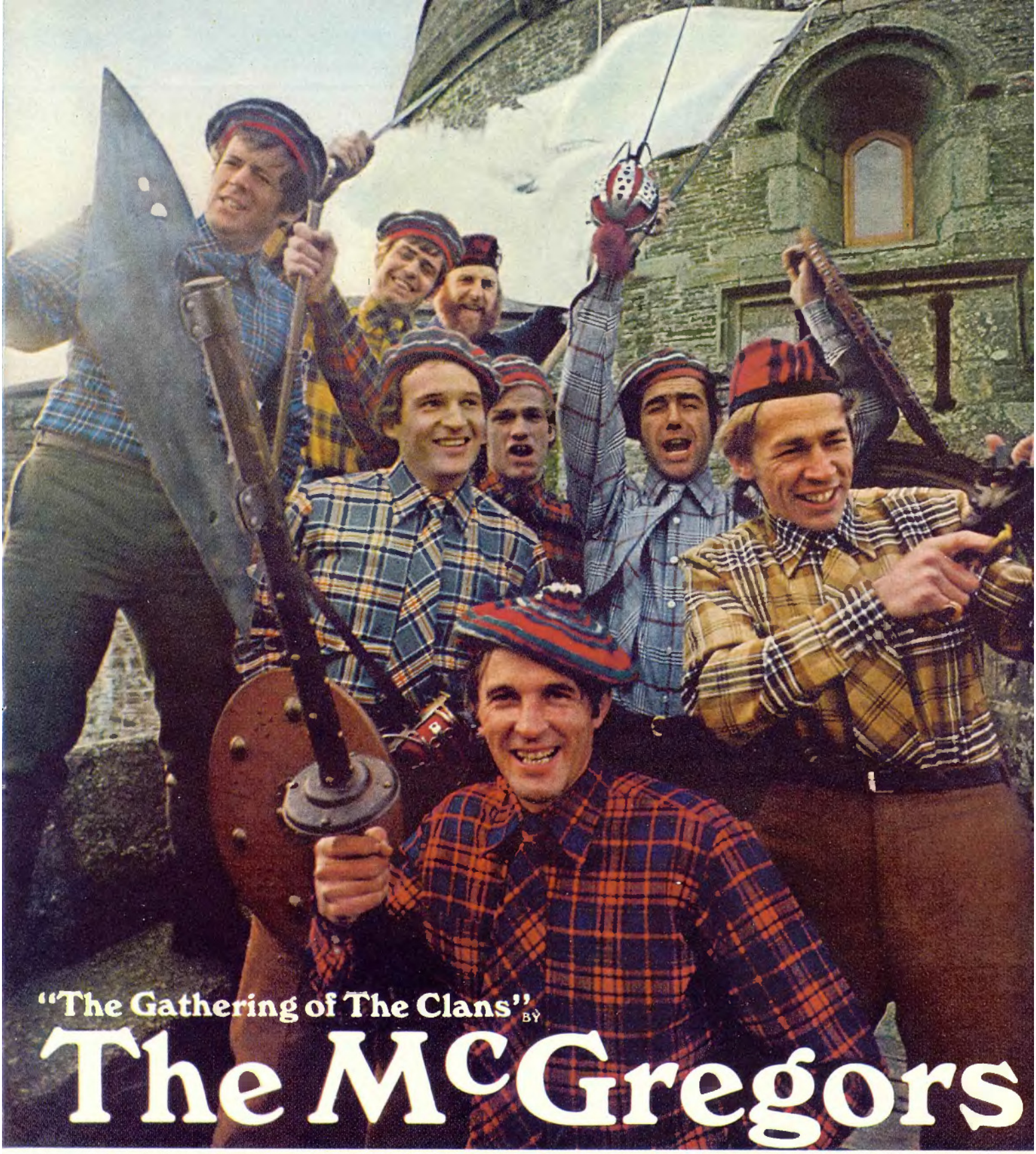

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think the forces of reason—let's not call it backlash—will begin to hold sway now. I think the violence has peaked. There will be more trouble, but it will be stopped quickly and firmly. Changes will be made and some problems will be solved, and I think the majority of students and faculty will make it plain that they want to get back to the business of education—not without debate, not without dissent, but surely without violence and disruption.

BROWN: You're wrong. There will be more violence, because I don't think the power structure in this country is going to initiate the wholesale changes that will be necessary to make this a humane nation. I think concessions will be made to the movement, but only as stopgap measures, only to cool the pressure. But students aren't going to buy it unless it's real—and especially not black students. Our struggle didn't begin on the campus and it won't end there. There are some bitter days ahead.

MORSE: I was a pacifist until about a year ago. I went through the nonviolent civil rights movement and I went through the pacifist anti-war movement. We talked, we pleaded, some even became involved in mainstream politics, only to see their candidates shot down in hotel corridors or railroaded in smoky Chicago back rooms. The movement has sat in, been arrested, beaten, cursed and spat on—but in the end, no one's listened. That leaves us no alternative but revolution.

LUCE: It will never happen. Change is badly needed—on the campus, in the civil rights area, in government, everywhere—and young people on the New Right want it as badly as those on the New Left. But we know that the means for change are provided by the Constitution. We're calling for change and not destruction. The New Right is arguing for the freedom of the individual against the collectivist nature of the present Government and the totalitarian proposals of the left wing. No matter how you cut it, the New Left is philosophically socialistic. We on the right want an end to government control over the actions of the individual, not simply a usurpation of that control by New Left totalitarians. I think you'll see more and more students deserting the left and joining the right—not only out of disgust for the senselessness of what has happened this year but out of a desire to get real change accomplished. There may be a few last-ditch pockets of radical resistance in places like Berkeley and Columbia, but very soon I think it will be obvious that the left-wing protest movement on campus is dying.

EDWARDS: I'm sure the rightists in this country *wish* we were dying, but the opposite is true. The violent temper is going to become even more intense than it is now. It was set by the establishment, you know, not by the students; they sent their pigs in to brutalize the students long before the students became violent. It's the same old story. Peaceful people with something to say were beaten up by pigs in Selma and Birmingham. Violence has always been their answer to the call for change. Well, now they're going to get a fight. I tell students, "Baby, get a gun and be ready to use it, because if you're killed out there, it won't make any difference whether it's by a pig in a blue uniform or one in a white sheet or one in Army green; you'll be just as dead. So take the whole trip. It wasn't your violence in the South; it wasn't your violence in Chicago; it's not your violence in Vietnam. It's theirs. So answer it. Protect yourself."

HAYDEN: The establishment is beginning to experiment with fascism. Fascism already exists in Vietnam and in the ghettos; and now, with the events in Berkeley, it's beginning to extend into the white youth culture and the student community. The shooting and killing of James Rector in Berkeley was deliberate; the use of buckshot was deliberate; the torture of prisoners at Santa Rita prison was deliberate; the state-of-emergency regulations at Berkeley are deliberate. And it's the fascist elements of the power structure that are escalating the repression. In Berkeley during the people's-park demonstration, gas dropped from a helicopter drifted into schools where youngsters were trying to learn and into hospitals where children and invalids had to be rushed into oxygen tents. This is the shape of things to come. The power structure is deliberately escalating the conflict in steadily increasing doses, hoping to ready the public to accept higher levels of repression, bigger police budgets, more expulsions from school and prosecution of protesters, etc. Our task is to convince the American people that despite the endless barrage of propaganda against us, we are not their enemy. We think we can do this, just as we helped persuade the people that the war in Vietnam was only in Johnson's interest, not in theirs. We'll make Berkeley Ronald Reagan's Vietnam; he can buy short-term popularity by running on a backlash platform against us, but in the long run he and everything he stands for are doomed. We're at war; it's a war that can destroy America or—as we hope—reconstruct the country on a basis of human values and priorities. It will be a long struggle, and many of us may not live to see the outcome, but we're prepared. The stakes in this war are not just America but the future of the world. We don't intend to lose.

GALLAGHER: There's no question that we face a period of deeper polarization, more intransigent attitudes, more protests—and therefore more counterprotest and repression. In the universities and colleges, I see more and more administrators of good will caught between disruption and repression, between blacklash and backlash—and rendered impotent. I see other administrators and political forces calling in more police and troops and consequently radicalizing more students. I see more students—and nonstudents—angry and afraid. But the power to choose between destruction and reconstruction is still in our hands. We falter badly; but men, not things, are still in the saddle. If we miss this chance to save what is good about America and to correct what is bad, the fault will lie with the extremists on both sides; but the price will be paid by every American alive—and by millions yet unborn.

While there is still time, we've got to break out of this spiral of violence and hatred before it tears the country apart. We must begin by recognizing that although the tactics used by students are often unjustified and counterproductive, most of their demands and criticisms are generally valid. They must be met not with Mace and clubs and bayonets and injunctions but with forbearance and understanding and—most importantly—with fundamental reforms. We have to realize that the upheaval on campus and in the ghetto is all part of a larger crisis—a crisis in human values. It's a crisis that we still have a chance to resolve if we move now in an all-out effort to remedy the injustices and heal the sicknesses of our society. Racism, poverty and war will not be eradicated overnight; much less will we manage immediately to get rid of such diffuse problems as alienation, hypocrisy and dehumanization. The millennium will not be delivered with the morning milk. But we can avert catastrophe if we have the will to do so. On a massive scale, as our first priority as a nation, we must begin the effort and keep at it. It is not too late for the oncoming generation to be seized by hope born of constructive struggle, to defeat the pessimism that now enthralls "the movement." The greatest crime today is not disorder but the despair that spawns it. We have a great debt not only to the present generation but to the future. And it must be paid.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on all that's been said, it's our belief that there has never before been such a thorough and searching presentation of opposing viewpoints on the crucial issue of campus dissent. It is superfluous to observe that agreement has not been reached, but you have all done a signal service by taking time from your crowded schedules to cut through the smoke screens of acrimony and *ad hominem* attack in order to elucidate your positions and analyze (as each of you sees them) the causes of conflict. This, in itself, must be considered an important step toward the ultimate achievement of amity and progress to which all men of good will aspire. We thank you.

I AM DYING *(continued from page 120)*

made. He had expected it to come from the Scandinavian girl.

• • •

That evening the Egyptian trio invited him to their table in the bar. The green-eyed woman said, "I hope I was not scolding. I did not mean to remonstrate, merely to tell."

"Of course," Clem said. "Listen. I was being plucked to death. I needed rescuing."

"Those men," the Egyptian man said, "are in a bad way. They say that around the hotels the shoeshine boys are starving." His face was triangular, pockmarked, saturnine. A heavy weary courtesy slowed his speech.

"What did you buy?" the other woman asked. She was sallower than the other, and softer. Her English was the most British-accented.

Clem showed them. "Ah," the man said, "a scarab."

"The incarnation of Khepri," the green-eyed woman said. "The symbol of immortality. You will live forever." She smiled at everything she said; he remembered her smiling with the word "remonstrate."

"They're jolly things," the other woman pronounced, in her stately way. "Dung beetles. They roll a ball of dung along ahead of them, which appealed to the ancient Egyptians. Reminded them of themselves, I suppose."

"Life is that," the man said. "A ball of dung we push along."

The waiter came and Clem said, "Another whiskey sour. And another round of whatever they're having." Beer for the man, Scotch for the taller lady, lemonade for his first friend.

Having bought, he felt, the right to some education, Clem asked, "Seriously. Has the"—he couldn't bring himself to call it a war, and he had noticed that in Egypt the word Israeli was never pronounced—"trouble cut down on tourism?"

"Oh, immensely," the taller lady said. "Before the war, one had to book for this boat months ahead. Now, my husband was granted two weeks and we were able to come at the last moment. It is pathetic."

"What do you do?" Clem asked.

The man made a self-deprecatory and evasive gesture, as a deity might have, asked for employment papers.

"My brother," the green-eyed woman stated, smiling, "works for the government. In, what do you call it, planning?"

As if in apology for having been reticent, her brother abruptly said, "The shoeshine boys and the dragomen suffer for us all. In everyone in my country, you have now a deep distress."

"I noticed," Clem said, very carefully, "those holes in the bridge we passed under."

"They brought *jeeps* in, jeeps. By helicopter. The papers said bombs from a plane, but it was jeeps by helicopters from the Red Sea. They drove onto the bridge, set the charges and drove away. We are not warriors. We are farmers. For thousands of years now, we have had others do our fighting for us—Sudanese, Libyans, Arabs. We are not Arabs. We are Egyptians. The Syrians and Jordanians, they are Arabs. But we, we don't know who we are, except we are very old. The man who seeks to make warriors of us creates distress."

His wife put her hand on his to silence him while the waiter brought the drinks. His sister said to Clem, "Are you enjoying our temples?"

"Quite." But the temples within him, giant slices of limestone and sun, lay mute. "I also quite like," he went on, "our guide. I admire the way he says everything in English to some of us and then in French to the rest."

"Most Egyptians are trilingual," the wife stated. "Arabic, English, French."

"Which do you think in?" Clem was concerned, for he was conscious in himself of an absence of verbal thoughts: instead, there were merely glints and reflections.

The sister smiled. "In English, the thoughts are clearest. French is better for passion."

"And Arabic?"

"Also for passion. Is it not so, Amina?"

"What so, Leila?" She had been murmuring with her husband.

The question was restated in French.

"Oh, *c'est vrai, vrai.*"

"How strange," Clem said. "English doesn't seem precise to me; quite the contrary. It's a mess of synonyms and lazy grammar."

"No," the wife said firmly—she never, he suddenly noticed, smiled—"English is clear and cold, but not *nuancé* in the emotions, as is French."

"And is Arabic *nuancé* in the same way?"

The green-eyed sister considered. "More *angoisse.*"

Her brother said, "We have ninety-nine words for camel dung. All different states of camel dung. Camel dung, we understand."

"Of course," Leila said to Clem, "Arabic here is nothing compared with the pure Arabic you would hear among the Saudis. The language of the Koran is so

"I learned one thing—never close your eyes while being kissed."

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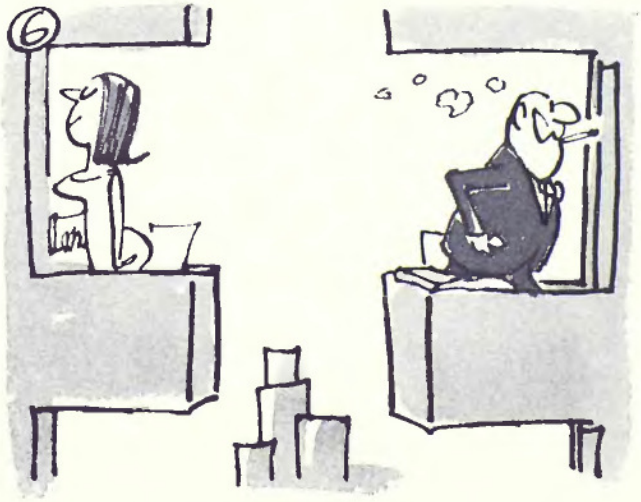
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CRANE

much more—can I say it?—gutsy. So guttural, nasal; strange, wonderful sounds. Amina, does it still affect you inwardly, to hear it chanted? The Koran."

Amina solemnly agreed, "It is terrible. It tears me all apart. It is too much passion."

Italian rock music had entered the bar via an unseen radio and one of the middle-aged English couples was trying to waltz to it. Noticing how intently Clem watched, the sister asked him, "Do you like to dance?"

He took it as an invitation; he blushed. "No, thanks, the fact is I can't."

"Can't dance? Not at all?"

"I've never been able to learn. My mother says I have Methodist feet."

"Your mother says that?" She laughed; a short shocking noise, the bark of a fox. She called to Amina, "*Sa mère dit que l'Américain a les pieds méthodistes!*"

"*Les pieds méthodiques?*"

"*Non, non, aucune méthode, la secte chrétienne—méthodisme!*"

Both barked, and the man grunted. Clem sat there rigidly, immaculate in his embarrassment. The girl's green eyes, curious, pressed on him like gems scratching glass. The three Egyptians became overanimated, beginning sentences in one language and ending in another, and Clem understood that he was being laughed at. Yet the sensation, like the blurred plucking of the scarab salesmen, was better than untouched emptiness. He had another drink before dinner, the drink that was one too many, and when he went in to his single table, everything —the tablecloths, the little red lamps, the waiting droves of waiters in blue, the black windows beyond which the Nile glided—looked triumphant and glazed.

• • •

He slept badly. There were bumps and scraping above him, footsteps in the hall, the rumble of the motors and, at four o'clock, the sounds of docking at another temple site. Once, he had found peace in hotel rooms, strange virgin corners where his mind could curl into itself, cut off from all nagging familiarities, and painlessly wink out. But he had known too many hotel rooms, so they had become themselves familiar, with their excessively crisp sheets and boastful plumbing and easy chairs one never sat in but used as clothes racks. Only the pillows varied—neck-cracking fat bolsters in Leningrad, in Amsterdam hard little wads the size of a lady's purse, and as lumpy. Here on the floating hotel Osiris, two bulky pillows were provided and, toward morning, Clem discovered it relaxed him to put his head on one and his arms around the other. Some other weight in the bed seemed to be the balance his agitated body, oscillating with hieroglyphs and sharp remonstrative glances, was craving. In his dream, the Egyptian woman promised him something marvelous and showed him two tall limestone columns with blue sky between them. He awoke unrefreshed but conscious of having dreamed. On his ceiling there was a dance of light, puzzling in its telegraphic rapidity, more like electronic art than anything natural. He analyzed it as sunlight bouncing off the tremulous Nile through the slats of his Venetian blinds. He pulled the blinds and there it was again, stunning in its clarity: the blue river, the green strip, the pink cliffs, the unflecked sky. Only the village had changed. The other tourists—the Frenchman being slowly steered, like a fragile cart, by an Arab boy—were already heading up a flight of wooden stairs toward a bus. Clem ran after them, into the broad day, without shaving.

Their guide, Poppa Omar, sat them down in the sun in a temple courtyard and told them the story of Queen Hatshepsut. "Remember it like this," he said, touching his head and rubbing his chest. "Hat—cheap—suit. She was wonderful woman here. Always building the temples, always winning the war and getting the nigger to be slaves. She marry her brother Tuthmosis and he grow tired here of jealous and insultation. He say to her, 'OK, you done a lot for Egypt, take it more easy now.' She say to him, 'No, I think I just keep rolling along.' What happen? Tuthmosis die. The new king also Tuthmosis, her niece. He is a little boy. Hatshepsut show herself in all big statues wearing false beard and all flatness here." He rubbed his chest. "Tuthmosis get bigger and go say to her now, 'Too much jealous and insultation. Take it easy for Egypt now.' She say, 'No.' Then she die, and all over Egypt here, he take all her statue and smash, hit, hit, so not one face of Hatshepsut left and everywhere her name in all the walls here, become Tuthmosis!" Clem looked around, and the statues had, indeed, been mutilated, thousands of years ago. He touched his own face and the whiskers scratched.

On the way back in the bus, the Green Bay travelogist asked them to the top so he could photograph a water wheel. A tiny child met them, weeping, on the path, holding one arm as if crippled. "Baksheesh, baksheesh," he said. "Musha, musha." One of the British men flicked at him with a whisk. The bald American announced aloud that the child was faking. Clem reached into his pocket for a piaster coin, but then remembered himself as torturer. Seeing his gesture, the child, and six others, chased after him. First they shouted, then they tossed pebbles at his heels. From within the haven of the bus, the tourists could all see the child's arm unbend. But the weeping continued and was evidently real. The travelogist was still doing the water wheel and the peddlers began to pry open the window and thrust in scarabs, dolls, alabaster vases not without beauty. The window beside Clem's face slid back and a brown hand insinuated an irregular parcel about six inches long, wrapped in brown cloth. "Feesh mummy," a disembodied voice said, and to Clem it seemed hysterically funny. He couldn't stop laughing; the tip of his tongue began to hurt from being bitten. The Scandinavian girl, across the aisle, glanced at him hopefully. Perhaps the crack in his glaze was appearing.

Back on the Osiris, they basked in deck chairs. The white boat had detached itself from the brown land and men in blue brought them lemonade, daiquiris, salty peanuts called *soudani*. Though Clem, luminous with suntan oil, appeared to be asleep, his lips moved in answer to Ingrid beside him. Her bikini was chartreuse today. "In my country," she said, "the summers are so short, naturally we take off our clothes. But it is absurd, this myth other countries have of our paganism, our happy sex. We are a harsh people. My father, he was like a man in the Bergman films. I was forbidden everything growing up—to play cards, lipstick, to dance."

"I never did learn to dance," Clem said, slightly shifting.

"Yes," she said, "I saw in you, too, a stern childhood. In a place of harsh winters."

"We had two yards of snow the other year," Clem told her. "In one storm. Two *yards*."

"And yet," Ingrid said, "I think the thaw, when at last it comes in such places, is so dramatic, so intense." She glanced toward him hopefully.

Clem appeared oblivious within his gleaming placenta of suntan oil.

The German boy who spoke a little English was on the other side of him. By now, the third day, the sun bathers had declared themselves: Clem, Ingrid, the two young Germans, the bald-headed American, the young English wife, whose skirted bathing suits were more demure than her ordinary dresses. The rest of the British sat on the deck in the shade of the canopy and drank; the three Egyptians sat in the lounge and talked; the supposed Russians kept out of sight altogether. The travelogist was talking to the purser about the immense chain of tickets and reservations that would get him to Cape Town; the widow was in her cabin with Egyptian stomach and a burning passion to play bridge; the French couple sat by the rail, in the sun but fully dressed, reading guidebooks, his chair tipped back precariously, so he could see the gliding landscape.

The German boy asked Clem, "Haff you bot a caftan?"

He had been nearly asleep, beneath a light, transparent headache. He said, "*Bitte?*"

"*Ein* caftan. You shoot. In Luxor; go back tonight. He will measure you and

haff it by morning ven ve go. Sey are good—wery cheap."

Hatcheapsuit, Clem thought, but granted that he might do it. His frozen poise contended within him with something promiscuous and American, that must go forth and test, and purchase. He felt, having spurned so many scarabs and alabaster vases, he owed Egypt some of the large-leafed money that fattened his wallet uncomfortably.

"It vood be wery handsome on you."

"Ravishing," the young English wife said behind them. She had been listening. Clem sometimes felt like a mirror that everyone glanced into before moving on.

"You're all kidding me," he announced. "But I confess, I'm a sucker for costumes."

"Again," Ingrid said, "like a Bergman film." And languorously she shifted her long arms and legs; the impression of flesh in the side of his vision disturbingly merged, in his sleepless state, with a floating sensation of hollowness, of being in parentheses.

That afternoon they toured the necropolis in the Valley of the Kings. King Tut's small two-chambered tomb; how had they crammed so much treasure in? The immense tunnels of Ramses III; or was it Ramses IV? Passageways hollowed from the limestone chip by chip, lit by systems of tilted mirrors, painted with festive stiff figures banqueting, fishing, carrying offerings of fruit forward, which was always slightly down, down past pits dug to entrap grave robbers, past vast false chambers, toward the real and final one, a square room that would have made a nice night club. Its murals had been left unfinished, sketched in gray ink but uncolored. The tremors of the artist's hand, his nervous strokes, were still there. Abdul, the Egyptian planner, murmured to him. "Always they left something unfinished; it is a part of their religion no one understands. It is thought perhaps they dreaded finishing, as closing in the dead, limiting the life beyond." They climbed up the long slanting passageway, threaded with electric lights, past hundreds of immaculate bodies carried without swing. "The dead, you see, are not dead. In their language, the word for death and the word for life are the same. The death they feared was the second one, the one that would come if the tomb lacked provisions for life. In the tombs of the nobles, more than here, the scenes of life are all about, like a musical—you say score?—that only the dead have the instrument to play. These hieroglyphs are all instructions to the dead man, how to behave, how to make the safe journey."

"Good planning," Clem said, short of breath.

Abdul was slow to see the joke, since it was on himself.

"I mean the dead are much better planned for than the living."

"No," Abdul said flatly, perhaps misunderstanding. "It is the same."

Back in Luxor, Clem left the safe boat and walked toward the clothing shop, following the German boy's directions. He seemed to walk a long way. The narrowing streets grew shadowy. Pedestrians drifted by him in a steady procession, carrying offerings forward. No peddlers approached him; perhaps they kept businessmen's hours, went home and totaled up the sold scarabs and fish mummies in impeccable lined ledgers. Radio Cairo blared and twanged from wooden balconies. Dusty intersections flooded with propaganda (or was it prayer?) and faded behind him. The air was dark by the time he reached the shop. Within its little cavern of brightness, a young woman was helping a small child with homework, and a young man, the husband and father, lounged against some stacked bolts of cloth. All three persons were petite; Egyptian children, Clem had noticed before, are proportioned like miniature adults, with somber staring dolls' heads. He felt oversize in this shop, whose reduced scale was here and there betrayed by a coarse object from the real world—a steam press, the inflated pastel of Nasser on the wall. Clem's voice, asking if they could make a caftan for him by morning, seemed to boom; as he tuned it down, it cracked and trembled. Measuring him, the small man touched him all over; and touches that at first had been excused as accidental declared themselves as purposeful, determined.

"Hey," Clem said, blushing.

Shielded from his wife by the rectangular bulk of Clem's body, the young man, undoing his own fly with a swift light tailor's gesture, exhibited himself. "I can make you very happy," he muttered.

"I'm leaving." Clem said.

He was at the doorway instantly, but the tailor had time to call, "Sir, when will you come back tomorrow?" Clem turned; the little man was zipped, the woman and child had their heads bent

together over the homework. Nasser, a lurid ocher, scowled toward the future. Clem had intended to abandon the caftan but pictured himself back in Buffalo, wearing it to New Year's Eve at the club, with sunglasses and sandals. The tailor looked frightened. His little mustache twitched uncertainly and his brown eyes had been worn soft by worry and needlework.

Clem said he would be back no later than nine. The boat sailed south after breakfast. Outside, the dry air had chilled. From the tingling at the tip of his tongue, he realized he had been smiling hard.

• • •

Ingrid was sitting at the bar in a backwards silver dress, high in the front and buckled at the back. She invited herself to sit at his table during dinner; her white arms, pinched pink by the sun, shared in the triumphant glaze of the tablecloth, the glowing red lamp. They discussed religion. Clem had been raised as a Presbyterian, she as a Lutheran. In her father's house, north of Stockholm, there had been a guest room held ready against the arrival of Jesus Christ. Not quite seriously, it had been a custom, and yet . . . she supposed religion had bred into her a certain *expectancy*. Into him, he thought, groping, peering with difficulty into that glittering blank area, which in other people, he imagined, was the cave of life, religion had bred a *dislike of litter*. It was a disappointing answer, even after he had explained the word litter. He advanced in its place the theory that he was a royal tomb, once crammed with treasure, that had been robbed. Her white hand moved an inch toward him on the tablecloth, intelligent as a bat, and he began to cry. The tears felt genuine to him, but she said, "Stop acting."

He told her that a distressing thing had just happened to him.

She said, "That is your flaw; you are too self-conscious. You are always in costume, acting. You must always be beautiful." She was so intent on delivering this sermon that only as an afterthought did she ask him what had been the distressing thing.

He found he couldn't tell her; it was too intimate, and his own part in provoking it had been, he felt, unspeakably shameful. The tailor's homosexual advance had been, like the child's feigning a crippled arm, evoked by his money, his torturing innocence. He said, "Nothing. I've been sleeping badly and don't make sense, Ingrid: Have some more wine." His palms were sweating from the effort of pronouncing her name.

After dinner, though fatigue was making his entire body shudder and itch, she asked him to take her into the lounge, where a three-piece band from Alexandria was playing dance music. The English couples waltzed and Gwenn, the young wife, frugged with one of the German boys. The green-eyed Egyptian woman danced with the purser. Egon, the German boy who knew some English, came and, with a curt bow and a curious hard stare at Clem, invited Ingrid. She danced, Clem observed, very close, in the manner of one who, puritanically raised, thinks of it only as a substitute for intercourse. After many numbers, she was returned to him unmarred, still silver, cool and faintly admonitory. Downstairs, in the corridor where their cabin doors were a few steps apart, she asked him, her expression watchful and stern, if he would sleep better tonight. Compared with her large eyes and long nose, her mouth was small; she pursed her lips in a thoughtful pout, holding as if in readiness a small slot of dark space between them.

He realized that her face was stern because he was a mirror in which she was gauging her beauty, her power. His smile sought to reassure her. "Yes," he said. "I'm sure I will, I'm dead."

And he did fall asleep quickly, but woke in the dark, to escape a dream in which the hieroglyphs and Pharaonic cartouches had left the incised walls and inverted and become stamps, sharp-edged stamps trying to indent themselves upon him. Awake, he identified the dream blows with the thumping of feet and furniture overhead. But he could not sink back into sleep; there was a scuttling, an occasional whispering in the corridor that he felt was coming toward him, toward his door. But once, when he opened his door, there was nothing in the corridor but bright light and several pairs of shoes. The problem of the morning prevented him from sinking back. If he went to pick up his caftan, it would seem to the tailor a submission. He would be misunderstood and vulnerable. Also, there was the danger of missing the boat. Yet the caftan would be lovely to have, a shimmering striped polished cotton, with a cartouche containing Clem's monogram in silver thread. In his agitation, his desire not to make a mistake, he could not achieve peace with his pillows; and then the telegraphic staccato of sunlight appeared on his ceiling and Egypt, that green thread through the desert, was taut and bright beyond his blinds. Leaving breakfast, lightheaded, he impulsively approached the bald American on the stairs. "I beg your pardon; this is rather silly, but could you do me an immense favor?"

"Like what?"

"Just walk with me up to this shop where something I ordered should be waiting. Uh . . . it's embarrassing to explain."

"The boat's pulling out in half an hour."

"I know. It wouldn't leave if two of us were missing."

The man sized Clem up—his clean shirt, his square shoulders, his open hopeful face—and grunted, "OK. I left my whisk in the cabin, I'll see you outside."

"Gee, I'm very grateful, uh——"

"Walt's the name."

Ingrid, coming up the stairs late to breakfast, had overheard. "May I come, too, on this expedition that is so dangerous?"

"No, it's stupid," Clem told her. "Please eat your breakfast. I'll see you on the deck afterward."

Her face attempted last night's sternness, but she was puffy beneath her eyes from sleep, and he revised upward his estimate of her age. Like him, she was over 30. How many men had she passed through to get here, alone; how many self-forgetful nights, traumatic mornings of separation, hung-over heartbroken afternoons? It was epic to imagine, her history of love; she loomed immense in his mind, a monumental statue, forbidding and foreign, even while under his nose she blinked, puckered her lips and went into breakfast, rejected.

On the walk to the shop, Clem tried to explain what had happened the evening before. Walt impatiently interrupted. "They're scum," he said. "They'll sell their mother for twenty piasters." His accent still had nasal Newark in it. A boy ran shyly beside them, offering them *soudani* from a bowl. "Amscray," Walt said, brandishing his whisk.

"Is very good," the boy said.

"You make me puke," Walt told him.

The woman and the boy doing homework were gone from the shop. Unlit, it looked dingy; Nasser's glass was cracked. The tailor sprang up when they entered, pleased and relieved. "I work all night," he said.

"Like hell you did," Walt said.

"Try on?" the tailor asked Clem.

In the flecked dim mirror, Clem saw himself gowned; a shock, because the effect was not incongruous. He looked like a husky woman, a big-boned square-faced woman, quick to blush and giggle, the kind of naïve healthy woman, with money and without many secrets, that he tended to be attracted to. He had once loved such a girl, and she had snubbed him to marry a Harvard man. "It feels tight under the armpits," he said.

The tailor rapidly caressed and patted his sides. "That is its cut," he said.

"And the cartouche was supposed to be in silver thread."

"You said gold."

"I said silver."

"Don't take it," Walt advised.

"I work all night," the tailor said.

"And here," Clem said. "This isn't a pocket, it's just a slit."

"No, no, no pocket. Supposed to let the hand through. Here, I show." He put his hand in the slit and touched Clem until Clem protested, "Hey."

"I can make you very happy," the tailor murmured.

"Throw it back in his face," Walt said. "Tell him it's a god-awful mess."

"No," Clem said. "I'll take it. The fabric is lovely. If it turns out to be too tight, I can give it to my mother." He was sweating so hard that the garment became stuck as he tried to pull it over his head, and the tailor, assisting him, was an enveloping blur of caresses.

From within the darkness of cloth, Clem heard a slap and Walt's voice snarl, "Hands off, sonny." The subdued tailor swiftly wrapped the caftan in brown paper. As Clem paid, Walt said, "I wouldn't buy that rag. Throw it back in his face." Outside, as they hurried back toward the boat, through crowded streets where women clad in black mantles stepped aside, guarding their faces as if from evil eyes—a cloud of faces in which one or two hung with a startled, unpainted beauty—Walt said, "The little queer."

"I don't think it meant anything, it was just a nervous habit. But it scared me. Thanks a lot for coming along."

Walt asked him, "Ever try it with a man?"

"No. Good heavens."

Walt said, "It's not bad." He nudged Clem in walking and Clem shifted his parcel to that side, as a shield. All the way to the boat, Walt's conversation was anecdotal and obscene, describing a night he had had in Alexandria and another in Khartoum. Twice Clem had to halt and shift to Walt's other side, to keep from being nudged off the sidewalk. "It's not bad," Walt insisted. "It'd pleasantly surprise you." Back on the Osiris, Clem locked the cabin door while changing into his bathing suit. The engines shivered: the boat glided away from the Luxor quay. On deck, Ingrid asked him if his dangerous expedition had been successful. She had reverted to the orange bikini.

"I got the silly thing, yes. I don't know if I'll ever wear it."

"You must model it tonight; we are having Egyptian Night."

Her intonation saying this was firm with reserve. Her air of pique cruelly pressed upon him in his sleepless, sensitive, brittle state. Ingrid's lower lip jutted in profile; her pale eyes bulged beneath the spears of her lashes. He tried to placate her by describing the tailor shop—its enchanted smallness, the woman and child bent over schoolwork.

"It is a farce," Ingrid said, with a bruising positiveness, "their schooling. They teach the poor children the language of the Koran, which is difficult and useless. The literacy statistics are nonsense."

Swirls of Arabic, dipping like bird flight from knot to knot, wound through Clem's brain and gently tugged him downward into a softness where Ingrid's tan body stretching beside him merged with the tawny strip of desert gliding

beyond the ship's railing. Lemonade was being served to kings around him. On the ceiling of one temple chamber that he had seen, the goddess Nut was swallowing the sun in one corner and giving birth to it in another, all out of the same body. A body was above him and words were crashing into him like stones. He opened his eyes; it was the American widow, a broad cloud of cloth eclipsing the sun, a perfumed mass of sweet-voiced anxiety resurrected from her cabin, crying out to him, "Young man, you *look* like a bridge player. We're *des*perate for a fourth!"

• • •

The caftan pinched him under the arms; and then, later in Egyptian Night, after the meal, Ingrid danced with Egon and disappeared. To these discomforts the American widow and Walt added that of their company. Though Clem had declined her bridge invitation, his protective film had been broken and they had plunked themselves down around the little table where Clem and Ingrid were eating the buffet of *foule* and pilaf and *qualeema* and filafil and maamoule. To Clem's surprise, the food was to his taste—nutty, bland, dry. Then Ingrid was invited to dance and failed to return to the table, and the English couples, who had befriended the widow, descended in a cloud of conversation.

"This place was a hell of a lot more fun under Farouk," said one old man with a scoured red face.

"At least the poor *fellah*," a woman perhaps his wife agreed, "had a little glamor and excitement to look up to."

"Now what does the poor devil have? A war he can't fight and Soviet slogans."

"They *hate* the Russians, of course. The average Egyptian, he loves a show of style, and the Russians don't have any. Not a crumb."

"The poor dears."

And they passed on to ponder the inability, mysterious but a thousand times proven, of Asiatics and Africans—excepting, of course, the Israelis and the Japanese—to govern themselves or, for that matter, to conduct the simplest business operation efficiently. Clem was too tired to talk and too preoccupied with the pressure chafing his armpits, but they all glanced into his face and found their opinions reflected there. In a sense, they deferred to him, for he was prosperous and young and as an American the inheritor of their colonial wisdom.

All had made attempts at native costume. Walt wore his pajamas, and the widow, in bed sheet and sunglasses and *kufiyah*, did suggest a fat sheik, and Gwenn's husband had blacked his face with an ingenious paste of Bain de Soleil and instant coffee. Gwenn asked Clem to dance. Blushing, he declined, but she insisted. "There's nothing to it—you simply bash yourself about a bit," she said, and demonstrated.

She was dressed as a harem girl. For her top, she had torn the sleeves off one of her husband's shirts and left it unbuttoned, so that a strip of skin from the base of her throat to her navel was bare; she was not wearing a bra. Her pantaloons were less successful: yellow St.-Tropez slacks pinned in loosely below the knees. A blue-gauze scarf across her nose —setting her hectic English cheeks and Twiggy eyes oddly afloat—and gold chains around her ankles completed the costume. The band played *Delilah*. As Clem watched Gwenn's feet, their shuffle, and the glitter of gold circlets, and the ten silver toenails, seemed to be rapidly writing something indecipherable. There was a quick half step she seemed unaware of, in counterpoint with her swaying head and snaking arms. "Why—oh—whyyy, De-liii-lah," the young Egyptian sang in a Liverpool whine. Clem braced his body, hoping the pumping music would take it. His feet felt sculpturally one with the floor; it was like what stuttering must be for the tongue. The

sweat of incapacity fanned outward from the pain under his arms, but Gwenn obliviously rolled on, her pantaloons coming unpinned, her shirt loosening so that as she swung from side to side, one shadowy breast, and now the other, was exposed. She had shut her eyes, and in the haven of her blindness Clem did manage to dance a little, to shift his weight and jerk his arms, though he was able to do it only by forgetting the music. The band changed songs and rhythms without his noticing: he was conscious mostly of the skirt of his caftan swinging around him, of Gwenn's red cheeks turning and turning below sealed slashes of mascara, and of her husband's face. He had come onto the dance floor with the American widow: as the Bain de Soleil had sunk into his skin, the instant coffee had powdered his *gallabiyah*. At last the band took a break. Gwenn's husband claimed her, and the green-eyed Egyptian woman, as Clem passed her table, said remonstratingly, "You can dance."

"He is a dervish," Amina stated.

"All Americans are dervishes," Abdul sighed. "Their energy menaces the world."

"I am the world's worst dancer; I'm hopeless," Clem said.

"Then you should sit," Leila said. All three Egyptians were dressed, with disdainful chic, in Western dress. Clem ordered a renewal of their drinks and a brandy for himself.

"Tell me," he begged Abdul. "Do you think the Russians have no style?"

"It is true," Abdul said. "They are a very ugly people. Their clothes are very baggy. They are like us, Asiatic. They are not yet convinced that this world absolutely matters."

"*Mon mari veut être un mystique*," Amina said to Clem.

Clem persisted. Fatigue made him desperate and dogged. "But," he said, "I was surprised, in Cairo, even now, with our ambassador kicked out, how many Americans were standing around the lobby of the Hilton. And all the American movies."

"For a time," Amina said, "they tried films only from the Soviet Union and China, about farming progressively. The theater managers handed their keys in to the government and said, 'Here, you run them.' No one would come. So the Westerns came back."

"And this music," Clem said, "and your clothes."

"Oh, we love you," Abdul said, "but with our brains. You are like the stars, like the language of the Koran. We know we cannot be like that. There is a sullen place"—he moved his hand from his head to his stomach—"where the Russians make themselves at home. I speak in hope. There must be some compensation."

The waiter brought the drinks and Amina said "Shh" to her husband.

Leila said to Clem, "You have changed girlfriends tonight. You have many girlfriends."

He blushed. "None."

Leila said, "The big Swede, she danced very close with the German boy. Now they have both gone off."

"Into the Nile?" Amina asked. "Into the desert? How jolly romantic."

Abdul said slowly, as if bestowing comfort, "They are both Nordic. They are at home within each other. Like us and the Russians."

Leila seemed angry. Her green eyes burned and Clem feared they would seek to scratch his face. Instead, her ankle touched his beneath the table; he flinched. "They are both," she said, "ice—ize—? They hang down in winter."

"Icicles?" Clem offered.

She curtly nodded, annoyed at needing rescue. "I have never seen one," she said in self-defense.

"Your friends the British," Abdul said, indicating the noisy table where they were finger-painting on Gwenn's husband's face, "understood us in their fashion. They had read Shakespeare. It is very good, that play. How we turned our sails and ran. Our cleverness and courage are all female."

"I'm sure that's not so," Clem said, to rescue him.

Leila snapped, "Why should it not be so? All countries are women, except horrid Uncle Sam." And though he sat at their table another hour, her ankle did not touch his again.

Floating on three brandies, Clem at last left the lounge, his robe of polished cotton swinging around him. The Frenchman was tipped back precariously in a corner, watching the dancers. He lifted his mirror in salute as Clem passed. Though even the Frenchman's wife was dancing, Ingrid had not returned, and this added to Clem's lightness, his freedom from litter. Surely he would sleep. But when he lay down on his bed, it was trembling and jerking. His cabin adjoined that of the unsociable plump couple thought to be Russian. Clem's bed and one of theirs were separated by a thin partition. His shuddered as theirs heaved with a playful, erratic violence; there was a bump, a giggle, a hoarse male sibilance. Then the agitation settled toward silence and a distinct rhythm, a steady, mounting beat that put a pu'sing into the bed taut under Clem. Two or three minutes of this. "Oh": the woman's exclamation was middle-pitched, totally curved, languageless; a man's guttural grunt came right on top of it. Clem's bed, in its abrupt stillness, seemed to float and spin under him. Then from beyond the partition some murmurs, a sprinkling of laughter and a resonant heave as one body left the bed. Soon, faint snoring. Clem had been robbed of the gift of sleep.

After shapeless hours of pillow wrestling, he went to the window and viewed the Nile gliding by, the constellations of village lights, the desert stars, smaller than he had expected. He wanted to open the window to smell the river and the desert, but it was sealed shut, in deference to the air conditioning. Clem remembered Ingrid and a cold silver rage, dense as an ingot, upright as an obelisk, filled his body. "You bitch," he said aloud and, by repeating those two words, over and over, leaving his mind no space to entertain any other images, he managed to wedge himself into a few hours' sleep, despite the tempting, problematical scuttle of presences in the hall, who now and then brushed his door with their fingernails. *You bitch, you bitch, you. . . .* He remembered nothing about his dreams, except that they all took place back in Buffalo, amid people he had thought he had forgotten.

• • •

Temples. Dour dirty heavy Isna sunk in its great pit beside a city market where Clem, pestered by flies and peddlers, nearly vomited at the sight of ox palates, complete with arcs of teeth, hung up for sale. Vast sun-struck Idfu, an endless square spiral climb up steps worn into troughs toward a dizzying view, the amateur travelogist calmly grinding away on the unparapeted edge. Cheery little Kom Ombo, right by the Nile, whiter and later than the others. In one of them, dead Osiris was resurrected by a hawk alighting on his phallus; in another, Nut the sky god flowed above them nude, swimming amid gilt stars. A god was having a baby, baby Horus. Poppa Omar bent over and tenderly patted the limestone relief pitted and defaced by Coptic Christians. "See now here," he said, "the lady squat, and the other ladies hold her by the arms so, here, and the baby Horus, out he comes here. In villages all over Egypt now, the ladies there still have the babies in this manner, so we have too many the babies here." He looked up at them and smiled with ancient benevolence. His eyes, surprisingly, were pale blue.

The man from Wisconsin was grinding away, the man from New Jersey was switching his whisk, the widow was fainting in the shade, beside a sphinx. Clem helped the Frenchman inch his feet across some age-worn steps; he was like one of those toys that walks down an inclined ramp but easily topples. The English and Egyptians were bored; too many temples, too much Ramses. Ingrid detached herself from the German boys and came to Clem. "How did you sleep?"

"Horribly. And you?"

"Well. I thought," she added, "you would be soothed by my no longer trying to rape you."

At noon, in the sun, as the Osiris glided toward Aswan, she took her accustomed chair beside Clem. When Egon left the chair on the other side of him and clamorously swam in the pool, Clem asked her, "How is he?"

"He is very nice," she said, holding her bronze face immobile in the sun. "Very earnest, very naïve. He is a revolutionary."

"I'm glad," he said, "you've found someone congenial."

"Have I? He is very young. Perhaps I went with him to make another jealous." She added, expressionless, "Did it?"

"Yes."

"I am pleased to hear it."

In the evening, she was at the bar when he went up from an unsuccessful attempt at a nap. They had docked for the last time: the boat had ceased trembling. She had reverted to the silver dress that looked put on backward. He asked, "Where are the Germans?"

"They are with the Egyptians in the lounge. Shall we join them?"

"No." Clem said. Instead, they talked with the lanky man from Green Bay, who had ten months of advance tickets and reservations to Cape Town and back, including a homeward cabin on the Queen Elizabeth II. He spoke mostly to women's groups and high schools, and he detested the Packers. He said to Clem, "I take pride in being an eccentric, don't you?" and Clem was frightened to think that he appeared eccentric, he who had always been praised, even teased, by his mother as typically American, as even *too* normal and dependable. She sometimes implied that he had disappointed her by not defying her, by always returning from his trips.

After dinner, he and Ingrid walked in Aswan: a receding quay of benches, open shops burning a single light bulb, a swish of vehicles, mostly military. A true city, where the appetites did not beg. He had bought some postcards and let a boy shine his shoes. He paid the boy ten piasters, shielding his potent wallet with his body, like a grenade that might explode. They returned to the Osiris and sat in the lounge watching the others dance. A chaste circle around them forbade intrusion; or perhaps the others, having tried to enter Clem and failed, had turned away. Clem imagined them in the eyes of the others, both so composed and now so tan, two stately cool children of harsh winters. Apologizing, smiling, after three iced arracks, he bit his tongue and rose. "Forgive me, I'm dead. I must hit the hay. You stay and dance."

She shook her head, with a preoccupied stern gesture, gathered her dress tight about her hips and went with him. In the hall before his door, she stood and asked, "Don't you want me?"

A sudden numbness lifted from his stomach and made him feel unreally tall. "Yes," he said.

"Then why not take me?"

Clem looked within himself for the answer, saw only glints refracted and distorted by a deep fatigue. "I'm frightened to," he told her. "I have no faith in my right to take things."

Ingrid listened intently, as if his words were continuing, clarifying themselves; she looked at his face and nodded. Now that they had come so far together and were here, her gaze seemed soft, as soft and weary as the tailor's. "Go to your room," she said. "If you like, then, I will come to you."

"Please do." It was as simple as dancing—you simply bash yourself about a bit.

"Would you like me to?" She was stern now, could afford to be guarded.

"Yes. *Please* do."

He left the latch off, undressed, washed, brushed his teeth, shaved the second time that day, left the bathroom light on. The bed seemed immensely clean and taut, like a sail. Strange stripes, nonsense patterns, crossed his mind. The sail held taut, permitting a gliding, but with a tipping. The light in the cabin changed. The door had been opened and shut. She was still wearing the silver dress; he had imagined she would change. She sat on his bed; her

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weight was the counterweight he had been missing. He curled tighter, as if around a pillow, and an irresistible peace descended, distinctly, from the four corners of space, along 45-degree angles marked in charcoal. He opened his eyes, discovering thereby that they had been shut, and the sight of her back —the belling solidity of her bottom, the buckle of the backward belt, the scoop of cloth exposing the nape of blonde neck and the strong crescent of shoulder waiting to be touched—covered his eyes with silver scales. On one of the temple walls, one of the earlier ones, Poppa Omar had read off the hieroglyphs that spelled WOMAN IS PARADISE. The ship and its fittings were still and, confident she would not move, he postponed the beginning for one more second.

He awoke feeling rich, full of sleep. At breakfast, he met Ingrid by the glass dining-room doors and apologetically smiled, blushing and biting his tongue. "God, I'm sorry," he said. He added in self-defense, "I told you I was dead."

"It was charming," she said. "You gave yourself to me that way."

"How long did you sit there?"

"Perhaps an hour. I tried to insert myself into your dreams. Did you dream of me?" She was a shade shy, asking.

He remembered no dreams but did not say so. Her eyes were permanently soft now toward him; they had become windows through which he could admire himself. It did not occur to him that he might admire her in the same fashion: in the morning light, he saw clearly the traces of age on her face and throat, the little scars left by time and a presumed promiscuity, for which he, though not heavily, did blame her. His defect was that, though accustomed to reflect love, he could not originate light within himself; he was as blind as the silvered side of a mirror to the possibility that he, too, might impose a disproportionate glory upon the form of another. The world was his but slid through him.

In the morning, they went by felucca to Lord Kitchener's gardens, and the Aga Khan's tomb, where a single rose was fresh in a vase. The afternoon expedition, and their last, was to the Aswan High Dam. Cameras were forbidden. They saw the anti-aircraft batteries and the worried brown soldiers in their little wooden cartoon guardhouses. The desert became very ugly: no longer the rose shimmer that had surrounded him at the airport in Luxor, it was a merciless gray that had never entertained a hope of life, not even fine in texture but littered to the horizon with black flint. And the makeshift pitted roads were ugly, and the graceless Russian machinery clanking and sitting stalled, and the styleless, already squalid propaganda pavilion containing a model of the dam. The dam itself, after the straight, elegantly arched dam the British had built upriver, seemed a mere mountain of heaped rubble, hardly distinguishable from the inchoate desert itself. Yet at its heart, where the turbines had been set, a plume like a cloud of horses leaped upward in an inverted Niagara that dissolved, horse after horse, into mist before becoming the Nile again and flowing on. Startled greenery flourished on the gray cliffs that contained the giant plume. The stocky couple who had been impassive and furtive for six days now beamed and crowed aloud: the man roughly nudged Clem to wake him to the wonder of what they were seeing. Clem agreed: *"Khorosho."* He waited but was not nudged again. Gazing into the abyss of the trip that was over, he saw that—sparks struck and lost within a waterfall—he had been happy.

"Quick—the wide-angle lens!"

HOW NOT TO ELECT A PRESIDENT

(continued from page 142)

of our Presidential-election system.

The President is the one man in our political system who is intended to represent all of the people, yet he is selected by the most restrictive and most undemocratic of methods. A special commission of the American Bar Association, after lengthy study, has listed the following defects in the Electoral College system:

1. It allows a man to become President even though he receives fewer votes than his opponent.

2. Since *all* the electoral votes of a state go to whichever candidate wins a plurality, the minority votes in that state are nullified—in effect, disfranchising millions of people.

3. Electors in many states are not required by law to vote for the candidate who carries their state. They can utterly defy the popular will.

4. The electoral vote that decides the election does not depend in any way on the turnout state by state—a situation that encourages voter apathy and fails to reward voter enthusiasm. (If you are a minority voter in a one-party state, what's the incentive to vote?)

5. The Electoral College system flagrantly disregards population. States get a minimum of three electoral votes, regardless of their size, and no allowance is made for population changes from election to election (except when a state's Congressional delegation is revised).

6. The system of election in the House, with one vote per state, is disgraceful and un-American.

That is a scorching indictment of an undemocratic system that should be replaced by a new procedure that guarantees the Presidency to the winner of the popular vote. A direct-vote process would put equal weight on every man's vote, thereby encouraging individuals to participate in the election and encouraging the national parties to seek the largest possible voter turnout.

Such a plan has been developed by the American Bar Association and has been introduced in the Congress by Senator Birch Bayh. As a safeguard, it provides that if no candidate received 40 percent of the popular vote, there would be a runoff election between the two highest candidates.

Surprisingly and encouragingly, the House version of Bayh's proposal easily passed its first major test last spring. It was approved in late April by the House Judiciary Committee—the first time since 1949 that the committee had submitted to the House at large a measure calling for the scrapping of the Electoral College system—and appeared to have the required two-thirds backing among House members. President Nixon has also made it clear that he will throw the weight of his office behind the campaign for ratifica-

tion of a direct-popular-election reform, should one emerge from Congress. Yet many hurdles remain. If the amendment makes its way successfully through the other pertinent committees and is then approved by two-thirds majorities in each branch of Congress, it will still have to be ratified by the legislatures of three fourths of the states.

In the traditional American way, there will be many attempts to water down, compromise or completely subvert this reform all along the way. The above-mentioned plan of conservative Senators is the most formidable enemy of reform. But let's keep our eye on the ball. The prime failure in the present Electoral College system is its flagrant denial of one man, one vote. The U. S. Supreme Court enunciated this principle in a series of Congressional and legislative reapportionment cases—*Baker vs. Carr* (1962); *Wesberry vs. Sanders* (1964); *Reynolds vs. Sims* (1964); and *Gray vs. Sanders* (1963).

In one instance, the Court said:

> Once the geographical unit for which a representative is to be chosen is designated, all who participate in the election are to have an equal voice.

Obviously, the geographical constituency of the President is the entire nation, and all the citizens should have an equal voice in his selection. They do not today.

In another instance, the Court said:

> Within a given constituency, there can be room for a single constitutional rule—one voter, one vote.

It is time to apply that "single constitutional rule" to the Presidency.

The one man, one vote principle is a key to understanding Electoral College reform for another reason.

Americans have a reverence for the founding fathers and a reluctance to tinker with their work. Therefore, it is important to understand how public opinion and the weight of constitutional law have developed in this country in the almost 200 years since the Constitution was drafted.

The fact is, the reason we have the Electoral College system today is that the founders plainly and simply did *not* believe in popular elections. They quite literally lived in a different world. The general public was not educated. Communication and transportation systems were very primitive. America was an undeveloped country of 13 lightly populated states, whose leading citizens were anxious for the stability of a national Government controlled by the propertied and educated classes.

The framers of the Constitution had no intention whatsoever that the President be elected by the people. As Professor John D. Hicks says in his American-history textbook, *The Federal Union*:

> The creation of an executive department caused the convention a great deal of trouble. Extreme conservatives were in favor of a single executive, chosen by Congress for life, or at least for a very long term. Some, however, felt that such a plan was too closely akin to monarchy. . . . Popular election seemed the natural alternative, but the judgment of the people was sorely distrusted by the great majority of the delegates, and this idea was hastily thrust aside.

If you read the minutes of the Constitutional Convention, you will see the hostility to popular election—completely understandable in those days but almost unbelievable in today's context.

Colonel George Mason of Virginia told the convention that "it would be as unnatural to refer the choice of a popular character for chief magistrate to the people as it would be to refer a trial of colors to a blind man." He utterly rejected popular election, saying: "The extent of the country renders it impossible that the people can have the requisite capacity to judge the respective pretensions of the candidates."

Another convention delegate, Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, put it very simply: "There are at present distinguished characters (prospective Presidents) who are known perhaps to almost every man. This will not always be the case. The people will be sure to vote for some man in their own state, and the largest state will be sure to succeed. This will not be Virginia, however. Her slaves will have no suffrage."

Think how many things have changed in America since Mr. Williamson made those statements! Can we continue to maintain a system that was, at best, a compromise in his day?

The Electoral College system was a kind of last-minute compromise in the Constitutional Convention, designed to end a deadlock that was caused by hostility to the popular vote on the one hand and a sincere belief that Congress should not choose the President on the other. (The fear was that a President elected by Congress would be completely subservient to that body and, hence, a weak executive.)

I doubt, however, that those who are reluctant to tinker with the work of the founding fathers realize what a strange

"'. . . I hear their gentle voices calling . . . old . . . black . . . Joe. . . .'"

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system they devised and how utterly foreign it is to today's beliefs.

As originally established, the electors —"appointed" in whatever manner each state decreed—really would select the President. There need not have been any popular vote at all. Furthermore, the electors originally were required to vote for two candidates for President. If anyone should receive the votes of a majority of the electors, he was to be declared elected President, while the candidate receiving the next highest number of votes, whether a majority or not, was to become Vice-President.

Again, Professor Hicks offers some insight into what was really intended, when he states, in *The Federal Union*:

> It was assumed, however, that unless there were some outstanding candidate, such as in the first election General Washington was sure to be, an election by a majority of the Electoral College would be impossible, and each state delegation would merely cast its vote for some favorite son. [Then the election would go to the House, on a one state, one vote basis.] This involved a subtle compromise. [Since the House would choose from the five candidates with the most votes in the Electoral College], it appeared that the large states would ordinarily nominate the candidates, while the more numerous small states would hold the balance of power in the election to follow.

Obviously, if the Electoral College system were to function today as envisioned by the founding fathers, the nation would rise up in outrage. The Constitutional Convention really intended that the House should pick our President from nominees chosen by the Electoral College, a system that virtually every political observer today sees as chaotic and susceptible to widespread corruption. Remember that fact the next time someone argues against Electoral College reform on the ground that we shouldn't tinker with the work of our founding fathers.

As a matter of fact, the original constitutional plan for picking a President lasted only until 1804, when it was changed by the 12th Amendment. This directed that electors vote separately for President and Vice-President, and said that when the Electoral College failed to cast a majority vote for President, the House would make the selection from the top three candidates (originally, from the top five). This amendment also shifted the responsibility for picking the Vice-President from the House to the Senate. In 1933, the 20th Amendment further modified the original plan by providing that the Senate should proceed with the election of a Vice-President if no President is elected, and that he should serve as President until a President is chosen.

The challenge to those who believe in government by the people is to proceed to amend the Constitution to elect the President by direct popular vote. We will hear a lot of reasons why this should not be done. Let's examine them.

"*It will weaken the two-party system.*" It will not. It will save it. The greatest threat to the two-party system now lies in the fact that third- and fourth-party candidates make an Electoral College majority hard to obtain. This gives candidates such as George Wallace, with as few as five states' electoral delegates, enormous bargaining power—either in the Electoral College or in the House. A direct-popular-vote system, with a requirement that one candidate win 40 percent of the vote or face a runoff, would greatly discourage the entry of third-party candidates. There would be no point at which they could make a deal. They would work only with the electorate as a whole—which is the way government ought to operate.

"*It would end our Federal system of government.*" It would not. The Federal system is firmly established in the U. S. Senate, where every state has two votes, regardless of its size. The Senate retains great powers, especially in foreign affairs and in confirming Presidential appointments, and continues to be almost universally accepted as an effective governmental institution. The fact is, the Electoral College system is irrelevant to the institution of Federalism, because its effect is so capricious. No one knows in advance how it is going to work, so governmental decisions cannot be influenced by it. Under the present system, a tiny shift of popular votes could have resulted in the election of Dewey instead of Truman, of Nixon instead of Kennedy and of Humphrey instead of Nixon. Was it a triumph of Federalism that those elections came out the way they did? Would it have been a triumph if they had been reversed? Of course not. It would merely have been a freak accident, as unrelated to Federalism as it would have been to the popular will. The Presidency today is really above the Federal system. The President is the one elected officer of the Federal Government who does *not* represent states or special interests. He represents people and the public interest.

"*It would delay learning the outcome and would lead to massive recounts, subject to fraud.*" It might—and, again, it might not. Voting machines, computers and modern communications systems make it possible to tabulate a nationwide popular vote today far more quickly than we were able to compute the likely electoral vote even a decade ago. As for fraud, that is a strange argument from those who stand on the sanctity of the Federal system. Can't our states be trusted to take a fair vote for President,

just as they do for Senators, Congressmen, governors, legislators, judges, and so forth? If this really is a problem, Congress might have to enact legislation to guarantee that all qualified citizens are allowed to vote. Personally, I think this whole argument on possible delay and fraud falls flat on its face. I would far rather risk a delay in computing the popular return in a close election than wait until mid-January to see what the House of Representatives might do. Any system runs the risk of delays and recounts. But only a popular-vote system guarantees that the public ultimately will win the election.

"Populous, industrial states would lose some of their present influence." This might prove true, although historically, many have expressed the exact opposite fear—that large industrial states would pile up big margins for their favored candidate and dominate the election. Recently, on the other hand, articles in *The New Republic* and other liberal journals have argued that the present Electoral College system has the desirable effect of forcing Presidential candidates to pay extraordinary attention to big cities and large industrial states, because their large chunks of electoral votes could easily decide an election. This argument contends that this helps offset the domination of the legislative branch by small states and rural areas. One obvious answer to this argument is that two wrongs do not make a right. Neither large nor small states should have extraordinary influence in choosing a President. A vote in Iowa should mean just as much as a vote in New York. The choice should be by people, regardless of where they live. By shifting to a popular-vote system, the small states would give up their unjustified bonus of two electoral votes (representing their two Senate seats) and the large states would give up the special attention they have received from candidates during campaigns.

"It would force democracy down the throats of the American people." That is an actual complaint, voiced by Loyd Wright of Los Angeles, former president of the American Bar Association, during a 1967 A. B. A. debate. This is the one criticism of Electoral College reform that makes sense. If you really are of that strange breed that hates democracy, you should oppose Electoral College reform. If you really believe (as Colonel Mason and Mr. Williamson did at the Constitutional Convention) that the people should not have a voice in picking the President, then you are on solid ground in opposing Electoral College reform.

Reform of the Electoral College system would be a great step forward for our developing American democracy. It would enable our President—whatever his party—to come out from the shadow of the political bosses and the state machines and walk the streets again as the chosen candidate of all the people.

"The only serious drawback I can see about bringing this weapon into production is that it might bring civilization, as we know it, to an end."

But if reforming the election system is attainable, why stop there? Why not reform the nominating system as well, so that the people have a really meaningful choice between candidates who stir the imagination of the electorate and generate a strong personal following?

After the Republican and Democratic nominating conventions of 1968, which alternately bored and horrified the public, the Gallup Poll found 76 percent of the people in favor of junking the convention system.

The most logical substitute is a nationwide primary system. But a nationwide primary presents serious technical problems. The biggest single problem lies in narrowing the field of prospects, so that the top candidates would have hope of polling something near a majority of the votes cast in each party. There also is the problem of how candidates would finance nationwide primary campaigning without the support of the party organization that a candidate acquires along with a convention nomination. (This problem could be solved, I believe, through strict new controls on political spending, coupled with a requirement that television stations—which operate under a public franchise—be required to give free time to Presidential candidates.)

At the very least, Congress should set up some rules for the selection of convention delegates. The present system is a disgrace.

In Wisconsin, partly because of the La Follette heritage, we have a tradition of making the public a full partner in government. Our convention delegates are selected in an open Presidential primary in which all of the major candidates are on the ballot and a citizen may choose to vote in either the Republican or the Democratic column. Delegates are elected from the state at large, as well as from individual Congressional districts. At the convention, delegates must vote for the candidate who won the primary, as long as he receives one third of the total convention vote or until he releases them.

Procedures followed in other states are, at the worst, scandalous and, at the very best, arbitrary and nonuniform. In Georgia, the governor appoints the state chairman of the party and he, in turn, chooses all of the convention delegates. Obviously, they are mere pawns of the governor. In Louisiana, the party's state central committee, elected four years earlier, when they don't even know who the candidates might be, picks the delegates with no participation by the public. In Texas, delegates are chosen at a state party convention that operates under the unit rule. Dozens of smaller units, presumably subservient to top party leaders, wield disproportionate influence in such conventions. I am informed that in Oklahoma and Missouri, at least some delegates were selected at local party conventions that were held in secret. In Indiana, I am informed, some delegates were selected in a district caucus at which the district party leader announced his choices and rammed them through in a total of 22 seconds.

Obviously, the public is not given any consideration when delegates are selected in this manner, and we at least open the door to the suspicion of bossism and possible corruption.

Following the 1968 conventions, I introduced a resolution to set up a 30-member blue-ribbon commission to propose to the

Congress a new and better nominating system.

It might be that the best solution to the Presidential nominating dilemma would be this: Let primaries in each state pick convention delegates on a popular-vote basis and, at the same time, register the public's feelings toward the leading Presidential candidates. Then let the conventions meet—with their honestly elected delegates—and make the final choice of their candidates.

The 18-year-old vote would be the final stage in making the President of the United States a truly popular leader who can reunite this country and guide it through the perils of the future. We saw in the primaries of 1968 how young people can be turned on by Presidential politics. And we saw at the two conventions how they can be turned off again. As my colleague from New York, Senator Jacob Javits, argued in *Lower the Voting Age* (PLAYBOY, February 1968), if we are really sincere in deploring the dropping out of young people from society, why not bring them back in again by making them full partners in the American system? Youthful interest in government invariably begins with the Presidency. Let's give them a piece of the action the minute they turn 18, and give them a real stake in the future.

These reforms, as I said at the outset, will not come easily. But I am convinced that they are necessary if the American system of government is to regain the confidence of the people—especially the young people—without which I do not believe the system can survive.

These reforms also are necessary if we are to get what I think the people crave but are failing to receive—strong, personalized Presidential leadership. The public becomes cynical when candidates cater to power blocs, when they make deals with political bosses, when they seem to rate the favor of interest groups higher than the public interest. Yet the public desperately wants to be led—by a man who has earned their confidence and fired their imagination.

If the American people will demand that this session of Congress set in motion the necessary reforms in the Presidential system, I think we can look forward to a future of strong, responsible Presidential leadership, and to a united nation ready to build itself a new and better future.

"Just who the hell does this Bill Blass think he is?"

The Dannold Cheque

(continued from page 164)

expected they would all start shooting at Smith and I would catch it, too.

"Some ass in the studio audience asked me how it felt, being a hero. I said I wasn't a hero, because the heroic act, in my view, implied a choice. I was *there*, on the scene, I knew what to do when I did reach him. I loathe violence, I told them, and the idea of political assassination is sickening, revolting. Further, I said, when you get down to it, George Marten-Dow is His Majesty's first minister, and even only as such, his life is worth more than mine. I meant all of that quite sincerely. And, indeed, merely saying the words gave me a bit of a glow, lifted me. Emotion took over, I suppose, to the detriment of judgment. I had said I was nothing heroic, but I know now that I wanted to give everyone reason, argument, to prove the contrary. I wanted everyone to know how selfless I had been. Two minutes later, I had destroyed myself.

"Someone in the audience, a foreigner, I thought, from the sound of it, said, 'Since you have told us, in effect, that you would willingly have given your life for the prime minister's, I presume you admire him politically? May I ask, did you vote for Marten-Dow in the general election?'

" 'No,' I said, 'I did not vote for Mr. Marten-Dow, although that is certainly none of your business. Nor do I admire him politically. Indeed, rather to the contrary. He is, and all his life has been, a most amoral person. He is vain, cruel, self-centered to the point of obsession. Because it is impossible for him seriously to put forward any project that does not bear on his own welfare, political or fiscal, he has not the vaguest conception of public service. He is, further, a stupid man who will surround himself with stupid men, and so he is terribly dangerous. His election was an unmitigated disaster, the only question being whether short-range or long-range.'

"Tommy Hackett of IVR, in the chair, got his breath before any of the others. 'Whilst some of us, and perhaps, indeed, most of us, would not agree with Mr. Dannold's views,' he said, 'I think we can agree it was most remarkable that, holding those views, he was still willing to put principle above all and throw his life into the balance.'

"Someone said, 'Hear, hear!' and the discussion went on, rather downhill. I said nothing more. I had nothing more to say and I doubted I could get the floor, anyway. Tommy Hackett had gone gun shy and wouldn't look my way.

"When the thing broke up, a BBC page came to me with a letter. 'You were

meant to have this before the program, sir,' he said, 'but I couldn't reach you in time.'

"The envelope was of heavy paper and was wax sealed, something I hadn't seen in decades. There was the cheque, £250,000, and a note from Lord Morgan of Fuldale. He was a Whig, of course, but more: He was possibly the most reactionary man in Britain at the time, and he adored Marten-Dow. The cheque was in appreciation of my having preserved Marten-Dow for posterity. In my view, it represented a nearly unimaginable sum of money; to Morgan, it may have meant a month's income.

"I showed it to Helen instantly I got home.

" 'Are you going to save it to torture yourself,' she said, 'or are you going to burn it now and have done?'

" 'I don't think I shall burn it,' I told her.

" 'After what you've said tonight? My dear man, you've burned all your bridges, you may as well burn the cheque!'

"I took it around to Coutts' in the morning. A stop order had come in the minute they opened. They wanted to take it from me, but of course they could not, they had to be satisfied with stamping it VOID.

"I suppose that night at the BBC was the watershed of my life, the high point. I lost my seat in the next election. But long before that happened, the Liberal whip had made it plain to me that my only hope of a career lay in playing the villain, the heavy, as we used to say. That is, to become known as The Denunciator, the tongue of fire, a modern-day Robin Hood seeking out evildoers. Made sense, of course: If I went on as before, a fairly quiet, even mousy sort, no one would ever trust me, not knowing when I might rise and let fly. But if ferocity and castigation were my regular role. . . . But I couldn't buy it. Not my thing at all.

"Therefore, when I lost my seat, I retired permanently from politics."

"That should do it, I think," Dannold said.

"I don't know," Tassopol said. "It leaves all of your life since unexplained."

"This was a political episode, Monsieur Tassopol," Dannold said. "It should end coincidentally with the end of my political career."

"It's a point," Tassopol said.

"Yes, and in any case, not much of interest has happened to me since. No point in telling about my fling in the City. Although it could be soon said: 'Broker Goes Broke.' Nor do I want to talk much about why I left England. No, I think it's best as it is."

"I agree," Tassopol said. "And now, what do you say? We will go to Pelly's, sit in the sun, have an aperitif or two, and it will be time for lunch, right?"

"Right," Dannold said.

• • •

Dannold got back to the apartment in time for tea. Afterward, Helen called as the door opened. He went over to the balcony and kissed her. There was room on it for one chair and a cushion for the cat, no more.

Helen Dannold looked at him brightly. "You sold it, didn't you?" she said. She was pink-white and 70 and still pretty.

"How could you tell?"

"Oh, you have a sleek and satisfied look about you."

"Should have. We lunched at The Kelp."

"How much for the cheque, if it's not impertinent of me?" Helen said.

"Fifty thousand francs."

"Ah, well, it's something. To think that old piece of paper finally produced money!" She'd been doing her nails, she rested her hand on the spidery balcony rail. "Were you sorry to see it go, after all these years?"

"In one way, yes," Dannold said slowly. "In a practical way. It was the last, well, *thing* we owned, of any monetary value."

"Yes, I thought of that," Helen said. "Pity, but there you are. Did you snitch some of his Merions?"

THE CAMPUS MOOD *(continued from page 197)*

says. "You can't just sit around and worry about what kind of guy you'll have your first affair with."

Does Sheila have any thoughts on the sexual revolution?

"It's over," she says. "You don't just see the new morality in colleges. I find it in junior high school, where I student-teach. It's very open and very involved. I mean, at least twenty percent of this campus is shacking up. There's no question about are you getting married. You're living together, it's fine, it's nice. That's all. The end."

You need a fine ear to distinguish chaste Sheila from uninhibited Mary, a pert psychology major at San Francisco State, who stands under a canopy handing out ON STRIKE propaganda. Mary asks what magazine you represent. When you tell her, great shrieks of indignation rise all about, like tongues of flame; waves of incensed nubile revolutionaries swarm near, pushing, stomping, crying, "*Male chauvinism!*" You inquire, "What's male chauvinism?" and Mary steps forth: "A woman walks into a room. There are three empty chairs. A man's sitting in another. He gets up to offer her his seat. *That's* male chauvinism." Mary's last boyfriend got up once too often and lost her to a supine activist. "My new lover relates to me as a person," she says. "We've manned the front lines side by side."

"Do you find him less possessive?"

"Shit, yes."

"Is it indifference?"

"Hell, no!"

"Apparently, you found your last boyfriend less capable of handling you as a woman."

"*Handling!*" shrieks Mary. "Is *that* how you view relationships—men *handling* women? Good God!" And she falls apart into a million indignant pieces.

Even in the sororities—which once apotheosized the virgin mentality—small talk has changed to big talk; what you'll wear tonight is less frequently debated than what the university should do to keep from being blown apart tomorrow. They are still reading pulp fiction (*The Harlad Experiment, The Exhibitionist*) down at the sororities, but they now number among their clan plenty of Malcolm X fans, many Hermann Hesse addicts. In the Tri Delt house of a large Western university, seven sorority sisters sit around a polished-mahogany coffee table, their immaculate smiles working nicely with the velvet drapes, the gilded fleur-de-lis emblem above the spotless Colonial fireplace; they are grilled by an intruder who smarts from having been recently labeled a male chauvinist and uses this occasion to redirect his aggressions.

"You all look so disgustingly prim and proper sitting around here," he says.

"We're not, we're screamers," they inform him.

"Did most of you come to this place because it has a reputation as a party school?" he inquires.

"Party school? This isn't a party school any longer. Mainly because of the influence of grass, there are no more big drunks. Just small apartment get-togethers. Any kind of dope's available."

Another tack: "Do you feel that morally you're more conservative than girls living outside of sororities?"

"No, it's a do-as-you-like attitude. If you stay out all night, big deal. We had a wake-up breakfast here Saturday morning and most sisters were just coming in from their dates as the bacon and eggs arrived at the table. The morality hang-up is five years old."

The girl doing most of the talking is Kathy McCarthy, with eyes the color of moss and a lethal smirk. She is asked if she has any friends outside the house. "At least ten of my *best* friends," she says. "They include hippies and freaks, to answer the question you're about to ask."

"How do they view you?"

"They say I'm stupid to be in a sorority. I say it's for me, it's not for them."

"I gather there are no black girls in this house. Have you ever pledged any?"

The Tri Delts explain that two Negro kids rushed last fall. There was a lot of dissension. Both were finally turned down. Why? They didn't have a rec from an alum (a recommendation from a Tri Delta alumna who will testify to the rushee's character). Was that the only reason? Not exactly. In fact, several members deactivated over the house's refusal to pledge them.

About this time, sorority sister Marni Hale wanders in and takes a seat. Marni has long legs, a trim waist, sets her hair every night and snorts when the reporter suggests that the university itself might make more of an effort to attract black students.

"So what if there's eighty or ninety

"Now, your daddy won't have time to listen to what happens to you every day at school, but he definitely wants a report, a summation, if you will, when you get your college degree."

Negroes in a school of eighteen thousand, that's not my problem. Judging from the Negroes I knew in high school and junior high, most of them don't deserve to go to college," she says.

Another Tri Delt, Becky, agrees: "If you had five hundred Negroes on this campus, it would just cause unrest. There'd be more demonstrations, the administration would get mad and, really, they'd clamp down on everybody. Really."

"How are you supposed to learn in an environment where there's constant unrest?" Marni asks.

The reporter, primed for battle, prepares to fire a few rounds on the evils of racism. He is outgunned by a comely pledge named Meredy Moll:

"Marni!" she cries. "You're being ridiculous!"

"I'm being honest," Marni retorts. "No matter what the reason, the Negroes I went to school with couldn't learn. Perhaps it's because they had a bad environment, a poor life, but they were still less intelligent."

"Do you have any interest in being a schoolteacher and working in a ghetto to improve their educational deficiencies?" the reporter asks.

Marni winces: "If I were a schoolteacher, I'd go where they sent me, but I'd *never* be a schoolteacher."

Kathy McCarthy and Meredy Moll launch an assault on the elitist philosophy of Marni Hale. Becky comes quickly to her assistance: "If somebody's stupid, they're stupid, that's all there is to it, really."

"*Really?*" says Kathy. "You both really believe Negroes are inherently stupid?"

"I never said stupid," says Marni. "I merely said they're . . . not equipped for college. And if you ask me, it's just cruel to put them in an environment where they feel uncomfortable."

"Haven't you ever read the Kerner Report?" Kathy asks, and in seconds she is lobbing quotes from it at her two adversaries, who counter with sporadic blasts of William F. Buckley, Jr. The clamorous exchange soon summons forth fresh troops from their cushioned rooms; they sprawl on the avocado carpet and avidly lunge into combat. Twenty minutes later, when the reporter's tape runs out, he stands to leave. The participants pause briefly for Tri Delt parting amenities, then take to their bunkers and resume war. If you listen closely, you can hear the ghost of the revolution dancing a jig under the mahogany table.

• • •

Revolutionary marginalia:

There's something happening here
What it is ain't exactly clear. . . .

—BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD

They can't see the patterns they're weaving. . . .

—DONOVAN

"But if I circulate, they'll just follow me!"

"Where virgins go, religions are sure to follow." Whoever said that may have had in mind the church-affiliated universities in our country. Last winter, one of them played host to a pornography and censorship conference that left in its wake an angry radicalized mob of parochial undergraduates who joined up with the revolution on their way to see a skin flick.

It happened at Notre Dame, in what historians may someday refer to as The Great Fighting-Irish Pornography Scandal of 1969. The conference attracted secular celebrities such as Allen Ginsberg. He gave a poetry reading the first night, learned that the Notre Dame administration was having second thoughts about its permissive position on the festivities and left town. To those few clairvoyant undergrads who were already closing ranks to protest impending interference, he said: "If you feel the university is about to come down hard on the conference and plan to demonstrate, I'd like to urge you on. But I can't advise you to do anything I won't be here to do myself."

Even as he spoke, representatives from the Citizens for Decent Literature, also in town for the occasion, were petitioning university president the Reverend Theodore Hesburgh to cancel an erotic-art show scheduled for the following day. Among them was a man named Raymond Gauer, staunch foe of smut, who eventually filed an affidavit against Andrew Noren's film *Kodak Ghost Poems*. The CDL convinced the Notre Dame administration that the art show contained hard-core pornography. President Hesburgh ordered it closed before it ever opened, and his decision roused the ire of two leading campus radicals, Marty McNamara and David Kahn. McNamara and Kahn took it on themselves to rally student support against further intervention from on high. They also requisitioned the aid of English professor Peter Michelson, a burly man in his middle 30s with stovepipe sideburns, an easy, gracious manner and a jaundiced view of parochial authority that sits well with Notre Dame's dissenting minority. Michelson agreed to chair a meeting organized by McNamara and Kahn at which students were to vote on whether or not to show Noren's *Ghost Poems*, regardless of university dictum.

Four hundred undergraduates gathered in the auditorium of the LaFortune Student Center for the strategy session. As

Somewhere west of Laramie there's a Gauloises smoker.

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they gazed about, they noticed some suspiciously nonacademic types in the audience. These ringers later proved to be sheriff's deputies—30 in all—led by Notre Dame alumnus William E. Voor, Jr. (1954), who is also the county prosecutor for South Bend, Indiana. Mr. Voor had received Mr. Gauer's affidavit earlier that afternoon and, at the behest of the university, had obtained a search warrant enabling him to confiscate the print of *Ghost Poems*. But he couldn't find it anywhere.

Gauer, who claimed to have seen the film in a previous showing, swore in his affidavit that it depicted "a male hippie nude in the bathtub. A girl then handed him a long pipe from which he took several long drags, which pipe appeared to contain some type of narcotic . . . the camera parred [*sic*] on the female including the sexual organs. . . . The film was phychedelic [*sic*] going from one scene to another irrelevant scene and back to the original scene. . . .

"Several short shots in rapid succession over a long period of time showing the female vagina on almost full screen and being fingered by hands. Another scene showed a nude female frolicking with a dog which appeared to be a great Dane. The great Dane stood on his hind legs facing the female and the female was holding his front paws. . . . Another scene showed what appeared to be oral intercourse between male and female."

The students at the meeting were told something of the film's content by Michelson, who let the debate rage for a time and then called for a vote. Their appetites sufficiently whetted, the students voted to show the film, 244 to 128. As the plainclothes deputies roamed the auditorium looking for the print, McNamara and Kahn roamed about, searching for an electrical outlet for the movie projector. The print was tucked safely under Kahn's raincoat. When none of the outlets functioned, Kahn began to suspect sabotage; and, indeed, Brother Gorch, who runs the center for the university, had shorted all the necessary fuses somewhere down in the bowels of the building.

Kahn strode to the front of the auditorium and told of his electrical problems. One of the students suggested the adjacent science building, *its* 16mm projector in perfect working condition.

"Do you have a print of the film?" someone asked.

"I guarantee a showing!" said Kahn, who then raced for the nearest exit, hotly pursued by students, plainclothesmen and Michelson.

Ten minutes later, Kahn was threading *Ghost Poems* through the science-building projector, flanked by McNamara, a delicate wisp of a girl named Kathy Cecil from St. Mary's College just down the road, and others, all male, linked arm in arm, to protect the film against police confiscation. Nervous, Kahn kept flicking on the projection lamp, and each time, the students in the audience leaned forward in eager expectation; the screen remained empty. Meanwhile, in the projection booth, they were trying to decide what to do if the plainclothesmen intruded. Andy Noren suggested that Kathy smuggle the film out under her dress—the print being on one large reel. Fawnlike Kathy said, "That's fine with me," and just as she finished her sentence, there was a loud rapping at the door.

In seconds, the print was under Kathy's dress and Kathy was on her way out, passing Voor and 15 of his deputies, still in quest of the disappearing evidence. One deputy spotted a long ribbon of film leader trailing after the young lady.

"Stop where you are, miss!" the plainclothesman shouted.

"When the police noticed the leader hanging from under my skirt, they pounced," Kathy remembers. "They straddled me over the top of the rear seats in the room. I was kicking randomly. The film slid. They grabbed for it."

"When I got to Kathy," says Marty McNamara, a soft-spoken, intense young visionary with shoulder-length hair, "she was laid out across three or four seats. The police were getting pieces of clothes, pieces of film, pieces of Kathy. That's when we should have started slugging them."

But no one had time, for the sheriff's deputies turned on their heels and ran like hell down the stairs of the science building, *Ghost Poems* in tow. They were chased across the Notre Dame campus by 400 enraged students, who threw snowballs and punches at the scampering fuzz, crying, "Pigs!" and "Fascists!"

The seizure of the naked lady and the great Dane had tapped some dormant spring of indignation, had unleashed some tiger of discontent in those docile scholars, and they roared that night as they had never roared before. Indeed, they awoke the wire services, having participated in what the press labeled "the first violent confrontation of the police and students in the history of the Roman Catholic university."

"If anyone ever told me I'd be running for my ass from hundreds of howling Notre Dame undergrads, I'd never believe it," says county prosecutor Voor. "It was like Horatio at the bridge." He shakes his head sadly at the recollection of that troubled evening and tells about the two plainclothesmen who got Maced in the face by mistake when they took refuge in the faculty building to escape the riotous hordes. Then he laughs:

"It's the luckiest damn thing in the world we got the print of *Ghost Poems*; it's the only one we had a search warrant for. They could have given us a Mickey Mouse film instead."

And what about the film, now running nightly in private screenings down at the

South Bend police station: Does Mr. Voor find it dirty?

"I'd be appalled if any St. Mary's girls saw it," he replies.

County prosecutor Voor has apparently survived his exposure to the naked lady and the dog. He still wears pants to work, shies away from four-letter words, flips through confiscated lewd and lascivious literature without dashing off to commit indecent acts.

And the University of Notre Dame? It, too, has endured, still sufficiently isolated from the real world to alienate a growing minority of its upperclassmen. Yet the graffito is now on the wall, and it seems only a matter of time until the Fighting Irish lose their football team, pep rallies, secular professors and student body to a traveling burlesque show.

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The student who sells the *Peking Review* is beaten up every Friday at noon in front of the law school. Please come out and help protect his freedom of speech.

—BULLETIN BOARD, USC

If you are a student on campus today and have not yet been radicalized, polarized, mobilized, socialized or co-opted by the university you attend, the chances are you have at least been boredomized by it. One morning in your sophomore or junior year, you wake up in an academic stupor and ask, "What the hell am I doing here? My courses bore me, my professors bore me, I'm even beginning to bore myself. Why don't I leave?" Many coeds do, but most healthy males, as they start to pack their bags, flash to the rice paddies of Vietnam, and the thought of inevitable conscription into the Armed Forces spirits them off to class to maintain their 2-S deferment for another year.

A tour of the colleges of our country makes one thing quite clear: Almost half of the men who are in them right now have lost all interest in scholarly pursuits and would split tomorrow if they were not intimidated by the draft. This may seem an exaggeration. It isn't. In fact, many of the soldiers shooting it out with the Viet Cong these days are undergraduate dropouts who had the grades to stay in school but were willing to risk the Army in order to escape from institutions that buried their minds in a dung heap of stale knowledge.

Sixth Army Private Joe Schultz is such a dropout. A year ago, he was suffering through marketing courses at Arizona State. While still in school, he opened his own business—audio sales—and soon the real world of getting and spending became so much more stimulating than his academic studies that he didn't register for the fall semester of his junior year. It was not an impetuous decision: Private Schultz had a young wife and an unborn child. "I knew the consequences," he says, "but school was just a grind, it was a terrible rut, so I left. Yes, my parents were disappointed. I come from a very close family. But they trusted my judgment."

Will he go back for his degree after his two years in the Army?

"I'd like to go to graduate school in sociology eventually. Maybe I won't be as turned off."

Noted anthropologist and media expert Professor Edmund Carpenter of the University of California at Santa Cruz has some heavy thoughts on student boredom. The universities have failed to orchestrate the senses of their charges, he argues. They are run by literate men who turn off all *their* senses except the one by which they see and read. The literate administrators and older faculty generally have no clue as to what the unliterate younger students are all about. Kids brought up today experience reality on a multisensory level—sound, taste, sight and touch, all working simultaneously. Naturally, they're bored with linear instruction. They're getting obsolescent

"Puppets! I thought this was supposed to be an adult orgy!"

education. What Professor Carpenter doesn't understand is why students are fighting to take over the schools. "It's like fighting over yesterday's garbage."

There is much evidence at hand to support Carpenter's contention. In fact, these days, you often learn more on the way to class than you do in the classroom. If, for instance, you were a student at the University of Oregon last winter and you played hooky one afternoon to attend the Black Student Union's tribute to Malcolm X, you would have learned enough about the logistics of guerrilla street fighting to blow the nearest police car to smithereens.

The munitions expert was Brother James Garrett, guest speaker of the Malcolm X Day program that drew nearly 500 spectators, 90 percent of whom were white. At least 80 percent of those 90 percent were spick-and-span straights, neatly garbed in the creased and nifty Ivy League duds of a bygone era; and as they listened and watched, one young black after another strutted to the rostrum, dropped a rhetorical bomb on the audience and stepped off to applause. A stunning dark-skinned girl urged black playwrights to write plays that "punched white ushers in the mouth." Applause. A young man screamed, "Kill honkie!" several times to climax his poem. More applause. Then Brother Garrett strode to the podium in a smart Edwardian number over a mauve turtleneck and, in a soft monotone, he started to list materials required for a Molotov cocktail: "H_2SO_4, gas, $KClO_3$, sugar. . . ." He told his audience that if you take a Coke can, pour gunpowder through a hole on top, stuff it with sulphur, steel tubing, nuts and bolts, ignite this combination and throw it, you will be detonating a homemade hand grenade. The small cluster of black students in the front two rows rocked back and forth and slapped their thighs. The honkies stared straight ahead, smileless, and applauded.

It was only when Brother Garrett got down to the nitty-gritty that some began to squirm in their seats: "The white man's daughter is the real source of trouble," he explained. "The young black stud wakes up in the morning and he sees that damp place on the sheets where they just made love. The young blonde lady says, 'You don't hate *me*,' and what can the stud say, her father's paying all the bills. . . ."

Brother Garrett managed to spirit the less hearty toward the exits with that observation, but most braved through to the end, which was an exhortation to "Leave this place in rubble." And they gave him a nice hand.

Another instance: One cloudless afternoon last spring, the SDS chapter at the University of New Mexico staged a demonstration against Dow Chemical on a large plaza facing the student union. The protesters chanted in unison:

"We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll
We're gonna roll Dow out of here.
And if Dow gets in the way
We're gonna roll right over them. . . ."

In front of the speaker's platform, a guerrilla mime troupe, garbed in black robes and colorful gauze masks, acted out agitprop skits denigrating our military involvement in Vietnam. Dwarfed by great slabs of red rock that rose to an azure sky, lit by the same bone-white sun that tanned the bodies of dreamy coeds basking on the plaza benches, the demonstration took on a festive atmosphere. It was a football rally without a football. In its place was a plastic doll coated with thick inflammable jelly, napalm, Dow's notorious contribution to the war effort. On hand were several hundred spectators who were spurred by an erroneous rumor that the SDS group was planning to burn a live puppy.

A large faction of frat men and jocks ventured forth to save puppies and raze demonstrators. Legs apart, arms locked tightly before them, they yelled, "Organized faggots!" at the speakers on the podium. They yelled, "Let's annihilate those bums!" and every time they yelled, they laughed and slapped one another on the back. Their most vocal member, Paul Weinbaum, was a squat man from Alabama with a bushy mustache and clipped hair, who scowled like a Tartar. Then 28, Weinbaum had served nine years in the military, had fought hard to wipe out the yellow peril and had no patience for those who would impair our country's fight against it. "This is still the Old West," he said. "We're not gonna put up with these misfits and freaks. We're gonna throw the bums out."

As he spoke, one of the frat men beside him rushed out from the crowd, grabbed the nearest demonstration placard and ripped it to shreds. His cohorts applauded as he swaggered back and tossed the pieces into the air. Several male pacifists swerved off the picket line to urge the jocks up to the podium.

"Why won't you express your opinions at the microphone?" they asked.

"Fuck off," the jocks replied. They pushed and jostled the pacifists. A spiffy blonde in knee socks, plaid skirt and cardigan approached. She smiled politely at the superpatriots and asked why they tore up the sign. She, too, was pushed and shoved, and she drew away without another word. Moments later, another jock charged up to the mime troupe, threw a bucket of water onto the plastic doll that was about to be ignited, then tore off its limbs and flung them to the crowd. Thunderous applause. Suddenly, the spiffy blonde reappeared and she lashed out at the jocks in a blinding rage:

"You think the purpose of this demonstration is to stop the burning of plastic dolls? It's to stop the burning of *children*, damn it! Can't you see that?"

Her name was Keene Langhorne, a petite fine-arts major of 21 with gleaming blue eyes, an upturned nose, everything you'd look for in a home-coming queen. Until that moment, she had never picketed, protested nor raised her voice for any cause; but now she was blasting away at the burly brutes, begging them, scolding them, pleading with them to go up to the podium and air their views like men. There was such integrity, such spontaneous courage in her assault on the mob that the sight of her reducing a phalanx of snarling jocks to a litter of blushing kitty-cats electrified everyone, including the New Left orators behind the mike. They watched in awe and silent admiration as a tiny girl gave human form to ideological change. Within minutes, her passionate indignation sparked others to confront the reactionaries. Verbal confrontations between left and right sprang up all over the plaza. Students began testing opinions they had held without question since childhood: No attitude or preconception escaped unassailed. It was noisy, abrasive and raw, but there is nothing polite about visceral learning; it demands conflict.

"I always considered myself basically conservative," said Keene Langhorne later that afternoon. "I used to curtsy when I met people. It's been my philosophy to sit back and watch and watch until I'm really convinced. This afternoon, I was really convinced."

Was she worried at all about the threat of violence?

"When that guy tore up the doll, all I could think of was, 'This has to stop *somewhere*!' " She leaned across the table, still throbbing with anger: "Just a few minutes ago, out on the plaza, one of those guys told me that our country should only have a mercenary Army. 'Killing for money?' I said. 'What's wrong with killing for money?' he asked. He stopped me cold. I was speechless."

Since that warm afternoon last March, Keene Langhorne has found her voice: She has demonstrated, boycotted and joined a sit-in on the front steps of the university president's house to protest the firing of an English professor who read a Lenore Kandel love poem to his class. Keene and thousands of students like her throughout the nation will never be counted among the members of any organized movement. They are too wary of easy rhetoric, they respond only to those issues and incidents that mock the freedoms they were raised to value and defend. Above all, they are not revolutionaries for the hell of it. They care too much to play at dissent.

Buck Brown

"I just can't keep my hands off my new wife. Y" think I oughta fire 'em?"

VROOM AT THE TOP

(continued from page 130)

Let's leave the traditional and leap forward to the year 2000. If there's anything resembling individual motorized transportation, and any room for it to run in, you can be sure it will resemble the Kawasaki Mach III. This machine is a mind bomb. It is probably the fastest accelerating motorcycle ever sold to the public, as it will go from 0 to 60 in only four seconds. The heart of the 382-pound vehicle is a 500-c.c. engine that puts out 60 hp. This power-to-weight ratio enables the Kawasaki Mach III to be both powerful *and* nimble and, while most high-powered mounts tend to be heavy and large, the Kawasaki is amazingly compact—except for the wide engine width. Down beneath the engine cover, you'll find such goodies as an electronic ignition that incorporates such futuristic devices as a signal generator and capacitor discharge system, thus eliminating sparkplug fouling (a bugaboo in some of the other two-stroke engines). The Kawasaki, too, is so smooth you think you're riding a turbine. But when you turn the throttle up, be prepared to launch the front wheel into the air: Treat it mean and it will treat *you* mean. It's a machine for the man who delights in excellence of engineering and who believes that two-stroke engines, for all practical purposes, are better than four-stroke ones. (This, incidentally, is a bone of contention to those who think two-strokes should be hitched to lawn mowers and model airplanes and to whom the sound of a four-stroke is the voice of the Almighty.)

The Kawasaki Mach III is the most advanced of the two-strokes. The company consulted with a Detroit stylist on the lines of the machine, which are more streamlined than most Japanese makes. It is held together by a twin-loop cradle frame that keeps all the power aimed toward the pavement, and it has a four-gallon gas tank, which is handy, since, like all two-strokes, the Kawasaki is gas thirsty. But for a price of just under $1000, you're still dollars ahead of the competition.

Another hard charger in this class is the Suzuki 500, which also sells for just under $1000. The product of a highly diversified Japanese automotive firm, it is one of the largest two-strokes ever built in a twin-cylinder design. Suzuki turns out small trucks and cars that are famous throughout Asia; it tangled long ago with the difficulties involved in building large-sized two-stroke engines, attempting to overcome the problem of extreme heat build-up in large-capacity cylinders (the two-stroke engine fires every stroke, and thus builds up more heat than a four-stroke one). Careful research in metallurgy and an advanced design (derived in part from Suzuki's world-championship Grand Prix road racers of several years back) aimed to provide plenty of power, plus reliability. The machine, too, is extremely quiet, a feature you'll enjoy when covering many miles at a time.

The British appreciate speed. What's more, their real pleasure is *controlled* speed, whether it be exhibited by someone such as Graham Hill negotiating the Monte Carlo streets in a Formula I Lotus, Phil Read lapping the bumpy Isle of Man motorcycle course at 100 miles an hour on a 250-c.c. Yamaha or a London banker out for the weekend with his bird on his BSA Rocket 3.

All the decades of British riding and racing traditions are reflected in the new Rocket 3. It goes fast, it stops fast, it handles like a dream—and it's the most advanced motorcycle to come out of England in a generation. The "Beezar" houses a transverse three-cylinder overhead-valve engine that strongly resembles earlier twins (push-rod design and all), but with an important difference: The extra cylinder adds extra smoothness and punch to the already powerful engine. And what a jet it is. The Birmingham Small Arms people have built a big gun: It sounds like a World War Two dive bomber, or at least a racing Porsche, when you rev it up. It will run about 120 mph, *safely*, and seems to like it: The faster you go, the steadier it feels. This is a motorcycle built for motorcyclists.

The seasoned cyclist is the only one who can really appreciate such a machine. It is harder to ride than some of the other luxury bikes: The clutch is stiff and so is the transmission. And again, like a fast airplane, it takes somebody really *driving* it. It takes an experienced motorcyclist to tend to its needs, too; for, like much precision machinery, it is finicky and inclined to occasional ailments. But the experienced, dedicated cyclist accepts this as a trivial price to pay for riding a magnificent machine that behaves perfectly under the most trying conditions. If you buy one, you'll undoubtedly ride it hard and lean over in the turns until the horizon is bouncing along at a crazy angle and the foot pegs are dragging. You'll probably carry a date who digs that kind of riding, and you won't mind spending a couple of hours each week cleaning up this sleek mount and making minor adjustments.

The BSA is high spirited enough to demand skill and confidence from its rider. It is a very heavy motorcycle, for one thing, and it is large (though there is no impression of weight at speed). The styling, too, is out of the ordinary. The dazzling gas tank, the Flash Gordon–style pipes—its looks either turn you on or put you off; but the machine cannot fail to fascinate anyone who gazes on it.

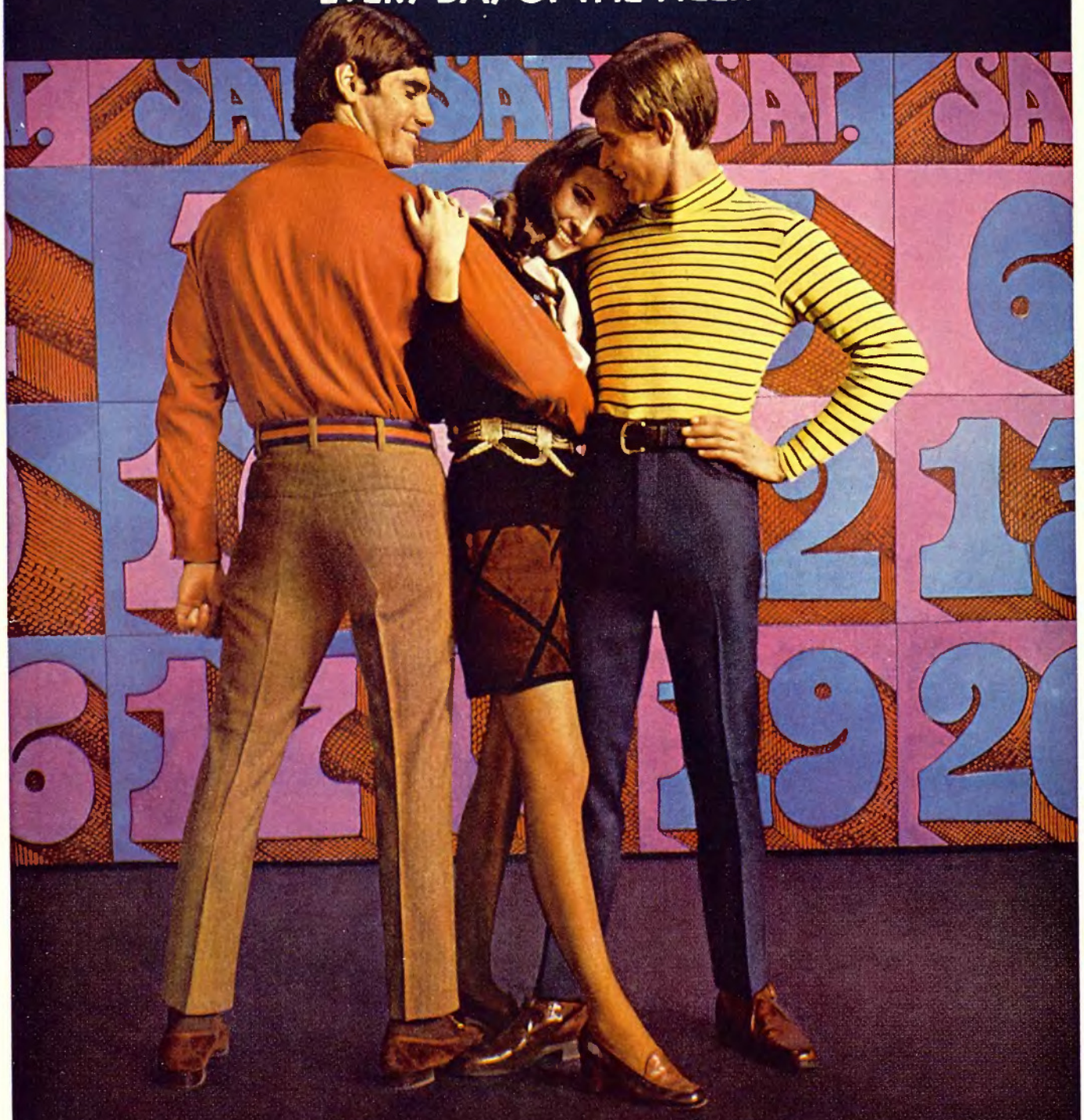
The BSA Rocket 3 sells for about $1750 and, if you're not careful, it will cost you that much in speeding tickets the first year.

The Triumph Trident is the soul sister of the big Beezar. This three-cylinder machine has won scores of road races in

"The king is dead! Long live the queen!"

Lees are Saturday night.

EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK



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America and abroad, often beating larger, race-prepared machinery. It has also just set a new speed record by running 800 miles down the autobahn at 90 mph, threading its way among trucks, buses and sleek Mercedes. Invest about $1750 and a stout heart and you, too, can have fun like this.

Another hot big-twin is the Norton Commando 750S, the newest pride of one of England's oldest companies in motorcycling. Its powerful engine has been redesigned for strength, to correct problems caused by overzealous acceleration nuts intent on nailing it to 60 in 4.8 seconds. (The engine is now mounted on rubber for smoothness, and rides in a lighter machine, thanks to a handsome sculpted fiberglass gas tank, slim racing-type forks and a completely redesigned frame.) Ease out the car-type diaphragm clutch, wind on the power and you'll see what your $1479 went for.

Italy's contribution to this luxury class is the Benelli Tornado 650, a big machine that combines features found in their famous Grand Prix racers with a practical road design. It is the only big-twin with a five-speed gearbox and it has race-bred handling familiar in all Italian bikes (rough, narrow roads in the homeland inspire poise in such machinery). Benelli is one of Europe's most established motorcycle companies and one of the sources of the Tornado is J. C. Penney in this country. You can see one just over there behind the dry goods, sir. The price is about $1400.

A good indication of the direction in which things are going in motorcycling is the proliferation of exotic road models that were never seen during those lean and careful years before Honda and other Japanese manufacturers pulled the switch and started the cycling boom of the Sixties. While Honda, to some people, is synonymous with little motorbikes, the company initially established its reputation by stacking up scores of wins in Grand Prix motorcycle road races in Europe and reigning as world champion for many years. And now the basic motorcycle engine used for those racing bikes —a transverse four-cylinder overhead-camshaft high-rpm engine—has been incorporated into the biggest and most powerful Honda ever built for the public, the Honda Four 750.

Hondas have always been nimble, fast, oiltight and very reliable. They have also been fairly cheap (compared with European or American models). But until recently, Honda has moved cautiously in the big-bike market, preferring to make its reputation and profits with a line of small motorcycles that went almost as fast and as far as big models. Now it's come out with the Honda Four 750, a big one that will outaccelerate and outperform just about any other machine you can buy. It is also exceedingly smooth and easy to ride: a motorcycle for engineers, for artists, for executives, for anyone who demands great beauty and perfection in a machine. Standing still, it looks like it's doing a hundred.

And it's not just aesthetically sound: Engineers familiar with the intricate mysteries of such matters as gas flow, piston speed and valve actuation marvel at the Honda. This big four with a 750-c.c. engine will wind up to 8000 rpm free and easy, and will propel the rider and his girl up to highway speeds in scant seconds. It's also nice to know that it sports a disk brake in front, to bring it down as rapidly as it winds up, an ultra-advanced twin-loop cradle frame and an electric starter to stir it up in the morning. The Honda 750's sonic trademark is the same distinctive high-pitched, hollow howl that spectators at the Isle of Man race can identify from several miles away.

The 750 offers a certain kind of fun without danger: Here's how to play like a factory road racer without taking the risks he must. Ride your machine up some twisty secondary road, such as the climb toward Yosemite or Sequoia National Park, on a Saturday morning. Don't go too fast, but just listen to the engine, watch the tach, feel the machine surge and pause as you shift it from gear to gear and swoop steadily around the turns.

The new Honda Four 750 will probably sell for $1495 delivered; and when they become available in any decent numbers, there should be a mad stampede to dealers.

Two Japanese twin-cylinder machines that propose to give the Honda 750 a good run are the Kawasaki 650 W2SS and the new Yamaha 650. The big Kawasaki is an overhead-valve design that puts out over 50 hp; it is equally at home doing 2500 or 7000 rpm. The machine also sports a twin-loop cradle frame and handles as keenly as a breeze. Take it home for $1250.

The Yamaha 650, available about next January, will have niceties unknown on many machines its size: geared primary drive, five-speed transmission, single-overhead-camshaft valve actuation and sports-car-style vacuum-advance carburetors that add up to over 50 hp responding smoothly at any rpm or throttle opening. It is Yamaha's only four-cycle machine, and when you spot one, you will know *somebody* is touring par excellence. There's no price on it yet.

Imagine a motorcycle shaped by the ultimate in your fantasies, your desires, without regard to complexity or cost. What strange beast would emerge? The Mammoth, never thought of in terms of mass appeal or limits of cost. Friedel

"For a minute there, I thought that bastard was going to give us a ticket anyway!"

Munch is a man with such a mind. He is a German engineer who set out, quite simply, to build the best motorcycle in the world, without regard to price or manufacturing conditions. And he may have done it.

The heart of the Munch Mammoth is a four-cylinder, air-cooled alloy car engine, built by NSU of Germany for their compact sedan. (NSU built motorcycles for many years, incidentally, and the proof of the essential soundness of their design is the strong NSU flavor in most early Hondas.) The Mammoth packs 80 hp, more than enough to satisfy the most demanding speed enthusiast, yet the machine can cruise smoothly at slower rates: The sound and the feel are not unlike those of a swift sports car.

The aesthetic execution of the Mammoth is a fantasy trip in itself. It is not beautiful nor is it graceful. You sit on it; below and ahead is a giant mass of engine jutting wide from both sides of the machine. A huge, humpbacked gas tank, sculpted and tall, blossoms over the engine. The gas tank has extensive hand tooling and the engine has exorbitant aluminum and magnesium castings and difficult machinings. The rear wheel is equally unusual: It is cast of magnesium, with huge vaned spokes projecting out from the brake to the rim. The front wheel has a giant road-racing brake nesting in it. Not only will this thing go but it will *stop*: Squeeze it too hard and it will wrinkle up the pavement.

The guy who buys a Mammoth is also a special breed. He may have a Lamborghini Miura that he drives down Wilshire Boulevard at 22 mph or he may own a Hasselblad camera that he uses only on sunny days. For, in truth, the Mammoth is the most audacious and expensive toy in motorcycling. It is large and heavy and it can be a bear to handle at low speeds. It behaves decently only out on the highway, where its weight and extreme girth don't hinder it.

The distinct advantage to owning a Mammoth is this: There is no chance—absolutely none—that anyone will confuse this machine with anything else, the main reason being that this easily identifiable flying object costs $4000, and that will keep all the kids in the neighborhood from owning one.

There is presently a strong scent of money in the motorcycle business; thus, the proliferation of luxury machines. The implicit promise of an ever-booming market, solid and stable, is what has compelled manufacturers in America, Europe and Japan to make the heavy investment in research and development and—more important—to decide to market to the motorcycling public such exquisite beauties as the ones pictured and discussed here. But what's next? If, indeed, these motorcycles represent a contemporary high point in engineering thought and design, what can the future hold for the affluent, eager cyclist?

Plenty. How does the idea of a turbine-engine motorcycle grab you? The turbine is light, it is compact, it can put out plenty of power and it is ultrasmooth. If it can stun them at Indy, why can't it intrigue them at Kawasaki?

How about a rotary-engine motorcycle? The Wankel engine is also a light and powerful unit and it could very well find its way into production motorcycles. And if you let your imagination burst, how about an atomic-powered motorcycle? Just wind the throttle on and zoom away in total, eerie silence. Or how about an anti-gravitational machine, propelled by force fields and using its wheels only for balance and guidance functions?

But back in the here and now, the supercycles we've covered in word and photo should keep you rolling along urban boulevards and country byways in high style, with copious amounts of power and prestige right at your finger tips.

Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 61.

BACK TO CAMPUS *(continued from page 172)*

spring, while cowboy boots and jodhpurs set the pace for winter footwear. Classic wing-tip brogues and monk-strap bluchers remain eminently suitable for dressy occasions, no matter what the season.

THE SOUTHWEST: Students in this section of the country boast an eclectic approach to clothes; many combine Ivy and avant-garde duds with Western wearables, thus creating a fashion image that is strictly Southwestern and refreshingly original. Tim Kelleher, a junior at SMU, comments, "This school is really split into two clothing factions—the ultraconservatives, who think only in terms of Ivy, and the fashion liberals, who welcome style changes and are quick to try something new if it turns them on."

Suits: On most campuses, undergrads don dark suits (make it a three-piece one) for any number of occasions, including fraternity smokers and Saturday-night sorority dances. Depending on how well rounded your suit wardrobe is, you'd also be wise to have on hand a double-breasted six- or eight-button style that features extra-wide peaked lapels, higher armholes and flared-leg trousers.

Sports jackets: Like every other campus area in the country, the Southwest has been—and still is—going to blazers, in shades from navy blue and bottle green to camel's hair. However, if your blazer collection is both colorful and complete, put your money on a tartan or blanket-plaid shaped sports jacket in a medium- to heavyweight fabric.

Slacks: Southwesterners are notoriously adventuresome when it comes to slacks; one day they'll don a pair of low-slung faded-blue Levis and the next they're sporting the latest look in wide-legged, wide-cuffed Donegal tweeds worn with a pair of heavy brogues or cowboy boots. For this reason, you'll want to round out your slacks wardrobe with a number of pairs of pants in a wide variety of cuts, colors and fabrics, including multihued corduroy bell-bottoms and trim poplins and denims.

Shirts: From Baylor and SMU to tony Tulane, undergrads are supplementing their basic oxford buttondown collection with broad-striped and small-checked dress shirts that offer medium-spread or long-pointed collars—under which is often knotted a broad-striped or polka-dotted tie. While students in other sections of the country, such as the East, occasionally wear billowy-sleeved Edwardian shirts, with and without ruffles, Southwesterners prefer the lean, lanky look of the cowboy and wear trimly tailored styles that taper from the shoulders.

Sweaters: Student individuality really runs rampant when it comes to the sweater scene. Early in the fall, when temperatures may drop at dusk, Shetland-wool or synthetic-blend crews, V-necks or cardigans bring an instant warming trend to otherwise chilly nights. Later in the year, mohair mock turtles, ribbed wool turtlenecks and brightly colored ski sweaters are often worn to class under a tweed sports jacket.

Outerwear: If you're heading to this area for the first time, you may be surprised to learn that the winter won't be one long sunny sojourn. When an occasional northern hits, students immediately dive for cover and reappear bundled up in good-looking outercoats. The minimum requirements for keeping yourself warmly under wraps include a poplin windbreaker or fringed buckskin jacket, a mid-thigh-length outercoat with a synthetic-fur lining and at least one dressy overcoat—possibly a camel's-hair model or a double-breasted leather coat that extends to just below the knee.

Shoes: Cowboy boots, sneakers or loafers are often worn to class. Other good styles include a smooth-calf monk-strap model with brass buckle and high tongue, and classic wing-tip brogues.

THE WEST COAST: Far West and occasionally far out, the on-campus wardrobes of shore-line statesmen from Alaska to Southern California and on out to Hawaii reflect the immense geographic differences of the area and the kind of individualism upon which this portion of the country was built. Yet, despite the vast variety of norms indigenous to this region, certain guideposts can be pointed out to aid wide-eyed newcomers—as well as the self-assured upperclassmen—in rounding out or refurbishing their collegiate clothing collections.

Suits: At wide-open multiversities such as Berkeley, two- and three-button single-breasted and six- and eight-button double-breasted shaped suits with high armholes, deep center vents and flared leg bottoms are favored over Ivy wear. However, farther north, at such outposts of sartorial traditionalism as the University of Alaska, well-tailored tweeds (the heavier the better) in a conservative single-breasted cut have the suit-fashion scene sewed up cold.

Sports jackets: On the Coast, both single- and double-breasted blazers abound, as do less conventional, more upbeat looks, including shaped eight-button sports jackets with an action back pleat and a deep center vent.

Slacks: Bell-bottoms in Donegal tweeds, wool worsteds, corduroys and rayon twills in bold plaids and stripes ring many West Coast matriculants' fashion chimes, but you'll also see narrow-legged faded-blue denims and skintight wheat jeans held up by a wide leather belt. When an ancient pair of Levis eventually wears out at the knees, Californians are quick to convert them into instant surfing shorts.

Shirts: Scott Leithead, a junior at the University of Hawaii, reports, "Here on the Islands, I buy *aloha* materials by the bolt and then have a tailor custom-make my shirts and ties with the fabric reversed. This means that the muted colors are on the outside and the gear immediately has the kind of faded, lived-in look that I like." Over in California, bold-colored buttondowns in broad stripes (worn with a silk scarf knotted at the side of the neck) are being donned by well-tanned members of the sun set. As the occasion dictates, pointed- or spread-collar dress shirts in such off-trail shades as lavender are coordinated with shaped suits and worn to off-campus parties. This latter look, incidentally, is an excellent barometer of just how far California fashions have come since those days, not long ago, when West Coast undergrads favored bleeding madras for virtually every item of apparel.

Sweaters: Crews, turtles, mock turtles, V-necks and cardigans are all favored, with fabrics varying in warmth and weight, depending on the climate (weatherwise, not political) of your campus. Sleeveless V-necks in classic Argyle or unusual ribbed patterns may be worn with an open-necked long-sleeved shirt and a pair of wide-legged slacks.

Outerwear: Water-repellent windbreakers with a zip-in lining, natural-color trench coats and various cape styles are donned when the going is wet. Parka-type jackets also are popular; they vary from lightweight nylon in Southern California to rabbit-, seal- and wolfskin at the University of Alaska, where mid-winter temperatures can drop to 50 or 60 below zero. Polished-leather vests, aviator jackets and double-breasted maxicoats are worn—sometimes with a long scarf thrown over the shoulder. Army-Navy surplus uniforms, Mexican serapes, bush jackets, frock coats—virtually anything wearable that's offbeat will be favored by somebody out there. If this type of garb is your bag, more flower power to you.

Shoes: Models range from Mexican tire-soled sandals (favored in sunny Southern California) to sneakers, cowboy boots, loafers and wing tips. As we advise each year, you'd be wise to check out the campus you plan to attend and let the local styles determine your next shoe steps.

Fashion is never anything more than a reflection of current tastes, and no one will drop you from the crew team if you choose to stroll across the quad in madras Bermudas and a coonskin cap. Yet, there's a satisfaction in keeping up with clothing trends, since attire—like art, music and automobiles—is today more than ever a form of self-expression and an indication of your ability to keep in tune with the surrounding world. To see what the campus *cognoscenti* in your region will be wearing this term, take a look at the photographs on pages 165–169, where we've presented the fashions at such typical schools as Johns Hopkins, Oklahoma, Oregon State, Rollins and Antioch. Peace.

"Ordinarily, I don't trust people over thirty. . . ."

WHAT'S A WARHOL? *(continued from page 140)*

publicity; he craves it," one veteran observer of the New York art scene has said. "He wants you to think he's an oracle—or something." The artist himself has admitted, "I prefer to remain a mystery."

Warhol sits down on a couch in the big, barnlike, black-walled back room, where films are screened and occasional silk-screen portraits are made. Asked what he's been doing lately, he replies, in a low voice: "Oh, I've been thinking about the philosophy of the fragile," which he then declines to explain or elaborate. What does he cherish? "I used to like ice cream a lot."

He's famous for such remarks. Many people feel they're smart-ass put-ons. Sometimes they are. But the Warhol aphorisms—"I like boring things," "I want to be a machine," "In the future, everybody will be world famous for 15 minutes," "Everything is pretty"—are also concise and accurate expressions of exactly what the artist means. Such aphorisms are as direct and economical as the visual images he creates. Moreover, the aphoristic one-liner is also a kind of armor Warhol wears to protect himself from the public and the press and to conserve energy for his art and his life.

Making films is what Warhol talks about with the most openness and ease. "Films are more interesting than paintings," he feels. "They're really like portraits, anyway.

"Everybody seems to be making films now," Warhol continues. "A few years ago, underground films were like visual poems. Now they're turning into novels." He seems acutely interested in the fact that Norman Mailer has begun making movies, as well as Susan Sontag, who recently finished her first film in Sweden.

Warhol is full of plans for more movies. Soon, he says, he'll take his actors and superstars around the world to shoot in Japan, India and perhaps Paris. Moreover, Columbia Pictures wants him to make a Hollywood film.

How does he discover the young men and women who act in his movies? "Oh, they're just people we meet. Sometimes, one just comes by the Factory; or we'll meet another at a party; or a friend will tell us about one. It just happens." Of the many males who have appeared in his films, only one has had any previous acting experience: Taylor Meade, the homosexual clown of underground cinema and theater. Warhol never encourages one of his discoveries to take acting lessons; he wants them to act in front of the camera as they do in everyday life.

"Actually, I want to make a movie now using straighter people than the unusual ones we've used," Warhol continues. "Next summer, we'll get five or six people living together for a couple of weeks out in the country, and just shoot everything that happens between them as they get complicated with one another." But he says he wants to shoot his orgy movie first.

In all probability, *Orgy* will be another innovation of sorts. If it's in the spirit of Warhol's other films, it will simply depict couples, threesomes, quartets or sextets going about their sexual business.

Where does the money come from to finance the films and to meet a fairly big payroll? Profits, he declares, are finally coming in from *The Chelsea Girls*—the first underground movie to be exhibited in commercial theaters. It has grossed an estimated $500,000. "But making movies is so expensive," Warhol explains. "We still have to do a portrait once in a while to get money so I can keep experimenting."

Against a wall in the back room of the Factory—ready for delivery—stands a silk-screen portrait consisting of a dozen identical images based on a photo of Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller, which the governor commissioned. It is a companion piece to a Warhol portrait of Rockefeller commissioned by his wife last year.

"The new art is really a business," Warhol feels. "We want to sell shares of our company on the Wall Street stock market." A prominent investor has approached Warhol with a proposal to establish a company built on Warhol's art, as well as on his status as a celebrity. "Andy Warhol is selling not art but a milieu," observes journalist John Wilcock.

Talking about the problems involved in financing his movies, Warhol becomes almost animated; but any question about his personal feelings is invariably met with a cold response. One of the few revealing remarks Warhol has ever made about himself occurs in an episode in *a*, in which a man named the Sugar Plum Fairy is interrogating the artist. "Why do you avoid yourself?" he asks bluntly; and refusing to be satisfied with Warhol's "Huh?," keeps after his prey with even more direct questions. Eventually, Warhol confesses: "Well, I've been hurt so often I don't even care anymore." When the Sugar Plum Fairy protests that it's nice to have feelings, Warhol objects: "No, I don't really think so. It's too sad. . . . And I'm always, uh, afraid to feel happy because, uh, it just never lasts."

Hints of Warhol's hard-core melancholia appear from time to time, but his unhappiness is never expressed verbally; rather, it manifests itself in a remote, at times quietly desperate expression on his face. One night last winter, Warhol and some of his friends were eating dinner at Casey's—a restaurant in Greenwich Village, where on any night you see a river of marvelous-, often astonishing-looking New Yorkers flowing in and out, tablehopping. On this night, they were coolly craning necks to observe Warhol. He sat at a prominent table, silently taping with portable recorder one of his superstars, gathering a chapter for *b* or *c* or *d*. At one point, a handsome but rather sharkish youth—who'd sat down and introduced himself as an actor—came on with a strong but guarded homosexual flirtation. The actor seemed only the latest in what must have been a multitude over the years. Warhol shares the plague of most celebrities—the knowledge that many men and women will prostitute themselves in any way in order to become well known by association with him. For a fleeting second, Warhol's face lost its customary interested but noncommittal cool; he looked sad, even frightened. He was polite to the young actor, but he soon turned back to his superstar and the tape recorder.

The artist's sly, understated, ironic wit is as much a part of him as his sadness. "I never wanted to be an artist," he has said. "I wanted to be a tap dancer." "I don't believe in paintings on walls anymore: I like empty walls." Such deadpan remarks spoof generations of earnest teachers and critics who pontificate about the commitment of the artist.

"Andy's got such special fun," exclaims Bridget Polk, the cherubic shooter of amphetamine in *The Chelsea Girls*. "He'll phone me at four A.M. and whisper, 'Wasted space. Wasted space. What's in your mind? Wasted space.' "

Fun and gossip are staple ingredients around the Factory. As Warhol sat talking with a visitor on the couch in the screening room, Ingrid Superstar came over to confide that a famous Hollywood beauty from the Thirties and Forties had the hots for her and kept pestering her to visit. "Oh, Ingrid just wants me to talk about her!" Warhol teased. "Is it true you're slightly retarded, Ingrid?" he joked, with a sarcastic edge. Ingrid stuck her tongue out at him and said: "You're boss man around here, baby"; and then, with infectious buffoonery, she mimicked a star being interviewed: "Actually, I love working in Andy's films, because he lets me do whatever's natural. In *Bike Boy*, I pulled one teat out and started talking about fried eggs, garbage soup and garlic milk."

Ingrid, a lanky, pretty girl in her early 20s, joined the group in the mid-Sixties, having moved to New York from New Jersey, where she'd been raised in a middle-class family and had worked as a secretary. In many ways, she reminds you of the girl you necked with in the back seat after Friday-night high school football games.

Backbiting remarks about one another are common among the Warhol group. One was accused of being money crazy and a puritan faggot. "A mirror walking in motorcycle boots, looking for his own

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

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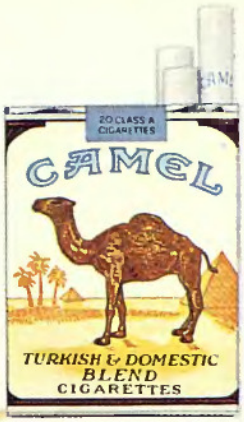

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face to admire" was the comic valentine given to another. "Andy encourages rivalry among us," says Malanga. "It keeps things from getting dull—and we often do a better job because of it."

Friendship and occasional love, however, are also apparent in the relationships among members of the Warhol scene. When one has been away, he is welcomed with warmth back into the family. One Sunday afternoon, Nico—another of his superstars—returned from Paris and joined Warhol with four of his family in a big booth in the back room of Max's Kansas City steak house, the unofficial club of New York artists, underground-film makers, rock musicians, poets and pop intelligentsia. By way of welcome, Bridget Polk interrupted a tape she was making with Warhol about her *Cock Book* (for which she has invited famous artists to draw their reproductive organs) to lean over and playfully bite and kiss Nico's long, graceful arm.

Nico is the most ethereal and lovely of Warhol's superstars. Seeing her in her floor-length cape and listening to her musical, remote talk, one gets the impression of a medieval German madonna glimpsed in a dream full of images of spring and sunlight. Others in the Warhol group treat Nico as if she were quite fragile, and all seem to have a deep affection for her.

The Warhol superstars—often collectively classified as weirdos—are actually quite distinct from one another. Nico expresses herself in an extremely European style—elusive, mysterious, dignified, feminine in the traditional manner. So does Ultra Violet, except that she is far more cerebral. On the other hand, both Ingrid and Bridget Polk frequently call on a rowdy, straight-from-the-bosom idiom—the swinging Sixties version of the girl next door as buddy. Viva talks in an idiom all her own. In *Bike Boy*, she ad-libs that she'd dig making love on the handle bars of a motorcycle careening along at 90 miles per hour.

Meanwhile, back at the Factory, Ultra Violet joins Warhol on the couch. With a face like Hedy Lamarr's in *Ecstasy*, U. V., who looks in her early 30s, is wearing a violet-satin pants suit, and her brown hair falls in ringlets around her shoulders. She takes pains to explain that she is the daughter of a well-known French family that manufactures gloves and that for years she was deeply involved in Parisian social and charity affairs and that her good friend is Salvador Dali. Her voice is throaty, rich and velvety, and she strives to produce intelligent, informed quotes for magazine articles and posterity.

"Andy works like a psychoanalyst," Ultra Violet says, after Warhol has excused himself and gone into the front room to talk with a manufacturer who supplies him with Plexiglas. "His camera keeps listening and listening. The actors learn to trust, open up, and it becomes very real. His films show what's happening in people's minds. They're terribly objective reflections of our times."

Other superstars—past and present—also come from wealthy or socially prominent families. Baby Jane Holzer belongs to Park Avenue Jewish society; Viva, daughter of a well-known Syracuse criminal lawyer, attended fashionable Marymount College and the Sorbonne; gorgeous Susan Bottomley, who acts as International Velvet, is a Boston debutante; and Edie Sedgwick is the great-niece of the late *Atlantic Monthly* editor Ellery Sedgwick and great-granddaughter of the founder of Groton, the Reverend Endicott Peabody.

Taylor Mead comes from a wealthy Grosse Pointe, Michigan, family. Most of the other male actors, however, are products of tough, lower-class backgrounds. Ondine grew up in the violent Red Hook district of Brooklyn; young Joe D'Allesandro comes from a New York tenement. Almost every young man in Warhol movies portrays a street arab, tough but tender and wounded—like the young Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront* and *The Wild One*. On film, all of these lads convey either bisexual ambivalence or overt homosexual appeal. Invariably, they are the real stars of Warhol's movies; the women usually provide little more than comic relief. Nobody accuses Warhol of being the new Minsky.

After Warhol says goodbye to the Plexiglas manufacturer—who's been telling him how his son is worried about his future after college—Morrissey asks his advice about some detail in connection with shipment of *The Chelsea Girls* to a Detroit theater. Malanga calls across the room, asking Warhol if he wants to accept an invitation to a party. Ultra Violet begins showing him some photographs of herself taken by Philippe Halsman, asking which photo would make the best publicity shot. Morrissey begins telling him about an article in a forthcoming film quarterly.

"Oh, really! How interesting," Warhol says. It is his most characteristic response. He appears genuinely interested, even astonished, no matter how humdrum the event or information.

"Astonishment at the scene—not necessarily celebration but wonderment at the spectacle: That's Andy's whole philosophy," observes Ivan Karp, pop-art novelist and assistant director of the Leo Castelli Gallery. Bridget Polk agrees: "Even a cookie or a chocolate sundae excites him."

Like everything else about him, Warhol's astonishment is basically passive. At times, he reminds one of an existential angel, observing and documenting ordinary reality without imposing his own ideological, aesthetic or emotional preconception or opinion on the Brillo box, on the tabloid photo of President Kennedy's widow at Arlington National Cemetery or on Taylor Mead doing a whimsical St. Vitus' dance in slow motion in front of the camera.

Warhol's art, films and novels can be seen, in fact, as a poignant, almost hopeless but curiously heroic effort to preserve that most perishable of events: the moment as it happens. "Andy's read *a* at least 40 times," Ondine reports. "He keeps reading it because it happened: He was there." In this, Warhol's art reflects how fragile our grasp of each moment of our lives really is and how inexorably each life passes into oblivion. Warhol seems to understand in his bones the aphorism of the late Argentinian poet Antonio Porchia: "One lives in the hope of becoming a memory." His art is instant memory, preserving reality as it is and as it happens.

Once he's chosen something from the chaos of everyday reality to preserve in his art—particularly in his paintings and sculpture—Warhol works extremely hard "at getting the image absolutely right," says Leo Castelli. "He doesn't simply arrive at an image easily and then repeat it senselessly—as many think. That cow wallpaper took him over a year to define."

Almost exclusively, the cool, stark, deadpan images Warhol records in his art come from the ordinary American world: the world of mass-consumer products, mass-circulation magazines, newspapers, TV programs and the world of motorcycle gangs, drug addicts, homosexuals and society girls. In this sense, his art is a vast museum of things as they exist at this time and in this land.

In another sense, Warhol's images reveal a tragic vision, documenting the American way of death: Marilyn Monroe's suicide, Jackie Kennedy's anguish, mangled corpses hanging from car crashes, the atomic cloud, the electric chair at Sing-Sing, a suicide hurtling from an office window, vicious sheriff's dogs mangling Negroes in Selma, Alabama, addicts punishing their bodies with needles and their emotions with drugs.

Also documented are the tragedies of love: a West Coast bike boy unable to establish any rapport with hip Lower East Side girls; homosexuals raping a woman in rage; the bleak, monotonous rituals of sadists and masochists; the pathos of girls who make clowns of themselves by exhibiting scarecrow bodies and unappetizing breasts; the nomadic loneliness of the male whore; the sad, Babylonian fantasy of the transvestite; the desperate failure of those in the gay world to find the Fountain of Youth. Love and sexuality in Warhol's art are basically tragic. No joy. No consummation. No lasting love. Only a deeply ingrained sadness that communicates the pathos of being unable to find in the present some Eden of infancy or early adolescence.

Warhol's movies also parody and poke

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card—Page 61.

fun at sex and heterosexual love. They remind us that our libidinous acts and antics are frequently silly to the point of buffoonery. The old Hollywood's glamorized falsification of sex is mocked outrageously in Warhol's movie *Screen Test*, in which the frothy posturing of a transvestite, actor Mario Montez, lays the clichéed role of the gushing innocent ingénue to its long-overdue rest.

Lonesome Cowboys, Warhol's most recent release, makes merry at the expense of that archetype of American masculinity, the Hollywood Western. *Cowboys* brings the Western full cycle, according to the *Los Angeles Advocate*: "In the first horse operas, the cowboy could love only his horse. Psychological Westerns showed the villains as not all bad. Sadistic Westerns depicted the hero as not all good. Realistic Westerns revealed sex as not bad at all. And in *Lonesome Cowboys*, Viva observes that horses are better than men."

Warhol's art is also a comic, often sarcastic comment on the affluent society, with its ceaseless production and consumption of goods and celebrities. The America of Warhol's art is one in which endless soup cans, tooth-paste tubes and Brillo boxes invade our attention as ceaselessly as the parade of celebrity faces at whom we gaze forever on TV, in magazines and on jumbo posters. On a more biting level, such multiple, identical celebrity portraits as Jackie in widow's black or Marilyn with garish magenta lipstick illuminate and indict the brute fact that the tragedy of each lady made a lot of money for a lot of people in the media.

Andy Warhol is often described as a child of media—a personification of technology. Indeed, he seems most at home when surrounded by the latest tape recorder, electric typewriter, silk-screen equipment, cameras and TV sets. When he's in the Factory or in Max's Kansas City or in Casey's or walking across Union Square, his portable Uher-4000 tape recorder is never far from him. He's most content when he can sit for hours recording the talk of one of his friends. Or when he can gaze through the camera lens, shooting whatever happens.

Warhol today, the cool embodiment of technological miracles, impassive behind shades and hard-boiled motorcycle jacket, is a far cry from the extravagant dandy he was in the 1950s. "He was so full of fun, so popular—nothing like the rather lugubrious, heavy personality he's become," recalls David Mann, director of New York's Bodley Gallery and Warhol's first dealer. "In those years, his house was always filled with the most amusing, fun people: Andy gave the best parties. He had Tiffany fixtures everywhere—long before they became camp."

In recent years, Warhol has become fiercely private. Almost no one gets invited to visit his brownstone on 87th and Lexington. "Andy's been my best friend for years, but I only saw his home on the night he was shot, when Viva and I went to stay with his mother," Bridget Polk admits. "Was I surprised! The house is nothing like you'd think Andy Warhol's home would be. No pop art. Blessed Virgin statues all around the living room. And he's got a big four-poster bed with a night table covered by a lace doily."

Warhol's mother has lived for several years in a basement apartment in the brownstone. "The night he was shot, his mother kept muttering, 'My Andy, they hurt my little Andy!' " Bridget continues. "Actually, it's like Andy really lives with her. She tells him what to do. When you call, she'll eavesdrop on another phone and Andy'll say, 'Hey, Mom, get off the phone!' "

Yet outside the house, Warhol and his friends go everywhere together. When it's time to leave the Factory for dinner, absent members are phoned and informed where and when everybody will be that night. Warhol needs his friends as much as they need him. "I can't do anything alone," he admits. Everybody, including Warhol, constantly refers to "we": "We made this cowboy movie in Arizona." "We're going to a party." "We want to write another novel."

"If Andy had died from those bullets," Malanga observes, "work at the Factory would continue in much the same way Walt Disney Productions keeps operating. Andy's become an institution."

Not everyone is so heartened by the power of his persona. "Sometimes I think Andy's just like Satan," Viva admits. "He gets you and you can't get away. I can't seem to go anywhere or make the simplest decision without him." That was also the reason given by the woman who tried to murder him. Poet Gregory Corso once berated Warhol for being evil because he allows women to fall in love with him, makes them superstars and, according to Corso, gives them drugs, then drops them cold.

Warhol doesn't supply drugs, claim others intimate with the Factory scene. In fact, he doesn't take drugs at all. "I don't believe in them," he claims. With or without his help, however, other members of the Factory have suffered from "drug abuse"; and two are acknowledged amphetamine addicts. After she left Warhol's group, Edie Sedgwick suffered a nervous breakdown, allegedly from drug abuse, and was institutionalized. Another superstar is a regular on inpatient hospital lists to cure her drug habits.

Nervous breakdowns occur with alarming regularity at the Factory. One girl commits herself every summer to the psychiatric ward at Bellevue Hospital. "The casualty rate," observes journalist Elenore Lester, "is probably somewhat higher than the national average."

In addition to the dark cloud of emotional instability hanging over the Factory, there's also a chronic adolescent restlessness among members of the Warhol group. For most of them, the Factory is the most stable element in their lives. Otherwise, they seem adrift. None is currently married and only Ondine has a steady lover—a young painter. Ivy Nicholson, who admits she wants to marry Warhol, has had four children and four divorces; Nico's son lives with his father in Paris; and Bridget Polk is also a divorcee. Casual affairs, celibacy or occasional sex with one another—"You owe me a fuck, Gerard!" Ingrid announced in a cab last winter—are the lot of the majority of them.

In addition to their nomadic sex lives, few of Warhol's group have permanent homes. Most move from one cheap hotel to another, usually in the Union Square area; a few share apartments; and Ultra Violet lives in a penthouse on the Upper East Side. One member, a brilliant technician and photographer who calls himself Billy Name, has retreated to a small, pitch-black room at the Factory. "He's working things out in his head," says Ondine, "and someday he'll come out again."

One night last February, I found the Warhol group eating dinner in an East Indian restaurant near Union Square. Their table was festive and familial: a lot of civilized and sometimes bitchy gossip about the New York art scene and its regulars, with some high-spirited gibing at one another's expense. Warhol saw to it that everybody got enough to eat. In particular, he fed a new young friend named Jed, an extremely rangy, mute Californian. "Take some of my curry," he'd say, shyly—as shyly as Jed would take some and thank him. And Warhol insisted on paying the bill. This is a habitual gesture.

After dinner, everybody went his own way into the night. Warhol hailed a cab, saying he was going home to watch TV. "Orson Welles is on the *Late Show* in *Touch of Evil*. I want to see those terrific abstract cuts again."

Is he an important artist? Or even a good one? Perhaps. Perhaps not. I think he's a major artist, and there is certainly no doubting his curiously colorless charisma and his artfully nurtured notoriety, for whatever they may be worth. Watching his cab disappear into the ceaseless traffic circling Union Square, a friend remembered what an anonymous Manhattan voice had said to him a few days before. "Who? Warhol? Nobody by that there name lives here, mister," rasped the voice of the woman who'd answered the number he'd dialed by mistake in an effort to reach the artist. Then she said, nasally: "Oh, *Andy* Warhol! He's probably off someplace making a movie." Click!

"I'm programming you as a pushover—I hope you won't let me and the computer down. . . ."

PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 149)*

responsible for virtually every improvement in the game during the early years, and his leadership kept the sport from being abolished by Presidential decree in 1905. There were 18 deaths and 149 injuries reported in college football that season, and a national scandal was brewing. The climactic event was the Penn-Swarthmore game, in which the Quakers' game plan was based on eliminating Bob Maxwell, Swarthmore's star player. Maxwell survived the Quakers' assaults, but when he tottered off the field after the game, he was a walking disaster. A newspaper photographer took his picture and, when President Theodore Roosevelt (who was certainly not terribly queasy about bloody sights) saw it, he issued an angry ultimatum: Clean up college football or he would ban it by Presidential edict.

Camp called an intercollegiate meeting to revamp the rules and make the game safer (such was their success that during the 1909 season, a scant 33 deaths and 246 injuries were reported in college football). One indirect result of the crackdown on brutality was the emergence of the aerial game, which made its first national splash in 1913, when an unheard-of little Midwestern college called Notre Dame upset mighty Army with the newfangled forward pass thrown from quarterback Gus Dorais to end Knute Rockne.

Notre Dame was one of the leaders in the breaking of the Eastern schools' monopoly on football. Gridiron power began to spread to other parts of the country around the turn of the century. Michigan and Chicago were the pioneers in the Midwest, Stanford on the West Coast, Sewanee and Vanderbilt in the South. Obscure small schools such as Sewanee, Notre Dame, Centre and Carlisle became football hotbeds. At Carlisle, Pop Warner assembled a fearsome team around a Sac and Fox Indian named Jim Thorpe, who was probably the greatest athlete who ever lived. Centre College, led by quarterback Bo McMillin, signaled the end of Ivy League dominance in 1921, when it upset mighty Harvard (which hadn't lost a game in three years) after conducting an emotional pregame revival prayer meeting before thousands of amazed Harvard fans.

For college football, the years between the two World Wars were an era of superheroes. Their legends portray these demigods as giants, the likes of whom will never tread the gridiron again. But were they really giants? How would these superheroes do on modern teams? Bronko Nagurski, the snorting rhinoceros of a fullback, weighed only 200 pounds. Red Grange weighed 170 pounds and, regardless of his elusive running, he was 40 pounds smaller and several steps slower than O. J. Simpson or Gale Sayers. The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame averaged only 160 pounds, and they ran the 100-yard dash in an average time of 10.1 seconds—statistics that wouldn't even qualify them for a pretty good high school team in 1969 (at Arizona State this year, halfbacks have to run at 9.8 or better to qualify for the third team). But there were a few players in that era who would have been among the all-time greats, no matter when they played. George Gipp of Notre Dame was among the top runners, passers, blockers and pass defenders of all time, and he was probably the greatest punter in history, averaging better than 60 yards per punt. (Today, under the pseudonym of Ronald Reagan, he is governor of California.) Jay Berwanger of Chicago was almost a duplicate of Gipp. As a passer, not even Joe Namath could match Sammy Baugh in his prime.

The Thirties saw the beginning of a strange cycle in the role of football in university life. The growing popularity of the game and the increased emphasis on winning led to much loud and bitter criticism from educational purists, who viewed football players as hired animals whose masquerade as students was an affront to the dignity of the university. Much of this criticism was justified; "football factories" abounded in the Thirties and Forties and many a meaty tackle wended his way to a diploma without learning to decline either a noun or an under-the-table check. The major objection was that football simply had no place in college life, that neither the sport nor the players were representative of either the ideals or the character of the student body. One college president of the era said acidly, "Football is about as relevant to higher education as a bullfight is to the school of agriculture."

As a result of all this, many universities began to clean up their athletic programs; academic entrance requirements were raised and great efforts were made to make football players representative of the rest of the student body, both academically and socially. Athletic directors became so sensitive to the "hired animal" criticism that they discontinued segregated living facilities for athletes, encouraged football players to mingle socially with the rest of the student body and even required a higher grade-point average for physical-education

"I'm sorry, young man, I'm afraid you've just wasting your obscene phone call."

majors than for those in other courses of study.

And now the ultimate incongruity has come to pass: Football is being attacked on all sides by student dissidents and faculty radicals because it is *too* representative of those past values of university life that they find repugnant. Football somehow represents pedagogical assembly lines programed to produce junior executives for A. T. & T. For years, the ultimate justification of college football offered by its defenders has been the claim that it is a unifying factor in university life, that it is the one single interest and enthusiasm shared by all the diverse members of a huge educational complex. Not so, say the game's current critics; it is a transparent and cynical show-business operation intended to maintain alumni interest in the school—interest that can be turned into cash contributions. As if this violation of educational purity weren't bad enough in itself, say the student radicals, thousands of young men are herded into athletic complexes like so many indentured gladiators, their physical prowess exploited for four years, and then they are turned out into the world armed with the cruelest of all hoaxes, a diploma that represents a nonexistent education. These critics, of course, blithely ignore the fact that many of the low I. Q.s who major in basket weaving wind up signing pro contracts for staggering sums, and many of the brighter players wind up with graduate fellowships.

Regardless of how justified the current vituperative attacks on college football may be, they are certain to force changes, just as the criticisms of the Thirties did. The football-factory school, now down to a few dozen in number, will probably become extinct.

But the game itself will not. It will remain the exciting, gaudy, festive spectacle it has always been. Just as the interest and loyalty—and delight—of Ivy League fans has not been diminished by the academic excellence required of their heroes, scholastic reforms elsewhere will not diminish the joys of a fall afternoon. Surely the most exciting game played anywhere last season was the storybook tie between Harvard and Yale; surely the dullest game played anywhere was Houston's grotesque 100-to-6 defeat of Tulsa.

• • •

It's been years since one team has dominated Eastern football the way undefeated Penn State did in '68. This year's squad will be almost as strong, if Joe Paterno can find some replacements for the offensive line. The defense will be even more unbudgeable—if that's possible—with the return of the aptly named Steve Smear and Mike Reid, the best pair of defensive tackles in the land, plus All-America linebacker Dennis Onkotz. The Nittany Lions also have a plethora of classy runners, receivers and passers. The only thing that could preclude another triumphant autumn would be an unexplainable absence of the pride and spirit of last year.

"Someday you're going to say, 'Well, that about wraps it up' once too often."

West Virginia should field the best team in the history of the school. The Mountaineers have everything except a place kicker. Coach Jim Carlen has done a miraculous rebuilding job, and this year he has the tools to bring West Virginia into national prominence. Quarterback Mike Sherwood and receiver Oscar Patrick are a volatile aerial duo, and middle guard Carl Crennel anchors a gritty defense. Look for the Mountaineers to wind up in a bowl.

Syracuse is on the way back, after an absence from national ranking of only one year. The Orangemen return to their classic and dependable ground game, following a mediocre year's flirtation with the forward pass. Veteran fullback Al Newton and rookie tailback Marty Januszkiewicz will provide a powerhouse running attack. The passing game, if needed, will be improved; a superb group of receivers is on tap. Word from spring camp indicates that the defense will be cast in the traditional Syracuse mold—aggressive, hungry and mean. With a little luck, Syracuse could be back on top again.

Both Service academies seem to have fallen on lean days. Coach Tom Cahill's record at Army since taking over for Paul Dietzel three years ago has been little short of phenomenal. But graduation decimated the Black Knights and Cahill must reconstruct an entirely new defensive unit and find the ingredients for a passing game. Like Army, Navy is faced with a rebuilding year. Other than quarterback Mike McNallen and runner Dan Pike, new coach Rick Forzano inherits a squad with little seasoned expertise. But Forzano teaches a furiously aggressive brand of football, so the youngsters may put together a more than respectable team by season's end.

Pittsburgh has been such a puzzle for so many years that we've wearied of guessing the Panthers' fortunes. Last year, Pittsburgh seemed to harbor some of the best football talent anywhere, yet the Panthers were woefully inept in almost every phase of the game. A new coach, Carl DePasqua, hopefully will bring some order out of the chaos. The quality, depth and savvy of the squad are still well above average, and the psychological situation just might be explosive: The Panthers *must* be sick of their quixotic ineptitude. Dennis Ferris and Tony Esposito could be two of the better running backs in the country, and Ralph Cindrich has the potential to be the best linebacker ever at Pittsburgh. In short, if coach DePasqua puts it all together, Pitt could be the surprise team of 1969; if not, the Panthers will be just the same hapless squad of losers.

It seems eminently fitting that Rutgers will field perhaps its best team in

decades. In fact, the Knights could celebrate the 100th anniversary of their invention of the game by going undefeated. Except for a leaky pass defense, most of the ingredients for victory are present. Keep your eyes on the combustible combo of Bruce Van Ness, one of the most versatile tailbacks in the country, and whiz quarterback Rich Policastro.

Last year, resourceful young coach Jack Gregory did one of the most creditable—if unnoticed—jobs in the country by prodding inexperienced, usually lethargic Villanova to a winning season. Now he has a tested squad and a flock of deft sophomores; if he can find a quarterback (and Gregory has a fine record for fashioning quarterbacks out of unremarkable prospects), this will be a banner year. Speedy split end Tom Boyd, if somebody can be found to throw to him, might develop into a national phenomenon. And John Babinecz at linebacker and Mike Siani at split end could be the East's two standout sophomores. Look for Villanova to become a major football mainstay by 1971.

Boston College's squad is gifted but green. If the defense jells early, the offense-minded Eagles will be an Eastern power—quarterback Frank Harris and halfback Fred Willis were spectacular as sophomores and should be better this year. Colgate will continue to make headway and by late season, its large number of rookie linemen may mature enough to make the school's final game with Rutgers a real Donnybrook. Boston University will celebrate its 100th anniversary by fielding what should be its toughest grid squad in recent years. The offense, led by speedster Kirk Hillman, will be abrasive; and for the first time in years, the Terriers will start the season with a proven quarterback, Peter Yetten. At Holy Cross, new coach Bill Whitton suffers the disadvantage of trying to install his style of play without the benefit of spring practice. The Crusaders have some crack sophs coming up, but a tough schedule and the problems of adjusting to a new coaching staff will probably preclude any improvement over 1968's 3-6-1 record. Buffalo also has a debuting coach, Bob Deming; and if the Bulls quickly adjust to his leadership, they could be the best team in school history.

Princeton, Dartmouth and Harvard all seem to have an equal chance for the Ivy League crown. The surest bet, however, is Princeton, which, having spent '68 rebuilding its forces, enters '69 with added depth and a new coaching staff, headed by Jake McCandless. The Tigers will stick to the hoary single wing, to the undoubted delight of their followers; and if coach McCandless can put together the kind of stony offensive line the single wing demands, this will be the year of the Tiger in the Ivy League. Tailback Brian McCullough has Princeton publicists churning out adjectives.

Dartmouth also reaps the rewards of last year's salvage job. Better yet, the 1968 squad's incredible series of injuries, though disastrous at the time, enabled sophomores to gain valuable playing time. Result: The Indian squad is battle hardened; and if the injury bug can be shaken, Dartmouth will be a serious challenger.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	8-2	Rutgers	9-1
West Virginia	8-2	Villanova	7-3
Syracuse	7-3	Buffalo	7-3
Boston College	6-3	Boston University	6-4
Army	4-6	Colgate	6-4
Pittsburgh	2-8	Holy Cross	3-7
Navy	2-8		

IVY LEAGUE

Princeton	6-3	Cornell	4-5
Dartmouth	6-3	Columbia	4-5
Harvard	6-3	Brown	4-5
Yale	5-4	Penn	3-6

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Delaware	8-2	Hofstra	5-5
Lafayette	7-3	Gettysburg	4-5
Bucknell	5-4	Lehigh	4-6
Temple	5-5		

TOP PLAYERS: Pittman, Reid, Onkotz, Smear (Penn St.); Crennel, Patrick, Sherwood (West Virginia); White, Newton, Jakowenko (Syracuse); Bouley, Harris, Fitzgerald (Boston College); Moore, Andrzejczak (Army); Cindrich, Ferris (Pittsburgh); DeCario, Pike (Navy); Van Ness, Policastro, Stonebraker (Rutgers); Luzny, Jones (Buffalo); Treacy, Boyd (Villanova); Taylor, Rafalko (Boston University); Fischer, Goepel (Colgate); Jordan (Holy Cross); Cramer, Varney, Szaro (Harvard); Moore, McCullough, Mauney (Princeton); Babcock, Adams, Koenig (Dartmouth); Coe, Roney (Yale); Furbush, Huff (Cornell); Wazevich, Ramsey (Columbia); Lukens, Renzi (Brown); Chwastyk, Zbrzeznj (Pennsylvania); Favero, Hall, DiMuzio (Delaware); Triolo, Miller (Lafayette); Onischenko, Ruger (Bucknell); Busch (Temple); Hanlon, Dobson (Hofstra); Brewer (Gettysburg); Jennings, Petrillo (Lehigh).

When diplomas were passed out in June, Harvard's defensive corps was wiped out. With no spring practice, not even coach John Yovicsin can construct a complete defensive unit from scratch. The Crimson offense, however, will still be formidable; sophomore halfback Steve Harrison joins veteran runners Ray Hornblower and Rich Szaro to give the Cantabs what could be the most potent running game in the league. If quarterback Frank Champi can pick up where he left off in that breath-taking tie with Yale, the Harvard offense could stave off disaster until the new defensive unit gets its sea legs.

The Yalies also have graduation woes: After sharing the Ivy League crown with Harvard in '68, Yale sorrowfully watched its offensive platoon depart en masse—players such as Brian Dowling and Calvin Hill show up in New Haven only once in a coach's lifetime. But the defense is

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still rugged enough to avoid total disaster; the Elis' season will be a very dull series of low-scoring games. Cornell enjoys an abundance of quality rookies, best of whom is runner Ed Marinaro. The newcomers will help patch up last year's generally ragged squad, which contrived to throw away games with defensive lapses and inconsistent passing. Brown and Columbia perk up this season, but they have a long way to go. Both have excellent soph contingents; and as the kids gain experience, the two teams will be noticeably stronger.

Pennsylvania was the surprise of the Ivies last year. Rated as woeful by preseason forecasters, the Quakers parlayed ambitious sophs, hard-nosed morale and a lucky lack of injuries into a 7-2 season. This squad will be equally strong, but, unless somebody up there is rooting, we doubt if the Quakers can be quite as fortunate again. One good sign: Quarterback Bernie Zbrzeznj returns to lead the Quakers.

Once again, the University of Delaware will rule unchallenged in the Middle Atlantic Conference. The Hens, if you can believe it, will come up even stronger than last season's 7-3 achievement; and, except for non-Conference opponents Villanova and Rutgers, no opponent seems capable of testing them. The one chance to come from behind belongs to Lafayette, but only if one of three quarterback candidates pans out and the defensive line is radically fortified.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Ohio State	8-1	Minnesota	6-4
Michigan State	8-2	Iowa	5-5
Indiana	8-2	Illinois	3-7
Michigan	7-3	Northwestern	2-8
Purdue	6-4	Wisconsin	1-9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Toledo	8-2	Western Michigan	4-6
Miami	8-2		
Ohio University	7-3	Marshall	3-7
Bowling Green	7-3	Kent State	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	7-3	Xavier	4-6
Dayton	4-6		

TOP PLAYERS: Kern, Tatum, Provost, Otis, Whitfield (Ohio St.); Foreman, Ron Saul, Love (Michigan St.); Butcher, Isenbarger, Gonso (Indiana); Curtis, Mandich, Dierdorf, Seymour (Michigan); Carter, Parson, Mayer (Minnesota); Phipps, Foley, Yanchar (Purdue); Meskimen, Lawrence, Manning, Morris (Iowa); Redmann, Jackson (Illinois); Sikich, Forsthoffer (Northwestern); DeLisle (Wisconsin); Arthur (Miami); Johnson, Crots (Toledo); Bryant, Snyder, Robinson (Ohio U.); Green (Bowling Green); Siwek (Western Michigan); Shoebridge, Mikolajcyzk (Marshall); Corrigall, Nottingham (Kent St.); McCoy, DiNardo, Olson, Reilly (Notre Dame); Pilcavage, Buckmaster (Xavier); Stangle (Dayton).

Wayne Woodrow Hayes, known to his several friends as Woody, to his Ohio State scholar athletes as the Corpulent Martinet and to his opponents as the most graceless winner since Attila the Hun, has assembled another gridiron juggernaut. Woody's personality, if that's what you want to call it, is one of the least-compelling enigmas of the 20th Century, but it is probably the key to his coaching success. Part snake-oil salesman, part evangelist, part military strategist, he works 18 hours a day, eats six hamburgers and a whole banana-cream pie for lunch, and channels the hostility of a mongoose and the social instincts of a puma into ceaseless efforts to alienate his peers and to motivate football players. He does both with consummate success. Big Ten commissioner Bill Reed described him as "indomitable in defeat and insufferable in victory," and Woody is having a glorious time being insufferable these days. Undefeated last season, his Buckeyes now look even stronger. Eighteen of his first 22 starters return, and so much tough football muscle is sitting on the bench that even a rash of injuries wouldn't noticeably hurt: Woody's third stringers would be regulars at most schools.

The only thing that could hurt the Buckeyes is a morale breakdown or overexposure to their own press clippings. Undeniably, the lack of a Rose Bowl incentive (the same Big Ten team can't make the trip to Pasadena on successive years) will play a big role in the Conference race. Although the Buckeyes won't go to the Rose Bowl this year, they will probably decide who does.

This should be resurrection year at Michigan State. All the ingredients for greatness have been assembled, and even coach Duffy Daugherty, an ordinarily cautious chap, is making optimistic noises. Last year's greenies have grown up and the problems that plagued the '68 Spartans—lack of breakaway running speed and acute fumbleitis—seem to have been solved. Flashy soph runner Eric Allen joins Tommy Love to give the Spartan running game its once familiar muzzle velocity. Interestingly, Michigan State features two sets of identical twins, Ron and Rich Saul and rookies Doug and Gary Halliday, all of whom might play first string this season.

After Michigan State, Indiana seems to have the best chance to take the Rose Bowl trip this year; the Hoosiers look stronger than they were two years ago, when they shared the Conference championship. The already famous backfield of Gonso, Isenbarger, Butcher and Pogue returns intact. Last year, this quartet broke all school records in ground gaining, but the defense was spotty. Ergo, coach John Pont devoted spring practice to rebuilding the bastions; and if his labors were successful, the Hoosiers could spend Christmas at Disneyland. Indiana's seniors are an effervescent and irrepressible crowd of colorful iconoclasts with a strong sense of their own destiny; this year, they could provide the

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leadership to carry Indiana to its greatest gridiron success.

Michigan will be nearly as strong as last year, despite the loss of Ron Johnson and Dennis Brown. One important new asset is the arrival of coach Bo Schembechler, the latest proof of Miami University's uncanny ability to breed fine grid tutors. The Michigan offense will be less productive, but this will be balanced by a sterner defense. It should be another good—but not great—year in Ann Arbor.

If you're an *aficionado* of aerial circuses, plan to spend the fall in West Lafayette, Indiana. Purdue will put the ball in the air about 80 percent of the time, largely because the Boilermakers have absolutely no other choice. Gone are nine members of the '68 offense, including the entire running corps; and available replacements for such eye-popping performers as Leroy Keyes and Perry Williams can't begin to fill the void. Quarterback Mike Phipps, however, is still around and he'll be joined by a flock of sticky-fingered new receivers, best of whom are Ashley Bell, Greg Fenner and Charlie Potts. The defensive unit survived graduation virtually intact, and the usual surfeit of Gargantuan linemen is on hand. Nobody is going to roll up a big score against the Boilermakers.

Minnesota's major weapon will be the combined running of Jim Carter and Barry Mayer. Together, they will give the Gophers the best ground game in the Big Ten. Coach Murray Warmath's main worry: Both lines are inexperienced. But since Minnesota always seems blessed with hard-driving, meaty linemen, the Gophers will probably surprise a lot of people.

Iowa could be either the best or the worst team in the Big Ten; it all depends on the ultimate effect of last spring's player revolt. Sixteen black players boycotted spring practice to dramatize their grievances, some real and some imaginary. Coach Ray Nagel didn't beg the players to return, as they apparently expected him to; and as the Hawkeyes prepared for fall practice, no one knew exactly which of the players would return to school and what psychological effects their boycott would have on team morale. One thing is certain: Iowa will feature the same kind of go-go offense that characterized the squad last year. Attempts to revamp the defense, however, were hamstrung by the boycott: five regulars were among the defectors. If the black militants return and the team gets its collective head together, Iowa will have an excellent, if outside, shot at the Conference championship.

At Illinois, coach Jim Valek has the first group of rookies that he recruited himself, and they look like the best Illini sophomore class in quite a while. Just in time, too, because the vast bulk of last year's inept and spiritless squad has departed. Consequently, half of the starting berths may be filled by sophs. If their enthusiasm doesn't wane, the Illini could become a force to be reckoned with during the second half of the season.

This year looks like a repeat of a familiar nightmare for Northwestern. The schedule is still suicidal, although coach Alex Agase appears to have a few more remedies with which to ward off disaster. If coaching excellence can be judged by the results obtained from available material, Alex Agase must surely be the best coach in the land. Last year, with a paper-thin squad and very little talent, indeed, Agase's Wildcats fought six of the top ten teams in the nation to a standstill before collapsing from exhaustion in the late stages of the games. Northwestern will trot out more speed and better passing in '69 than it has in years. With all that morale, the Wildcats could win a couple of big ones.

At Wisconsin, however, the football picture is as grim as ever. Most of last year's squad has graduated (which is probably a blessing), and the '69 team will be assembled around rookies of uncertain quality. A few bright spots are discernible, however: Mel Reddick, a fine pass catcher, will be joined by newcomer Al Hannah, who coach John Coatta feels will blossom into one of Wisconsin's all-time great receivers. If Coatta can find somebody to toss the ball, Wisconsin will at least have an entertaining passing attack.

Notre Dame will again be fun to watch, but not for the usual reasons. This will be one of the weaker Irish squads in recent seasons, mostly because last year's offensive guns have departed. Especially precarious is the quarterback position, which is manned by one excellent passer, Joe Theismann, and that's all. Larry DiNardo and Jim Reilly are two of the best offensive linemen in the country, but they will be surrounded by questionable newcomers. Jeff Zimmerman and Ed Ziegler will provide respectable running, but if injuries strike, the offensive platoon will be in trouble. (Incidentally, over the years, we have noticed that Notre Dame has an inexplicable propensity for attracting players whose names begin with Z. This year, the Irish squad includes not only Zimmerman and Ziegler but also Zielony, Zikas, Zilly, Ziznewski, Zloch and Zuber, at least five of whom should wind up playing first string.)

Notre Dame's major strength will be defense; monumental Mike McCoy at tackle is surrounded by a host of nearly equivalent musclemen. Therefore, Irish fortunes will rise or fall with the play of the defensive unit. Luckily, the schedule is the weakest in recent years. The opposition consists of three strong teams, two soso opponents and five patsies; the Irish should have a winning season.

Ohio University will again be the strongest team in the Mid-American Conference; but the non-Conference schedule, featuring Penn State and Minnesota, will keep the Bobcats from enjoying last year's undefeated status. Ohio University would be a more-than-respectable member of any conference in the land, and, like the other Mid-American teams, the Bobcats deserve more attention from the press and general public than they get. They may make that point very clear this fall in their games with Penn State and Minnesota. Almost all of last year's offensive thunder is back, notably quarterback Cleve Bryant and receiver Todd Snyder, undoubtedly one of the top passing tandems in the nation.

Miami will again be a well-oiled offensive vehicle and new coach Bill Mallory will find his first year at Oxford a pleasant one. Toledo should return to top form, with new quarterback Chuck Ealey leading a well-balanced squad. Ealey is only one of a crop of standout Toledo sophomores.

Except for Bowling Green, no other team in the Conference seems to have a shot at the title. Marshall, which suffered through a winless season last year (and upped its consecutive-loss total to 21), has so much soph talent that it's possible the Thundering Herd won't start a single returning letterman (and there are 23 of them) on either its offensive or its defensive unit. In recent years, Marshall fans in the stands have been drinking, not for warmth but to forget the carnage before them. In '69, Marshall's flask set will imbibe less—and enjoy it more.

• • •

It's almost like old times down in cotton and molasses country: Ole Miss is on the rise again. The perennially victorious Rebel teams of 15 years ago fattened themselves on soft schedules, but the new gridiron machine that Johnny Vaught has built is for real. Last year's lightweight club scored stylishly—and often—until halfway through the season, when the lads broke down. This fall, the young lightweights have filled out a bit and are a year older, the better to absorb—and dispense—a battering. The Rebs have all the tools to fashion an all-winning season; and with just a few breaks and good health, Mississippi should be one of the top teams in the nation.

Ole Miss' most determined competition should come from Alabama and Tennessee. Aside from a much improved offense, Alabama's principal asset in '69 will be coach Bear Bryant's wrath. The Bear is perceptibly miffed, and that spells trouble for everybody on the schedule. Bryant didn't take congenially to being drubbed 35–10 by Missouri in the Gator Bowl last December, and spring practice in Tuscaloosa this year resembled the third ring of Dante's *Inferno*. The Tide in '68 was principally a defensive club; but even with a sporadic offense, Alabama came within five points of an undefeated season. Although the defense is now a question mark, last year's attack unit has

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grown up: Some galloping ground gainers are ready to blast loose (including sophomore whiz Johnny Musso), which means that Alabama will run the football far more than it has in the past two seasons. The key to the Tide's success will be a superb offensive line anchored by PLAYBOY All-America Alvin Samples.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Mississippi	8-2	Vanderbilt	6-4
Alabama	7-3	Louisiana State	4-6
Tennessee	7-3	Kentucky	4-6
Auburn	7-3	Mississippi St.	4-6
Georgia	6-4	Florida	3-7

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

South Carolina	6-4	North Carolina	5-5
Duke	6-4	Virginia	5-5
N. C. State	5-5	Maryland	3-7
Clemson	5-5	Wake Forest	2-8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Richmond	7-3	Davidson	4-6
Citadel	7-3	Furman	3-7
East Carolina	6-3	Virginia Military	1-9
William & Mary	4-6		

INDEPENDENTS

Virginia Tech	9-1	Georgia Tech	3-7
Miami	8-2	Tampa	8-2
Florida State	4-6	Chattanooga	8-2
Tulane	4-6	Southern Miss	4-6

TOP PLAYERS: Cannon, Manning, Morrow, Jernigan (Mississippi); Samples, Ranager, Wade (Alabama); Kiner, Kell, Reynolds (Tennessee); Campbell, Kolen, McClinton, Banks (Auburn); Greer, Hughes, Cavan (Georgia); Asher, Smith (Vanderbilt); Anderson, Bevan (LSU); Roller, Palmer (Kentucky); Milner, Pharr (Mississippi St.); Tannen, Hadley (Florida); Hart, Biddle (Duke); Muir, Hellams (South Carolina); Carpenter, Jordan, Whitley (North Carolina St.); Yauger (Clemson); Patton, Rannigan, Ryczek (Virginia); Chalupka, Blanchard (North Carolina); O'Hara, Sonntag (Maryland); Dolbin, Dobner (Wake Forest); Gillette, Fowler (Richmond); Small, Tyler (Citadel); Tyson, Wheeler, Colson (East Carolina); Herb, Meeteer (William & Mary); Slade, Kelly (Davidson); Lanigan, Wiggins (Furman); Marks, Copty (VMI); Widger, Hall, Green (Virginia Tech); Stawarz, Best, Cline (Miami); Cappleman, Bailey, Vohun (Florida State); Hester, Francingues (Tulane); Vitunic, Bourne (Georgia Tech); Del Gaizo, Nittinger (Tampa); Manning, Wolford, Wolfe (Chattanooga); Barnes, Moulton (Southern Mississippi).

Graduation ceremonies completely eliminated the smoothest backfield in Tennessee history. This would seem to be an irreparable blow to the Vols' success, but don't be fooled. The new attack is manned by equally able young replacements, including flanker Lester McClain, who may become the first black superstar in the Southeastern Conference. If the offensive line can stabilize around mountainous Chip Kell, the offense will be an adequate supplement to a rock-ribbed defense led by linebacker Steve Kiner. And watch for the Vols—with quarterback Bobby Scott doing the pitching—to field their best aerial offense in years.

Last year, Auburn parlayed a mediocre offense and the most vicious defensive team in the South into a moderately successful season. That entire defensive unit has returned, and a few talented sophomores should make the offense far more authoritative. Sophomore Tommy Lowry will help juice up the running game (which last year was practically nonexistent) and two other sophomores, quarterback Pat Sullivan and split end Terry Beasley, who has the makings of an All-American, could become a spectacular passing combination.

It's never safe to sell Georgia short, but '69 looks like an off year for the Bulldogs. The defensive unit was destroyed by graduation and the offensive line, the key to Georgia's running game, is inexperienced. The Bulldogs will have a winning season, but the competition is too tough for a repeat of last year's 8–0–2 record.

Vanderbilt and LSU make an interesting comparison. LSU will be much the slicker team but will have the less impressive won-lost record at season's end. The reason is obvious: schedule strength. But this should take nothing away from the awesome job Vanderbilt athletic director Jess Neely has accomplished in only two years. As a result, the Commodores are returning to top-level football for the first time in more than a decade. Last year, Vanderbilt's chief asset was the brilliance of head coach Bill Pace. This fall, Pace has the help of the best crop of Vandy sophomores anyone can remember. Their running game, with Doug Mathews switched to tailback, will heat up, and the pin-point passing of quarterback Watson Brown should make Vanderbilt an exciting team to watch. Count on the Commodores to pull off a couple of stunning upsets.

In recent years, LSU has had an early-season habit of fattening its record by feasting on non-Conference opponents. But this autumn's early Tiger bait will be less digestible than usual, and every Conference opponent will also be tougher. LSU must plug two gaps opened by graduation of most of its swift running backs and highly rated offensive line. Fullback Eddie Ray should solve part of the running problem and supersoph Tommy Casanova could be switched from the defensive unit if the ground game becomes too uneven. Linebacker George Bevan, if his injuries heal, might help make the Tiger defense the best in the South.

The most improved team in the Southeastern Conference may well be Mississippi State. The Bulldogs are the best they've been in years, and quarterback Tommy Pharr and receiver Sammy Milner should be the South's outstanding aerial battery. Mississippi State didn't win a game last year, but opponents would be wise not to take them lightly, as the Bulldogs could turn out to be the surprise of the Southeastern Conference. Coach John Ray, fresh from Ara Parseghian's Notre Dame staff, takes over at Kentucky in an attempt to revive ailing Wildcat fortunes. Hopefully, he will be able to provide the inspiration notably missing in recent seasons. He should at least be able to eliminate the penalties and mistakes that hamstrung '68's squad. Returning will be a well-tuned backfield and a stubborn defense. If some offensive linemen can be found, coach Ray just might bring about a spectacular revival of Kentucky football during his first season at the helm.

For Florida, '69 will be a year of reconstruction. Lack of depth, coupled with injuries, proved the downfall of last autumn's promising squad, and most of the key players have graduated. Depth is still a problem, so injuries, if they occur, will be more devastating than ever. It will be difficult for a young and thin squad to survive the rigors of a particularly rough schedule.

The perennial dominance of Clemson and North Carolina State in the Atlantic Coast Conference seems destined to finally end. Coach Paul Dietzel's recruiting efforts at South Carolina have at last paid off, and this should be the strongest Gamecock team in many years. The squad is experienced at nearly every position; and if fullback Warren Muir stays healthy, the disappointments of '68 will be erased. Duke also is on the rise. Disaster was predicted for the Blue Devils in '68, but the season was saved by the sudden emergence of sophomore slinger Leo Hart. With a year's experience under his belt, Hart will be throwing to trickier receivers, while a strengthened running game will reduce red-dog pressure. Look for Hart to break every A. C. C. passing record this fall; and if coach Tom Harp can put together a respectable defensive line, the Blue Devils might just take the conference title.

At Wake Forest, newly hired coach Cal Stoll is plagued by a thin squad, inadequate defense and green quarterbacking. Wake Forest's abundance of hustling running backs, however, should keep the season from being a total loss.

Richmond, led by splendid receiver Walker Gillette, should again be the class of the Southern Conference—if passer Charlie Richards can fill the shoes of departed Buster O'Brien. The Citadel will make progress in '69 and could, in fact, win the Conference championship. Aggressive linebacker John Small leads the best defense in the Conference. East Carolina, still featuring the ancient but effective single wing, should rebound from last year's disappointing performance.

This will be a great year at Virginia Tech. In '68, coach Jerry Claiborne led a rookie-dominated squad to a surprisingly successful season and a Liberty Bowl berth. With few lettermen gone, and added depth and experience, the Gobblers are a fine bet for high national ranking. The defense, led by All-America linebacker Mike Widger, should be close to impregnable and the offense will produce more

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often. If the Gobblers can get by Alabama in their first game, they could go undefeated.

Things should be picking up at Miami. Last year's weaknesses—the offensive line and the quarterbacking—seemed on the mend during spring practice. Bobby Best, Steve Schaap, Vincent Opalsky and several talented sophomores will give the Hurricanes a hard-driving running game.

Florida State has a marvelous passer in Bill Cappleman, but it also has a diploma-decimated squad and a horrendous schedule. Cappleman can probably carry the offense by himself, so if the defensive unit matures quickly enough, the Seminoles could salvage a respectable record.

Georgia Tech will be more tenacious than last year, but Atlanta fans may not notice the difference: Tech's schedule is a creative exercise in masochism. Nevertheless, a worthy sophomore contingent will pump a lot of new life into the Yellow Jackets. You'll be hearing a great deal about supersophs Brad Bourne at defensive end and Charlie Dudish at quarterback, and offensive guard Joe Vitunic could be the best offensive lineman in the country. Tech will display a deft running game—in extreme contrast to last year—and so at least the Jackets should be more entertaining to watch.

Although Tulane will field a predominantly sophomore squad, the team will have much more going for it—quantitatively and qualitatively—than last year's edition. Three blue-chip college transfers and a strong rookie crop will help greatly. It's been a long uphill climb at Tulane, but the rebuilding process now seems almost completed and in a couple of years the Green Wave should be a national power.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	8-2	Kansas	6-4
Missouri	7-3	Kansas State	5-5
Nebraska	7-3	Iowa State	3-7
Colorado	7-3	Oklahoma State	1-9

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	8-2	Texas Tech	5-5
Texas	8-2	TCU	4-6
SMU	6-4	Texas A&M	3-7
Baylor	6-4	Rice	3-7

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Memphis State	8-2	Tulsa	4-6
North Texas St.	7-3	Cincinnati	4-6
Louisville	5-5	Wichita State	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	9-1	West Texas St.	6-4

TOP PLAYERS: Owens, Mendenhall, Zabel, Casteel (Oklahoma); Wallace, Davis, Staggers (Missouri); Orduna, McFarland, Stephenson (Nebraska); Anderson, Huber (Colorado); Riggins, Hicks, Salb (Kansas); Dickey, Herron, Barrera (Kansas St.); Bliss, Allen (Iowa St.); Ward, Little (Oklahoma St.); Montgomery, Brand, Dicus, Dossey (Arkansas); Halsell, Worster, Comer, Atessis (Texas); Hixson, Cormier, Fleming (SMU); Stevens, Blessing (Baylor); Campbell, Alford (Texas Tech); Ray, Bulaich (TCU); Stegent, DeNiro (Texas A&M); Roitsch, Davis (Rice); Parker, Todd (Memphis St.); Holloway, Ramsey, Taylor (North Texas St.); Bouggess, Walker (Louisville); Wyatt, Ashton (Tulsa); O'Brien (Cincinnati); Duncan, Haynes (Wichita St.); Wright, Bridges, Drones (Houston); Thomas (West Texas St.).

The Big Eight Conference has been the most powerful college football circuit in the country for the past couple of years. Six of its eight teams are strong enough to wind up in the nation's top 20, but probably only a couple will be there by season's end. The reason: They'll spend the fall knocking one another out of the rankings. As the season begins, Oklahoma, Missouri, Nebraska and Colorado look almost equally power packed. Who winds up on top will likely be determined by the relative strength of non-Conference opponents and the imponderables of luck and injuries.

The best chance to cop the Conference title seems to belong to Oklahoma. The Sooners won't be quite as proficient as they were in '68, but their early-season non-Conference schedule—which nearly scuttled the Sooners last year—is much easier and will give the new offensive line time to mature. All-America tailback Steve Owens returns and, as the season opens, he seems to have the inside track on the coveted Heisman Trophy. The Sooners are banking heavily on a couple of tally-minded sophs—quarterback Jack Mildren and wingback Roy Bell. The Texas-Oklahoma game on October 11 (which will be nationally televised) could be the game of the year.

This year's Missouri crew will look like a carbon copy of '68's. Somehow, the Tigers always wind up a stronger team than most pre-season pundits figure them to be; and if that holds true, Missouri could go through '69 without a setback.

Prospects are especially promising at Nebraska. The Cornhuskers still have the running of Joe Orduna, but the big news is the arrival of Van Brownson and Jerry Tagge, who, coach Bob Devaney says, are the two finest sophomore quarterbacks he has had at Nebraska. Thus, last year's obvious weakness will be corrected. Former passer Frank Patrick moves to tight end, where he should be an outstanding substitute for All-America hopeful Jim McFarland. If coach Devaney succeeds in bolstering the offensive line, the opening game against Southern California will be a wild affair.

The most beefed-up team in the league should be Colorado. A pitiful defense last season cost the Buffs a winning record. The defense underwent a thorough shake-up during spring practice and most of the gaps have been filled. The offense, with multiple-threat quarterback Bobby Anderson at the helm, will be as facile as it was last year; all the Buffs' top runners, receivers and scorers are back. Defense is the key to the whole picture. If it shapes up, Colorado will have a run at the Big Eight title. If not, a tough schedule (which includes non-Conference games with Penn State and Indiana) could take its toll. Kansas won't be able to match last year's 9-1 record, because too many veterans have departed. The replacements are talented enough (especially running back Ron Jessie and passer Jimmy Ettinger) but unproven. The defense, led by linebacker

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Emery Hicks and tackle Karl Salb, should give away few first downs. The Jayhawks' top gun will again be fullback John Riggins, who runs with the force of an enraged water buffalo. Last season, Riggins' running moved an opposing coach to observe, "That guy would step on his own mother to gain an extra yard!" Additionally, Kansas will probably win some games through the efforts of Billy Bell, perhaps the most versatile kicker in college football.

We have a hunch that Kansas State, with the breaks, could be one of the surprise teams of the year. Passer Lynn Dickey and wingback Mack Herron will lead a razzle-dazzle offense. They'll be aided by a line (all were sophs in '68) that returns intact and improved. If coach Vince Gibson can remedy the porous defense that gave away most of last year's games, Kansas State will perpetrate some stunning upsets.

Johnny Majors is doing an admirable rebuilding job at Iowa State, and the results are beginning to show. The Cyclones will field their most experienced team in several years. Oklahoma State should be somewhat stronger than in '68, but an improvident non-Conference schedule—featuring Arkansas, Houston and Texas Tech—will keep the Cowpokes from matching last year's modest record.

If the Southwest Conference had hired a Hollywood hack to work up a drama-laden scenario for 1969, he couldn't have dreamed up a more suspenseful script. Both Arkansas and Texas are loaded this year; each has a good shot at the national title; and they'll meet each other in a nationally televised showdown on December sixth. Adding to the tension is the fact that all the other teams in the Conference—with the exception of Texas A&M—seem grittier than a year ago and could knock off either of the two favorites on a fortunate Saturday afternoon.

The choice to come through unscathed is Arkansas. Before his players left for summer vacation in June, coach Frank Broyles warned them that they'd probably be picked by a number of sportswriters as the pre-season selection for top team in the nation. He pointed out the psychological dangers of such a situation and said that complacency could do more harm than even the strongest opponent. Broyles' fears are well founded, of course, because rarely does a pre-season favorite survive the hazards of being every team's number-one opponent. Yet, Arkansas' claim to national pre-eminence is a convincing one. Last year's largely sophomore squad, which posted a 9-1 record, returns tougher and more coordinated as a unit. Quarterback Bill Montgomery is a walking bundle of superlatives, his receivers are plentiful and elusive and the defense should be stiffer than ever. So if the Razorbacks don't believe everything they read about themselves in the sports pages—or at least don't overreact to it—they could go into the Texas game undefeated.

Except for the loss of Chris Gilbert, Texas will also look identical to the '68 team, an outfit that shared the Conference championship with Arkansas. So many able lettermen are returning, in fact, that not a single soph will be cast in a starting role. Darrell Royal's offense will revolve around quarterback James Street and receivers Charles Speyrer and Deryl Comer; they'll break several Longhorn passing records.

Speaking of passing records, how do you top last year's act by SMU? Fancy flinger Chuck Hixson returns, along with most of last year's receivers and adroit newcomer Gary Hammond, who will double as a wide receiver and a backup quarterback. If coach Hayden Fry can find adequate replacements for receiver Jerry Levias and back Mike Richardson, the Mustangs will make an exciting run for the Southwest Conference laurels. Whatever happens, Fry's "alphabet offense" (he calls it that because he uses every formation from A to Z) will make the Mustangs the most entertaining team to watch in the Southwest.

Baylor will breathe easier in '69. New coach Bill Beall spent the spring revising last year's disastrous defense, and the results reportedly are excellent. The Bears didn't have any trouble scoring in '68; and since ten members of the attack unit return, moving the ball should again be no problem for them. The offensive line, led by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Richard Stevens, will be superb.

Texas Tech's problem is consistency. Last year, the Red Raiders whomped Texas but fell asleep against Cincinnati and Mississippi State. If quarterback Joe Matulich has profited from experience, the Raiders will ride high. The surprise team in the Southwest Conference could be Texas Christian. A rash of injuries and the lack of a take-charge quarterback scuttled the '68 squad; the wounded are now healed and new quarterback Steve Judy, a scrambler, could be the answer to the quarterback problem. A leaky pass defense, if not corked, could ruin the season's opener with Purdue. Tailback Norman Bulaich and flanker Linzy Cole should make the TCU backfield one of the quickest in the country.

Texas A&M seems to have cornered the hard-luck market. Last year's squad was the school's most able since Bear Bryant departed for Alabama, but injuries wiped out all the key seniors and destroyed the Aggies' chances for a great season. Even if the luck pattern is reversed in '69, the squad will be green. Yet, the many new faces are so skillful (during the spring game, 64 of the 87 players in uniforms were sophs) that the Aggies could pull off a few major upsets. Watch for the twisting runs of tailback Larry Stegent.

The most rejuvenated team in the Conference will be Rice—which won't be any great miracle, since the Owls didn't win a game last season. Coach Bo Hagan will begin enjoying the results of two highly successful recruiting years; '69's squad will be largely manned by much-sought-after young men. Rice fans will see so many new names on the roster they'll think they're in the wrong stadium; but if all this untried ability meshes, look for the Owls to finish strong.

Memphis State will reign in the Missouri Valley Conference. Coach Spook Murphy has been laying plans for this campaign for several years and his work is reflected in the depth and quality of the Tiger squad: Only five of last year's first 22 players have departed. Reason for all the preparations: Two of the first three opponents are Mississippi and Tennessee, both archrivals and both tagged for high national rankings. If the Tigers can win one of those two games, they might finish the rest of the season unscathed.

At North Texas State, everything depends on luck. If the Eagles enjoy the great team morale and freedom from crippling injuries that they have had in the past three seasons, they could give Memphis State a run for the Conference title. Pro scouts say that quarterback Steve Ramsey is one of the best passers in college football.

Coach Lee Corso debuts at Louisville and his first order of business will be to repair last season's disastrous defense. Corso inherits competent running backs but lacks a front-line quarterback. Tulsa received a major transfusion of talent during the off season: 23 top-notch junior college transfers arrived on the Hurricane campus to help prepare for one of Tulsa's most challenging schedules. If new coach Vince Carillot gets a few breaks and if back Josh Ashton grinds out the yardage expected of him, Tulsa could make Carillot's debut a rewarding one.

Cincinnati's offense, though not as freewheeling as a year ago, will still enjoy the presence of star split end and place kicker Jim O'Brien. Though the Bearcats will suffer from the departure of passer Greg Cook, Jim Ousley looks nearly as good, so Cincinnati's passing game should still be fireworks. Wichita is starting from scratch. After a winless season, the Shockers have a new stadium, a new coaching staff and a nearly all-new team. But they'll have to work hard before they get a new look to their record.

For several seasons, the University of Houston has been the most mercurial team in the nation. On those Saturday afternoons when the Cougars wanted to play football, they were literally unbeatable. On other Saturdays, they were peculiarly vulnerable to attacks of lethargy. Two seasons ago, the Cougars dismantled a fine Michigan State team

Smilby

by a lopsided score, and then wound up the season losing to Tulsa. Apparently irate at this indignity, Houston obliterated Tulsa last year, 100-6 (they also tied both Texas and Georgia), and then rolled over to play dead in front of a weak Oklahoma State team. Observers ascribe this erratic behavior to a club that was flooded with talent but had no place to go: For several years, Houston was in the N. C. A. A. doghouse (recruitment violations) and, thus, forbidden to accept post-season bowl bids. Two of the past three years, the Cougars went into their last game ranked among the top ten teams of the country, only to lose and get knocked out of the rankings. But this year should be different: Houston is now off probation, and the prospect of a bowl bid and post-season national honors should be incentive enough for a glory-hungry team. Coach Bill Yeoman is sitting deeper than ever in pure talent, and the schedule is favorable. An indication of the squad's depth is the fact that Houston will probably be the only team in the country whose second-string quarterback, Rusty Clark, will be a first-round pro-draft choice. Split end Elmo Wright, with all these talented slingers to get the ball to him, should be the outstanding receiver in the country. All in all, Bill Yeoman has built a football machine that has much of the finesse—and many of the skills—of a pro club. If he can inject some old-fashioned college spirit into this group, the Cougars could easily wind up undefeated and the number-one team in the country. If this happens, Yeoman will undoubtedly be elected Coach of the Year. For his proven expertise and the excellence of the football powerhouse he has assembled, we hereby name him PLAYBOY's Coach of the Year.

• • •

One of the more controversial questions concerning the college gridiron scene is how Southern California will survive the loss of O. J. Simpson. From all indications, the Trojans will survive the loss with style, thank you. Although the running game cannot possibly be as awesome, the gloom caused by O. J.'s departure will be considerably alleviated by the arrival of spectacular passer Jimmy Jones. Teamed with veteran quarterback Mike Holmgren and junior college transfer Jim Fassel, Jones will give Southern Cal incredible depth at the vital quarterback slot. Coach John McKay has therefore realigned his offense around the passing game. With this radically new attack, Trojan fans may not recognize their team. But as Jones and his cohorts fill the air with passes, Southern Cal should be as exciting to watch as ever. The defensive unit could be the best in the country; nine of last year's starters return. The defensive line, which already seems as massive as that of the Los Angeles Rams, will include a tough new face: tackle Tody Smith (all-pro Bubba's big little brother). Defensive end Jimmy Gunn and offensive tackle Sid Smith will provide the character and discipline to make the Trojan lines the best in the West.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern Cal	8-2	California	6-4
Stanford	8-2	Oregon State	5-5
UCLA	7-3	Washington	3-7
Oregon	7-3	Washington St.	2-8

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Arizona State	7-3	Arizona	4-6
Wyoming	6-4	Colorado State	4-6
Texas at El Paso	6-4	Brigham Young	3-7
Utah	6-4	New Mexico	1-9

INDEPENDENTS

Idaho	8-2	New Mexico St.	6-4
Air Force	6-4	Utah State	5-5

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

Pacific	8-2	Cal State—L. A.	7-3
Santa Barbara	8-2	San Jose State	2-8
San Diego St.	7-3	Long Beach	2-9
Fresno State	7-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Gunn, Sid Smith, Cowlings (Southern Cal); Plunkett, Parish (Stanford); Reese, Ballou, Jones (UCLA); Newland, Moore (Oregon); Augustine, Wiedemann (California); Lewis, Main, Nelson (Oregon St.); Sharp, Blanks (Washington); Klopfenstein, Ewen (Washington St.); Malone, Spagnola (Arizona St.); Nels, Tucker (Wyoming); Bramlett, Glosson (Texas at El Paso); Groth, Boykin (Utah); Gardin, Stevenson (Arizona); Thomas, Kelley (Colorado St.); Meyer, Slipp (BYU); Bookert (New Mexico); Hendren, Olson (Idaho); Epping, Longnecker (Air Force); James, Rodriguez (New Mexico St.); Olsen, Wicks (Utah St.); Erbeznik, Schroeder, Morrison (Pacific); Curtice, Moore (Santa Barbara); Shaw, Pierson (San Diego St.); Hunt, Parker (Fresno St.); Brown, Martin (Cal St. at L. A.); Chaney (San Jose St.); Parks (Long Beach).

It's quite possible that when the season is over, the most impressive success story will belong to Stanford, though there's no real reason why anyone should be surprised by this: it isn't exactly a rags-to-riches story. The Indians were just short of greatness last year and this season's squad is *really* packed. Stanford's passing game will be vividly impressive: Several pro scouts insist that Jim Plunkett is the most skilled passer in the country, and stand-in Don Bunce is nearly as good. They have several sure-handed receivers to throw to. Bubba Brown (a great breakaway threat) and Howie Williams (who enjoys running over people) will provide a fine ground attack. All this offensive weaponry operates behind a strong and experienced offensive line, so Stanford's offense should be memorable. The single question mark is the Indians' new defensive line, which, though relatively small, will be mobile and aggressive.

We nominate Stanford as our surprise team of the year, with the full recognition that other national observers will probably reserve that honor for UCLA. Nearly all the Uclans return from a season that was spoiled by a series of serious injuries and unsteady quarterbacking. The quarterback problem still isn't completely solved, but the Bruin running game will be almost unstoppable—Greg Jones, George Farmer and Mickey Cureton are the most brilliant trio of college runners in the country. Last year's shaky defense looks fortified; so if coach Tommy Prothro can come up with a quarterback, the Bruins could possibly wind up in the Rose Bowl.

Coach Jerry Frei's construction work at Oregon is beginning to show results: he will field a sturdy squad. In fact, the Ducks may turn out to be the most improved team on the Coast. If slotback Bob Moore realizes his potential (and there's no reason to think he won't), he'll mature into a consensus All-American. As a receiver and runner, Moore gives Oregon an instant injection of power offense. We nominate him as our Sophomore of the Year.

Last fall, a mean and miserly defense was largely responsible for California's winning season. Unaccustomed as the Bears are to victory, they've learned to like it, and the squad should be just as strong this year. The defense will again be rock-ribbed and the attack unit—featuring stellar halfbacks Bob Darby and Gary Fowler—will give Cal an admirable ground game. Although its passing is still suspect, California should field another winner.

An off season is in the offing at Oregon State. There's no way the Beavers can field as cohesive an offensive club as they did in '68, but the defense will be stronger, thanks largely to the return of Jess Lewis, the N. C. A. A. heavyweight wrestling champion who missed last season to compete in the Olympic Games. Quarterbacking is a problem, because a replacement hasn't been found for Steve Preece. The Beavers' big plus is Billy Main, one of the niftiest runners in the nation.

Although Washington will give a better account of itself this fall, the good news is negated by an upgraded schedule. Last year's lackluster performance was due to the Huskies' inability to move the ball consistently. This will clear up if coach Jim Owens can find a quality quarterback—and he has an outstanding prospect in sophomore Steve Hanzlik. But even if the Huskies put together an effective offense, the grueling schedule should preclude much improvement over '68's 3-5-2 mark.

Washington State should move under the stewardship of coach Jim Sweeney. The guy's a winner, even in the inhospitable setting that Pullman provides. The Cougars' '68 record of 3-6-1 won't be upped this year, but, by season's end, Washington State will be a solid squad. Too late, unfortunately.

The University of Idaho, located only ten miles from the Washington State Campus, is also on the road back to big-time football. This autumn could be

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the most successful in Idaho grid history. The Vandals will return a veteran team and will have the recruits from their finest freshman team ever. Idaho, playing a softer schedule in '69, will feature a penetrating passing game built around wily receiver Jerry Hendren, who has had pro scouts almost drooling the past two years. At Air Force Academy, coach Ben Martin may have his classiest team in a decade. Virtually everybody returns from last year's victorious campaign, but the schedule is murderous. The Air Force Academy, incidentally, will be the strongest of the three Service teams. Utah State will not be able to match last year's offensive power, but the Utags will win some games with a defense built around rugged end Phil Olsen.

A special kind of football is played in the Western Athletic Conference: Offense is the name of the game, and the explosive play is such that games are often won by scores such as 68–43. Teams will throw 50 or 60 passes in a single game and breakaway runners are omnipresent. Along with several speedsters (fullback Art Malone will make most of the headlines), Arizona State has a budding hero quarterback named Joe Spagnola. Born in Naples, Italy, Spagnola is touted as a young Joe Namath in looks, dress and mannerisms, as well as ability. All this means that the Arizona State offense should be as productive as '68's, when it averaged more than 41 points per game. The only problem is that both lines were greatly weakened by graduation, but that may not hurt too much; opponents can't tackle the fleet Sun Devils if they can't catch them.

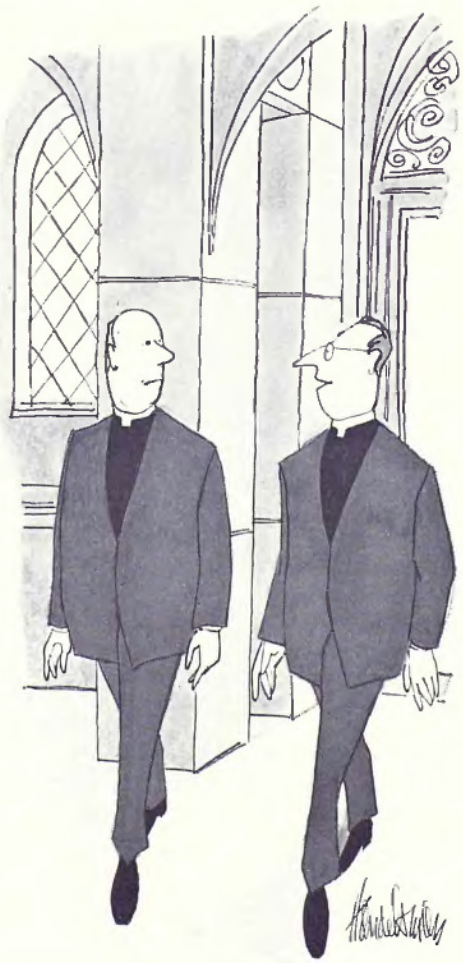
Arizona State's prime opposition will come from Wyoming, Texas at El Paso and Utah. Runner-up position will go to Texas at El Paso, which should recover from a disappointing performance last year. Miners fans insist that the '68 letdown was caused by psychological problems accruing from *Sports Illustrated*'s vicious and largely unjustified attack on UTEP's athletic program. Now the pendulum has swung the other way and coach Bobby Dobbs has discovered an abundance of desire in this year's team. If a good quarterback can be developed, this young and talented squad will more than redeem itself.

Utah is on the upswing. Benefiting from a year's experience under coach Bill Meek and a strong group of freshmen who've come up to the varsity, the Redskins will enjoy unaccustomed depth and sharper scoring skills.

A hazardous schedule will prevent Arizona from matching last year's best-ever 8–2 record, despite the superb running of Ron Gardin and the accurate passing of quarterback Brian Linstrom. The most improved team in the Western Athletic Conference should be Colorado State. A number of highly touted junior college transfers and two sophomore backs, Lawrence McCutcheon and Harry Stevenson, will make the difference. The Rams will have a new system and their throwing will be on target more often: Colorado State could be the dark horse of the Conference. Possibly the youngest and most inexperienced squad in the country will be playing for New Mexico this fall. Remarked one of the coaches, "We'll be traveling light this year—only four of our guys are old enough to own shaving kits."

This is the first year of conference play for the Pacific Coast Athletic Association, an alignment of previously independent schools in California. As is true at the beginning of any new athletic conference, the schedules are a mixed bag, with some teams playing more conference opponents than others and with extreme variations in schedule strength and football talent. Although five of the teams should have winning seasons, some will enjoy victories at the expense of much weaker nonconference opponents, while others will play stronger schedules. As the season opens, the University of the Pacific looks like the class of the league. Not far behind is San Diego State, which, despite losing 17 starters from the '68 squad, has so much depth that this year's team may ultimately be stronger. The conference long shot is Santa Barbara, which features a keen passer in quarterback Jim Curtice, coach Jack Curtice's son.

Thus we come to the end of another long look into the crystal ball. If you're upset with our predictions or judgments (we get bushels of mail each September excoriating us for boneheaded prophecies and, in December, a deluge of congratulations, many of them for predictions we didn't make), then we suggest you try your own hand at predicting the top 20 teams. But don't get so sold on your own clairvoyance that you lay all your bread on the outcome. We've never known anyone who hit more than 15 out of 20 (we did it last year); 10 out of 20 is a respectable average. And when your favorite team (which, in the sunny somnolence of September, is sure to win 'em all) closes a disastrous season in the icy blasts of late November, don't get freaked by the egg on your face. Go drown your sorrows at the local pub. You'll find a lot of company there.



"Yes, I think I would get married if the Church allowed it. Mind you, I wouldn't let it interfere with my celibacy."

table steaks *(continued from page 148)*

chafing dish if necessary for spreading, but should not be liquefied.) Place lemon wedges alongside steaks.

LAMB STEAKS, BÉARNAISE MINT SAUCE

2 lamb steaks, ½ to ¾ in. thick
2 tablespoons finely minced shallots or scallions (white part only)
¼ cup dry white wine
½ teaspoon beef extract
2 teaspoons bottled mint sauce
¼ lb. sweet butter
2 egg yolks
1 hard-boiled egg yolk, mashed
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper
Clarified butter

Sauce should be prepared before dinner and should be kept in a warm—not hot—place, covered, until serving time. To make sauce, heat shallots and wine over slow flame until wine is almost completely evaporated. Remove from fire; stir in beef extract and mint sauce. Melt sweet butter over very low flame. Place egg yolks and hard egg yolk in well of blender. Spin blender at low speed. While butter is very hot, add it in driblets to egg yolks spinning in blender. Keep adding until all hot butter is used. Remove sauce from blender and pour into bowl or large sauceboat. Stir in shallot mixture. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne pepper. Keep in warm place. Season steaks with salt and pepper and sauté in clarified butter until light brown on both sides. Serve with sauce.

TOURNEDOS WITH MUSHROOMS AND TRUFFLES

4 3-to-4-oz. steaks, cut from narrow section of *filet*
1 7/8-oz. can truffles
Clarified butter
2 tablespoons finely minced shallots or scallions (white part only)
4 very large fresh mushrooms, sliced very thin
Salt, pepper
1 oz. cognac
1 oz. port

Cut truffles into thin slices, then into julienne strips. Pour 2 tablespoons butter into preheated pan. When butter is hot, add shallots and sauté a minute or two; do not let shallots brown. Add mushrooms and truffles and sauté until mushrooms are tender and almost all liquid has evaporated from pan. Season with salt and pepper. Remove mushrooms from pan and keep warm on hot tray. Season *tournedos* with salt and pepper and sauté in clarified butter until light brown on both sides. Add cognac and port to pan and set ablaze. When flames subside, return mushrooms to pan to reheat briefly. Place *tournedos* on warm serving plates or platter. Spoon mushrooms on top.

STEAK WITH ONION AND CAPERS

2 boneless shell steaks, 8 to 10 ozs. each
½ large Spanish onion, cut through stem end
Clarified butter
1 tablespoon capers in vinegar, drained
½ lemon (or more, to taste)
½ teaspoon beef extract
Salt, pepper, sugar

Cut onion into thinnest possible slices. Break slices apart and sauté in 2 tablespoons clarified butter until limp and yellow but not brown. Stir frequently. Add capers. Squeeze lemon over onions. Add beef extract and stir until well blended. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of sugar. Place onions in side dish on hot table. Be sure to remove all onions from pan. Season steaks with salt and pepper and sauté in butter until light brown on both sides. Place steaks on warm serving plates or platter. Spoon onions on top.

So remember, gentlemen, when your culinary reputation is at steak, there's no better way to demonstrate your acumen than before a receptive and eager young lady—with chafing dish at the ready.

COUNTY FAIR! *(continued from page 192)*

percolate in the heat around us. The crowd ahead had begun to push the Buick off the road, like some great wounded whale. There is nothing deader than a dead Buick.

Finally, we were able to squeeze past the stragglers and once again move on toward the fairgrounds. A biplane towing a red-and-white streamer droned over the line of traffic: FISH DINNER ALL YOU CAN EAT $1.69 JOE'S DINER RTE. 6.

We were so close now that the sounds of the fair began to drift in over the roar of motors: calliopes bleating, whistles, merry-go-round music, bells ringing, barkers. Two cops in short-sleeved blue shirts waved the cars in through the main gate and past a cornfield to the jam-packed, rutted parking lot just inside the grounds. Flushed and sweaty, these two men faced the pressing horde of hissing, steaming, dusty rattletraps with the look of men who are struggling with a totally uncontrollable force that threatens to engulf them at any moment.

One blew his whistle in short, sharp blasts that matched every breath he took. With his left hand, he seemed to gather the cars in a steady hooking motion that pushed them on past his right hand, which moved like a piston in the air, shoving the heaps through the narrow gate. The other cop, taller and sadder, stood astride the center line of the asphalt road and glared slowly and deliberately at each car as it rolled past him.

The old man, by now totally hot under the collar, muttered barely audible obscenities as we drew abreast of the first cop.

"What was that, buddy?" The cop's voice was level and menacing, cutting through the racket of the Pontiac's piston slap like an ice cube going down your back on a hot day. Instantly, an electric feeling of imminent danger whipped through the car. Even my brother stopped whining.

"Uh . . . pardon me, officer?" The old man had turned on his innocent voice, which always sounded a little like he was slightly hard of hearing. He stuck his head out the window with exaggerated politeness.

"Did I hear you call me a son of a bitch, buddy?" The tall cop was approaching the side of the car, his eyes piercing the old man like a pair of hot ice picks.

"Uh . . . what was that, officer? Sir?"

"You heard me." A hamlike hand rested authoritatively on the door handle; a heavy foot clunked solidly on the running board. The line came to a halt behind us.

"I'm sorry, officer. What was it you said, sir?"

"Did you call me a son of a bitch?"

"Oh, heavens no! Mercy me! Why, good gracious, you must have heard me sneeze. I am troubled with hay fever." The old man sounded amazingly like an Episcopalian minister.

He sneezed loudly into his sleeve as a demonstration. I had seen the old man get out of many a tight squeak before, but this performance topped them all. I drank it in, knowing that I was seeing a master at work. My mother said nothing through it all, just looked nervously pathetic, which seemed to help the old man's act.

"OK, buster. Just watch yer lip, y'hear?"

"Why, bless my buttons, officer, I certainly will. Yes, indeed! That is fine advice. Heavens to Betsy, I certainly will."

With a flick of his wrist, the cop waved us on. The emergency was over. The old man let the clutch out so suddenly that the car jerked heavily twice before lurching forward.

An elderly, toilworn Chevy pickup truck carrying a farmer, his wife, seven kids and a Bluetick hound had stalled just ahead of us. The old man, out of pure reflex, muttered: "Son of a bitch!" Realizing he wasn't yet out of earshot, he covered it with a loud, juicy sneeze.

It grew hotter and hotter in our little oven as we waited for the farmer to get the Chevy moving again. At last we got inside the chicken-wire fence and past the little box office where they took the old man's two bucks, the price for an afternoon of untrammeled bliss.

My father shoved his hat onto the back of his head while he fished frantically inside his coat pocket for his pack of Luckies, a sure sign that he was reaching the boiling point.

"Holy Christ, wouldja look at that!"

Ahead of us, waves of heat rose from a long line of motionless cars that stretched toward the distant parking lot. They had the look of cars that hadn't moved for maybe two hours. People sat on running boards; fat ladies fanned themselves in the shade; kids ran in and out past spare tires and around radiators; and guys with pushcarts selling hot dogs and Fudgsicles moved up and down the line, doing a roaring business.

Two cars ahead of us, a lady was unpacking a lunch basket and spreading bowls of potato salad and jars of pickles on a blanket that she'd laid by the cornfield. A tall man in shirt sleeves and a straw hat chomped contentedly on a sandwich.

"Would you kids like a peanut-butter sandwich?" My mother began rummaging in the paper bag that held our lunch.

To the left of the line of cars was a high board fence plastered with red-and-yellow posters. From behind it, suddenly, surged a tidal wave of deep-throated roaring, followed by clouds of dust and the smell of burning rubber and castor oil. My father hunched over the wheel in excitement. This was his home ground, and he could hardly wait to get in on the action.

SSSSSKKKKRRRREEEEEE . . . KA-BOOM!

For an instant, something blotted out the sun. One of the picnicking ladies stood frozen, holding a bowl of cole slaw. The sandwich eater stared heavenward, his mouth poised open in mid-chomp. The old man, who had just tilted a can of beer toward the sky, stopped short, foam dribbling down his shirt front, eyes bugging out in amazement and delight.

The top of the board fence disintegrated with a stupendous crash and there, gracefully airborne high above the line of jalopies, a bright-blue racing car with a big number 12 on its side arched overhead, trailing smoke. The white-helmeted driver, his green goggles glinting in the sun, looked perfectly calm. It was all in a day's work. One wheel flew crazily ahead of him on a solo flight.

"JESUS CHRIST! THERE GOES IRON MAN!" the old man yelled as his favorite member of the racing fraternity disappeared in a cloud of dust and oil spray into the cornfield off to our right.

A great cheer came from behind the shattered fence as the crowd roared its approval of Iron Man's spectacular crack-up. That's what they came to see, and Iron Man gave it to them.

As the line of cars inched toward the parking lot, we could see a tow truck dragging Iron Man's lethal Kurtis-Offy Special back into the fray. Iron Man himself, wearing blue coveralls, sat nonchalantly in the cockpit, waving to the crowd. Dirt-track racers are not ordinary mortals.

"GO GET 'EM THE NEXT HEAT, IRON MAN!" bellowed the old man.

"Boy, ain't he a pisser?" This was my father's highest compliment.

"Little pitchers have big ears," my mother said again.

"Well, he is." My father knew a pisser when he saw one.

At last we were parked, between an ancient Willys-Knight and a Cord owned by a prominent local Mafia finger man who ran a mortuary on the side as a kind of tie-in.

"We'll meet you by the band shell," said the old man. He was in a hurry to get inside the arena.

"Now, you be careful," my mother told me, as she did so often. It was a phrase that ran like a litany through her life. She dragged my kid brother off in the direction of the quilt tent. My old man and I headed for the track.

Five minutes later, we were in the stands, immersed in the roaring mob that had come from miles around to cheer the mayhem and carnage on the dirt oval below. I sat hunched next to a gaunt, stringy, hawk-faced farmer who wore a broad-brimmed straw hat low over his eyes. His Adam's apple, as big

as a turkey egg, bobbed up and down in excitement as he watched the racers. He rolled Bull Durham cigarettes automatically with his left hand as his elbow dug into my ribs. His wife, a large, pink, rubbery woman, breast-fed a baby as the races roared on.

Dirt-track racing is as much a part of an Indiana county fair as applesauce, pumpkins and pig judging. Down below us, Iron Man Gabruzzi—back in action, his famous blue Kurtis-Offy a little dented from the previous heat—battled it out with his archrival, Duke Grunion, who drove a battle-scarred yellow blown Ford special, and a field of lesser competitors. Round and round they careened, throwing up sheets of yellow dust laced with the blue smoke of burning oil and scorching tires. From time to time, a car would leave the pack, slewing sideways, and bounce into the rail, trailing even more smoke than usual. The mob leaped to its feet, bellowing bloodthirstily, and then squatted again, waiting for the next near catastrophe. Over it all, the tinny voice of the P. A. announcer kept up a running commentary of feeble jokes and trivial observations. Hot-dog vendors squeezed up and down the rows, passing out the franks as fast as they could slap them between buns.

The old man was in seventh heaven, cheering wildly every time Iron Man moved ahead of Duke Grunion on the far turn to come whistling down the straight, his battered old Offy screaming. The 100-Mile Dirt Track Championship Race is as fiercely fought as any Grand Prix, and in some ways is far more exciting.

The last lap saw Iron Man and Duke battling it out on the homestretch, both sliding high on the banked oval, flat out, with Iron Man zooming across the finish line a half car ahead of Duke. The checkered flag rose and fell; the crowd cheered insanely as Iron Man, waving jauntily from his cockpit, took his victory lap, saluting the crowd. He had won 150 bucks for an afternoon's work in the hot sun.

We filed out of the stands and headed straight for the bandstand, which was at the center of the fairgrounds. Inside my head, the roaring of the race cars continued, blotting out the sound of the crowd. I would be hearing them in my sleep for at least a week. My nose burned from the gasoline and alcohol fumes.

"I gotta have a beer." Racing always made my father very thirsty.

We stopped at a stand while he guzzled a bottle of Blatz and listened to the other dirt-track fanatics yelling about how great the race had been. I drank a Nehi orange, my fifth of the day. Already my stomach was starting to ferment.

My mother and kid brother were waiting at the bandstand when we finally showed up.

"Hold it! Some Cuban ad agency just highjacked the Eastern Airlines account!"

"I gotta go to the toilet!" whined Randy. My brother always had to go to the toilet, especially when there was no toilet around. On either side of us, open sheds filled with rows of soft-eyed cows and jostling farmers stretched into the distance.

"Go behind that truck. I'll stand guard." The old man had handled this situation many times. My brother scooted behind the truck and emerged a couple of minutes later, sheepishly.

"I wanna see the pigs!" he said.

"So do I." I seconded him. I always liked to look at pigs, and still do, for that matter. There is something very satisfying about the way a pig looks. They were housed in a tent next to the cows, which were kind of dull. Row on row, the porkers lounged casually, completely at ease with the world. I have never understood why the pig is an animal whose name is used in derision. He is intelligent and kindly, often benevolent, in fact; in short, totally with it.

In the center of the tent, under floodlights, an enormous white hog with black spots graciously accepted the applause of his admirers. GRAND CHAMPION, the sign read, and above his bed of straw hung a large, trailing blue ribbon attached to a blue-and-gold rosette. Below it was a plaque: BIG HORACE. He had eaten half the ribbon. His tiny red eyes peered out at us jocularly. He was a champion and he knew it. Lesser pigs grunted and rooted in pens all around, but Big Horace was the star. We stood silently before this regal beast for several minutes.

"I bet that baby'd make great bacon," my father finally said in a quiet voice. A look of reproach flickered over Horace's mighty face as he glanced in our direction.

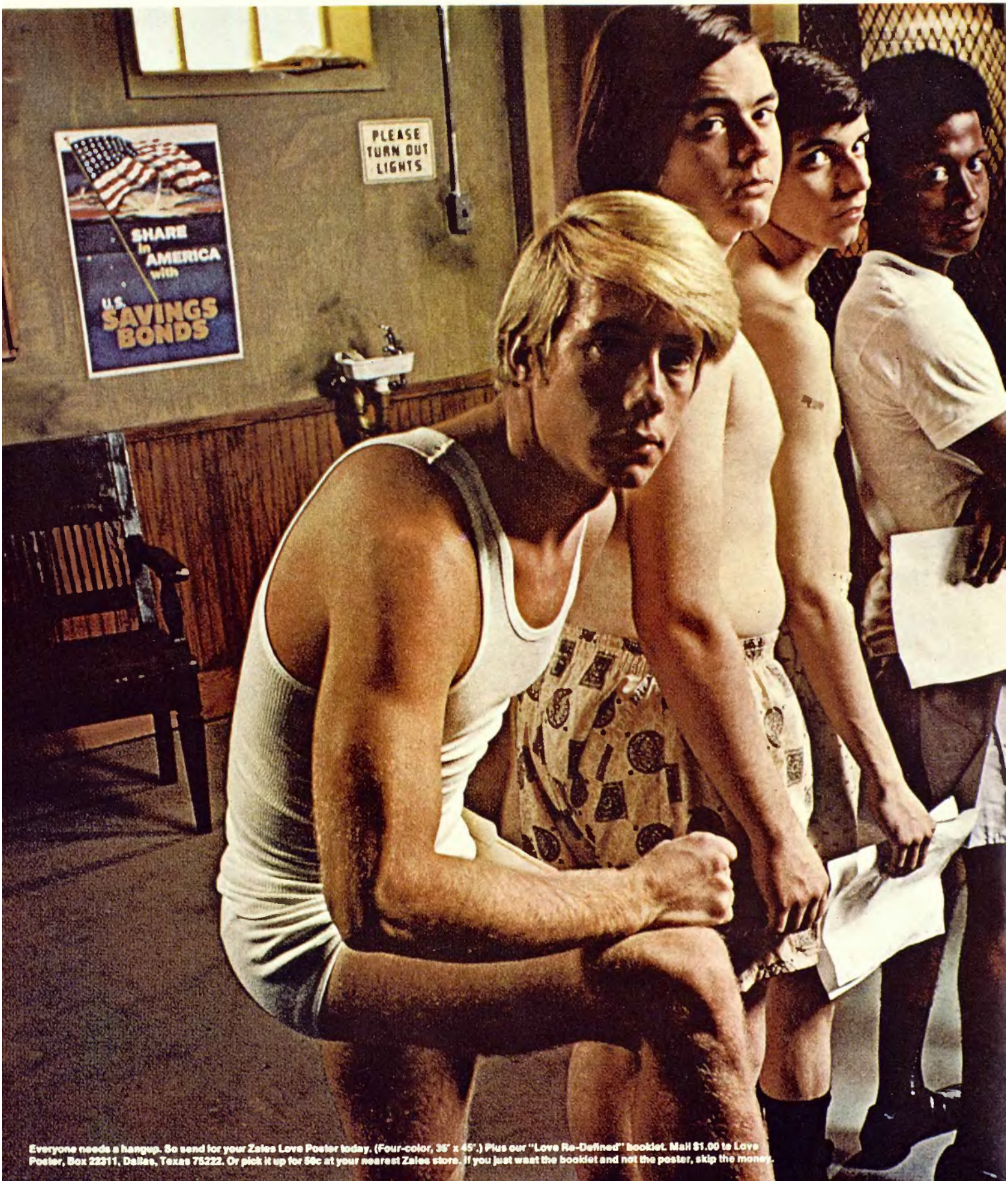
We moved on with the crowd into the prize-goat tent. Photographers were popping flashbulbs around a luxuriant, silken-haired Angora with a set of wicked-looking horns. Beside him stood a short, fat 4-H girl wearing a green beret and holding up another blue ribbon. The goat tent was among the gamier exhibits, but exciting. Goats are unpredictable, and from time to time one would try to climb out and go after some kid's taffy apple. Goats always have fancy names. This one was Prince Bernadotte Charlemagne d'Alexandre of Honeyvale Farms. The 4-H girl stared solemnly at the cameras while the bulbs popped on. The goat just chewed and looked bored.

We wandered along with the dusty crowds, looking at turkeys, ducks, rabbits, sheep, guinea pigs and chickens. It was in the chicken tent that an enigmatic event took place. In one corner, a heavy-set lady wearing a green shawl sat on a camp chair next to a large, fancy cage containing a single white, efficient-looking chicken. Atop the cage was a sign: ESMERALDA KNOWS.

"Would you folks care to have Esmeralda tell your fortune?"

"Yeah! Yeah! I want my fortune told! Waaaaaa!" My kid brother went into high gear. The chicken hopped around in the

Pardon me, fellows. in a diamond ring?



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cage and clucked knowingly.

"How much is it?" asked my mother warily.

"Only a dime. Just ten cents to learn the little boy's fortune."

The chicken pecked at the cage, waiting to go to work. My mother reached into her carryall with the picture of Carmen Miranda on it, fished out a dime and handed it to my brother, who grabbed it eagerly.

"Put the dime into the slot, little boy, and watch the chicken tell your fortune."

My brother walked up to the cage, his face inches away from the chicken's beak. The two stared at each other for a long moment.

A small crowd was beginning to gather. He dropped the dime into the slot on the side of the cage. At that, a ladder dropped from the roof inside the cage. The chicken scurried up rung by rung, clucking madly. At the top of the ladder was a box containing folded slips of paper. The chicken picked one out with its beak, hopped back down the ladder, eyes rolling wildly, and dropped the slip of paper into a chute, releasing a half-dozen grains of corn.

Cluck-cluck-cluck waaaaaak! It gulped them down hungrily.

"There. Esmeralda has told your fortune," the lady said to my brother. I noticed that she had a mustache.

The slip of paper had dropped into a small tray outside the cage. My brother grabbed it and read the message aloud:

" 'You are unwise in your in-vest-ments. Care in the future will ensure your success.' "

My mother laughed. "Esmeralda was right. You spent your entire allowance last week on Fudgsicles. See?"

My brother glared angrily at Esmeralda. After that, I had no desire to hear any smart talk from Esmeralda about *my* life.

"OK, you've had your fun. Now there's something *I* gotta see," said my father. "Wait'll you see this. I read about it in the paper."

"What now?" asked my mother as we started after him. She knew better than to fight the inevitable.

"Hairy Gertz saw it yesterday and he said you wouldn't believe it."

"Well," said my mother, "if Hairy Gertz said that, it certainly *must* be something!"

"What do you mean by that?" my father shot back. Hairy Gertz was one of the old man's bowling buddies, famed throughout the county for his collection of incredibly gross jokes. My mother didn't answer.

"Anyway, I want to see it." He went over to a dozing cop and asked him directions.

My father came back, beaming. "OK, here we go. Follow me." We did, and a couple of minutes later were waiting in line in front of another tent.

"Wait'll you see this. You won't believe it!" My father rubbed his hands together in anticipation. The crowd snaked into the tent in a long line. Finally, we were inside.

Big floodlights hung from the tent poles. In the middle of the sawdust floor, there was a roped-off square.

"What is it?" my mother asked as soon as she got a look at what was on the platform.

"What do you mean, 'What is it?' Can't you read the sign, stupid?"

A sign hung over the astounding object that had moved even Hairy Gertz to speechless wonder. The crowd stood in reverent silence. Occasionally, someone snapped a picture with a Brownie, hoping that there was enough light to enable him to preserve this magnificent exhibit forever in his book of memories. The sign, hand lettered in gilt on fake parchment, was draped with an American flag. It read:

THIS GIANT 47-POUND, 10-OUNCE INDIANA PUMPKIN, BEARING A STRIKING LIKENESS TO OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, WAS GROWN BY HOMER L. SEATRUNK OF R.F.D. 2, NEW JERUSALEM, INDIANA. MR. SEATRUNK PLANS TO PRESENT THE PUMPKIN TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

"How d'y like that?" my father said softly as the four of us stood before the great pumpkin.

Someone behind me muttered angrily, "That nut is ruinin' the country. I know what *I'd* do with that pumpkin!"

"Shhhhh!" several indignant patriots hissed back.

There was no doubt that it was one of the high points of the fair. Another sign said that Mr. Seatrunk himself would make a personal appearance at three P.M. to give a short talk on how he figured God had created that pumpkin in honor of the President. He would also give free autographs.

"I told you this was worth seeing," said my father as he wound one of the knobs on his trusty camera. "Now, how wouldja like to go next door and see the world's biggest cheese?"

The same cheese, I have no doubt, has been on exhibit at every fair I ever attended. It wasn't much to look at; when you've seen one, you've seen them all, even if it weighs two tons. A sign read: THE MILK FROM 2000 COWS FOR ONE FULL YEAR WAS REQUIRED TO MAKE THIS CHEESE. IT WOULD MAKE OVER 422,000 CHEESE SANDWICHES.

This kind of stuff really got to the old man. He snapped more pictures and walked all the way around the cheese, examining it from every angle. All it did was make my kid brother hungry again.

It was late in the afternoon now and the crowd was really warmed up, moving in straggly columns around huge, black-wheeled tractors, cultivators, threshing machines and other agricultural exotica. Salesmen, the collars of their shirts

"He looks like Clark Kent, but he doesn't change into anything."

opened, ties hanging limply, shouted over bullhorns as we wandered dazedly amid the shuffling throng, kicking up bread crusts and paper cups as we eddied on.

"I'm hungry," my brother droned, his voice barely audible above the uproar.

"You've just gone. You'll have to wait," said my mother, pushing the damp hair back off her forehead.

"I don't have to go! I'm *hungry*!" Randy never gave up.

"You heard what your mother said." My father got into the act.

"I said I'm HUNGRY!"

"You're *what*? You've had three taffy apples, four hot dogs and two root beers. That's enough for a while."

"I wanna PICKLE!"

As it happened, we were passing a stand where a guy in a red vest and a white chef's hat was selling giant dark-green pickles from barrels. People eat strange stuff at county fairs.

"I want one, too!" I said.

We all bought pickles in wax paper and rejoined the moiling mob. My pickle must have weighed two pounds. Every time I bit into it, it squirted down the front of my shirt.

It was getting dark now and 50 times more exciting as the bright lights began to flash on. I washed down the tart, puckery taste of the pickle with some cold buttermilk from a paper cup with a picture on it of a red cow wearing a green hat. My knees had begun to ache from the endless trudging through sawdust and over piles of debris. On either side of us, a sparkling ribbon of spinning yellow wheels, blue-white neon lights and hot orange flames under cooking grills stretched to the horizon. Guys with leather jackets and great mops of carefully combed, greasy hair ranged through the crowds, looking for fights and girls.

On a high platform, two blondes wearing silver helmets sat on the saddles of enormous bright-red Harley-Davidsons. They gunned the motors deafeningly, sending thin blue exhaust smoke into the crowd that stood around the platform with glazed eyes and gaping mouths.

"Dee-fying death every second, straight from the world championships in Paris, France. Melba and Bonnie stare into the very jaws of eternity!" yelled the barker. BBBBRRRROOOOOOOMMMMMM-MM!BAAAARRROOOOOOOMMMM! Another cloud of acrid smoke drifted out over the mob.

The barker spieled on: "There is time for just one more big show tonight, just one more! Never in your life have you seen anything to equal THE DEVIL RIDE!"

BAAARRROOOOOOM! BBBBBRR-RRRRROOOOOOOMMMMM!

"Bee-ginning in just one minute. In just sixty seconds! Beautiful Melba and lovely Bonnie stare into the jaws of death!"

The two blondes, thin-faced and pallid,

you come on strong in Jac slacs

sir Jac

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peered out from under their spectacular helmets, chewing gum steadily as they gunned their Harleys.

"I gotta see that!" This act was *designed* for my old man. Anything that had to do with roaring motors and crash helmets hit him in the vitals. Add the fact that these were skinny blonde women, another weakness, and you had big-time showbiz, as far as he was concerned.

With a couple of final, provocative roars, the two raced down the ramp and disappeared through a doorway outlined in yellow with a string of colored light bulbs festooning a blood-red Devil's face with green eyes.

We followed close behind my father as he elbowed his way through the sweaty throng of daredevil fans to the head of the line inside the tent. We found ourselves standing at the rim of a circular pit ten or fifteen feet deep. The noise was deafening; the wooden floor vibrated and creaked under our feet. The air was thick with burning gasoline. Down in the pit, the two motorcycles boomed round and round, chasing each other madly in faster and faster circles, rising up the curved walls until they were riding almost horizontally under the chicken wire that separated the Harleys from us.

A white-faced, blue-veined minister, his high collar spotted with catsup, stood next to us in tense excitement. Kids ran wildly in and out of the crowd, throwing peanut shells at the riders as they screamed round and round in their tight spiral. The old man peered down into the maelstrom, pounding the rail in excitement as the motorcycles accelerated faster and faster.

"DEFYING GRAVITY ON THEIR SPECIALLY BUILT HARLEY-DAVIDSONS, MELBA AND BONNIE WILL NOW PERFORM A DEATH-DEFYING FEAT NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES!" shouted the voice on the P. A. system over the racket. Down in the gloom of the hell pit, the exhausts trailed smoke as the motorcycles rode abreast.

"MELBA AND BONNIE WILL CHANGE MOTORCYCLES AT TOP SPEED!"

The crowd hunched forward with expectancy. Even the kids were quiet. The thunder of the motorcycles had reached the point where no more sound could be endured. The whole structure—the floor, the guy wires, the back teeth, everything—vibrated to the scream of the Harleys. Down in the pit, there was a quick shuffling of bodies and it was done.

"Fer Chrissake, how d'y like that! I wouldna' believed it!" said the old man to no one in particular. The minister, his black hat hanging at a rakish angle, applauded frantically.

Once again we were out on the midway, 50 cents poorer but infinitely richer in worldly experience.

My mother, who was eating a piece of watermelon, said plaintively, "I haven't seen the quilts yet."

"I wanna go on the Ferris wheel," whined my brother for the 298th time.

"I thought you were gonna see 'em when we went to the races," said the old man, ignoring him for the 298th time.

"We went to the cookie tasting instead."

"The what?"

"The cookie tasting. Over by where they were having the artistic flower arranging."

The old man said nothing and headed for a three-story-high orange face that laughed madly under a sign that read FUN HOUSE. He hoped that by not answering, she would forget the quilts.

"Mrs. Wimple has a quilt in this year," she persisted. "Bernice Wimple, from the club."

My mother belonged to a dart-ball club that staged mysterious contests in the church basement every Thursday. Bernice Wimple played for the La Porte, Indiana, Bearcats, a legendary dart-ball team.

"It's a Thomas Jefferson quilt," she continued, wiping a watermelon seed off her chin with a paper napkin that said HAVE FUN in blue letters over an American flag.

My father, realizing he'd have to say *something*, stalled for time: "What the hell kinda quilt is that?"

"Well, it's a patriotic quilt that has the face of Thomas Jefferson on it, done in cross-stitch."

"Oh, well! *That* I gotta see!" said my father sarcastically.

After a ten-minute search, we finally found the tent with the quilt exhibit, under strings of yellow light bulbs. The quilts were tacked up all around, stretched tight, so that their designs could be admired respectfully from behind a rope by the motley throng of art lovers. Mrs. Wimple's entry was among them. We stood before the 6' x 9' portrait.

"He looks a little cross-eyed to me," the old man observed accurately.

"I think it's very pretty. Mrs. Wimple worked seven years on it."

We peered at the third-place ribbon it sported and moved on to look at the others. The winning quilt had a stand to itself. It bore a spectacular portrait of Old Faithful on a yellow background framed by purple mountains and surrounded by a herd of animals: a moose, an elk, two bighorn sheep, a bunny with pink eyes and what appeared to be a hippopotamus. Above this scene in Old English–style red, white and blue letters was the following profundity:

> The Beauty of Our Glorious Land
> Is Surpassed Only by God's Blessed Handiwork.
> —Roswell T. Blount, LL.D.

"Now, that's what I call pretty," said

my father solemnly, reading the inscription. We all agreed that it was pretty.

Most of the quilts ran heavily to such patriotic themes, except for one that had a ribbon for UNUSUAL SUBJECT—HONORABLE MENTION. It was a full-color portrait done on a background of grass green. The eyes of the subject, staring beadily out from under his familiar cap, stopped the old man dead in his tracks.

"Well. I'll be damned. I'll be a son of a bitch!"

We stood in awe before this transcendent work of art.

"I never thought I'd see Luke Appling on a *quilt*!"

Sure enough, it was a ruddy likeness of old Luke himself, the foul-ball king of the American League. My father, a lifelong Chicago White Sox fan, was visibly moved. Under the picture streamed the legend, woven in golden thread:

BATTLING LUKE APPLING
ALWAYS FIRST IN OUR HEARTS

(I wonder what a genuine Luke Appling quilt would go for today in the chic, high-camp *boutiques* along Third Avenue in Manhattan.)

"Let's go, all you great lovers, all you he-men," barked a man in a purple derby at the next concession. "Let's see what kind of man you really are. Show that beautiful girl you're with just what kind of man you really are. Here you are, here you are, here you are, here's your chance to get up and really ring the bell. Everybody wins. It's good healthful exercise and everybody wins. Ring the bell. I said everybody wins. All right, you lovers, show that little lady what kind of muscles you really got. Ring the bell."

We joined a circle of gawkers at the foot of a 30-foot pole that had a wire running up its length, with a big gong at the top. At the bottom was a round metal plate. The pole, candy-striped red and white, was marked with gradations. Beginning at the bottom, they read:

CASPAR MILQUETOAST
LADIES' DIVISION
BETTER EAT YOUR WHEATIES
AVERAGE
NOT BAD
WATCH OUT FOR THIS GUY

And way up at the top: WOW! A REAL HE-MAN.

A huge, rosy-cheeked, curly-haired tractor-driver type, wearing Sears, Roebuck pants and a checkered cowboy shirt, stepped into the arena.

"Let's see how the young man swings. Look at those shoulders, folks, look at those arms! Swing the hammer nice and smooth; hit it right on the button. Let's see you ring the bell."

The barker handed the behemoth a big mallet. His friends jeered and snorted noisily in derision.

"Belt the hell out of it, Caleb!" one yelled.

"Aw, come on. He cain't make it past the LADIES' mark. He ain't got no lead in his pencil!"

The crowd snickered contemptuously. Caleb grabbed the handle and swung wildly. K-THUNK! The iron weight rose feebly up the cable and fell back with a clank.

"No wonder yew cain't make out with Minnie!" hooted one of his friends.

Caleb spat on his hands, swung again. The hammer whistled. KER-THUNK!

The weight rose higher this time, almost reaching the AVERAGE mark halfway up the pole. Caleb looked thoughtful, as the distant sound of the merry-go-round calliope switched from *Alexander's Ragtime Band* to *The Valkyrie*. It was, indeed, a Wagnerian moment, the twilight of the gods.

He peered upward at the gong, which now seemed twice as high as it had before. He kicked the dirt like a batter digging in at the batter's box, wiped his hands on his trousers and once again grabbed the mallet. His biceps rippled under the tight-fitting cowboy shirt. Dark circles of sweat stained the armpits. His back arched. This time, he swung the hammer from the ground, then up in a great, swinging arc. K-THUNK! The metal weight drifted up the wire, slowed and stopped at CASPAR MILQUETOAST.

"Man, yew better quit before that thing don't move at all!"

Caleb dropped the hammer, his face bathed in sweat and red from humiliation, paid the barker and left the arena, a broken man. I had a suspicion of what was going to happen next. If there was ever a sucker for that kind of thing, it was my old man.

"I think I'm gonna try whacking that thing," he whispered.

"Now, don't make a fool of yourself." My mother was always afraid of his making a fool of himself. She had good reason to be.

"Aw, just for fun. I mean, what the hell."

"All right, you lovers, you saw cousin Caleb get all the way up there to AVERAGE. Let's see how you can do. Ring the bell, ring the bell, who can ring the bell?"

As Caleb snarled at the Greek chorus of hisses and boos from his corn-liquored buddies, the old man stepped into the clearing without a word, gave the guy a quarter, grabbed the hammer and swung. K-THWACK! He didn't hit it with anywhere near the thump that Caleb got into her. But: ZZZIIIIIIIP . . . BONG!

The iron weight raced to the top and rang the bell so loud it could be heard a block away.

"Y'see that, Caleb? That there guy's

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got lead in *his* pencil!" The nasal bray of rustic wit opened up again.

"The little man wins a box of genuwine Swiss-chocolate bonbons. All ya gotta do is have a good swing. Who's gonna win the next big prize, all you lovers?"

My father, stunned at his totally unprecedented success, grabbed the box of chocolates amid the applause of the rabble.

The last we saw of Caleb was the hammer rising and falling at two bits a swing, being milked by that barker for every cent he owned.

This moment was to become a sacred gem in the family archives. The more it was told, the greater the feat became. Caleb grew into Paul Bunyan, and the old man's hammer swing rose to Olympic proportions. It wasn't until I was 16 that I read an article in *Popular Mechanics* and discovered that the barker operated the thing with his foot. The old man, fortunately, never found out.

As we moved from one marvel to the next, my brother and I began to list heavily to starboard; we hadn't stopped eating since we stepped onto the fairgrounds: homemade popcorn balls, red, white and blue, made by the 4-H; girl-scout cookies; French fries; boiled corn on the cob dripping butter; Nehi orange and Hires root beer; peanuts; pumpkin pie; hot dogs; pickles; American Legion Auxiliary crullers; baked beans on paper plates; lemonade; Ladies of the Moose angel-food cake; taffy apples; and a thousand free samples, including Purina Chick Chow, which my brother and I both ate avidly. Added to this was the real specialty of any Indiana fair—homemade black-walnut chocolate fudge, displayed in thick, fly-crawling slabs at stands operated by beaming Kiwanians wearing funny hats and badges. We also scoffed down about five pounds each of a peculiarly native candy called vanilla angel breath, an airy concoction so cloyingly sweet that a bite-sized portion could rot teeth at 50 paces. A fundamental ground rule of the county fair was that kids could have anything they wanted to eat, just this once. Steadily, we chewed our way toward Armageddon.

Barkers on all sides hawked everything from horse collars to Mystic Mohegan Indian Squaw Korn Kure. We paused briefly while my old man hurled lumpy baseballs at battered wooden milk bottles, his blood rising visibly as the balls bounced off the canvas at the rear of the tent. Other athletes strained and grunted, their hard-earned cash winging into the canvas with dull thuds. A shelf held the possible booty: cerise Kewpie dolls with enormous red-feather fans, stuffed pandas, shiny china panthers with clocks in their stomachs, souvenir ashtrays in the shape of mother-of-pearl toilets—a veritable king's ransom.

The proprietor, a short, round man with a gray chin, played them like rainbow trout. "Y'got a nice arm, son. Let's see you lay it in there. Show the little lady how the big-leaguers do it. Look at that arm, folks! He's tossin' a real knuckler. Three balls for a quarter. How 'bout you, little lady? Try yer luck."

While my father was winding up, the man handed three baseballs to a skinny girl about 11 years old. She quickly bowled over three milk bottles and still had a ball left.

"Pick any prize y'want, little lady, any prize!"

The sweating yahoos threw with renewed vigor, dollar bills cascading across the counter. The 11-year-old picked a Kewpie doll and left. It wasn't until the next day that we found out she was the daughter of the guy who ran the joint. We saw them in Joe's Diner eating shredded wheat.

It was getting late. Our feet were coated with chewing gum and popcorn, and we were covered with a thick layer of finely powdered yellow clay. I knew that somewhere on the grounds Schwartz and Flick and Kissel were doing things that they would lie to me about the next day.

Now we were deep in the heart of the thrill-ride section of the fair. The Ferris wheel reached high up into the dark sky, its spokes outlined in colored light bulbs, jerking upward and stopping and jerking upward again. It loomed over us like a huge illuminated snowflake.

"I wanna go on the Ferris wheel!" Randy whined for the 317th time. This time, he was not to be denied.

My father bought a ticket from the man in the little booth. Off my brother went through the turnstile and into a wobbly car the color of a grape. A minute later, he was laughing down at us and sticking his tongue out as he swept up ecstatically into the night. Every few seconds, the wheel would stop and unload a car. We stood around and waved every time he went past.

Finally, the grape car stopped at the bottom. We could see the attendant in blue coveralls swing the gate open. He seemed to be arguing with the occupant. The attendant finally hollered out to the guy in the box office:

"HEY, JAKE! THIS KID WON'T GET OUT!"

"Oh, fer Chrissake, what now?" the old man muttered.

"NOW, YOU GET OUT. YOU HAD ENOUGH," said the attendant.

"WHAAAAAAAA!"

The attendant reached in and wrenched him out, fighting and kicking every inch of the way. My father took over the battle, dragging him out into the midway.

"I WANNA GO ON AGAIN!!" he screamed, but to no avail.

The big wheel started up without him as we moved on to the next attraction, Randy struggling at every step.

We tried to hurry past a merry-go-round swarming with little kids and mothers, but it was no use. Randy threatened to throw himself under it if he didn't get to ride on it. I stood with my father as he whirled round and round beside my mother, sitting on a black swan with a yellow beak. He tried to do a headstand as *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* played over and over and over and over. After the sixth ride, we managed to pull him off. He emerged slightly pale but still game. We ate a red candy cane apiece, thus setting the stage for total disaster.

My father never went on rides unless they were real gut busters. He had ventured unflinchingly onto roller coasters so violent as to turn away strong men, quaking in fear. He spotted one of his old favorites, an evil contraption known as the Whirligig Rocket Whip. We had been warned of its presence long before we arrived on the scene. Screams of horror and the flashing light of the emergency ambulance led us to the killer ride of them all.

At every fair or amusement park, there is one ride that is the yokel equivalent of the main bull ring in Madrid. This is where callow-faced youths and gorilla-armed icemen prove their virility to their admiring women. The Rocket Whip was a classic of its kind. It consisted of two bullet-shaped cars, one yellow, one red, attached to the ends of rotating arms. It revolved simultaneously clockwise and up and down. At the same time, the individual cars rotated in their own orbits. The old man, spotting the Rocket Whip, strained forward like a fire horse smelling smoke.

"Are you sure you should go on that?" My mother held back.

"Aw, come on. It'll do the kids good. Blow the stink off 'em." She didn't answer, just gazed up in fear at the mechanical devil that was now about to take on passengers. The yellow car rested near the ground, its wire-mesh door invitingly open.

He bought three tickets from the operator, who sat near the turnstile in a rocking chair, the control lever at his side.

"Let's go, kids."

We piled into the car. It was simplicity itself: two hard metal seats and a bar that clamped down over the laps of the occupants, so that their bodies didn't become actually dismembered. We sat stationary for a long moment. High above us, the occupants of the red car gazed down at us—upside down—waiting for Thor's hammer to descend.

The man yanked the lever and it began. Slowly at first, we began to spin. The landscape outside our wire-mesh cage blurred as we gained speed. We leaped skyward, up, up; paused briefly at the top of the arc at what looked like thousands of feet above ground level, then plunged straight down. Just as we neared the earth,

The curious thoughts of a man perplexed by life, love, sex and shoes.

I've got to be sensible—they're just not for me.

Too bad.

Those snub toes—really sharp (they even look a little conceited).

And those buckles—pretty far out—but beautiful.

Whoa!—What am I getting myself into?

Next I'll be wearing ruffled shirts. Sideburns—long hair—protest buttons.

And what would happen at the office? I'd probably make a fool of myself—that's what would happen at the office. (How would I like it if my secretary stopped talking to me—and the women began to snicker?)

I'm scared.

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we were whipped upward again. By this time, the car, caught by enormous forces, had begun spinning centrifugally on its own. We were trapped in a giant cream separator.

There were brief flashes of dark sky, flashing lights, gaping throngs, my old man's rolling eyes, his straw hat sailing around the interior of the car.

"Oh, no, fer Chrissake!" he yelled. A shower of loose change—quarters, nickels, dimes, pennies—sprayed out of his pockets, filled the car for an instant and was gone, spun out into the night.

"Oh, Jesus Christ! No!" he yelled again, as his brown-and-white marbled Wearever fountain pen with his name on it, given to him by the bowling team, flew out of his pocket and disappeared into the night.

Higher and higher we flew, swooping low to scream upward again. My kid brother, chalk white, whimpered piteously. I hung onto the iron bar, certain that my last hour had arrived. My head thumped the back of the car steadily as it spun.

"Ain't this fun, kids? Wow, what a ride!" shouted the old man, sweating profusely. He made a grab for his hat as it sailed past.

"Wave to Ma, kids! There she is!"

It was then that the operator turned the power on full. Everything that had gone before was only a warm-up. Our necks snapped back as the Rocket Whip accelerated. I was not touching the seat at any point. Jackknifed over the bar, I saw that one of my shoes had been wrenched off my foot. At that moment, with no warning, my kid brother let it all go. His entire day's accumulation of goodies, now marinated and pungent, gushed out in a geyser. The car spun crazily. The air was filled with the atomized spray of everything he had ingested for the past 24 hours. Down we swooped.

"Blech! My new pongee shirt!"

Soaked from head to foot, the old man struggled frantically in his seat to get out of the line of fire. It was no use. I felt it coming, too. I closed my eyes and the vacuum forces of outer space just dragged it all out of me like a suction pump. From a million miles away, I heard my old man shouting something, but it didn't matter. All I knew was that if I didn't hold onto that bar, it would be all over.

We gradually spun to a stop and finally the wire-mesh door opened. My feet touched the blessed earth. On rubbery legs, clinging weakly together, the three of us tottered past the turnstile as other victims were clamped into the torture chamber we had just left.

"Great ride, eh, folks? I left you on a little longer, 'cause I could see the kids was really enjoyin' it," said the operator, pocketing the last of my father's change as we passed through the turnstile.

"Thanks. It sure was great," said the old man with a weak smile, a bent cigarette hanging from his lips. He always judged a ride by how sick it made him. The nausea quotient of the Rocket Whip was about as high as they come.

We sat on a bench for a while to let the breeze dry off the old man's shirt, and so that our eyes could get back into focus. From all around us we could hear the whoops and hollers of people going up and down and sideways on the other rides.

There was one across from the Rocket Whip that my kid brother, who had great recuperative powers, *had* to go on. We didn't have the strength to stop him. It was a big barrel made out of some kind of shiny metal and it spun around like a cocktail shaker on its side. The people were screaming and yelling; their skirts were flying up, their shoes falling off. Randy loved it. We hung around and waited until they threw him out.

It was late now and getting a little chilly. It seemed like we had been at the fair for about a month. We sat on the bench while the crowd trudged past us, chewing hot dogs, lugging jars of succotash that they had bought at the exhibits, twirling sticks with little yellow birds on the ends of strings that we could hear whistling over the calliope on the merry-go-round, wearing souvenir Dr. Bodley's Iron Nerve Tonic sun visors, carrying drunken cousins who had hit the applejack since early morning, wheeling reeking babies smeared with caked Pablum and chocolate. Long-legged, skinny yellow dogs with their tongues hanging out kept running back and forth and barking. It had been an unforgettable day.

"It sure feels good to just sit for a while," said my mother as she took off one shoe and dumped out some popcorn. The old man didn't say anything. The unlit cigarette still in his mouth, he just sat and watched the crowd move on, with his hat pushed back on his head. We sat like that for about 15 minutes, getting our wind back.

"Did you feel a drop of rain?" My mother looked up at the black sky and held out her hand.

The old man looked up. "Nah. You must be sweating."

"*I* felt a drop," I said, sticking my hand out.

The only one who didn't stick his hand out was my kid brother, who didn't care whether it rained or not. He just squatted at the end of the bench and went back to whining, which he always did when there was nothing else to do.

"Stop that! You're getting on my nerves!" said my mother, poking him in the ribs to shut him up.

"I'm tired." He had that high-pitched, irritating sound that he was so good at.

"You know, I think it *is* raining." The old man made it official.

People started to hold newspapers over their heads and duck under awnings and into tents.

"Well, we might as well call it a day," announced the old man as he stood up and stuck his shirttail back into his pants.

"Let's head for the car."

We were a long way from the parking lot, which was over on the other side of the race track, about four miles away. We slogged doggedly through drifting mountains of candy wrappers, cigar butts, apple cores and cow flop; past tents full of canned lima beans and crocheted doilies, sweetheart pillows and gingerbread men, past shooting galleries and harvester machines and, finally, as the rain was really beginning to come down hard, we reached the car. We joined the procession of mud-splattered vehicles inching painfully, bumper to bumper, toward the distant highway.

"Y'know, I think the fair was even better than usual this year." My father said the same thing every year.

"Yes, the quilts *were* better this year," my mother agreed. "I think Bernice should have won at least second prize, though. The quilt that won wasn't that good."

"Oh, well, you know there's a lot of politics in that quilt business." The old man always figured there was politics in everything.

"I'm hungry!" Randy was at it again. He'd had an empty stomach ever since the Rocket Whip.

"We'll all have meat-loaf sandwiches when we get home," said my mother, wiping the steam off the inside of the windshield with her handkerchief, so that she could see out.

• • •

A Right Guard commercial featuring two French Foreign Legionnaires hiding behind a sand dune snapped me back to the real world. I glanced at my watch. My God! It was 20 after four. Another goddamn night shot in front of the television set.

The closing credits of the movie came on, superimposed over the never-never dreamworld of Dick Haymes' state fair. I stood up, my knees cracking like twin castanets—an occupational hazard of late-late movie addiction. Hobbling over to the set, I reached down and snapped it off. The picture quickly shrank to a tiny dot in the middle of the gray screen. It lingered for a moment, glowing at me accusingly, as though I had killed it, and then disappeared.

I was ready to hit the sack. Or was I? No, there was something I had to do. What was it? I felt a peculiar, unnamable yearning from deep within me, a gnawing emptiness. I smacked my lips, and suddenly I knew. Marching purposefully to the front closet, I threw on my coat and headed out the front door into the empty streets on a lonely quest. I had to have a taffy apple.

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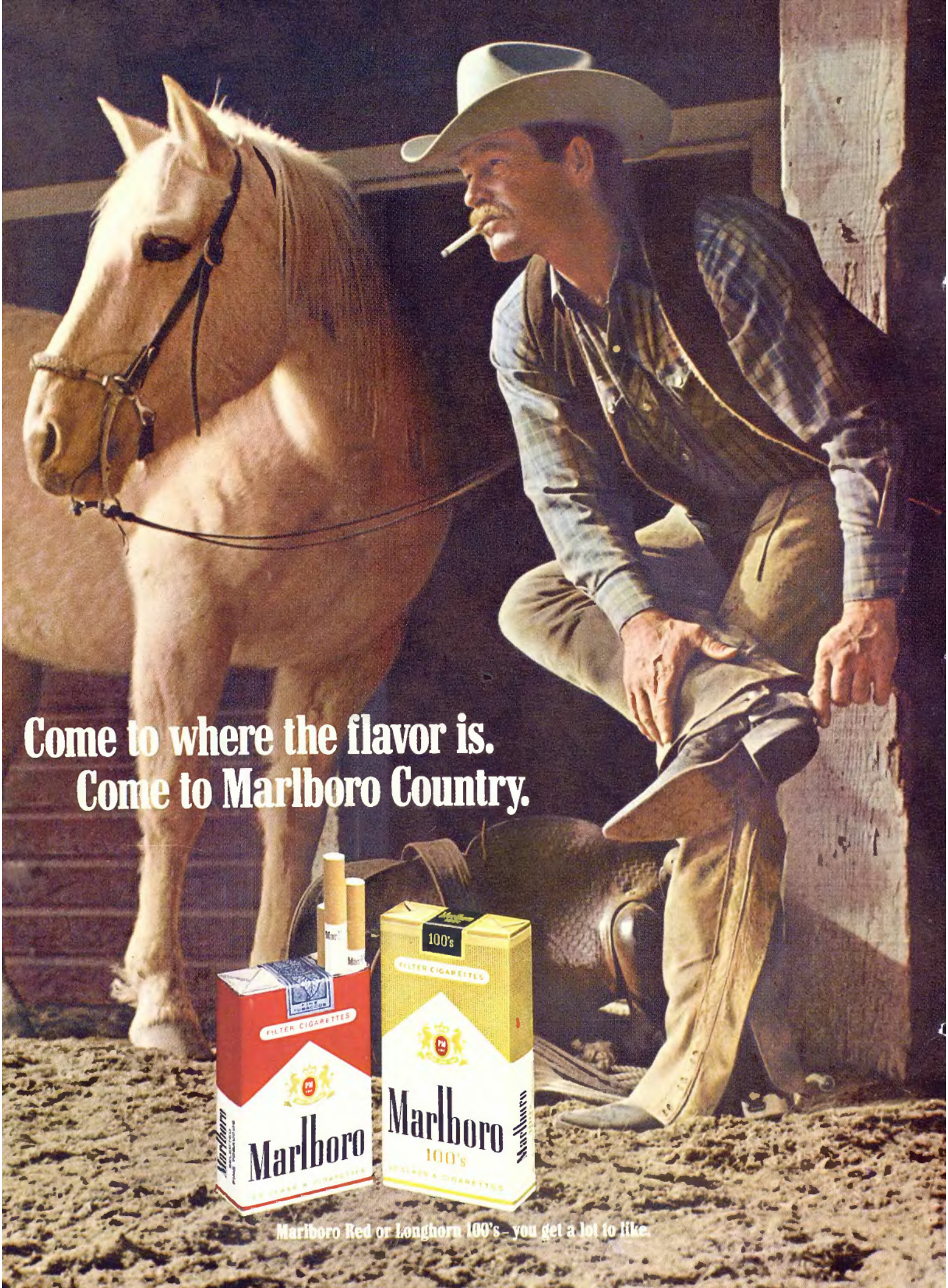
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