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PLAYBILL RABBIT-BEDECKED SHARON CHRISTIE, out front on our cover, heralds not only *Brush-On Fashions*—a splashy spoof of the body-painting fad by our West Coast lensman Mario Casilli—but also the rest of an issue replete with first-run literary and pictorial features. "Though photographing girls is still fun—even after eight years—it's also work," says Mario. "But *decorating* them is *all* fun." In the same sybaritic vein, *The Bizarre Beauties of "Barbarella"* surveys in ten color pages the wildly plumed birds in Roger Vadim's film version of the popular, satirically erotic French comic strip.

Along with beauties bizarre and body-painted, we offer—as always—a generous sampling of imaginative fiction and thought-provoking articles. George Byram's lead short story, *The Chronicle of the 656th*, tells the tale of a strange mutation in time that threw some modern GIs into battle against their own great-grandfathers. Byram's best-known novel, *Tomorrow's Hidden Season*, draws on his nonliterary vocation as a Colorado horseman (he raises, trains and races thoroughbreds) for its background and has been bought by United Artists. Another book is in the works, he told us. Ernest Borneman's *Cable from Mr. Menzies*, like Byram's *Chronicle*, is the first PLAYBOY contribution of another established, if not yet renowned, writer. A onetime child actor with the Bertold Brecht ensemble in Berlin, Borneman studied musicology in London in the Thirties and then began a prolific cinema-TV-literary career. *Landscape with Nudes*, a novel about a man's obsession with a group of Lesbians, will be his next book and *Black Light and White Shadow*, a history of American Negro music, is in the planning stage.

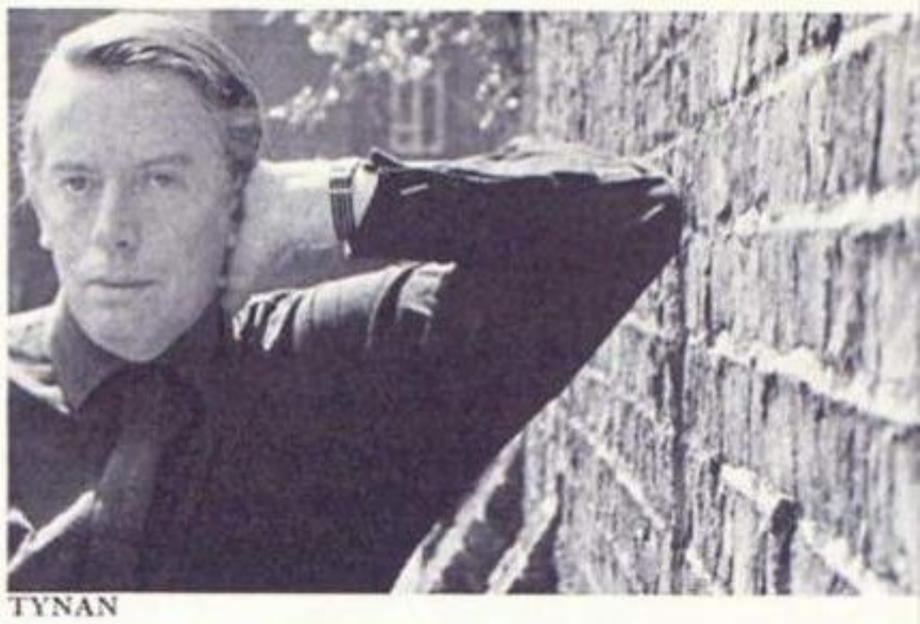
Italo Calvino's ingeniously witty *The Origin of Everything*, which extrapolates two far-out universes from advanced astrophysical theory, is part of a book called *The Cosmicomics*, to be published later this year by Jonathan Cape (in England) and by Harcourt, Brace & World (in the U. S.). A small American public already knows the force of the Italian writer's imagination through such translated novels as *The Baron in the Trees*. With the publication of *The Origin of Everything*, translated by William Weaver, PLAYBOY takes pleasure in augmenting that audience.

"His thinking is often tight and burning, leading to casualties," a fellow critic said of Kenneth Tynan when the London *Observer* lent him to *The New Yorker* for two seasons a while back. The casualties in *Open Letter to an American Liberal*, his highly controversial hackle raiser in this issue, are the American liberals who have allowed themselves the luxury of silence as the horrors of the Vietnam war have multiplied. Tynan, as regular readers of this page know, has returned to his column at *The Observer* and is the literary manager of his country's National Theater, which he helped found. Atheneum published a collection of typically tough Tynan essays on theater, cinema, people and places, *Tynan Right and Left*, last fall; and he was a contributor in the same season to Simon & Schuster's *Authors Take Sides on Vietnam*.

Some years ago, Frank Donner, the New York lawyer and writer responsible for this month's documentary exposé of *Spies on Campus*, wrote an article titled *The Informers* for a liberal journal and was swamped with reports from academe—students and professors alike—who had been spied on by *other* students and professors. "In the course of representing some of them legally," Donner told us, "I began to suspect how extensive on-campus Government surveillance really was, especially on the drug and the political scenes. I went on a tour of colleges and after each lecture asked my listeners to tell me about their own experiences. I discovered first that the intelligence system in America is centered on campuses. And I learned that the whole network is far more elaborate and extensive than I originally imagined. It's a labyrinth, a spider web—and very scary." Donner's first PLAYBOY article will be part of a soon-to-be-completed book he plans to call *The Intelligent Citizen's Guide to Political Informing, Surveillance and Dossier-Keeping in America*. "I've always felt that you should approach something as serious as the problem of widespread Government snooping with at least a touch of humor—however black," Donner says of his tongue-in-cheek title.

Humor is a staple in trade of the vanishing breed of door-to-door salesmen, so perhaps we shouldn't have been surprised when the four dizzy vignettes collected herein as *Willie's World* arrived unsolicited from a never-before-published 47-year-old Chicago salesman named Willie Feinberg. "Ever since I was a kid, people have said I was funny," Feinberg told us in explanation of his flipped-out fables, "so I just tried to be funny on paper. If the stories work, it's only because you learn an awful lot about delivering a line when you ring doorbells for 30 years."

Senior Editor Michael Laurence's sapient and timely advice on augmenting your income while the buck takes a bruising—in *Beating Inflation: A Playboy Primer*—may well prove as popular, we think, as his first by-lined article in these pages, last August's *Playboy Plays the Commodities Market*, which elicited requests for an unprecedented 10,000-plus reprints. Other highlights of this breezy March issue include an acerbic *Playboy Interview* with celebrity–writer–*bon vivant* Truman Capote; a wry short story titled *The Age of Descent*, by John Porter, author of the novel *Winterkill*; guides to weather-worthy rainwear and high-style footgear in *Right as Rain* and *Handsome to Boot*; plus our 37th satiric visit with *Little Annie Fanny*. Forward March!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vol. 15, no. 3—march, 1968

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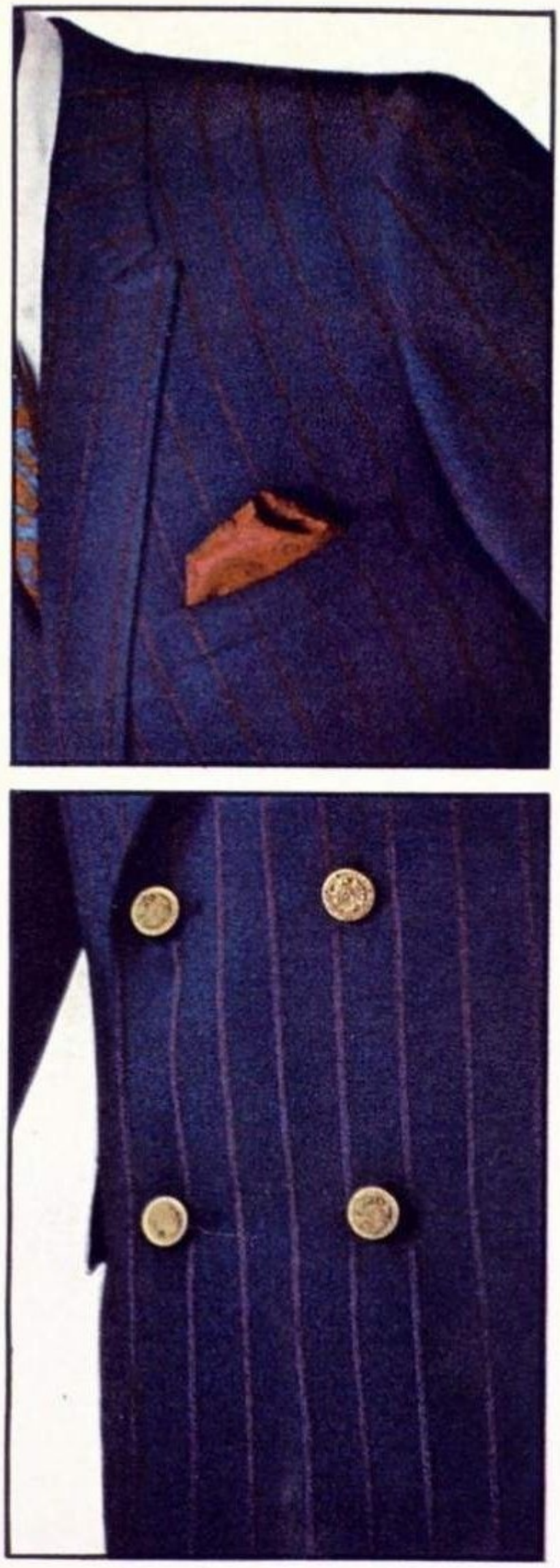

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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WAR CORRESPONDENCE

Galbraith's December PLAYBOY article on *Resolving Our Vietnam Predicament* should be required reading for all Americans. Galbraith has set forth things as they are—not as we are told they are—in our Vietnam predicament. His premise that further attempts at negotiation need not necessarily be futile should be preached more widely to the American people. The "feasible course of action" that he outlines obviously results from a great depth of understanding—yet there seems to be in Galbraith's proposal for a "broadly defensive strategy" the suggestion that American Armed Forces may have to occupy some areas of Vietnam for decades to come. Is this what America wants? Isn't there some way to turn Vietnam back to the Vietnamese—and let them shape their own destiny, without our interference?

General David M. Shoup, U.S.M.C. (Ret.)
Arlington, Virginia

Until his retirement in 1963, General Shoup, who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor, was Commandant of the Marine Corps—the highest-ranking officer in the Corps.

I wish to announce my gratitude to John Kenneth Galbraith for his authoritative and well-presented thoughts in his Vietnam article. I am one of those 18-year-old, articulate youths of whom Galbraith spoke in his plea for moderation. I refuse to die in a distant jungle just for the sake of satisfying the theories of my elders. The older generation somehow equates this war with the Korean conflict or World War Two. They brand us cowards and cite their own heroic performances in previous wars as examples. If they would just adequately demonstrate to me that our presence in Vietnam is supported by a majority of the people of South Vietnam and of the United States, I would rush to my induction center with the same enthusiasm that they showed in years past. I congratulate Galbraith for taking a giant step forward.

Jay Richard Adler
New York, New York

Rarely has as well reasoned a position been as eloquently expressed. When one juxtaposes Professor Galbraith's articulate criticism of the war with the inane arguments advanced by supporters of the *status quo* (former President Eisenhower recently categorized critics of the war as "kooks and hippies" and General Omar Bradley defended the bombing of infiltration routes because it keeps a paltry 5000 men busy repairing the damage), it is difficult to believe that the critics of the war are, in fact, a minority—and it's impossible to conclude that they will long remain one.

Richard Levien
New York, New York

I would like to take this opportunity to state my appreciation to PLAYBOY for presenting John Kenneth Galbraith's article in your excellent December issue. The author's clarity and frank presentation of the current moral as well as political problems in Southeast Asia do a lot to relieve what Senator Robert Kennedy correctly implies is our country's plight: an inability to communicate. Galbraith discusses both the militarists' and the moralists' positions through his own admittedly different viewpoint—but does so with honesty and with historical insight.

Robert M. Waterson
Durham, North Carolina

John Kenneth Galbraith's essay *Resolving Our Vietnam Predicament* was like a cold beer after a very long walk in the desert. I am a member of a university peace organization. I work at our information table in the student union and I know that most of the material on Vietnam is pretty poor. I've been campaigning within our organization to get more authoritative views on the war and more realistic solutions than "dodge the draft" or "abandon ship." Galbraith certainly fulfilled my hopes, with a complete and plausible solution to our Vietnam predicament.

J. Brian Flanagan
University of Dayton
Dayton, Ohio

For another view of our Vietnam predicament, see Kenneth Tynan's "Open Letter to an American Liberal," on page 83 of this issue.

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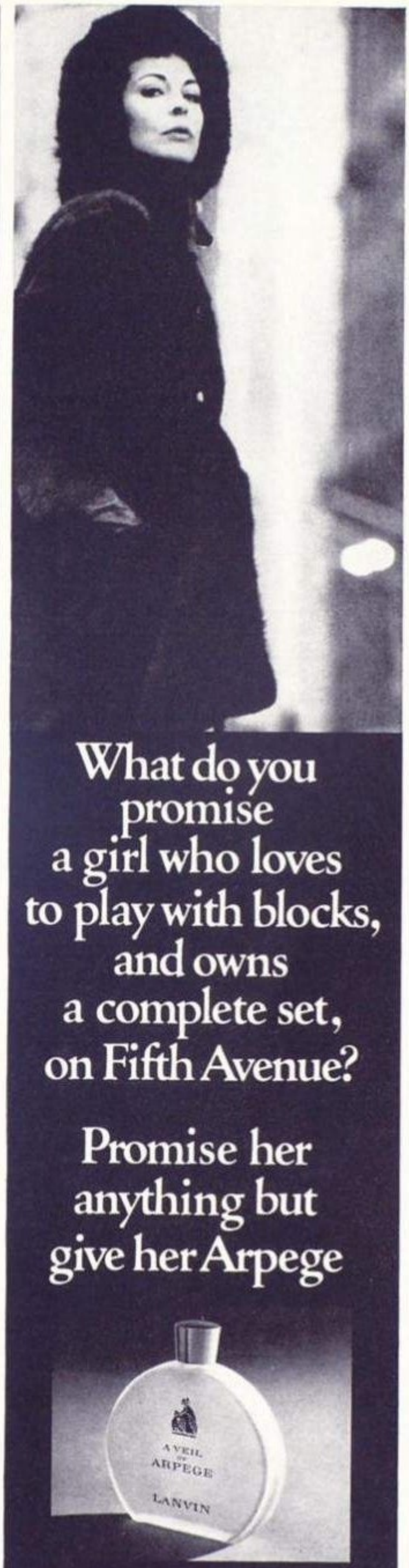

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Congratulations for your excellent article on Vietnam by John Kenneth Galbraith. I hope *Reader's Digest* picks it up for the enlightenment of those who don't read PLAYBOY.

Mrs. Mary Mercure
Marietta, Georgia

Like a fledgling high school debater, Galbraith tells us that communism is no longer monolithic and that since armed resistance was once justified by such a theory, in its absence armed resistance is no longer justified. The implication is that only those blind old men in Washington cling to this outmoded idea, while we 20-year-olds and spiritual 20-year-olds see the simple truth. Can anyone who has lived through the past 20 years fail to see that one of the overriding reasons communism is no longer monolithic is American pressure and resistance? The Chinese see the Russians as sellouts to *American* power. The Russians see the Chinese as reckless in the face of *American* power. Of course, much more is involved than is covered by these simple sentences. The question is not whether or not the application of pressure in Vietnam will help keep communism fragmented. If we allow good old nonmonolithic communism a victory in Vietnam, will that stimulate new Communist unity, for the purpose of creating friendly regimes in other parts of Southeast Asia? And will the creating of those regimes involve protracted terror and guerrilla activity?

Thomas Landon Thorson
Professor of Political Science
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

RENT-A-RIVALRY

I laughed so long over Harold Greenwald's *Love and Hate in Rent-a-Car Land* (PLAYBOY, December) that my Avis Hertz. Maybe I'll see a psychiatrist.

Harvey Moore
New Orleans, Louisiana

CRIME STOPPERS

I was most impressed with John Bartlow Martin's December article, *The Criminal Mentality*, and I was shocked to learn that there isn't a Federal research program delving into the causes of crime. Considering how much investigating Big Brother does in the area of criminal activities, it's a wonder he hasn't spent a little money to find out what causes them.

Bob Rye
Vesper, Wisconsin

Martin's article performs an important task in illustrating the current state of criminal study. Present knowledge is vastly inadequate and applied techniques make disturbingly small use of the available knowledge. It is interesting to note that man's emotions have not changed significantly in thousands of

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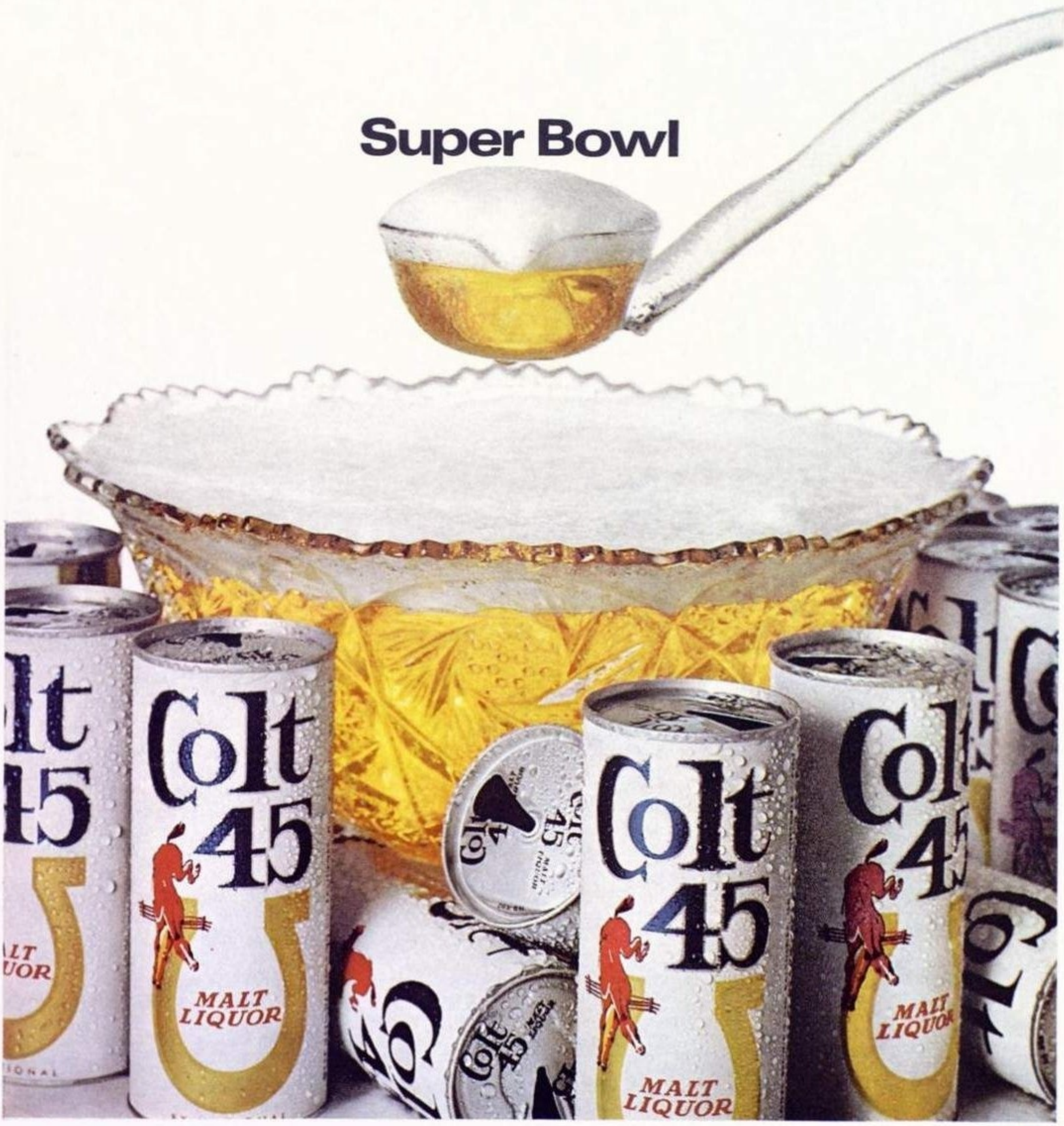

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years. However, the mechanisms with which to express these emotions aggressively have evolved at a fantastic rate. Other animals are limited by their natural equipment, but modern man has an almost infinite capacity for violent self-expression—so great that our entire civilization is in danger.

Richard Porter
Long Beach, California

MOVING *LECTURE*

The magnificent writing of Isaac Bashevis Singer is always full of surprises. *The Lecture*, in your December issue, not only confirms Singer's talent but shows he can write sensitively and eloquently about contemporary America.

Walter Sheldon
Brooklyn, New York

THE PRINCE AND THE PUBLIC

Congratulations on the excellent December interview with Johnny Carson. Not since Will Rogers has a humorist been more highly regarded by the American public. Thanks to PLAYBOY and to Carson, this world is a little more pleasant.

James W. Knight, Jr.
Auburn University
Auburn, Alabama

Thank you very much for the superb December interview with the prince, Johnny Carson. He is certainly a man to be respected. He knows who he is, what he wants out of life and why. We need more Americans like him.

E. W. Singley
Baltimore, Maryland

I can't understand why Johnny Carson takes exception to that one particular sign carried by the Berkeley protesters. Whatever is he thinking of? I thought everyone knew that those initials stood for "Free Us Colored Kids."

Kenneth J. Krueger
Hamburg, New York

Others aver the acronym stood for "Freedom Under Clark Kerr."

TOYING WITH MEMORIES

I have just finished reading *The Return of the Smiling Wimpy Doll*, by Jean Shepherd, in your December issue. I would like to thank him and you for bringing back such fond memories in such a delightful manner. I can recall very well how my mother tried to keep my Teddy bear in one piece after it had suffered through snowstorms and fights. As for the pedometer craze, I can remember how all my friends used to see who could cover the most miles in one day—by walking the streets of Manhattan. Shepherd's article must go down as one of the funniest that have ever appeared in your magazine.

Peter A. Livingston
Springfield, Massachusetts

SAUCERY

Seldom does PLAYBOY publish an article as fine as J. Allen Hynek's *The UFO Gap*, in your December issue. Unidentified flying objects aren't nearly as interesting as sex, but they provoke just as much pooh-poohing and undercover sniggling. There's something about UFOs that—like sex—manages to polarize the opinions of the prudish, the superstitious and the kooks. It's a sad thing, but when confronted with UFOs, even a scientist forgets his own definition: "one who seeks exact knowledge through study and experiment." Due to unfortunate newspaper publicity, I had looked upon Dr. Hynek as a "swamp-gas" theorist. However, PLAYBOY had the guts to give him a chance to reveal some of his real opinions, which have been shaped by years of Air Force–sponsored UFO investigation. Now that another barrier is down, let us follow this capable scientist's example and open our eyes and minds to reality. Maybe then we can remove the "U" from UFO.

John F. Schuessler
St. Charles, Missouri

I disagree with Hynek's marvelous article on only one point: He says the "repeaters"—people who have sighted more than a dozen UFOs—are unreliable. I have seen 14 UFOs and do not consider myself unreliable, because I watch the sky quite often—frequently with the aid of a reflecting telescope.

Kurt Glemser, Director
Schaefer Observatory
Kitchener, Ontario

The article on UFOs by Dr. Hynek was excellent. With so many responsible people reporting sightings, there is a definite need for more information and research on UFOs.

Paul Draper
La Honda, California

In my opinion, anyone—especially a scientist—who makes sensational claims with reference to UFOs (for instance, that "mankind may be in for the greatest adventure since dawning human intelligence turned outward to contemplate the universe") should painstakingly document the reasons for his belief. This, Dr. Hynek has failed to do, in his articles published in *The Saturday Evening Post* and in PLAYBOY. The former presented a photograph well known to be a fake. In the latter, Hynek referred to Felix U. Zigel, a Soviet writer whom leading U. S. S. R. scientists have criticized for irresponsible scientific speculation concerning UFOs.

My own extensive studies of UFOs (see *The World of Flying Saucers* by Menzel and Boyd) have included full access to Air Force files. I have solved many cases, both visual and radar, originally labeled "unknowns." Hundreds of natural phenomena, many unrecognized

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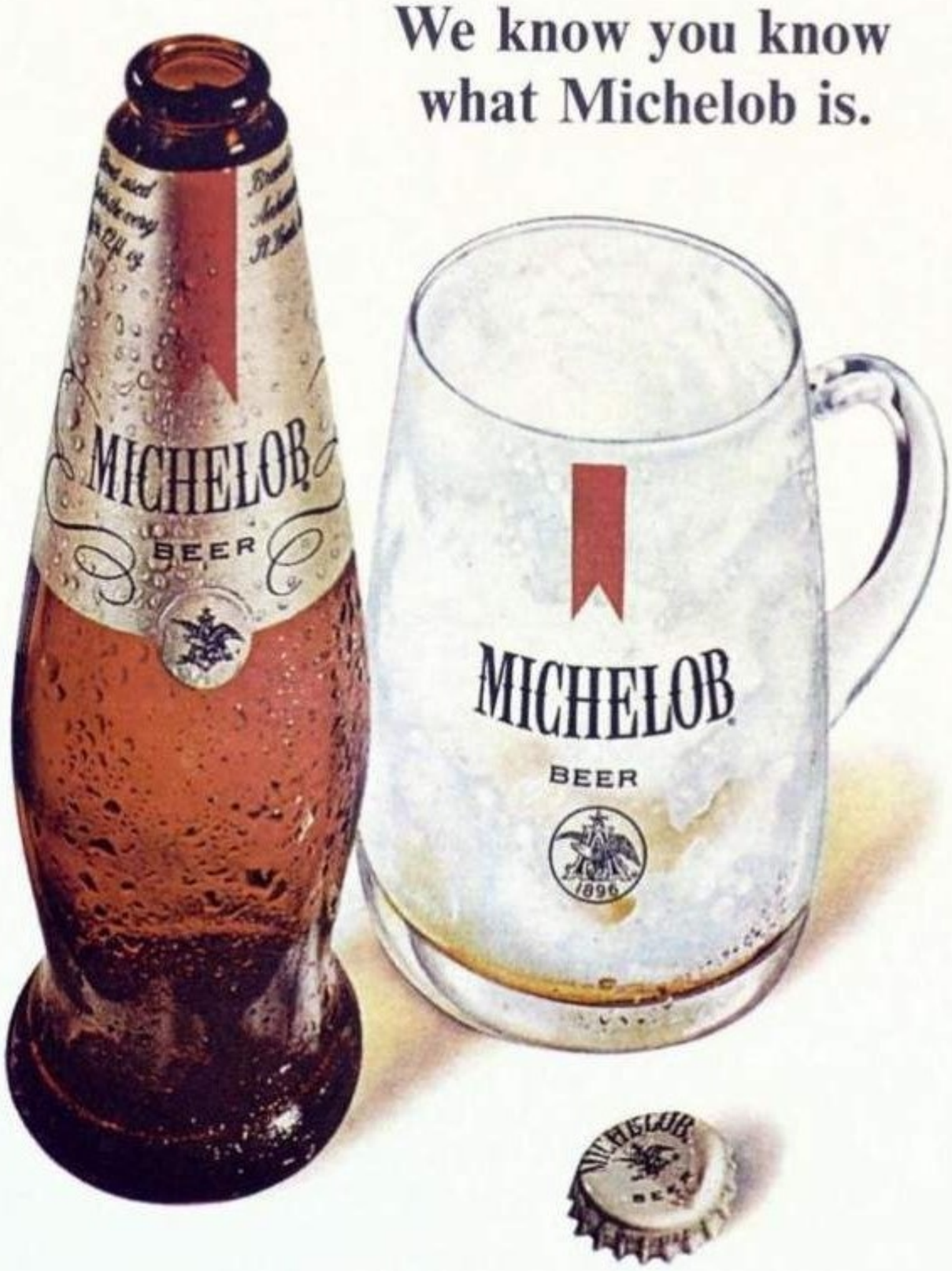

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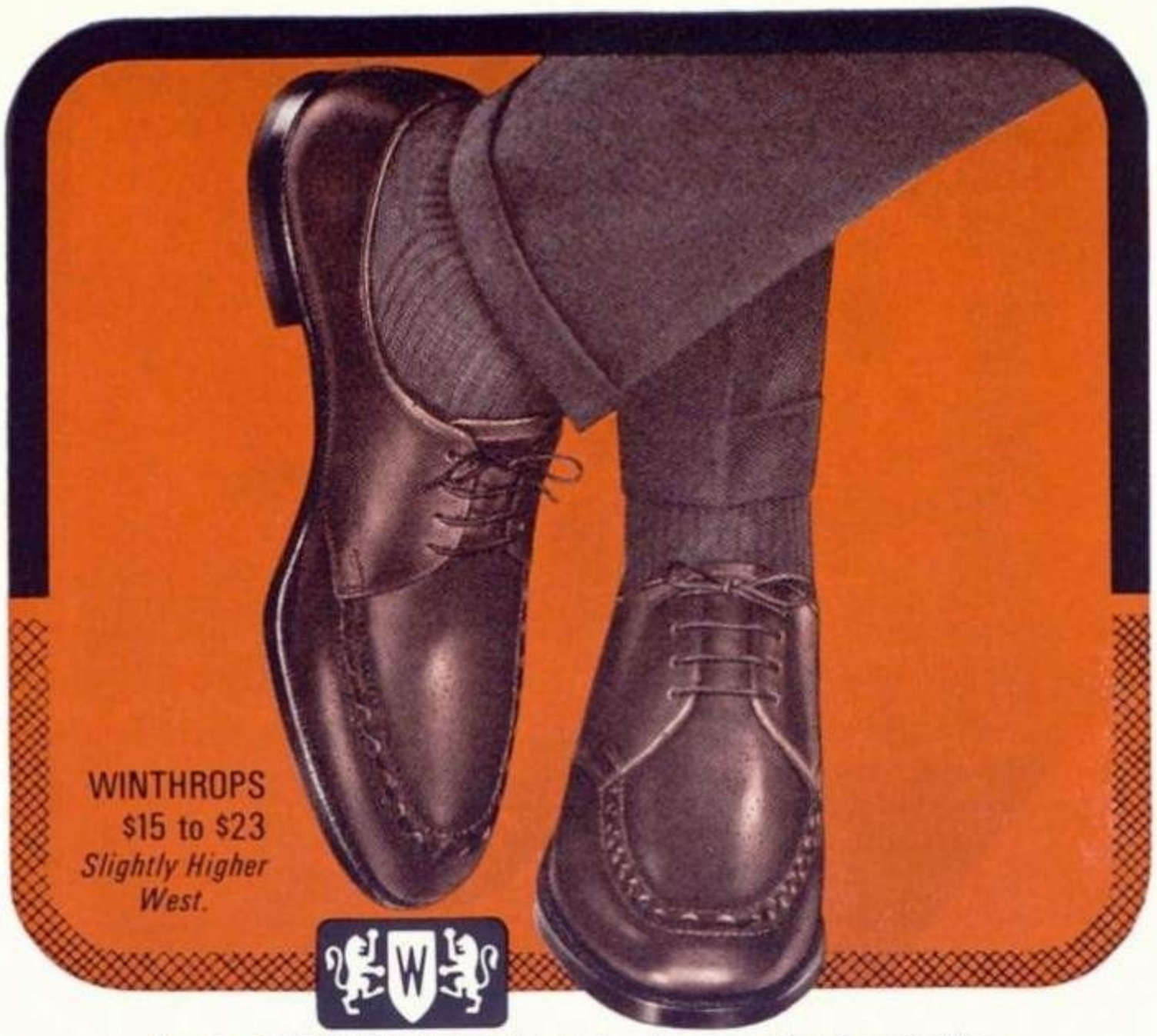

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or discounted by the Air Force and Dr. Hynek, are responsible. Not one "baby UFO"! Twenty years of study has yielded no tangible physical evidence to affirm the reality of UFOs. On completion of the current Colorado program, the Government should close out all UFO investigation.

Donald H. Menzel
Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

PRIVATE AFFAIR

I commend U. S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas for his concern over the escalating invasion of one of our basic constitutional rights. His article in the December PLAYBOY, *The Attack on the Right to Privacy*, was welcome, indeed. Because of responsible men like Justice Douglas, the apathy of the American public toward the problem at hand may be overcome. My only regret is that others in responsible Government positions fail to take stands as Douglas has.

Gary W. Conklin
Columbus, Ohio

If we have any privacy left in ten years, it will be thanks to Americans like Justice Douglas, who have pointed out the pitfalls. If the warnings are ignored, we can credit our own apathy. I hope all your readers ponder Justice Douglas' words long and carefully.

Isabelle Lynn
Goose Prairie, Washington

I am grateful to Justice Douglas for expressing his concern over the abridgment of our hard-won rights. And I quite agree with him that "only rebellion can save us from ultimate suffocation."

Ron Rawlins
Daytona Beach, Florida

ART NOUVEAU

As an artist and an avid reader of your magazine, may I thank you for your portfolio of *Art Nouveau Erotica* in your December issue? I'm delighted you saw fit to publish the magnificent works of Beardsley, Lindsay and others.

Harvey Garstein
Monsey, New York

LIFE AFTER LIFE

Robert Graves' December article on *Reincarnation* was quite interesting—from a poetic and fictional point of view. Graves intimates that reincarnation is a lot of poppycock hatched in the minds of the "hopefuls," but there's more to it than that. A particular human body develops from a specific combination of chromosomes. These original creative chromosomes possess a number of standard molecules arranged in their own pattern. Since there is a fixed limit to the number of possible arrangements of molecules within a chromosome, each time

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Dana

MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

one occurs that has occurred before, there is a reincarnation. In fact, Graves himself is without doubt a reincarnation. Because all of life is bound to this recurring phenomenon of repeating molecular patterns, sometime in the future, the laws of chance will arrange for us *all* to be back together again at the same time. And when that happens, perhaps millions of years from now, I will again be writing to your magazine, as I am now. Please watch for the reappearance of my letter.

Harry Shershow
Boston, Massachusetts

Sure, Harry.

COLORFUL *SOLUTION*

In light of recent "yellow-peril" rumblings from Washington, Irwin Shaw's *The Mannichon Solution* in your December issue couldn't have been more timely. And as a satiric exposé of the supposedly super-pious and altruistic scientific establishment, Shaw's story can't be beat.

Jerry Russell
Chicago, Illinois

COVER GIRL

How do you explain the amazing resemblance between the gal on your December cover and Jacqueline Kennedy?

Floyd W. Brown
Cambridge, Massachusetts

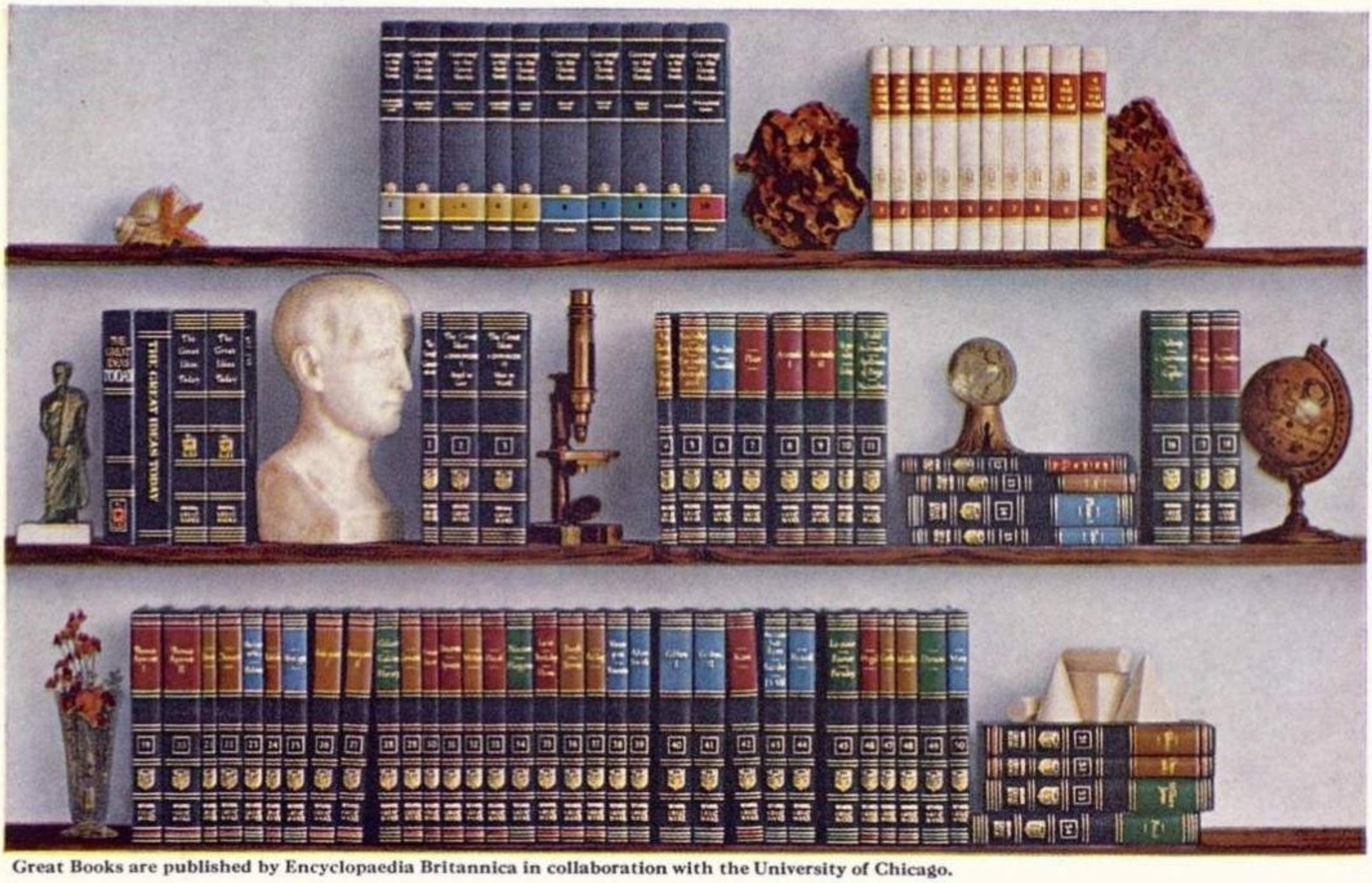
The Christmas-issue cover lived up to your usual fine year-end standards. One thing that's bugging me, though—I think your Art Director, Arthur Paul, has finally goofed. It may not have started out that way, but that cover looks a heck of a lot like Jacqueline Kennedy. If next December's issue turns up with "Lady Rabbit Johnson" on the cover, I'll know Arthur Paul has finally flipped out.

Professor John S. Fawcett
Art Department
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut

Our December cover girl was our Playmate for that month, Lynn Winchell, and resemblance to anyone else, as the saying goes, is purely coincidental. The artwork for the cover began with a

*photograph of Lynn in a special Bunny-*bouffant *coif. A high-contrast photostat was made that dropped out all middle tones and left only the barest of shadow and outline. From this a stylized rendering was made.*

For people who are not ashamed of having brains.



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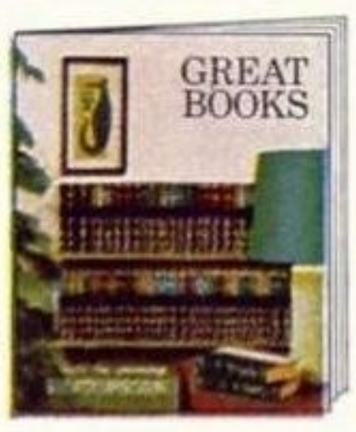

GREAT BOOKS

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65 cc M-65

1200 cc Electra Glide

900 cc Sportster CH

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What does all this mean to you? It means a lot more motorcycle for the same dollars. Check the AMA speed record for 250's set at Bonneville (with stock engine and pump gas). Check the resale value and service records of older cycles. Better yet, check the 1968 line at your Harley-Davidson dealer. Look them over carefully. The motorcycle you buy will be around for a long time. That's plus-engineering.

900 cc Sportster H

125 cc Rapido

65 cc M-65 Sport

250 cc Sprint SS

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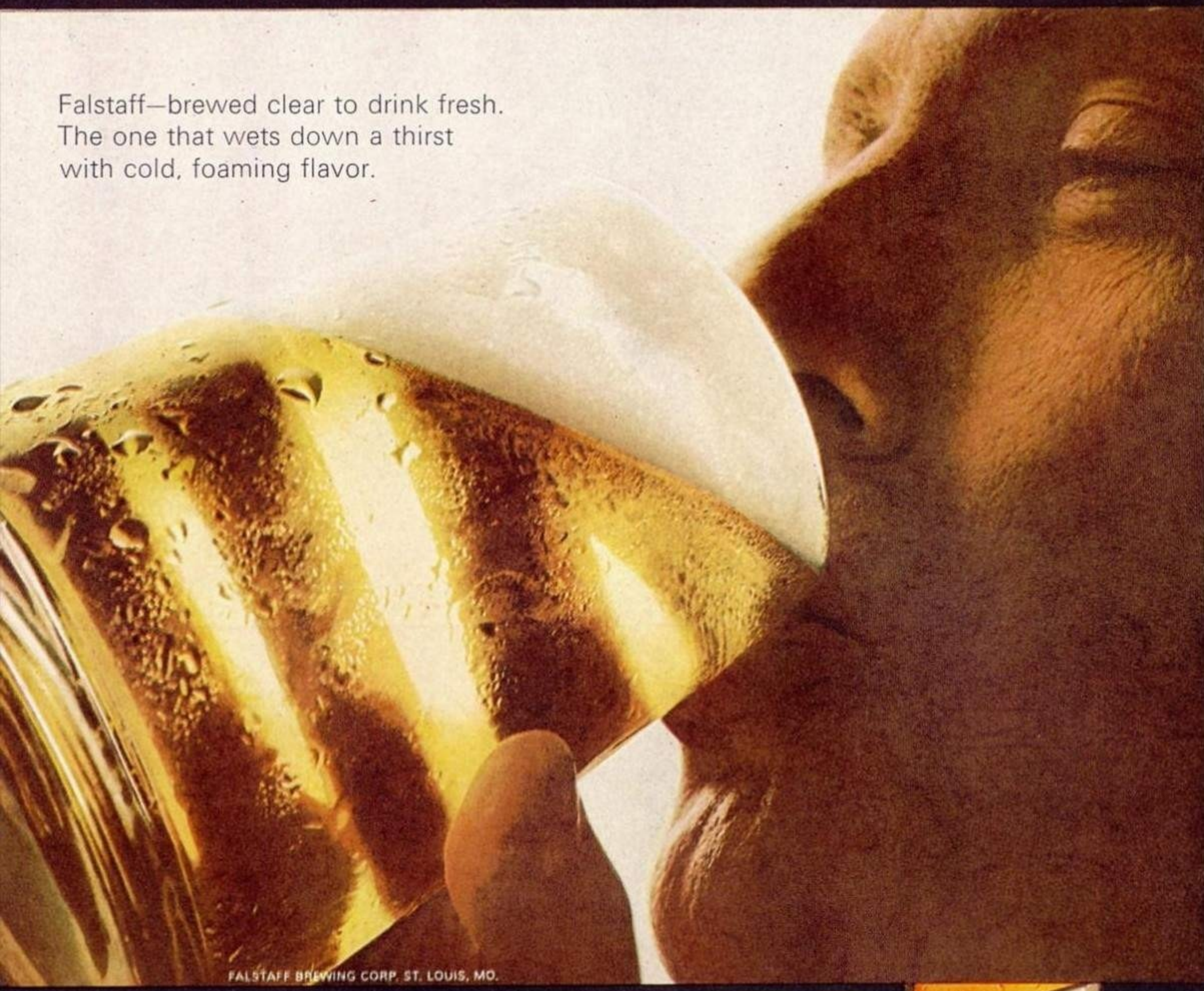

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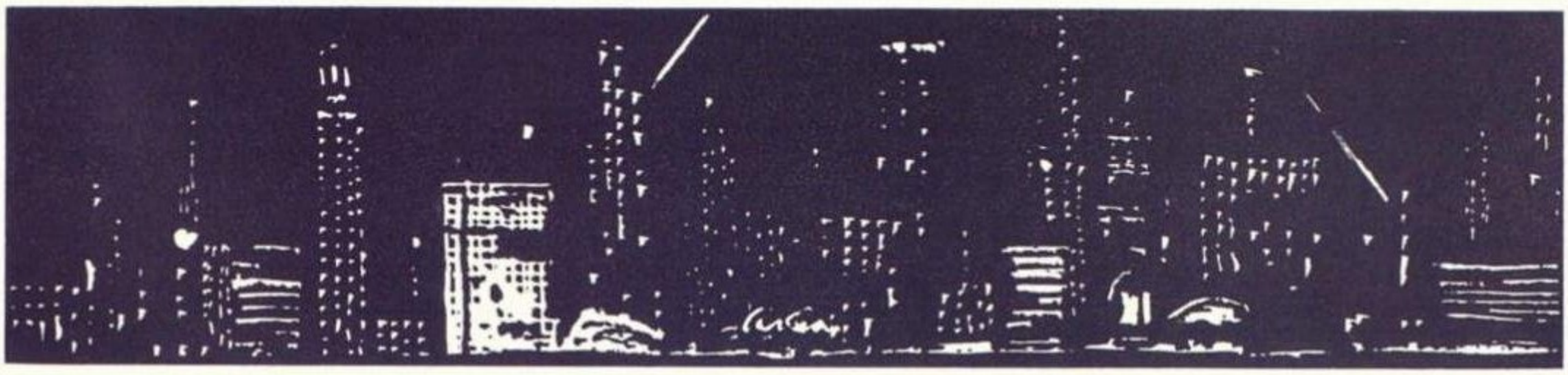


If the Danish are from Denmark," a whimsical friend asked us on the back of a postcard not long ago, "why aren't the Spanish from Spenmark?" Why not, indeed, we asked ourself, depositing the missive in our oiled-walnut circular file and hoping that the subject was closed. No such luck: Two days later came another card, reading, "If the Cubans live in Cuba, why don't the Germans live in Germa?" And then a third: "If the people of England are the English, why don't the people of New Zealand call themselves the New Zealish?" And a fourth: "If a Belgian is from Belgium, why isn't a Hawaiian from Hawaiium?" And yet a fifth: "Since France is the home of the French, it stands to reason that Greece should be the home of the Greech." We're waiting for our next note—from Japal or Portugan.

•

The *New Scientist*, a jolly good journal of opinion on such hefty subjects as DNA, peaceful uses of atomic energy and detailed studies of various diseases, turned its polished prose on man's most successful creation: "Wondering about its staff's voracious appetite for paper clips, a Munich manufacturing firm has conducted an investigation into the life and death of a consignment of 100,000 of them. The team reported that only 20,000 had actually been used for attaching one sheet of paper to another. Of the remaining 80,000, about 20,000 had become chips for cardplayers, 16,000 were tissue-wrapped as typewriter cleaners, 14,000 were twisted beyond recognition during telephone conversations, 7000 held up ladies' nylons, 5000 acted as toothpicks, 3000 as pipe scrapers, 5000 as nail diggers, 3000 as screw tighteners, and the last 7000 they just couldn't locate. Had the investigators been operating over here, they might well have found most of that lost legion engaged in holding together broken bra straps, being fired from catapults, keeping down ties, picking locks, linking mobiles or forming ornate daisy chains which, when dipped in gold paint, become the latest thing in pop-art bracelets.

"Perhaps the nimble-fingered 13th Century chap who invented the gadget made his primary mistake when he called it a paper clip. It spends only 25 percent of its time living up to its name and could more truly have been marketed as the Universal Emergency Fixit."

•

According to *The Washington Daily News*, New York City police broke into an apartment and found a man smoking a stick of pot that had been neatly fitted with a filter tip. While booking the guy, one of the cops couldn't resist asking the obvious—Why the filter? His prisoner's indignant reply: "You think I want to get lung cancer?"

•

San Francisco Chronicle columnist Herb Caen discovered, in a local bookstore, a new volume titled *Bookbinding for Beginners*. The book was bound upside down.

•

Sign of the Times Department, Fine Arts Division: It required two days for the judges at a Seattle art exhibit to realize they had given the top prize to the curator's wall map of the state freeway system.

•

"HOUSE APPROVES BILL PERMITTING 'QUICKIES,'" announced a front-page headline in the Birmingham, Alabama, *News*. The bill in question reduced the residency period for plaintiffs in out-of-state divorce suits.

•

Pottstown, Pennsylvania—made famous by novelist John O'Hara as Gibbsville and infamous by its red-light district—seems ready to wipe out crime. Lawbreakers won't find it comic at all, should they run afoul of Pottstown's new police chief—Dick Tracy.

•

In a commendable effort to deter the escalation of acronyms, an Army "Information Reference Guide" advises its readers to "Avoid abbreviations." It then states that "The HTNR must be at the SUPCOM Info Office no later than five days following an event."

•

Furniture ad of the month, from the *Schenectady Union-Star*: "Secretary, cherry, choice piece."

•

Block that Metaphor Department: The Tokens, a new pop singing group, "are not just a group of fabulously talented, irresistibly appealing guys from Brooklyn," insists a breathless public-relations release. "They are, in reality, four playful, happy otters who have checked their coats for the duration of the Top 40 and are running amuck in the above guises. Frolicking in the quagmire of life known as the music business, they come up smelling like chocolate-covered vanilla halvah for the simple reason they have a keenly animal sense of The Scene."

•

In order to simplify correspondence, a computer in the employ of *TV Guide* recently assigned a New York woman the following mailing-list number: 22060009191292960142140523130114000013905.

•

Insider's Newsletter reports that a thoughtful Georgia motel provides guests with a "shark-free swimming pool."

•

The obituary page of the Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, *Regional News* carried an announcement, from the family of a late member of the community, stating, "We are sincerely grateful to friends and neighbors for their many acts of sympathy. . . . Our appreciation cannot be adequately expressed. Special thanks to the American Legion Firing Squad."

•

Turning off the heat: Supporters of SINA (the Society for Prevention of Indecency to Naked Animals) will be interested to learn that chastity belts for dogs are available at selected pet shops throughout the country. Used mainly on pedigreed females, this device ensures that the line "breeds true," that no accidental

mating will lead to inferior offspring. It must be a great comfort for dog breeders everywhere to know, at last, that no son of a bitch need ever be a bastard again.

•

Immediately following a Gospel singer's rendition of *Jesus Saves*, says *Advertising Age*, a New York radio station aired a commercial by the Bowery Savings Bank that began with their jingle, "It pays to save at the Bowery."

•

When a new brassiere with the brand name Embargo captured the hearts of Britishers, both dealers and buyers of ladies' apparel spent a long time scratching their heads in an effort to learn the secret of its popularity. Finally, one sharp-eyed male happened to notice the name reflected backward in the window of a store.

•

Department of Sartorial Splendor, Dressed-to-Kill Division: A sign in an Amman, Jordan, tailor shop reads, ORDER YOUR SUMMER SUIT NOW. BECAUSE IN A BIG RUSH WE WILL EXECUTE ALL CUSTOMERS IN STRICT ROTATION.

•

After studying tax problems for two years, the Texas Committee on State and Local Tax Policy made only one recommendation in its report to the legislature: Another study committee should be formed immediately.

•

Food for thought: From reliable sources in Australia comes the news that Leon Samson, a professional strongman down under, has wagered $22,000 that during the next four years he can eat a car, tires and windows included.

•

In the men's room of a Lake Tahoe resort, one proclamation stands out from the rest of the graffiti: THIS WALL WILL BE OUT IN PAPERBACK SOON.

•

Ever attuned to newsworthy names suitable for marquee sexploitation, burlesque promoters have come up with a prize winner for an eager young Chicago ecdysiast who bills herself as "MISS BONNIE ANN CLYDE AND HER BLAZING 45."

•

While the pound may be disintegrating, Britons are nonetheless maintaining their equanimity in other matters. When a nude man jumped out of the bushes near the 18th hole of a golf club near London, an imperious lady golfer calmly inquired if he were a member, then—when he admitted he wasn't—drove him away with her nine iron.

•

The Lichee Tree, a Chinese restaurant in Greenwich Village, is currently serving martinis with fortune olives.

•

If we are to believe the *Daily Collegian* of the Pennsylvania State University, Dean of Women Dorothy J. Lipp said in a speech that the major decision challenging the college coed today is whether to "squat in the world or not."

•

An apt advertisement for the John Birch Society's radio program *Are You Listening, Uncle Sam?*, printed in the Tupelo, Mississippi, *Daily Journal*, boldly promised that the show would be "reviling and instructive."

•

Changing Times has this advice for the woman who longs to have a man eating out of her hand: "Go to the movies and hold the popcorn."

BOOKS

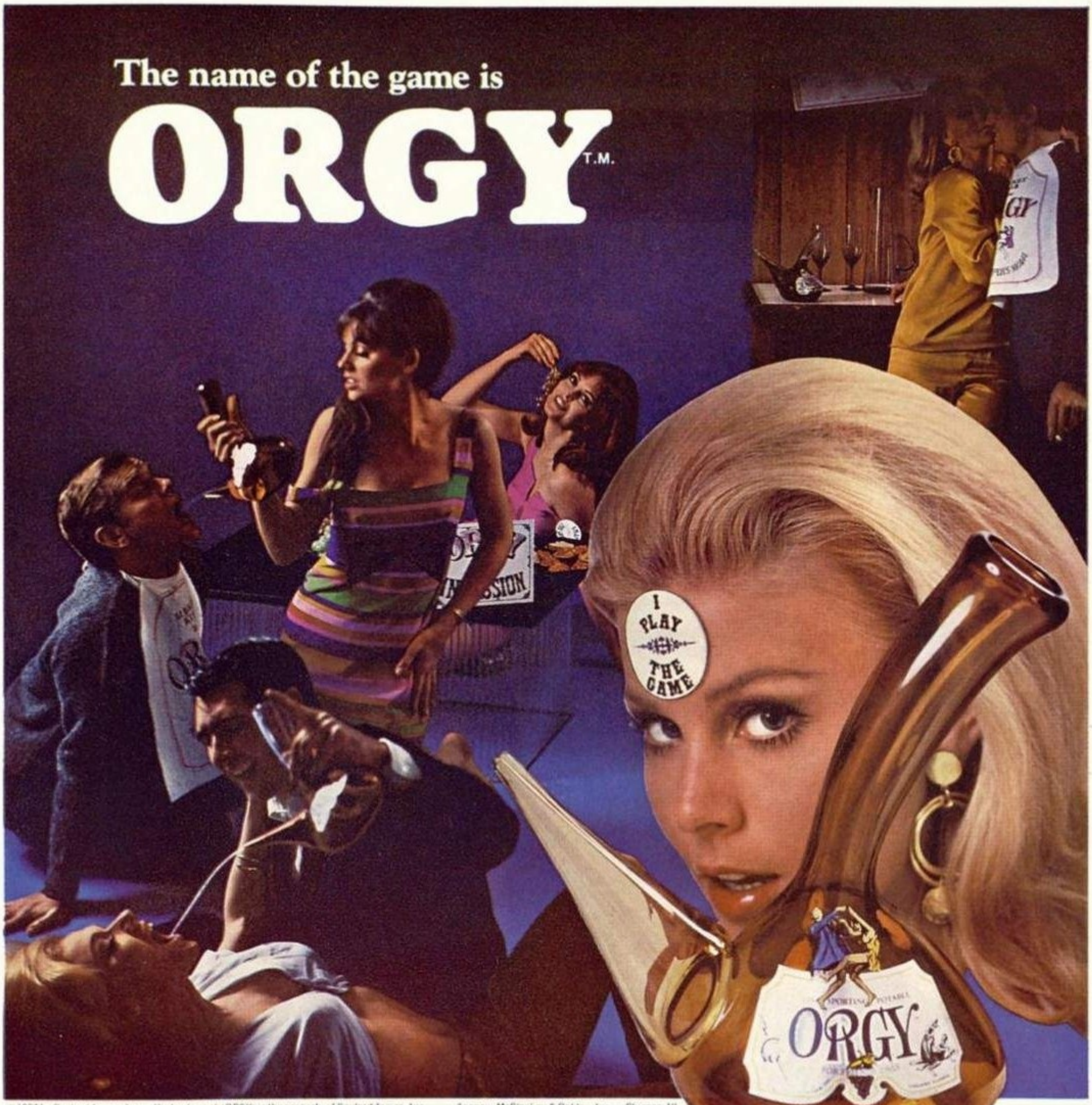
Meyer Levin has had an instructive literary career. He has become an expert in the fine art of the comeback. After a strong beginning a generation ago with *The Old Bunch*, a landmark novel in the Depression mode of Chicago realism, he suffered the doldrums until writing his autobiography, *In Search*, which no major American publisher would print. Nevertheless, this history of a self in quest of meaning found a new audience for Levin. Then came his great popular success, *Compulsion*—book and play and movie about the Loeb-Leopold murder—and plenty of money. But Levin is a writer not content with a pop smash. He went on to write other novels, and criticism and plays and filmscripts—none of which earned him further fame or fortune. And now, astonishingly, he reappears as the youngest of the black humorists with ***Gore and Igor*** (Simon & Schuster), a fantastic ribald tale of the meeting in Israel of a Dylanesque American folk-rock singer and an Evtushenkoesque Soviet poet amid much travail, many guitars strummed and myriad ladies mounted. Author of *This Stinking, Stinking World*, Gore Taylor finds a friend and companion in the Soviet home wrecker Igor, who has celebrated publicly his erotic gifts with a French movie actress and exhibitionist called Mimette. The plot tells us mostly that poets are in trouble everywhere. A bit obvious? Yes. The book is a mélange of burlesque and social satire, but Levin has managed to combine his native storyteller's gift and an unexpected happy foolery with a soupçon of narrow-eyed moral intensity. It works. He will surprise those who think they know him already. A vital *pensée* and a spiritual pastime of a book.

•

Promising idea: Early in World War Two, the Germans, believing they are going to make the British Isles a colony, line up a batch of Nazified Englishmen to lead a puppet British government. When the *Wehrmacht* upgeblows, one resourceful *Herr* makes off with the names of the rightist Britishers who were eager to bootlick the master race—a document that becomes the fanciest blackmail weapon since dirty pictures. Our hero must defuse this lethal bomb without exposing the men whose names comprise the list. No surprise, he succeeds. But in ***Horse Under Water*** (Putnam), Len Deighton does not fulfill the promise to the degree his fans have learned to expect of him. He delivers less of the reality of *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin*, or the taut believability of *The Billion Dollar Brain* and *An Expensive Place to Die*. The reason may be that *Horse Under Water* is a five-year-old work, just now published in the U.S. Deighton has come a long way since—which is not to say *Horse* fails to provide some tangling, titillating diversion.

•

The Ghost in the Machine (Macmillan) by Arthur Koestler is a book to be studied, not read. In it, the noted novelist and social observer seeks to answer a number of extraordinarily complex questions. Does man have a mind and a will, or is human behavior simply a predictable reaction pattern in response to specific stimuli? Can the theory of evolution be revised so that it more adequately explains the development of all forms of life? How is man's creative instinct related to his destructive drives? And is the extinction of mankind inevitable? For Koestler, the questions are interrelated, and his answers constitute the basis for an original theory of human behavior. To begin with, Koestler mounts a slashing attack on the behaviorist school of psychology, which he fears is now in the ascendancy. (It was a behaviorist who dismissed the human mind as "the ghost in the machine.") Men are not rats, says Koestler, and their behavior cannot be understood by simply measuring their responses to particular stimuli, because this ignores the creative act of selecting. Human behavior must be apprehended in terms of a paradox: It is unpredictable, yet inevitable. Each choice, once made, determines the range of alternatives that must next be resolved. Thus, Koestler rejects both the doctrine of determinism and the doctrine of total free will. He takes a similar approach to evolution. He dismisses both the theory that changes occur as the result of chance mutations and the idea of a predetermined universe. Evolution is "a process with a fixed code of rules, but with adaptable strategies." If this is so, some evolutionary choices may prove, in retrospect, to have been mistakes—and Koestler believes a mistake may have occurred in the evolution of the human brain. Koestler's own brain has evolved impressively, however, and the reader



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who is willing to join him in this arduous intellectual journey is likely to be glad he did.

•

British zoologist Desmond Morris refers to man as ***The Naked Ape*** (McGraw-Hill), not a flattering description but disconcertingly apropos. With humor, grace and insight, Morris makes acute and novel observations about the behavior of the sole simian species without much hair. The author's speculations as to why man became the sexiest primate are particularly provocative. Morris argues that without love, culture and civilization could never have come into existence. Love was the bond that created a lasting link between one male and one female, and only after the male knew he could depend on the female's sexual loyalty did he feel free to roam with other males in their cooperative hunt for food. The female breast, according to Morris, evolved not because it was necessary for feeding the young (other primate mothers with flat chests have an ample supply of milk) but because it served as a sexual signal to catch the male's eye and stimulate him erotically so that face-to-face copulation would result—a situation that apparently has not changed much since prehistoric times. The penis of "the naked ape" became much larger than that of any other primate because, unless the female were given sexual pleasure during intercourse, she would be as unreceptive as most female animals are most of the time and the race of man might not have thrived. The fertility of "the naked ape" helped him take over the earth. Ironically, as Morris points out in his conclusion, this same fertility is now, together with man's inborn aggressiveness, the greatest threat to continuation of life. If Morris has a message for today's naked ape, it might be: Make love, not war—but be sure the lady takes her pill first.

•

Everybody admires versatility: the one-man band, the longshoreman-philosopher, the poet-executive—and the Playmate of the Month who writes and has published a real, hardcover novel. Beautiful redheaded Alice Denham, Miss July 1956, has taken her title, ***My Darling from the Lions*** (Bobbs-Merrill), from *Psalms* XXXV:17 and her half-recumbent, barefooted backcover photo from a professional studio. The subject of the work is love, and there's no denying that a novel about love by a girl like Alice has a certain panache. It's about Grace Pritchard, Southern and WASPy, who looks upon and finds irresistible a fellow by the name of Carl Rostak. The two can hardly keep their hands off each other, and they don't. They even get married, but trouble develops in paradise. There's Grace and her painting, Carl and his composing, and the bed. Carl descends from lover boy to louse with a speed and in a manner to make Grace's head spin. He gets nabbed by the Army (Korean War) and the trouble shifts to California. Grace and Carl split, make it again, then split for good. Life can go on that way, but it's clear from these pages that our lovely authoress is primarily interested in verisimilitude. She's interested in passion, and if passion calls for a wide brush and flaming colors, she doesn't mind using them; e.g., "till she felt she was ascending inside him and he in her flesh melted into one white-hot liquid love till they would be each other's immutable essence breath and blood nothing more than they needed to know of the other eachwithin withinthesame and the star shot up. . . ." If things occasionally get out of hand—well, that's passion for you.

MOVIES

In Cold Blood, transferred to the screen by writer-director Richard Brooks, has a lot going for it. Even those familiar with Truman Capote's best seller will find dreadful fascination in Brooks' deadly real location sites: This is the same road the killers traveled, the same hardware store where they bought the rope for trussing their intended victims, the same Holcomb, Kansas, farmhouse occupied by the unsuspecting family of Herbert Clutter until the fateful night of November 14, 1959. Throughout the film, the inventive black-and-white photography of Conrad Hall eases the viewer into the shoes of a horrified eyewitness. It was shrewd, too, finding two relative newcomers (Robert Blake and Scott Wilson) who not only resemble the murderers Perry Smith and Richard Hickock but have the talent to make criminal pathology thrum with life. Brooks sticks closely to Capote's quasi-cinematic shifts of scene, so that the big jolts—the actual slaughter and the ultimate execution by hanging of Perry and Dick—come late. This tandem climax registers powerfully, yet the drama as a whole fails to persuade us that pictures are more eloquent than words. The movie takes time to dawdle with sentimentality, as in a series of flashbacks to the killers' disadvantaged boyhoods and again in some kernels of moral philosophy about crime and punishment, mouthed by a thoughtful writer who shows up looking like no one in particular. *In Cold Blood* still stings, but what's missing here is Capote's cool. (See this month's *Playboy Interview* with Capote on page 51.)

•

When a Manhattan headshrinker (James Coburn) is summoned for special White House duty at the outset of a comedy titled ***The President's Analyst,*** a whiff of satirical promise sweetens the air. Promises, promises. One waits in vain to see the Chief Executive of the U.S. take to the couch. The top secrets divulged here are just a new excuse for Coburn, our analyst in Washington, to get nervous about the hordes of Russian, Chinese and British spies pursuing him. Though he finds refuge with a psychedelic singing group, nothing very amusing happens until William Daniels and Joan Darling appear, all too briefly, as a pair of folksy, flaming liberals from New Jersey who are prepared to defend freedom with bullets, karate and, if need be, gas. An even fresher idea that writer-director Theodore J. Flicker lets languish concerns some villainous robots who work dark deeds for the telephone company. But Flicker, on location, ought to know better than to suggest that a bona fide New Yorker, out for a solitary walk, will head from the Whitney to the waterfront, thence to the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge, to the top of the Statue of Liberty and on to the R.C.A. observation roof. Some walk. Some movie.

•

Can the young, bored and beautiful wife (Catherine Deneuve) of a busy Parisian surgeon (Jean Sorel) find happiness as a prostitute? Yes, contends ***Belle de Jour,*** Joseph Kessel's novel as brought to the screen by Luis (*Viridiana*) Buñuel. Until she becomes obsessed by gossip about another young matron's "double life," the doctor's spouse is outwardly just an agreeable, somewhat frigid fixture in a luxury flat. Inwardly she nourishes erotic fantasies replete with whips, chains and rapacious footmen. By turning the afternoon trick in a chic brothel, acting out her fantasies, she is ultimately liberated from them. A psychiatrist might detect signs of compulsive self-degradation in her acquired taste for experiences vis-à-vis a candy merchant, a fat Chinese fetishist, a masochistic gynecologist and a duke far gone in necrophilia—but *Belle de Jour* argues that all-out promiscuity can be therapeutic for a girl whose sexual responses have atrophied. Always a meticulous stylist, Buñuel avoids any hint of sensationalism, in part by imbuing his film with a certain bloodless quality. The actors perform with the matter-of-fact competence of patients parading their ills before a medical congress. Buñuel's frame of reference is narrow, yet the movie mesmerizes an audience with finely worked detail, particularly in the treatment of a psychotic hood (Pierre Clementi) who has bad teeth, holes in his socks and a passion for violence that finally exposes the heroine's self-deceptions. And there is a haunting fade-out when the society hooker, sure of everything except her husband's forgiveness, stands smiling by a window while the horse-drawn carriage that has transported her through her sickest sexual fantasies rolls slowly into the distance—empty at last.

•

Absurdity as the norm of human existence suffuses ***The Stranger,*** adapted from

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a notable novel by Albert Camus. Marcello Mastroianni, his own patented air of detachment doing homage to Camus under director Luchino Visconti, plays Meursault, the hapless French-Algerian clerk who is unable or unwilling to conform to society's codes. He cannot feign grief when his mother dies, cannot give the name "love" to the desire he feels for his yearning mistress, Marie (played by Jean-Luc Godard's former wife and favorite leading lady, Anna Karina, who comes on with the soulfulness of a latter-day Sylvia Sidney). One broiling afternoon at the seashore, Meursault kills an Arab tough for reasons he himself can scarcely comprehend. Condemned to death, jolted into awareness of "the benign indifference of the universe," he discovers the mere fact of life as man's one blessed certainty. While true to Camus, such philosophical nuances are uncommon movie material, and there's the rub. Visconti's earnest efforts to see Algeria as Camus saw it—human ants at toil under a shroud of blinding sunlight—give the picture borrowed cogency and intelligence but no mind of its own. Scrupulous fidelity to his source establishes Visconti more as an admirer than as a sensitive interpreter of Camus; for *The Stranger*, sad to say, seldom enhances the novelist's art with a sure cinematic sense of things happening here and now.

•

Several ways of persuading a lickerish little ole lady to invest her capital in a Broadway show are inimitably spelled out by Zero Mostel, who invites her up to his office to play naughty variations of now-I'll-chase-*you*. With venerable character actress Estelle Winwood as his intended backer, Mostel manages to kid the pants off sex before ***The Producers*** has even started. Larky fun and games for senior citizens accompany the opening credits, but from then on, alas, it's show business as usual. Written and directed by TV gagsmith Mel Brooks, this flashy but flatulent romp duplicates the effect one might achieve by collecting 1001 trade jokes and sending them over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Mostel—several tons of talent at large in a medium more congenial to life-sized performers—plays a mangy theatrical lion who conspires with a shy bookkeeping mouse (Gene Wilder) to produce an all-time flop—a show so lousy they can squeeze a cool $1,000,000 from their backers and never have to balance the books; it's guaranteed to fold on opening night. Or is it? They pick a disaster entitled *Springtime for Hitler*, written by an unregenerate Nazi and starring a psychedelic cat named L. S. D. (Dick Shawn) as a sort of Adolf Hipster. Of course, they run into trouble because the public's bad taste is unpredictable, and the show's a success. Brooks apparently believes that any schlocky comedy can slip into the circle of hits by a fluke. It may be so, but it doesn't follow that a mildly diverting sketch, padded with mechanical wit and cynicism (and even with blonde Lee Meredith as Zero's semiprivate secretary), can make the majors as a full-length movie.

•

There are several new wrinkles in ***Billion Dollar Brain,*** but they don't press out so smoothly in this third Len Deighton thriller starring Michael Caine as British M. I.'s reluctant operative, Harry Palmer. Lured off to Helsinki, a novel spot for putting spies out in the cold, Caine makes the unfamiliar scene with his familiar *sang-froid*, yet none of the blood he spatters can quite bring those travel posters to life. One innovation—and perhaps a clue to the temper of the times—is that the villains of the piece are all ugly Americans, represented in Finland by Karl Malden and a master computer. The so-called brain is programed back in Texas by Ed Begley, an oil-rich superpatriot whose crusade for freedom will begin, any day now, with germ warfare to drive the Red army out of Latvia. Since Palmer has unwittingly delivered a mess of viruses from England, it's up to him and his Russian colleague (Oscar Homolka, in a droll reprise of *Funeral in Berlin*) to keep the impetuous Yanks from precipitating global war. A girl spy shuttled between friend and foe is played by vixenish Françoise Dorléac (in her last role before she was killed in an auto crash last year). Bundled into furs or stripped for a sauna, *Mlle.* Dorléac supplies comely relief from director Ken Russell's preposterous side trips to Texas. Looking at the Lone-Star State through a distorting mirror, Russell produces neither dramatic meat nor amusing menace; it's just SMERSH with spurs, holding a big Sattiday-night barbecue with a hawg on the spit and a barnful of gingham-clad dancers. Square. *Brain* flatly fails to do justice to Deighton's best-selling and superb spy thriller.

•

A sign on a wall in Haight-Ashbury advertises advice for free-lovers: HOW TO AVOID GANG BANGS AND PREGNANCY. Later, the new morality of dropouts from the square world is summed up by a smiling, shaggy-haired beauty who happens to be female: "I didn't start ballin' till I was seventeen. To keep your virginity is like having a Christmas present and you just don't open it . . . that's not where it's at." ***The Hippie Revolt*** is a diffuse documentary that knows where it's at but seems as mystified as any druggist from Dubuque about the sociosexual significance of love-ins, communal pads, acid trips and peace marches. This look-in cops out via a lame subtitle—*You Know Something's Happening but You Don't Know What It Is*—and offers few surprises for the truly hip, who know that the volatile hippie scene changes faster than a moviemaker's profit-and-loss sheets. In one electrically turned-on sequence, though, *Revolt* produces dandy psychedelic effects, all op-popping breasts and lips and fervently pollinating flower people. It's everything your maiden aunt Minnie loves to hate, packaged in bright color and tinged with eager curiosity.

•

If your kick happens to be backstage corruption in capsule form, try ***Valley of the Dolls*** on film. True to the spirit of Jacqueline Susann's big, bad best seller about some showbiz broads whose anxieties are sometimes arrested, sometimes accelerated by dependence on various pills ("dolls"), every hokey line of dialog shimmers like a string of dime-store pearls. Enter Susan Hayward bellowing things like "You bet your ass" because she's at the top as a Broadway musical star whose resemblance to Ethel Merman is purely coincidental. Enter Barbara Parkins as a proper New England miss who trades her scruples for a superagent (Paul Burke) who, in turn, thanks God that the theater still has room for such immaculate folk as Mary Martin and Helen Hayes, neither of whom we are privileged to meet. Enter scrumptious Sharon Tate as a minor sex goddess ("Mother, I know all I have is a body . . .") afflicted with a stage mother, a crippled husband and, as luck would have it, breast cancer. Enter Patty Duke as a tortured supersinger whose resemblance to Judy Garland won't stand scrutiny, though she does come on a little like Mickey Rooney. Director Mark Robson and associates have bungled their prescription—this product, supposedly spiked with a truth drug, is in fact unintentionally brim full of laughing gas.

•

Richard Burton, as one of the most celebrated Elizabethan actors of our time, ought to rue his dour film version of Marlowe's ***Doctor Faustus.*** In 1966, Burton renewed old school ties by playing the classic at Oxford under his former professor, Nevill Coghill, and subsequently elected to adapt and codirect it for the camera with a cast consisting of himself, his wife and members of Oxford's Dramatic Society. Well, the amateur lads and lasses of Oxford irreproachably perform the bits assigned to them. So does Elizabeth Taylor, sumptuously costumed for her wordless role as Helen of Troy and daubed with grease paint (lewd green, sparkly silver) for her walk-ons as other embodiments of worldly desire. But for the most part, Burton's *Faustus* merely rouses the sort of school spirit appropriate in a home-coming tribute to a distinguished

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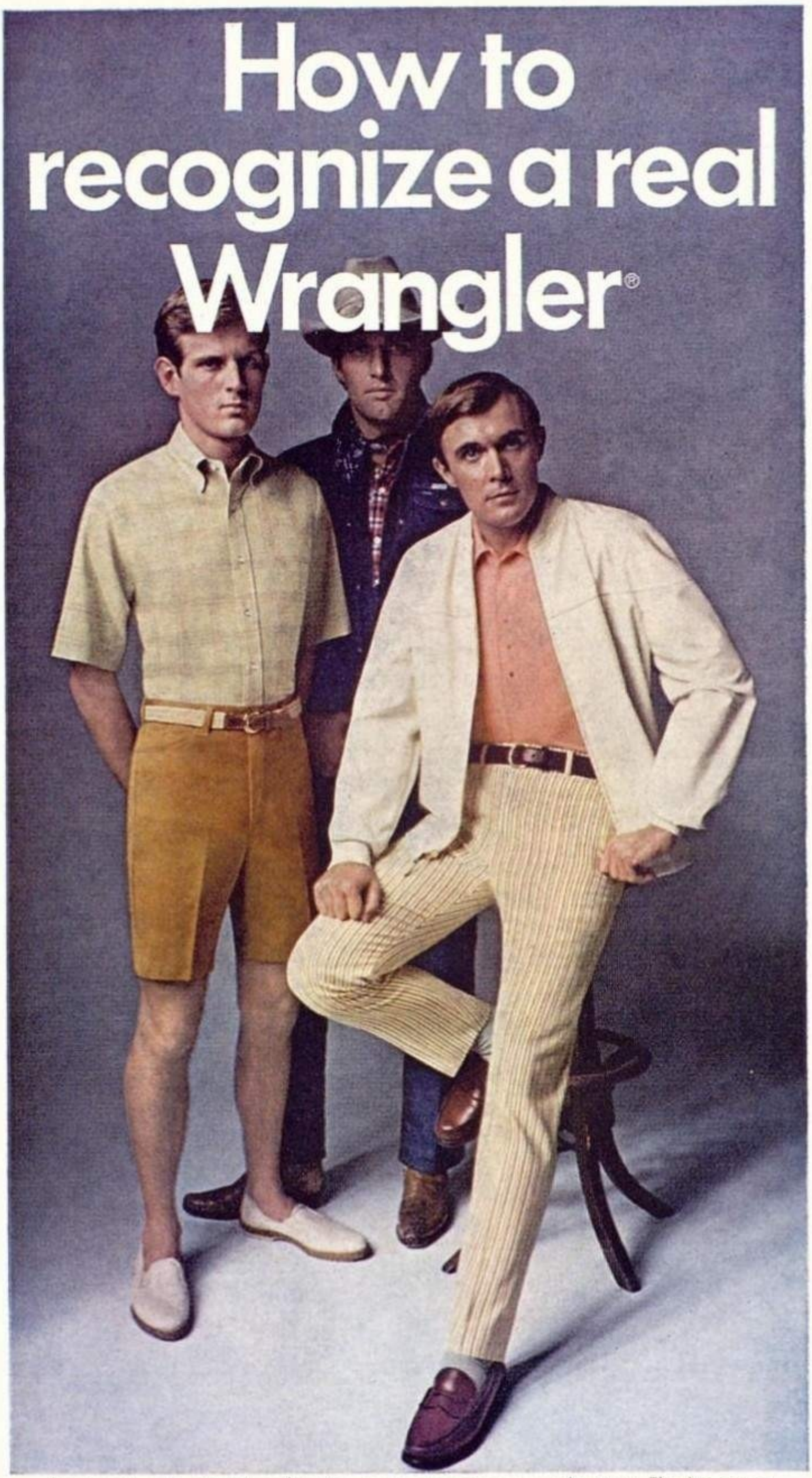

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alumnus, who is handed all the big scenes to munch upon as he will. With minor characters and important continuity omitted, it makes a skeletal feast. Resonant as ever, but fuzzily inner-directed, Burton belts out his arias in a monotonous tour de force that effectively obliterates the substance of Marlowe's tragic hero—a "wanton and lascivious" Renaissance man who sells his soul to Lucifer in exchange for unlimited power and knowledge. Behind all the murky camerawork, the struggle of conscience here often appears to be Burton's very own, the thrashings of a star who is economically in thrall to cinema but still compelled to persuade someone or other that every movie set's a stage.

•

Faustian legend becomes something else in the hands of those two *Beyond the Fringe* alumni, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, who conjured up **Bedazzled** as a vehicle for themselves. They handily ride away with it while lobbing nuggets of tart and talky postgraduate humor at any target that happens to suit their whim. A good many of their whims turn out to be whammies. Cook plays Lucifer's man about London, a chap named Spiggott, with headquarters in a Soho strip joint. Moore, as Spiggott's quarry, one Stanley Moon, is a short-order cook ready to burn in hell for love of a slightly horsy waitress at Wimpy's (Eleanor Bron). Foiled in a suicide attempt, Moon signs over his soul and sidles up to some deadly sins, including "a very sweet, warm, wonderful human being" called Lilian Lust (Raquel Welch, who has seldom spoofed herself to better advantage). He also squanders seven wishes while pursuing his elusive bird, disappearing and reappearing as a tired capitalist, a pop singing idol, a nun, a guilt-stricken seducer and a voyeuristic housefly. In fact, all the plot's possibilities for fun are exhausted well before the movie limply concludes that a fellow is most apt to find happiness just being himself. The fizzling can be forgiven, because *Bedazzled* is not only literate but tinged with precocity. Though one might argue that similar effects could be produced by crossing a Harvard Hasty Pudding show with an underground movie, who can put down a film that combines moral commitment with unremitting irreverence?

RECORDINGS

Of the three entries in the **Doctor Dolittle** LP derby that have recently fallen within earshot, the one by Bobby Darin (Atlantic) is an also-ran. Darin adds little to the Leslie Bricusse score in either imagination or sensitivity. Bricusse's old writing buddy, Anthony Newley, who has a major role in the film, comes

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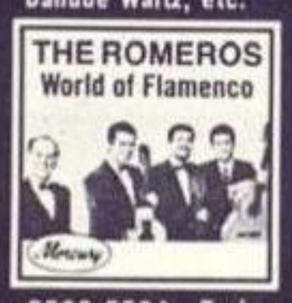

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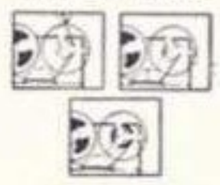

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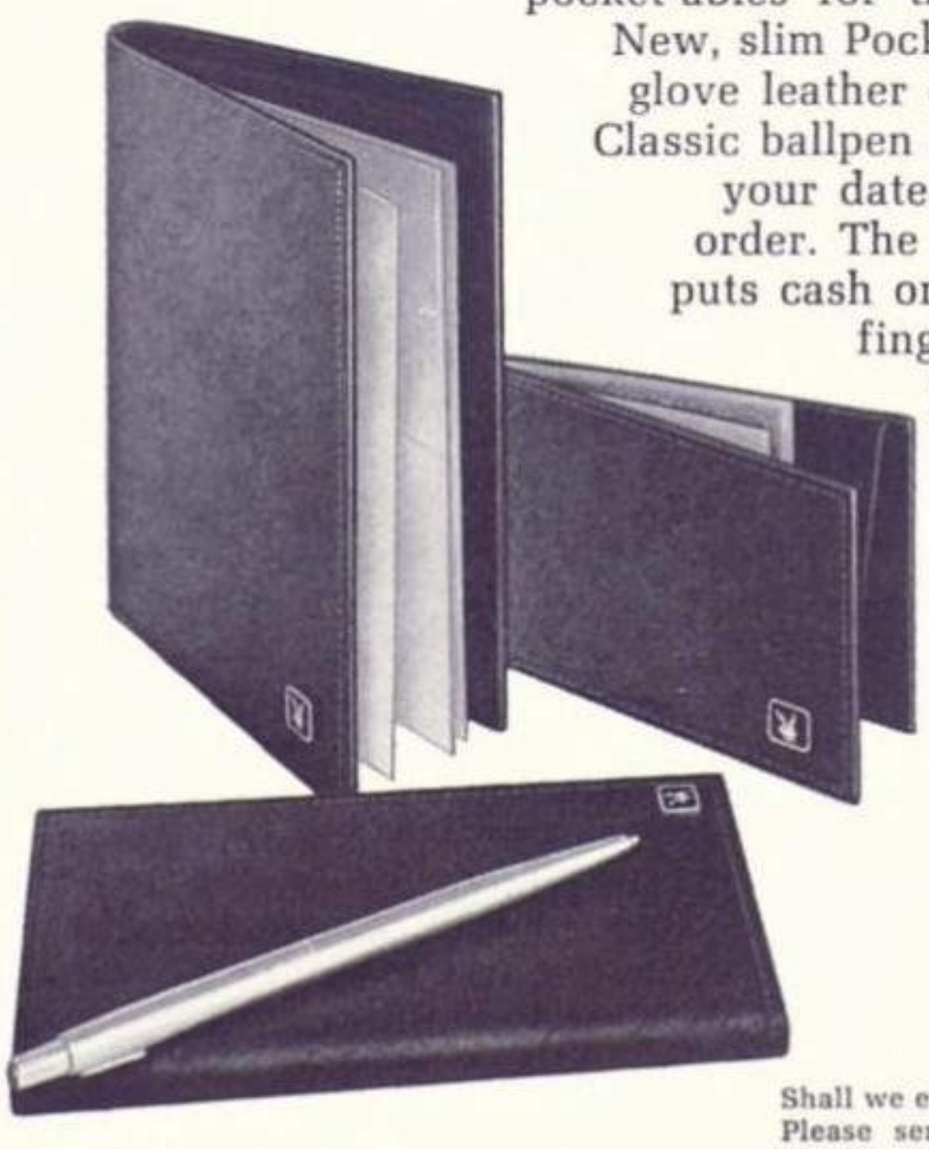

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through in much more captivating fashion, translating the tunes—whether sentimental or sprightly—into a fine Victor recording. But win money is garnered by Sammy Davis Jr., whose Reprise LP is a triumph. Part of the credit has to go to arranger-conductor Marty Paich; his charts are right in the Davis groove. From the rollicking *My Friend the Doctor* to the tender *When I Look in Your Eyes*, Sammy offers the musical keys to the Bricusse animal kingdom. We recommend that you dig *Doctor Dolittle* by Mr. Do Much.

•

Beautifully packaged, entertaining and informative is ***The Anthology of Indian Music Volume One*** (World Pacific). It contains three LPs, the third of which is an explanation, interspersed with examples, of the history and basic forms of Indian music—this by the estimable sitarist Ravi Shankar (see this month's *On the Scene*), who is one of the principal performers in the album. Others are Ali Akbar Khan, on sarod, and Balachander, who plays the veena. The discs are a must for anyone with more than a passing interest in the sound of India.

•

The second LP by The 5th Dimension, ***The Magic Garden*** (Soul City), is even better than its initial effort—and the songs and arrangements of young Jim Webb are also improving. The group achieves an unearthly sound on the title ballad and *Dreams/Pax/Nepenthe; The Girls' Song* effectively spotlights the two female members of the quintet. Included also are the Dimension's whimsical *Paper Cup* and a gutsy version of the Beatles' *Ticket to Ride*.

•

Peggy Lee's ***Somethin' Groovy!*** (Capitol) is aptly labeled, indeed. There are lots of lovely things scattered throughout, not the least of which is Toots Thielemans' solo work on harmonica and guitar (with a little whistling tossed in for good measures). *Somethin' Stupid, Makin' Whoopee!* and *Release Me* are some of the high points of a disc that ranges only from good to better to best.

•

Ira Sullivan, a daring young man on a variety of instruments, is at his free-wheeling best on ***Horizons*** (Atlantic). Ira plays trumpet, Flügelhorn, tenor and soprano within the contexts of a quartet and a quintet as he moves from his own experimental *E Flat Tuba G* to the Lennon-McCartney *Norwegian Wood* to the Matt Dennis oldie-but-goodie *Everything Happens to Me*. Sullivan, an unfettered spirit, is a jazz voice worth listening to.

•

On ***Tom Jones Live!*** (Parrot), the popular singer gets the most out of his strong baritone as he puts across a couple of

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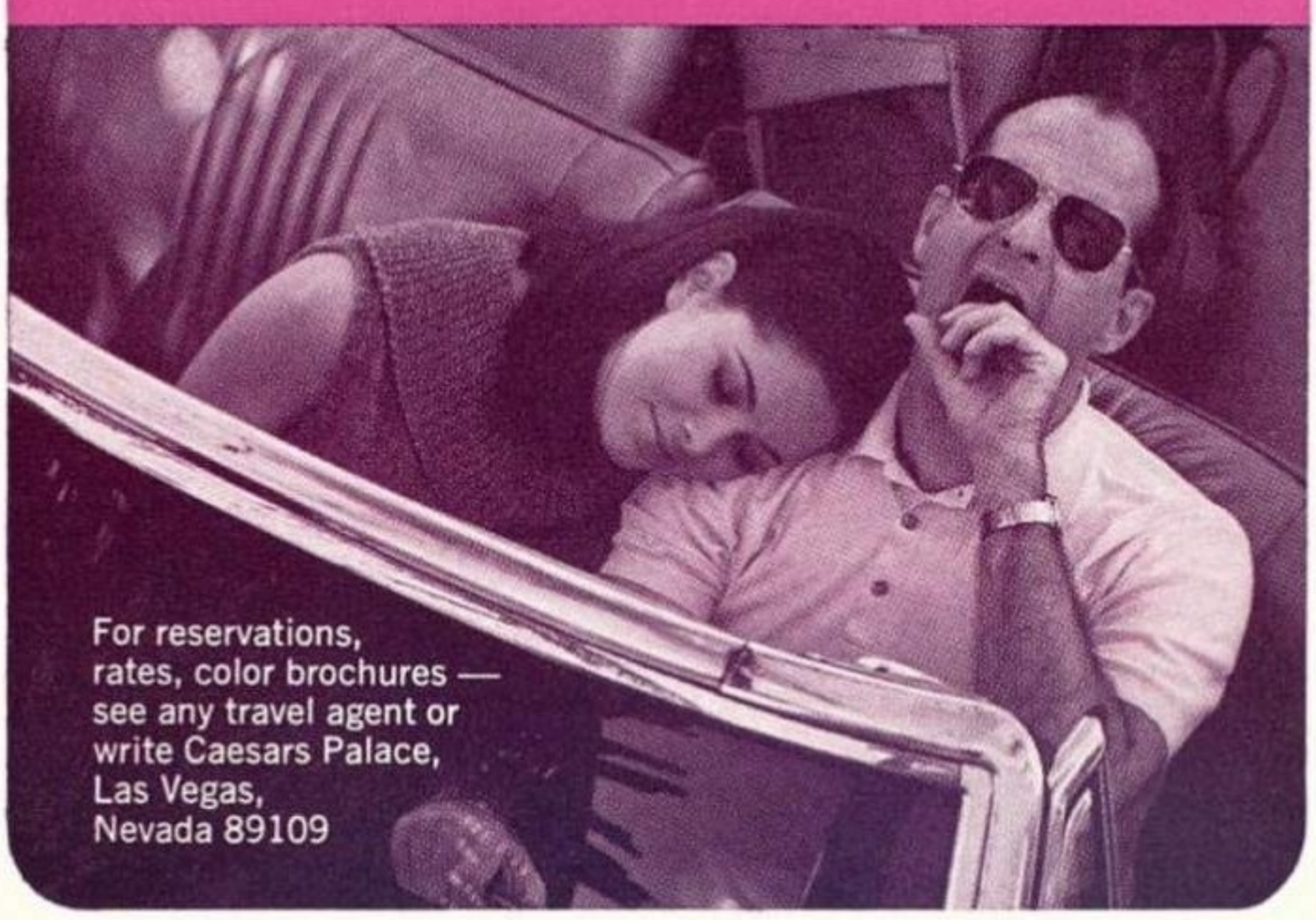

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Sam Cooke ditties, a flock of his own hits —*It's Not Unusual, Green, Green Grass of Home* and *What's New Pussycat?*— plus a schmaltzy version of *My Yiddische Momme*. A young British vocalist of merit is Lulu, the red-haired Cockney lass who sings ***To Sir, with Love*** (Epic). Winning tracks on the LP, in addition to the title number, are Neil Diamond's *The Boat that I Row* and several enticing ballads with a beat, including *Morning Dew* and *Let's Pretend*.

•

Music for Solo Viola / Walter Trampler (Victor) amply reveals the rich tone and virtuoso technique of the accomplished violist, as he performs Hindemith's *Sonata Op. 25, No. 1*, Max Reger's *Suite No. 1* and *Suite No. 3* and Stravinsky's brief but beautiful *Elégie*. Trampler's explorations of Hindemith's modernities and Reger's classicism offer the listener a wide-ranging and rewarding program.

•

As the late Woody Guthrie's son, Arlo Guthrie has a lot to live up to; but the singer is equal to his surname. One side of ***Alice's Restaurant*** (Reprise) is devoted to *Alice's Restaurant Massacree*, an 18-minute monolog of wit and warmth; the other side of the record finds Arlo fronting a folk-rock combo, which, like Arlo and his famous father, is pleasingly, earthily unpretentious.

•

Nostalgia in large quantities; that's the not-so-secret ingredient in Columbia's Hall of Fame Series. A three-LP offering, ***The Essential Frank Sinatra,*** takes Frankie from his first recording with the Harry James Orchestra, *From the Bottom of My Heart* in 1939, to his last etching for Columbia—1952's *Why Try to Change Me Now* with Percy Faith. But primarily, it is a summary of the great combination of Sinatra and arranger-conductor Axel Stordahl. *When Your Lover Has Gone, I Should Care, Nancy, One for My Baby, Why Shouldn't I, Body and Soul* were all products of an inspired pairing. High-camp followers will be more closely attuned to ***Bing Crosby in Hollywood / 1930–1934.*** Movies were talking and singing and Bing was talking and singing in so many of them—first with Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys in *The King of Jazz*, then out on his own to grace filmdom's newly discovered sound tracks with such as *Please, Down the Old Ox Road, Temptation, Love Thy Neighbor* and *Love in Bloom*. The twin-LP musical epic delightfully delineates how The Groaner developed into the flickers' premier troubadour.

THEATER

As a satirical musical about the stock market, ***How Now, Dow Jones*** is Standard & Poor. Max Shulman's book settles

Playboy Club News

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
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MARCH 1968

"WE NEVER CLOSE" LONDON PLAYBOY CLUB NOW SWINGS 24 HOURS, SIX DAYS A WEEK!

Dining and Gaming Facilities Now Serve Members Around the Clock

LONDON (Special)—Playboy Club members and their guests have responded enthusiastically to the new operating policy of the London Club—"We never close!" The general attitude seems to be summed up in the words of one member who said, "This is just what London needed—a place you can go to at any hour and know that you will find it swinging."

Even if you're not the kind of night owl who is apt to want to entertain himself and friends at 5 or 6 in the morning you will still find that The Playboy Club offers you more entertainment under one roof than anywhere else in London.

Applications for Charter Membership in the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.8.0 during your first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter.

A complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment makes it possible for you to spend an entire evening on the town without ever leaving the Club.

You can dance to exciting beat groups in the Living Room Discothèque, where you can also help yourself to a delicious hot meal of beef à la Playboy, fried chicken and the finest barbecued spareribs in Europe—*all* for only 10s.

Bunnies serve king-size drinks in the Living Room where you may enjoy a meal at the same price as a drink. The *discothèque* features live groups and the latest records.

Enjoy epicurean cuisine impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the VIP Room and visit the Playroom Cabaret showroom presenting acts chosen from the largest talent roster in the world, where you can dine on Playboy's hearty steak dinner at the same price as a drink.

In the Penthouse Casino, occupying the entire top floor of the Club, members and their guests try their luck at blackjack, American dice, roulette and punto banco.

On the ground floor of the Club members relax in the Playmate Bar and enjoy a delicious meal at breakfast, lunch or dinner from the Playmate Grill. Here, too, the swinging atmosphere continues at the gaming tables throughout all hours of the day and night, six days a week. Of course, drink service stops after regular licencing hours but the informal atmosphere, the delicious food and the fun and games that give The Playboy Club the air of a sparkling private party never stop. (The Club opens Sun. at 7 P.M.)

Open the door to the Playboy world of excitement. By mailing the coupon today you save £8.8.0 during the first year of membership and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Full credit privileges are available to those who qualify, enabling them to sign for all purchases at the London Club. For credit privileges just tick the appropriate box. Act now, while special Charter Membership is still available.

**APPLY NOW AND SAVE—
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Reserve your place on Charter Rolls (Initiation £3.3.0, Annual Subscription £5.5.0) which assures a substantial saving over Regular Membership Fees (Initiation £6.6.0, Annual Subscription £10.10.0).

Applicants from the Continent may enclose Initiation Fee in equivalent funds of their own country in cheque, money order or currency.

The Playboy Club reserves the right to close the charter roster without prior notice.

The roulette wheel spins 24 hours a day, six days a week, Sunday from 7 P.M. Games include roulette, blackjack, dice and punto banco.

Visiting London? Stay At Forty-Five Park Lane, Atop The Playboy Club

LONDON (Special)—Luxurious suites located above the London Club, with their own entrance, lobby and lift, are available to Playboy visitors on a daily, weekly or monthly basis. Handsomely furnished in contemporary decor, each has its own TV, bath and kitchenette-bar.

Daily maid and linens, 24-hour switchboard and porter services are included. Arrangements can be made for car-hire, travel, secretarial service, sightseeing tours, valet and laundry.

Rates for studio singles are 5 gns. daily, 30 gns. weekly and 120 gns. monthly. For reservations and information on studio twins, deluxe suites and penthouse apartments, address Reception Manager, 45 Park Lane, London, W. 1, England. Telex 262187 or phone MAYfair 6001.

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CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY

TO: Membership Secretary
THE PLAYBOY CLUB, 45 Park Lane, London W.1, England

Here is my application for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.3.0 being the Initiation Fee for charter members. I understand that the Annual Subscription for charter members will be £5.5.0, payable upon notification of acceptance.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

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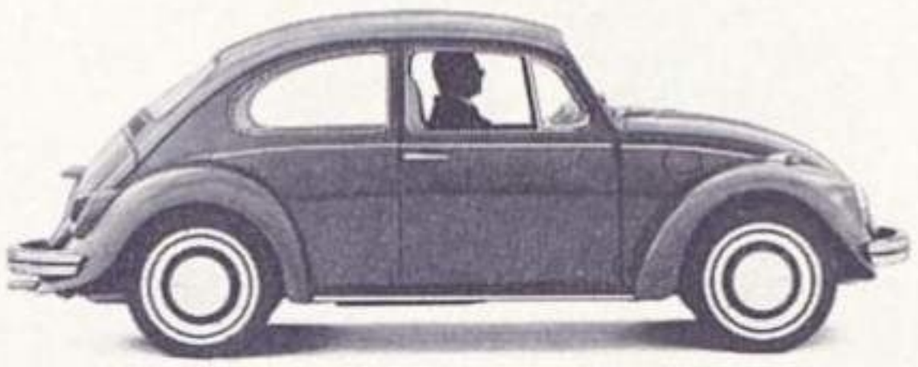
PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

☐ I wish to have credit privileges enabling me to sign all my purchases at the London Club. No extra charge for this service. 292-E



After lo these many years our humble little bug has gone automatic.

Gone is the clutch.

Gone is the wifely whine, "It's cute, but I can't drive it."

Gone is an era of Volkswagendom. Sniff.

And in its place?

A Volkswagen you can drive all over town without shifting.

Only on the highway do you shift.

Once. (This is an economy move. Which, after all, is still the name of the game.)

But you *do* have a choice in the matter: you can drive it the easy way (described above). Or you can start out in low and take it through the gears like a regular stick shift.

The automatic stick shift is an option: you pay a little more.

But you do a little less.

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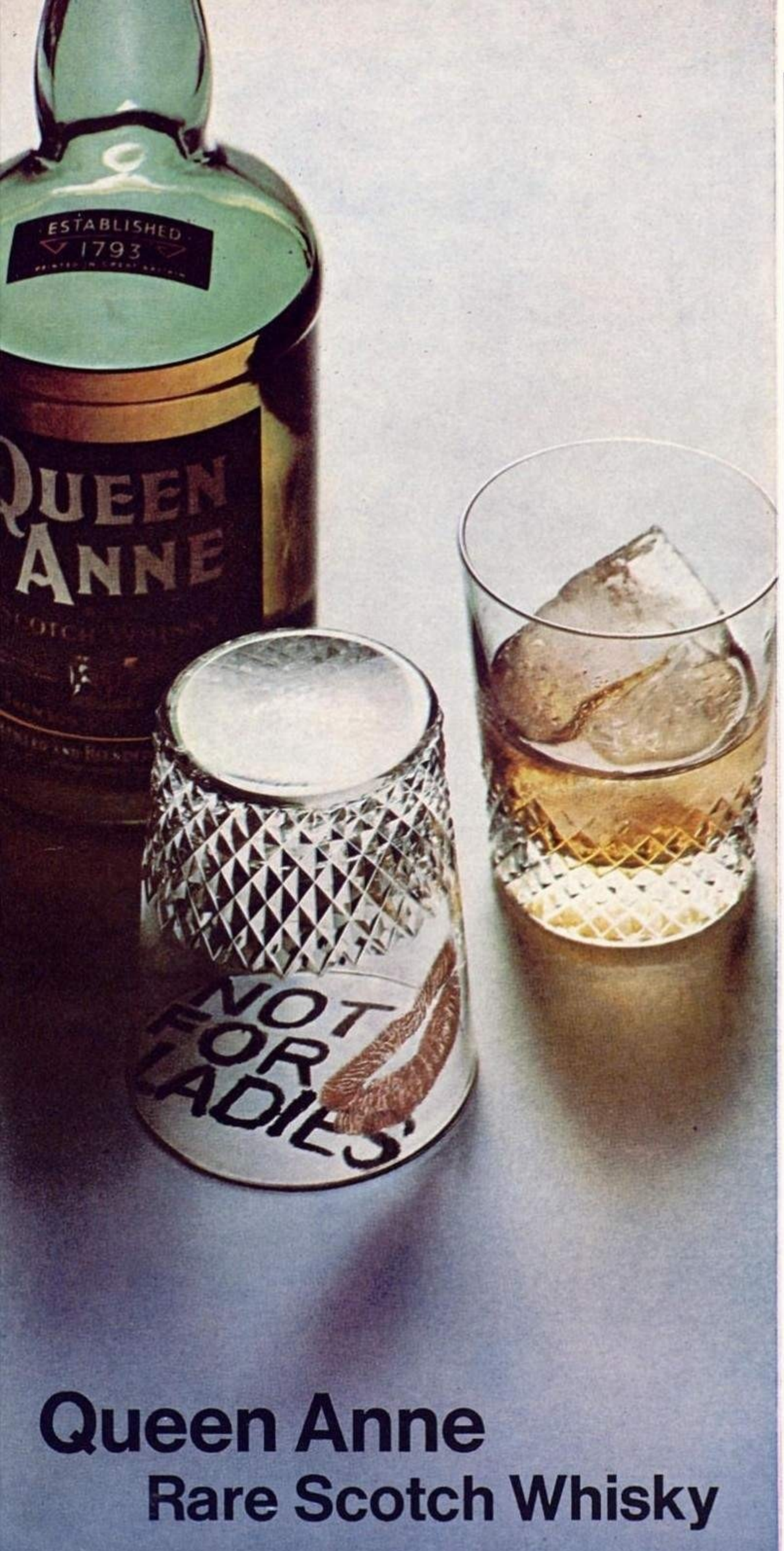
Volkswagen introduces the automatic stick shift.



for the easy name-drop as if the mere mention of "Federal Reserve Bank" were enough to send an audience into hysterics. Not only are there a Mr. Dow and a Mr. Jones on stage but also a Mr. Irving and a Mr. Trust. "All my money is in the market," goes one big joke—"on margin!" Socko! Actually, lyricist Carolyn Leigh dreamed the whole thing up. Why not a musical about the stock market? she thought. But then her power of invention flagged. In a low-cut musical, her lyrics are the lowest cut of all. Elmer Bernstein's score registers highest; the tunes have a nice beer-and-pretzels, *Dolly/Mame*ish sort of roll that keeps one beating time—and also remembering other songs, other shows. What saves *Dow Jones*, at least for an act, are the three likable leads. The heroine, who fakes the Dow Jones average in order to win a man waiting for an upturn, is Miss-America-pretty Marlyn Mason. The hero, a Wall Street fizz who turns into a whiz, is charmingly played by Anthony Roberts, a droll young man who can toss off self-deprecations like Woody Allen but is still boyishly handsome enough to deserve the girl. The comedy showstopper is throaty Brenda Vaccaro, who doesn't let the smallness or the distastefulness of her role throw her. She plays a stock-exchange guide who falls for a randy, rich old Wall Street walrus (Hiram Sherman) and accepts his proposition, even though it slipped his mind. It keeps slipping his mind and she keeps waiting to be kept. (This is not only a show for the tired businessman, it is partially about him.) In the course of her new career, Miss Vaccaro gets pinched on her bottom several times, and the pinch lines are orchestrated by that broad old theater hand George Abbott. The producer is David Merrick. A definite downturn. At the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 West 46th Street.

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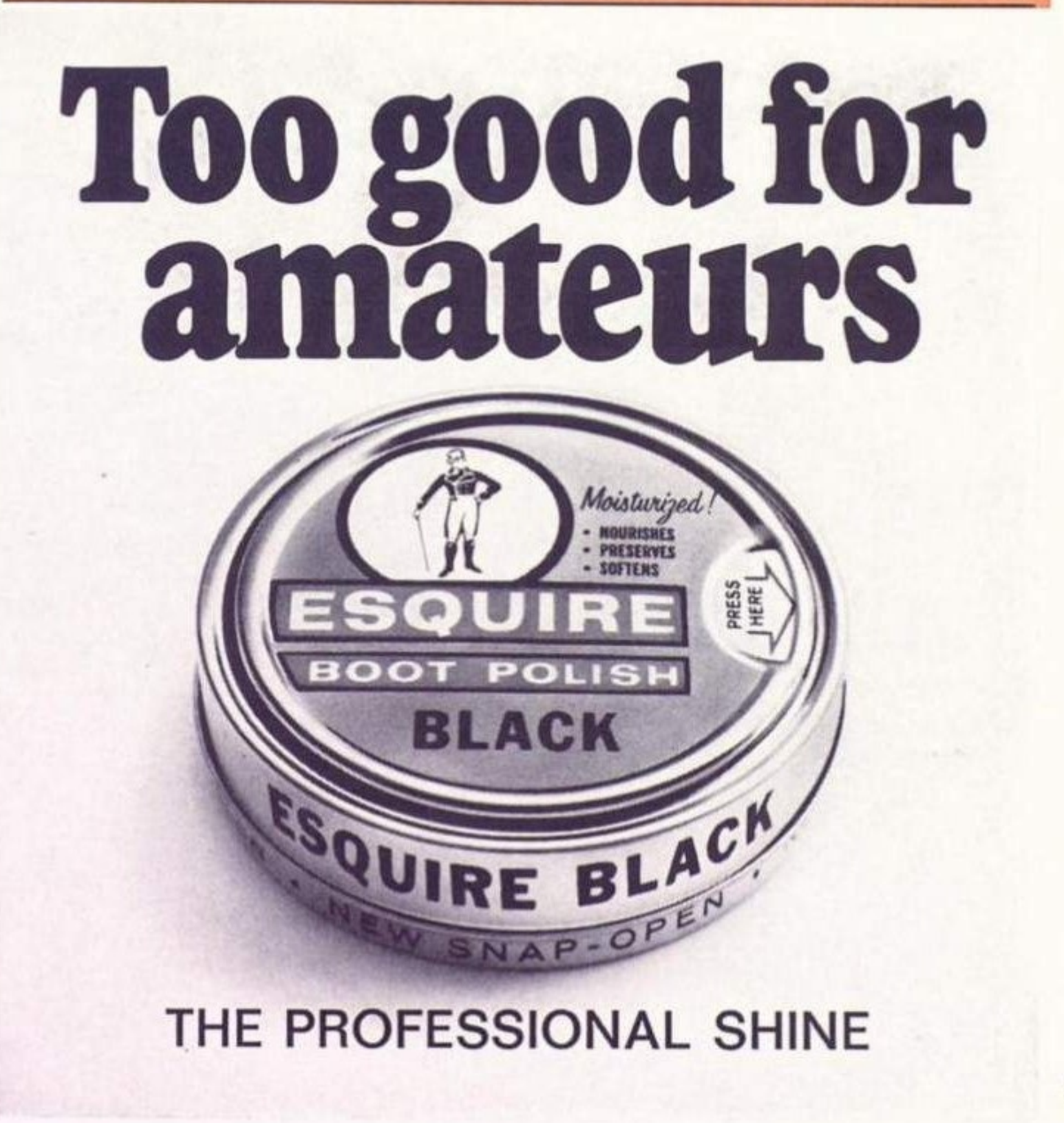
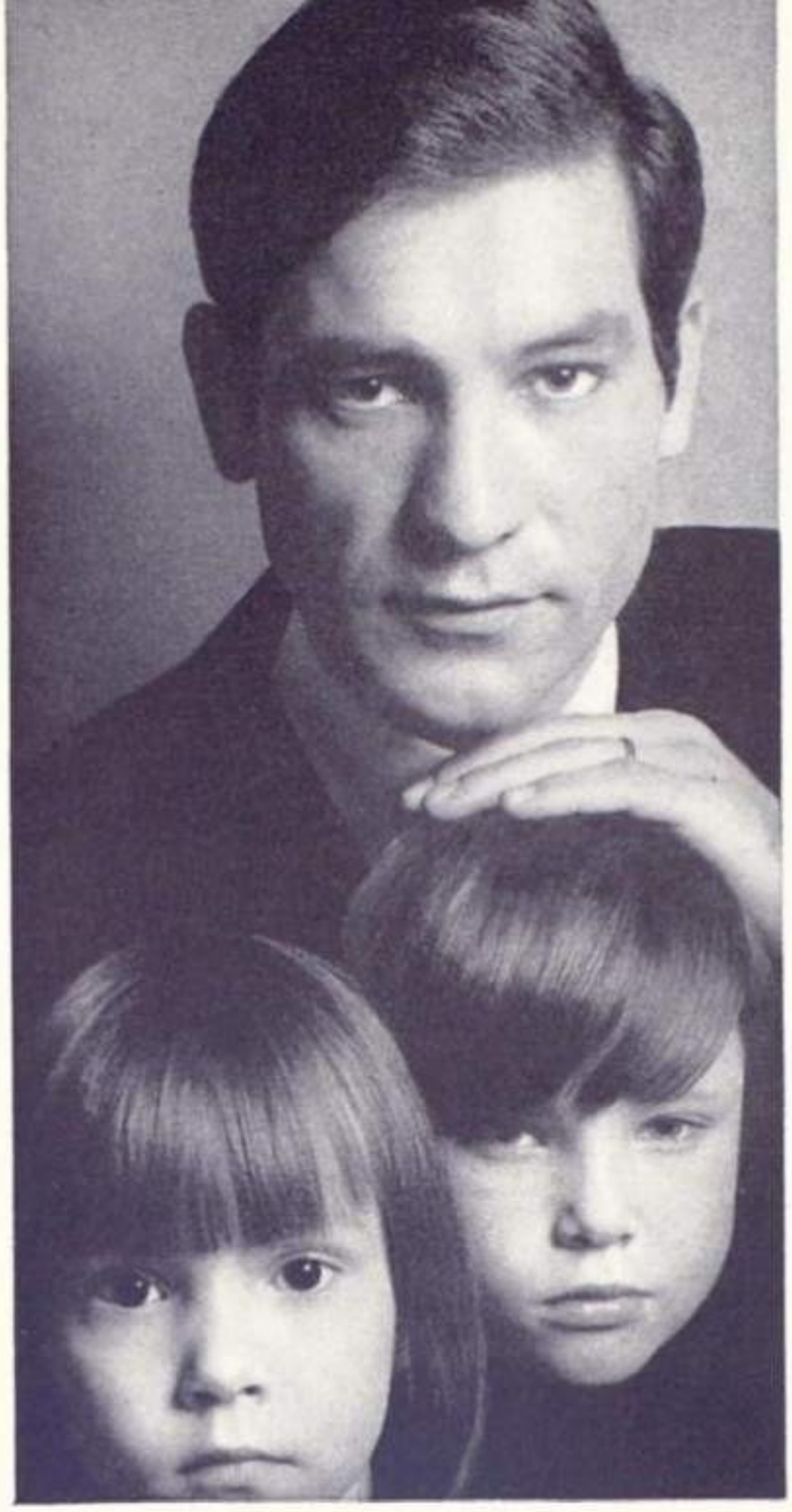
Hair is alive! It throbs with an exuberance seldom seen, heard or felt on the American stage. The rock score by Galt MacDermot makes most Broadway show tunes seem as canned as Muzak and the rock combo that leads the action (MacDermot himself on piano) makes the average Broadway pit band resemble Lester Lanin's. An improvisatory abandon infects the production, but this is a play and not a Happening. The characters are stereotypes—the nice girl who's desperate to turn on, the alpaca-haired goofball of the crowd (Gerome Ragni, co-author with James Rado of the book and lyrics) and the sweet-tempered, reluctant draftee who is misunderstood by parents, girl and country. The show is full of flaws, but its freewheeling format and stunning staging (by Gerald Freedman) leave room for all sorts of refreshing interjections—an explosion of dancing,

a knockout of a title song. The entire cast in a flash-frozen balletic sequence mimes the meaning of war: We kill you and they kill us, and someone else kills them. An occasional number slides into sentimentality, but the heart of *Hair* is youth—the authors, the actors (the best are waifish Shelley Plimpton and limber Sally Eaton) and the audience. Since the inaugural show at Joseph Papp's off-Broadway Public Theater on the fringe of the East Village, *Hair* has moved to an equally natural habitat, an Uptown *discothèque*, Cheetah, Broadway and 53rd Street.

•

Retired chicken farmer Frank **Spofford** is a native son of, and also a displaced person in, that stretch of Connecticut suburbia that has been cannibalized by commuters and canonized by novelist Peter DeVries. DeVries' *Reuben, Reuben* is the source book for this particular exercise, with Herman Shumlin the adapter and director. A rustic who belts out one-liner Yankeeisms, Spofford is also a cracker-barrel philosopher, amateur anthropologist and armchair intellectual. Says he about the modern verse of Gowan McGland, the tippling, toppling Scots poet who may or may not be based on Dylan Thomas and who is scouring the suburbs for bed partners: "He comes straight out with double meanings." At the age of 64, Spofford decides to investigate the fleshpots himself, to observe the commuters at close quarters, as gardener, baby sitter and confidant—a sort of *bon voyeur*. The Connecticutites accept him as a character and he adopts their language. "I don't know why you're so uptight," he challenges the surly lass who wants him to settle down and marry her widowed mother, a sweet old lady who can almost match the master in aphorisms, although hers have a homey quality to them ("lying down and sleeping is the best thing for sitting up and thinking"). Old Spofford's advice to the widow is more pointed: "Sublimate all this energy you have. Pour it into sex." As acted by Melvyn Douglas, Spofford is a scream—a rambling, ruminating, colorful codger chock-full of geriatricks; and Pert Kelton as the well-meaning widow is his equal at underplay. Their scenes together have warmth without sacrificing wildness. Unfortunately, *Spofford* is not so much a play as a novel played around with. Spofford addresses the audience, then mixes the action, then talks some more, and some more. Shumlin's awkward dramaturgy and stolid direction leave much to be desired, and there are soft spots in the supporting cast. But when Douglas and Kelton are on stage (which in the case of Douglas is almost all the time), the witty lines rebound and it is a sparkling DeVries-for-all. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd Street.





Revlon's great gift to 20th Century Man may be his hair

Look for a man who says he doesn't care about his hair. And you'll probably find a man who isn't telling you the truth. Because of this universal male concern, Revlon scientists have worked for years to improve the condition of hair and scalp. The result is a remarkable scientific discovery. A unique medical agent combined with a method of treatment that truly alleviates dandruff.

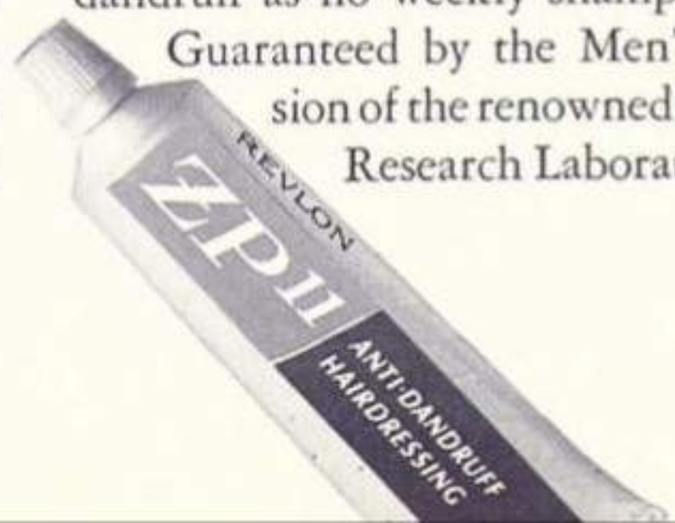
ZP[11], the first Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing. An exclusive Revlon formula so effective, doctors report it brought actual, visible results in 3 out of every 4 cases tested.

Will ZP[11] work for you? The odds are all in your favor. In tests on hundreds of dandruff cases, both simple and severe, ZP[11] was the answer in 3 out of every 4 cases. After regular use, even severe flaking, scaling, itching, burning and crusting were controlled indefinitely.

Why is ZP[11] so successful? It's the first continuous action anti-dandruff formula. Its medication is part of a fine, non-greasy, pleasantly scented cream hairdressing men enjoy using daily. And regular use is the key. ZP[11] succeeds because medication stays on your scalp day after day. None is lost, as in wash-away shampoos.

How soon will ZP[11] work? In most cases, doctors noted maximum benefits in from one to three weeks. Find out about ZP[11], the first Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing. It works on dandruff as no weekly shampoo can.

Guaranteed by the Men's Division of the renowned Revlon Research Laboratories.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What do they give men in nudist camps to keep them from getting erections?—D. K., North Hollywood, California.

Exposure. Once the novelty of coed nude living has worn off, the problem seldom arises.

I've heard that eating steaks that have been charcoal broiled can cause cancer. Is there any evidence to prove this?—N. L., Chicago, Illinois.

There has been to date no research that would definitely link charcoal grilling and cancer. A recent study reported that very minute quantities of polynuclear hydrocarbons—compounds that, in larger quantities, have caused cancer in animals—are present in charcoal-broiled steaks. In the conclusion of their report, however, the scientists stressed that the presence of these compounds in such small quantities is not necessarily dangerous to humans. As with many of the hazards we face in our complex world, one must choose between a clear and present pleasure and a remote possibility of danger. It's worth mentioning that the scientists who did this research did not throw away the charcoaled steaks; after samples had been taken for analysis, they ate them.

What is the correct way to store sweaters—hung or folded?—G. H., Houston, Texas.

Folded.

Your explanation of the "French letter" enigma in James Joyce's *Ulysses* (*The Playboy Advisor*, September 1967) suggests that you might be able to enlighten me on a similar subject. I am taking a college survey course in literature and I am convinced that there is some kind of sexual meaning in many of the references to death in the love poems of John Donne, the Elizabethan poet. I tried to bring this up in class, but the professor (a stuffy old prude) made a very evasive reply and changed the subject quickly. Could you give me a straight answer?—T. L., Ames, Iowa.

Your hunch is correct. The Elizabethans often took poetic license with the fact that, in popular slang, orgasm was called "dying." Donne, in particular, relished the paradoxical effect created by dropping this pun into a serious poem. Examples are: "Love me, that I may die the gentler way" ("The Prohibition"); "We can die by it, if not live by love" ("The Canonization"); and "We die but once, and who lov'd last did die" ("The Paradox")—which is almost over-Donne. Shakespeare also sported with this saturnine joke—and could even use it in a moment of high seriousness, as when King Lear says with a kingly leer, "I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom."

For an upcoming trip, I would like to know which credit cards and traveler's checks are most acceptable in England, France and Scandinavia.—L. R., Detroit, Michigan.

Most good hotels and restaurants throughout the world honor either American Express or Diners' Club credit cards. American Express Traveler's Checks are the most widely used; but several others—those issued by Cooke's, the Bank of America, and the First National City Bank of New York, for example—will be accepted at virtually any foreign currency exchange or bank.

The dean of men at my college has a daughter whom I've been dating regularly. He has let me know that I would have his approval as a son-in-law. I like the girl, but I'm not sure I'm ready to marry. My problem is a coed who works in his office, whom I'd also like to date but am afraid to ask out for fear he'll find out and spoil things for me. Can you advise?—P. G., Rittman, Ohio.

Unless you've asked for his daughter's hand, the dean's approval of you is presumptuous and places no obligation on you. We suggest that you have a frank talk with your girl, explaining that you do not feel ready to marry and wish to date more widely. Then go ahead and date whomever you please; and, of course, she may do the same. You must expect, however, that you may be moved from the dean's list to another list, less honorific in nature.

At a party I hosted, I served two bottles of champagne in addition to the usual supply of cocktails. One bottle of champagne "fizzed" when opened; the other was surprisingly flat. Although the only difference in taste in the second bottle was the lack of carbonation, the difference in effect was rather noticeable, as everyone seemed much higher than usual. Someone said the second bottle had turned "blue" and that the proof had gone sky-high. Do you know what caused this to happen?—B. R., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Your bubbly was anything but bubbly because a leak had developed around the cork, thus allowing the carbon dioxide to escape. Under certain circumstances, this could increase the proof slightly (the

alcoholic content is usually around 12 percent), but hardly enough to be called "sky-high." Maybe your guests were drinking faster to get the flat champagne out of the way. Rather than serve it, you should have returned it to your dealer.

My wife and I are grandparents, having married back in the Forties. I've come to realize that my sexual needs have always been greater than hers and that I've missed a lot in life. I have discussed this with her and have obtained her agreement to my having extramarital sex, as long as I don't tell her about it. I have found a gratifying number of partners, but I brood over the joys my wife is passing up. She still thinks extramarital sex is wrong, and I'd like to change her mind. Have you any suggestions?—W. L. H., Highland Park, Illinois.

We suggest you leave your wife's mind alone—except perhaps for trying to achieve greater sexual compatibility within your marriage, which seems to us a lot more constructive than playing around outside it. Since you say your wife's sexual needs are not as great as yours, there is no reason to suppose that she is passing up any "joys" by not having her own lovers. Your "brooding" is probably the result of guilt, which you feel would be assuaged if your wife were doing the same thing. Consider yourself fortunate that she's broad-minded enough to let you do what you want to do.

I'm certainly no novice in the stock market, but I've yet to read a decent explanation of puts and calls. Can you oblige?—C. S., Brooklyn, New York.

Glad to. A call gives an individual the right to buy a stock at a certain price, and a put is the right to sell it. These options are usually for 100 shares, lasting from 30 days to six months. You can purchase them through your broker. Puts and calls are frequently used by high rollers to protect profits, but they can be just as useful to small investors, producing a lot of action for a relatively small sum. As a fortunate example, during the last week of 1966, you could have purchased 100 shares of Ling-Temco-Vought common stock—then selling around $72 a share—for about $7200. During the week of June 23, 1967, when L.T.V. sold as high as 156⅞, you could have sold out for a profit of $8500. But, had you used your money to buy a call, rather than to purchase the shares outright, your $7200 would have bought you the right to buy 700 shares at 72. Exercising your option at 156⅞ and immediately selling the shares would have brought you a profit in the neighborhood of $60,000.

In today's market, a six-month call on 100 shares of a listed stock will probably cost you 15 percent of the shares' market value. If they don't rise that much during the option period, you'll lose most or all of your purchase price. Puts are cheaper, because they're less popular, due to the observable upward tendency of stocks nowadays. Needless to say, the option world is a risky one. A few years ago, the Securities Exchange Commission studied puts and calls for eight months and concluded that only one in five proves profitable—but the average profit is 150 percent.

Some time ago, I saw a photograph in a newspaper of a racially mixed couple from Tennessee who were refused a marriage license. I am a white GI and plan to marry a Negro girl when my tour of duty ends. We are both aware of what we will be facing socially. Are we also likely to meet legal obstacles to our marriage in any of the states?—J. R., APO New York, New York.

There are no legal obstacles to your proposed marriage: The U.S. Supreme Court ruled last year, in the case of "Loving vs. Virginia," that all laws prohibiting marriage between members of different races are unconstitutional.

I purchased an expensive stereo component system—and, as it turns out, I got more than I bargained for, since I have speakers that sing whenever the amplifier is turned on. Unfortunately, they know only one song, and it goes, "Sssssssss." How can I get them to cool it and stop hissing?—D. J., Waukegan, Illinois.

Try switching your speaker leads; if that fails, try inserting your A.C. plug into a different socket. You should also check the speaker-cable connections for dust. If you can't eliminate the noise yourself, you should call a repairman, ask for the return of your purchase price or learn to hiss along.

Many of the men who write to *The Playboy Advisor* have the kinds of sex problems that come after the basic problem—getting a girl into bed—has been solved. I can't identify with these conflicts any more than an unemployed man can worry about an affluent neighbor who's undecided whether to invest in blue chips or blow a wad on a yacht. As for me, I have no difficulties of the rarefied sort reported by other readers, because, although I date plenty of girls, I never get them into bed—I am afraid of making that first important move. What have you to say to me?—A. S., New York, New York.

George Herman Ruth still holds baseball's all-time home-run record. It is less well known that until recently, he also held the record for strike-outs. Obviously, the Babe wouldn't have connected often if he hadn't swung often. And, just as obviously, he didn't fret about striking out. That's what we have to say to you.

I suffer from a common but hushed-up affliction: monobrowism. Every three days, I'm obliged to shave between my eyebrows or I'm liable to sprout a five-o'clock shadow above the nose. When I pluck the offensive follicles, they grow back within a week and again I resemble an ogre. The problem is hairy enough to cause me many sleepless nights and inhibits my approaches to the fair sex. Any solutions?—E. C., Atlanta, Georgia.

There are several effective depilatory creams available, although—as with shaving or plucking—they must be applied every few days. A dermatologist can advise you on the prospects for permanent removal by means of electrolysis. The "ogre" you see exists only in your own mirror; there's no reason for your hirsute brow to make you a social outcast.

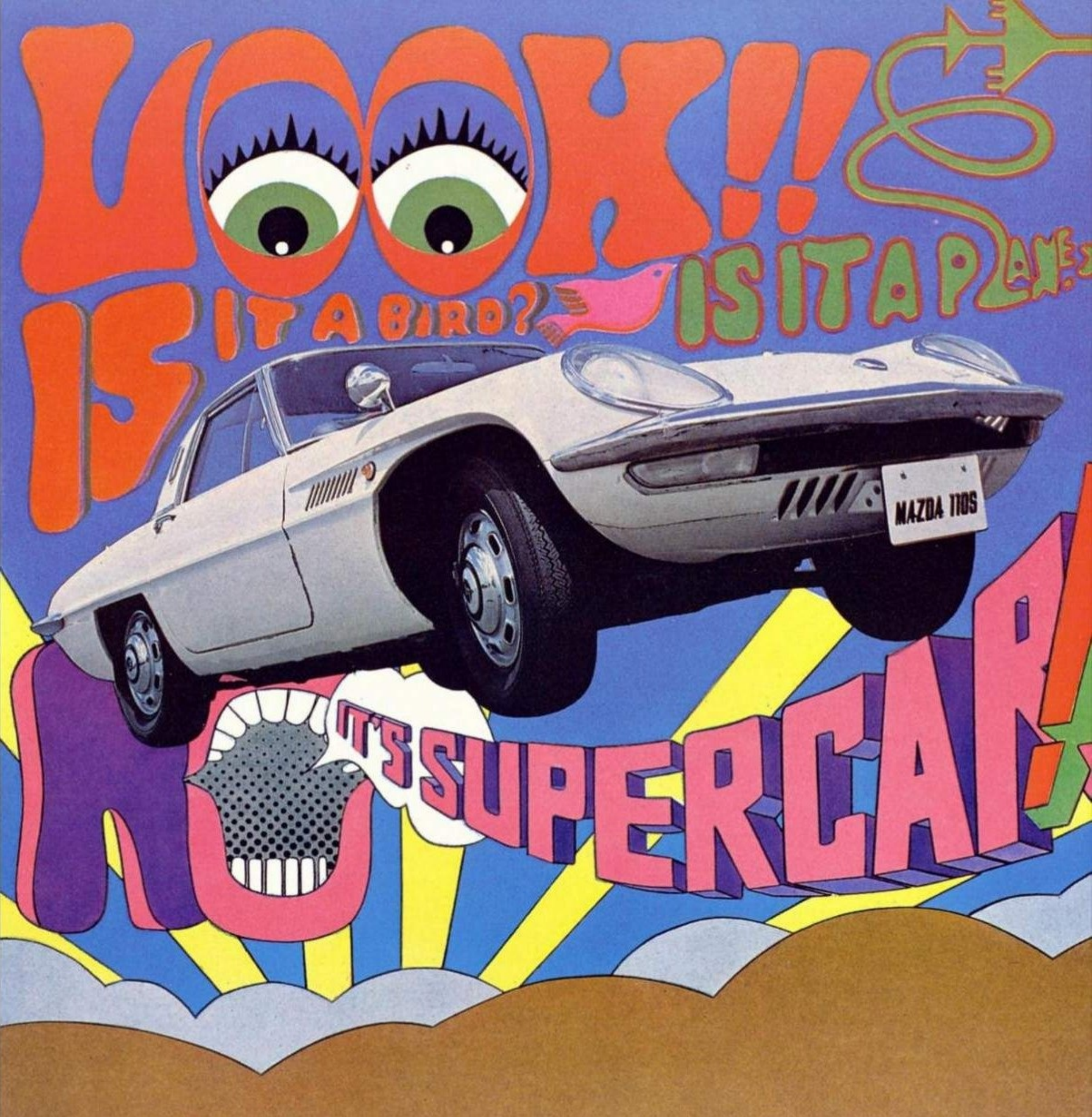
What is a spritzer?—C. D., Ogden, Utah.

A Teutonic term for Rhine wine with soda water, often served on the rocks.

I enjoy an uninhibited sex life but like to feel that whatever my partner and I do gives equal pleasure to both of us. My current girlfriend takes extreme delight in practicing fellatio, and, of course, I appreciate these attentions. One thing troubles me, however. She claims that she can reach orgasm without any reciprocal activity from me. Is this possible? I'd prefer to pitch in rather than just be passive.—T. G. L., New York, New York.

It is possible. Kinsey, in his "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female," reported that "The lips, the tongue and the whole interior of the mouth constitute or could constitute for most individuals an erogenous area of nearly as great significance as the genitalia." Your girlfriend, of course, should be considerate of your own desires in wishing to reciprocate her attentions.

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



Announcing the advent of the Mazda 110 S! Known in Japan as the Cosmo Sport, it's powered by the world's first dual rotor engine! Not since the first (SPUTTER, SPUTTER) sputtering car outpaced the horse's buggy has there been an automotive breakthrough of this dimension.

Just what is a rotary engine, what's it all about? It's an engine that tosses out the jerky old idea of up-and-down, start-and-stop pistons. It replaces them with a couple of clean, trouble-free rotary pistons that move in the same direction constantly, smoothly, circularly. The flow of force is never interrupted. So you get more power, smoother power, and a quieter, almost vibrationless engine.

Word's only? Look at the facts. The Mazda 110 S delivers (you guessed it!) 110 horsepower and puts out 7000 rpm's without sweating it. It races at speeds reaching upward to 185 kph. Accelerates from a dead stop to 100 kph in 8.7 seconds, and spurts past the quarter mile mark in another 7.6 seconds. YIKES! You'll find there are few cars in the world which compare with the Mazda 110 S. Little wonder that Toyo Kogyo —the company that designed and developed this gem—is probably the world's proudest auto maker, not to mention the most progressive.

Chances are, you're skeptical. ("How can any one car really be this good?") Why not at least find out more about who we are and what our car can do. We'll send you complete specs and company info—the whole bit. We think you'll wind up more convinced than ever that the 110 S is genuinely the most startling new car of a lifetime, the world's most advanced car, the absolute END!

● LICENSE NSU-WANKEL

From the world's most progressive automotive plant.

MAZDA

Toyo Kogyo Co., Ltd. Hiroshima, Japan.

Both shirt and tiger have ancestors in India (see below). A firm French lining keeps Hathaway's London Polo collar looking smooth without starch—always.

Hathaway unleashes Bengal stripes

Noting that shirt stripes hadn't changed for years, Hathaway's chief designer decided to bring back a Bengal.

Bengal stripes are *reversed*—the color dominates, not the white. They were discovered 200 years ago in the province of Bengal in India, also famous for its tigers.

The cuffs are French. But you can clasp them with these new Techglo *button* cuff links. Or with jewelry of your own.

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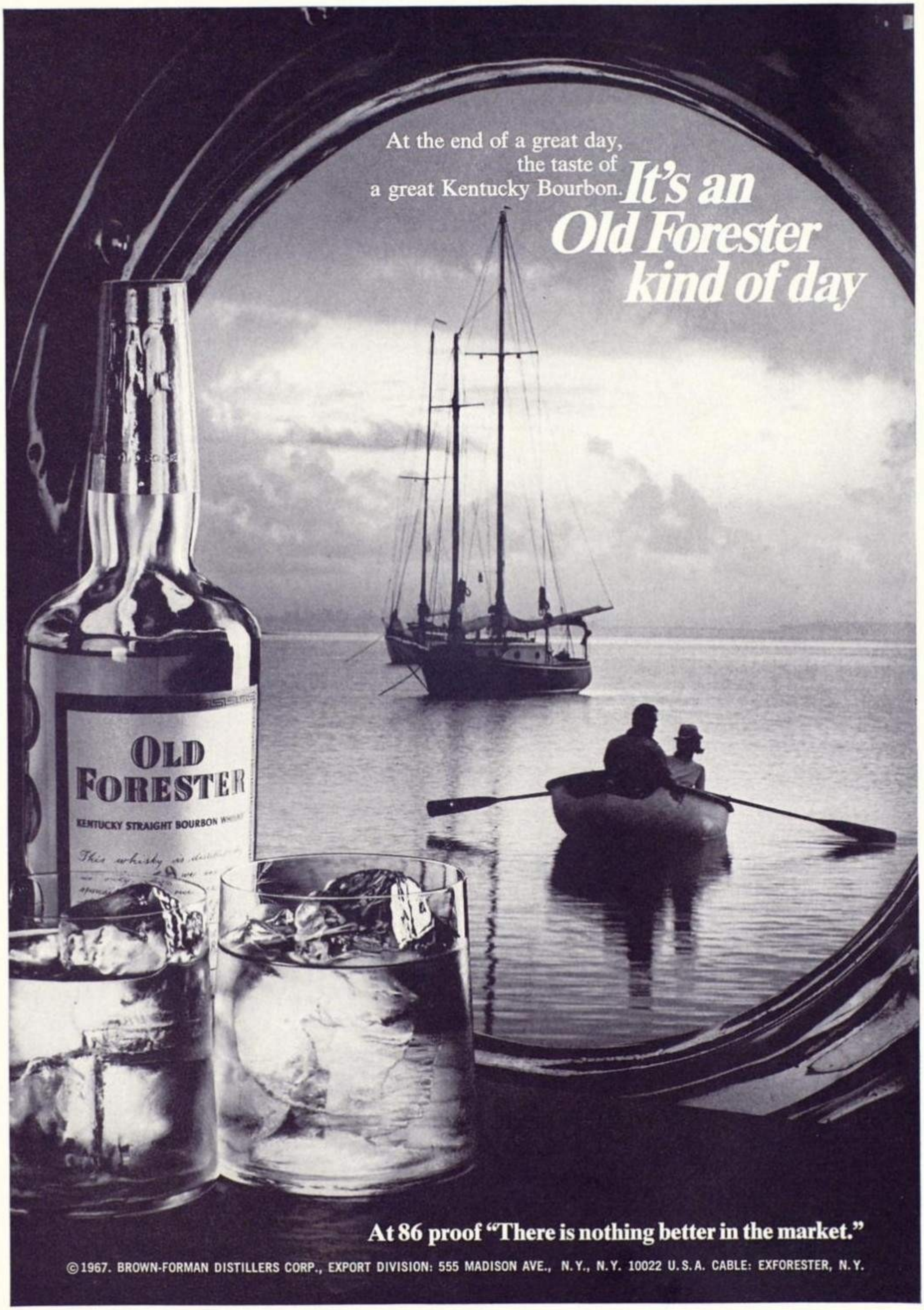
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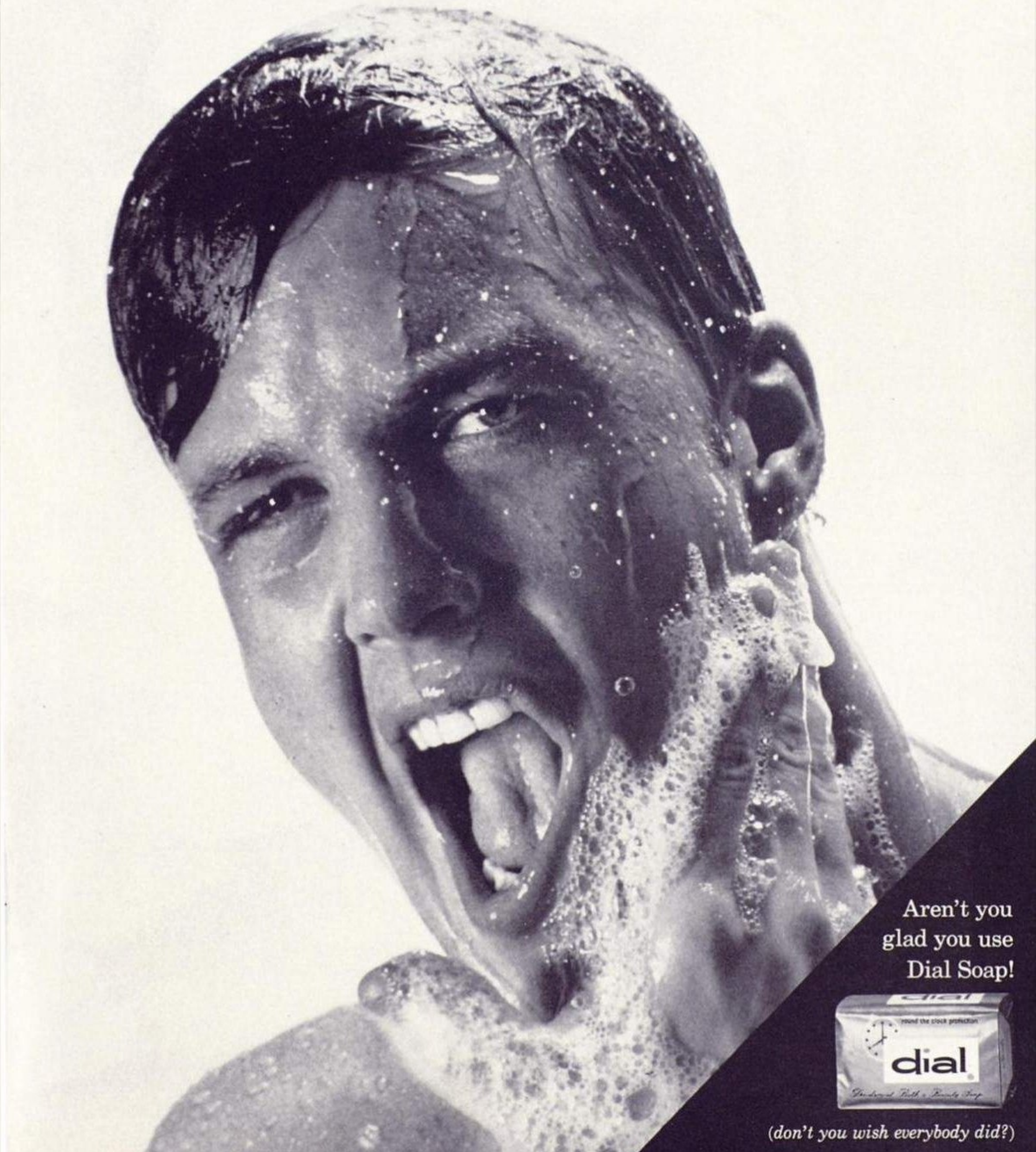

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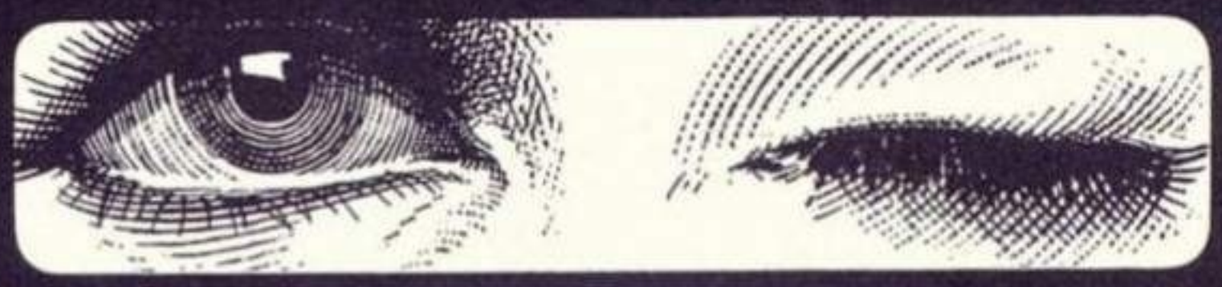

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IRELAND'S COLORFUL CUSTOMS, roisterous life style and tragic historic traditions have endowed the island with a mystique all its own. But beyond the Irishman's often fanciful folkways looms his love for the land itself, a land spectacularly green and unforgettably luxuriant.

A first-time visitor to the Emerald Isle can't help being impressed, amid this setting, by the nation's unhurried pace; no throughways exist in Ireland, and to the touring motorist this means leisurely driving on narrow, winding roads through scores of picturesque villages. Another inviting aspect of Irish life is the nation's love affair with food; a United Nations survey compiled a few years back revealed that, in terms of daily caloric intake, the Irishman is the world's best-fed human being. The nation's seacoasts and more than 800 lakes keep its citizenry supplied with succulent seafood—Dublin Bay prawns, lobster, salmon, trout, pike and halibut—and its rich grazing pastures produce what is probably the best beef in Europe. And to help wash down the rich desserts, try an Irish coffee—dark Java laced with Irish whiskey, sweetened with brown sugar and beatified by cream so thick it barely folds when poured.

If you fly to Ireland via Aer Lingus (Irish International Airlines), your first step on the old sod will be taken at Shannon International Airport, in the southwest of the Maine-sized nation. The airport's tax-free store, open 24 hours a day, offers such traditional Irish products as Aran Islands sweaters (the kind popularized by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem), Waterford crystal and first-rate Irish tweeds, linen and lace.

Eight miles north of Shannon lies Dromoland Castle, once the headquarters of the royal clan O'Brien and five years ago converted into a luxury lodging. Not the least of Dromoland's attractions is its 18-hole championship golf course, built at a cost of more than a million dollars. A 15-minute drive from Dromoland will bring you to Bunratty Castle, the nation's most faithfully preserved medieval fortress, where you'll want to stop for a candlelit dinner; hostesses attired in 15th Century garb replenish your goblet with mead while you relish an ancient Irish-style groaning board featuring roast capon and *salmagundy* (a salad of chopped meat, eggs, onions and anchovies).

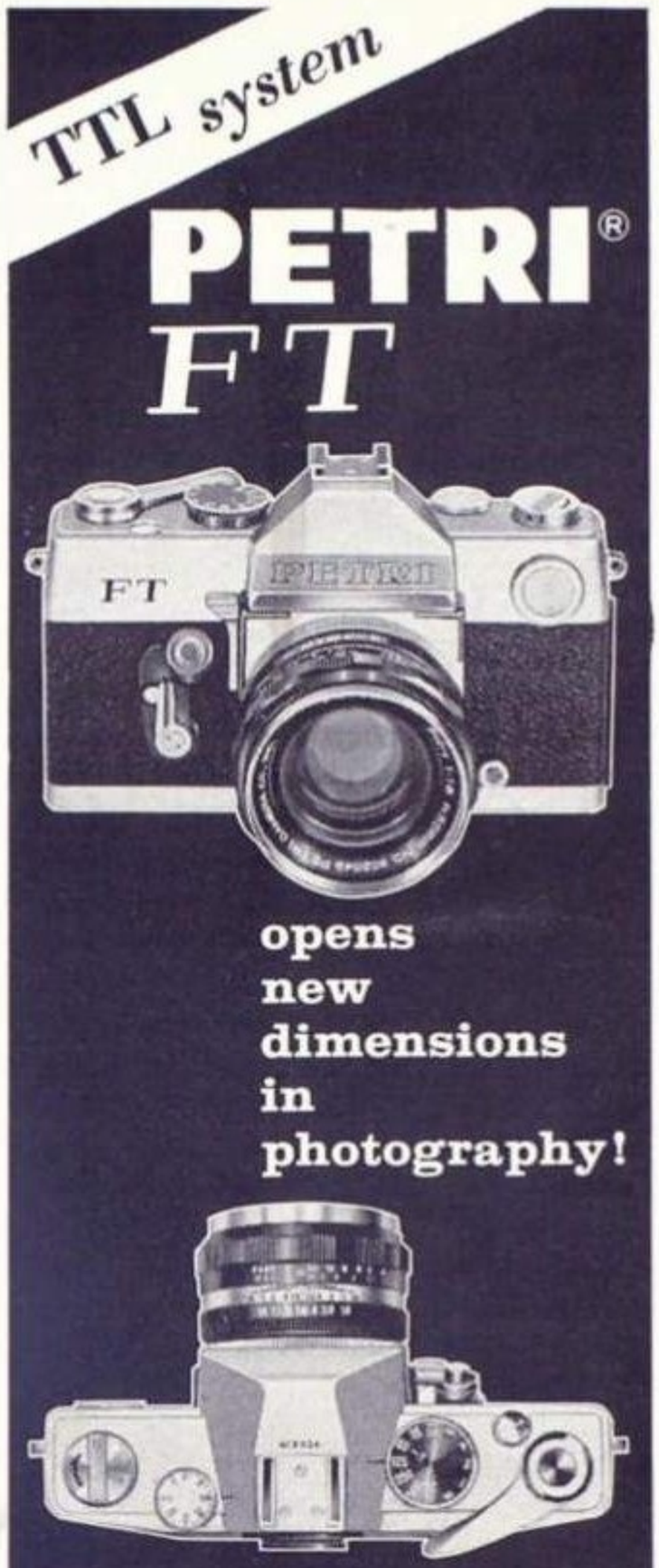
Limerick, less than an hour's drive from Bunratty, has a population of just over 50,000, which makes it one of the country's metropolitan centers; the Republic of Ireland, with fewer than 3,000,000 inhabitants, is Europe's least crowded nation. Plan on putting up at the Limerick Intercontinental or the Royal George while visiting the city's many historic high points. It's a short drive from Limerick to Killaloe, a water-ski center where colleens daringly (for Ireland) don bikinis to celebrate May temperatures that rarely rise above 70 degrees.

Dublin can be reached by car within two and a half hours from Killaloe, but you might want to make the trip more memorable by signing on a pleasure cruiser for the journey there via the River Shannon. Ireland is a nation of hospitable conversationalists and, once in Dublin, the quickest way to get your bearings is to spend the better part of a day pub hopping. During the week, pubs are open from 10:30 A.M. to 11 P.M.—11:30 during summer—with an hour off for lunch. Among the many pubs well worth visiting are the White Horse, Brendan Behan's favorite, now patronized by the Irish press crowd; McDaid's, where poets read aloud while they tipple; Neary's, patronized by Peter O'Toole and Ireland's theatrical set; and McGovern's, one of the few pubs in Dublin where customers are allowed to sing (an Irish licensing law unaccountably bans most bar balladeering).

At dinnertime, the city's most regal repasts are to be enjoyed at the Russell Hotel for French cuisine, the Shelbourne Hotel for game, the Golden Orient for Indian curries, Bailey for seafood and Bernardo's for Italian food. Afterward, Dublin's theatrically oriented night life will reward you with insights into Ireland's past and present. The Abbey Theater presents the classic Irish plays of O'Casey and Synge; the Gaiety is the city's leading showcase for opera and musical comedy; the Gate, for contemporary Irish drama.

Meeting up with a Dublin beauty before or after the theater should present no problems. The easiest—and most obvious—way to latch onto a comely companion is to put in an appearance at either of the two most popular ballrooms—the Metropole and Clery's. And don't be surprised if your new-found friend's rosy-cheeked charms beguile you into staying on for a few extra weeks, months or even years: Ireland has been legendarily described as a country in which the probable never happens—and the impossible always does.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PORNOGRAPHY AND CRIME

Since PLAYBOY is one of my favorite magazines, I was pleased to find myself quoted in the December *Playboy Forum* on the subject of pornography and crime. In 13 years of practice as a clinical psychologist, I have not encountered a single adolescent who was harmed in any way by reading pornography. My own conviction, based on experience, is that the people who organize crusades against pornography are, by and large, the same persons who oppose sex education and who spread the neurosis-breeding notion that it is possible for a thought to be evil. If such people could only realize that thoughts, daydreams, fantasies and desires are not in themselves reprehensible, a large victory would be scored for mental health. I have worked with disturbed adolescents, accused of sex crimes, who started to improve when they were able to read pornography without feeling guilty. Contrary to all the censors and bluenoses, if some perfect system of thought control were found and all pornography were burned to cinders, in our present society —where sex education is more a myth than a reality—the result would be an enormous increase in impulsive sex crimes.

Incidentally, I consider PLAYBOY the most important force for sexual enlightenment in the United States today.

Sol Gordon, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of
Psychology and Education
Yeshiva University
New York, New York

MASSACHUSETTS MOVIE BAN

Massachusetts is being rocked by a dispute over a film made by Fred Wiseman called *Titicut Follies*. The title comes from the annual inmates' musical show at Bridgewater State Hospital. This institution includes a section for the "criminally insane," where Wiseman made his film with the explicit permission of the state commissioner and the director of the hospital. Wiseman, who also made *The Cool World*, is a topnotch *cinéma vérité* film maker. The movie was shown at the New York Film Festival but has since been withdrawn from viewing and is now banned by a temporary court injunction here in Massachusetts. There has been opposition to the film because it contains a good deal of nudity (very *un*erotic, I might add)—mostly of ugly, humiliated but somehow amazingly dignified patients.

The state has based its case, however, on the allegation that the film constitutes an invasion of the privacy of the inmates. I think the state has other motives. It wants to keep the film from being shown so that the public won't know what goes on inside Bridgewater. Far from violating the rights of the inmates, the movie makes an eloquent plea *for* their rights.

I have seen the film and think it is desperately important that it be shown to the public at large. *Titicut Follies* is a documentary. It is shocking, terrifying, harsh and one of the greatest films I have ever seen. It depicts the systematic dehumanization of patients at Bridgewater, not by guards but by the vicious system of imprisoning people for behavior that our society finds eccentric or morally questionable. Many of the inmates are incarcerated on so-called "morals" charges.

The state hospitals of America are still dungeons of human repression, whose luckless inmates are rarely defended. This film, a truly moral and courageous work of art, will defend them. The state of Massachusetts is censoring this film through the courts. I have discussed it with scholars, psychiatrists, lawyers and film makers who have seen it, and they are unanimous in insisting that it must be shown and that we must fight back. I hope the Playboy Foundation will help.

Harvey G. Cox
The Divinity School
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Playboy Foundation will participate in the legal defense fund for "Titicut Follies." We are grateful to Dr. Cox for writing to "The Playboy Forum" about the banning of this compelling documentary and we'll publish in future issues further news about the film's status.

SODOMY FACTORIES

In the corner of a page near the back of an Ohio newspaper inconspicuously appeared a short news item that told of a judge sentencing a 17-year-old boy convicted of murder to life imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary.

One of the first adjustments he will have to make is to learn how to stay alive. The Ohio Penitentiary fosters and perpetuates homosexuality, since it crams

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almost 3000 men into 23½ acres without even a hint of a normal heterosexual outlet for their sexual drives. The homosexuals among them are always looking for new victims who are young and inexperienced. The boy may protest this depravity, but he had better not protest too loudly, for the system doesn't like protesters. Furthermore, the experienced cons who are prowling for new prey have tempting persuaders—knives that can be bought for six or seven packs of cigarettes. They willfully cut and even kill those who won't cooperate.

Those Christians who vehemently deny that God is dead should look at the prison system. Christians are responsible for that world. Somewhere it is written: "If a man say 'I love God,' and hateth his brother, he is a liar." Or is this an insignificant news item, too?

The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf
East Glenville Methodist Church
Cleveland, Ohio

AN EX-PRISONER'S TALE

The discussions in *The Playboy Forum* of homosexuality in prisons brought to mind a personal experience. A few years ago, I was charged with theft and placed on probation. I violated my probation and was sent to the Texas State Penitentiary at Huntsville.

In the pen, homosexuality was a way of life for the majority of the inmates. (I was one of the lucky ones who remained in the minority.) The strong preyed on the weak, who were forced into acts of submission. To report such incidents to the person in charge merely brought down on the victim the wrath of everyone concerned. Those who reported that they had been forced to submit to homosexual prisoners were treated as if they had willingly yielded. This treatment consisted of being segregated from the other prisoners and put with a group of men who had reported such incidents or who were homosexuals caught in the act. These segregated units were called "garden squads." They worked separately and ate separately from all the others. They were scorned and ridiculed by both convicts and guards. This situation in the Texas prison system has gotten better, but it still needs improvement. There have been a number of reforms, but the reformers cannot be everywhere at once to see what's going on. Thus, running the show is in the hands of the backwoods hicks who are so prevalent in our penal institutions. Until these people are either corrected themselves or are thrown out, nothing can be done to help prisoners placed in the situation I've described. They must live in fear of their fellow prisoners and of the prison administrators.

Since I've left the precincts of the Texas Department of Corrections, I've finished college and am now working toward a doctorate in economics. Unfortunately,

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

SEX AND THE STUDENT

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA—*Dr. Joseph Katz, research psychologist and director of a massive four-year study of students at Stanford and the University of California at Berkeley, declared that sexual promiscuity is not common among college students. "Sexual intimacy," he stated, "where it occurs, takes place in the context of a relationship that is serious rather than casual." More important to the students than mere physical contact, maintains Dr. Katz, is the desire to establish communicative relations.*

HOMICIDE AND THE FETUS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Assistant U. S. Attorney Alfred Hantman gave an unexpected and bizarre boost to the cause of abortion-law reform. Faced with the unusual case of a man who shot his pregnant wife—killing the eight-month fetus in her womb but merely wounding the mother—Hantman had to decide whether to enter a charge of homicide. He chose to press the lesser charge of assault with a deadly weapon, on the grounds that a fetus is not a human being and cannot be the victim of homicide.*

NEW GINZBURG APPEAL

NEW YORK—*Attorneys for Ralph Ginzburg, who was convicted in 1963 for sending obscene material through the mails and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, have again urged the Federal Court of Appeals to reconsider the publisher's prison sentence. This is their third such attempt since the U. S. Supreme Court upheld Ginzburg's conviction in March 1966. The convicted publisher is at present free on bail.*

RAPE AND SODOMY

NEW ORLEANS—*An aggravated-rape charge against a 25-year-old man was dropped when the district attorney's office explained (according to* The Times-Picayune*): "This defendant has no previous record. The victim did not complain until her boyfriend became angry. Victim had prior sexual experience. Victim did not resist (no screams, no calls for help). Victim had known defendant for three months. Intercourse took place in defendant's apartment."*

The statement in favor of the defendant, however, did not prevent the D.A.'s office from initiating a charge of "crimes against nature"—oral intercourse and buggery—based on the same incident.

PRISON JUNGLE DISCLOSED

CHICAGO—*Indications that two prisoners in Chicago's Cook County jail were murdered by their fellow inmates, because the victims were prepared to complain about sexual molestations, have led to a public furor over inhuman conditions in the prison. Former inmates revealed to newspaper investigators that homosexual behavior and sexual assaults upon prisoners was extremely common.* Chicago Sun-Times *reporter William Braden took Dr. Edward T. Hall, an expert on the relation between living space and human behavior, to the jail. Dr. Hall described the place as a "sink," a term used in his field to refer to an extremely crowded situation that produces a foul condition marked by gross behavior patterns. "This place is incredible," said Dr. Hall. "It's bad and it's evil and it's designed to corrupt people and it brings out all the worst in human beings."*

POT MYTHS ASSAILED

Both marijuanaphiles and marijuanaphobes suffered setbacks as recent evidence cast doubt on myths favored by each. The pro-pot people argue that use of the weed leads to benevolent and pacifistic consciousness expansion—a proposition long doubted by those who are aware that the Assassins, a fanatical Moslem cult of the late Middle Ages, were dedicated to both murder and marijuana and that the Hell's Angels smoke grass almost daily without losing any of their aggressiveness. The latest setback for the pot-pacifism myth was a student referendum at the University of Colorado indicating that the hippie and hawk mentalities are not necessarily incompatible: The students voted, by a large majority, that pot should be legalized and also that the war in Vietnam should be escalated.

Meanwhile, the marijuanaphobes suffered a reverse of their own, as the Institute for the Study of Crime and Delinquency, a nonprofit research organization, found that pot smoking doesn't necessarily lead to heroin addiction. In a study of 886 youngsters arrested for use of pot in Los Angeles during 1960 and 1961, the Institute discovered that only 12 percent subsequently used heroin, a proportion so small as to demonstrate that there is no cause-and-effect relationship between the two forms of drug usage.

"Forum Newsfront" is a monthly review of issues and events pertaining to subjects discussed in "The Playboy Philosophy" and "Forum." Readers are invited to send information about newsworthy events in their own communities to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

I had to learn the hard way, but sometimes that's what it takes. Feel free to use my name, since I'm not afraid to show my face in society just because I'm an ex-con.

Alexander Wells
Austin, Texas

HOMOSEXUALS AND THE POLICE

I am 26 years old, moderately successful in my work, a regular churchgoer and well respected in the community; however, I have been a homosexual for over ten years.

Recently, I was accosted and robbed by two young men in a park that is frequented by homosexuals. One approached the car in which I was sitting and began a conversation. While he kept me occupied, the other man came from the rear and the two then overpowered me. After removing the money from my wallet and taking my glasses and car keys, they left without causing me further harm. At no time was there any sexual contact between me and either of these two men, nor was there any conversation to that effect. They assumed (quite correctly, of course) that I was a homosexual and that I would therefore not take any action against them. Contrary to their assumption, I jotted down the license number of their car. I made a police report and identified my robbers. They were booked and will be bound over to a grand jury. At no time was I harassed, embarrassed or ridiculed by the police. They made me feel extremely comfortable, especially in view of the circumstances.

The attitude of the detectives, the prosecutor and all concerned was one of respect. In fact, they indicated that if every homosexual in such a case would come forward, many strong-arm robberies and attacks could be prevented.

The police may have taken note of my homosexuality in their files, but I honestly do not anticipate any further problem.

(Name withheld by request)
Cleveland, Ohio

POINTLESS LAW REFORM

Many homosexuals have complained through letters to *The Playboy Forum* that laws pertaining to homosexuality should be changed, citing the "liberal" Illinois code as an example. Dr. John Gagnon of the Institute for Sex Research recently studied homosexuality in Chicago. In his research, Dr. Gagnon ascertained what many of us have known for some time: The Illinois authorities are still harsh on homosexuals. "They are constantly rousted and they have few civil rights," he discovered.

Crusading for a change in the sex laws of this country sounds fine, until one examines the facts of law enforcement. What is the point of having laws that allow consenting adults to do what they wish in private, when the police do all they can to prevent these consenting adults from meeting each other? They raid bars and intimidate the clientele, they invite sexual solicitation and then arrest the man who falls for the bait and, by innumerable other tricks, they make a mockery of our freedom.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

A POLICEMAN'S LOT

After reading your July 1967 article by Kenneth Rexroth, *The Fuzz*, I am convinced that police officers are fast becoming the most oppressed minority group in the U. S. The image of policemen as a bigoted, tyrannical elite seems to be as much a prevailing stereotype as that of the drunken Irishman, the mercenary Jew or the lazy Negro. The same people who tell us that members of these and other groups must be judged as individuals seem to forget that policemen are also individuals. There are people who wouldn't think of using pejorative ethnic nicknames, yet they don't hesitate to use the term "fuzz" (even respected periodicals do this). Before long, policemen and their families may be living in ghettos and people will say: "Some of my best friends are cops" and "Yeah, but would you want your sister to marry one?"

(Name withheld by request)
New London, Connecticut

One of the differences between an "oppressed minority" and an "elite" is the direction in which the guns are pointing.

PROBLEMS OF THE POLICE

PLAYBOY has published several articles dealing in whole or in part with the police. The portrayal of our police system in these articles adds up to an indictment. As a police officer, I'm not upset by such attacks. I'm actually more concerned about that majority of Americans who are completely uninterested in today's problems. Criticism—even hostility—is better than indifference.

No one knows better than the police themselves what's wrong with law enforcement. We've known for a long time what some of our most vocal critics have only lately discovered—the problems of the ghettos—and the critics became aware of these problems only when they became fearful that their beautiful suburban homes might be burned to the ground. For years, Americans, both black and white, who have made it sat back and watched the ghettos develop, shaking their heads sadly and saying, "Some of my best friends are Negroes." When the riots started, these same people tried to save face by citing police brutality as the cause of unrest.

Did the police create segregation, unequal education, inadequate housing, unemployment and the sundry other injustices that relegated the Negro to second-class citizenship? Isn't it true that the attitude of the police in a given community reflects the over-all attitude of that community? If the police are crude, disrespectful or brutal to members of minority groups, it is because the community that employs them has condoned this conduct or even encouraged it.

I would like to see our critics use their pens to start a movement toward the professionalization of the police. Let them also dig down into their pockets for additional tax money to raise police salaries, so that we can attract top-quality recruits to law enforcement. And, most urgently: Stop criticizing the police. If they need correction, assist them. If we police have faults, help us correct them; because, like it or not, law enforcement is a vital part of our society.

Ralph A. Olmos
Evanston, Illinois

DEATH FOR RAPE

In the *Playboy Forum* discussions of the death sentences received by three rapists in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, statistics were cited proving that Negroes are more likely to be sentenced to death after conviction for rape than are whites. But of the white women raped during the period covered by these statistics, how many were raped by white men and how many by Negroes? Isn't it true that most were raped by Negroes?

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

No. The Florida Civil Liberties Union statistics that were cited in "The Playboy Forum" indicate that, of the 209 white women raped in Florida during the past 25 years, 125 were raped by white men and 84 by Negroes.

A red herring has been raised in the *Playboy Forum* discussion of rape; I refer to the statistics purporting to show that Negroes are more likely than white men to be executed for this crime. The fact that the Fort Lauderdale rapists were Negroes who raped a white woman was, according to statements made in the *Forum*, the reason they were sentenced to death. This implies that states that have the death penalty for rape have it for racial reasons. The truth is quite otherwise. Rape is a very brutal crime, a violation of the physical and spiritual integrity of the victim. A rape perpetrated on a teenaged girl by three men in succession is even more cruel and damaging to the victim than is an ordinary rape. The viciousness of the act and the age of the victim—not the race of the perpetrator of the act—were undoubtedly what motivated the jury to give the death penalty.

John Whitman
Atlanta, Georgia

The facts are quite otherwise. Statistics show that in those states where rape can

be punished by the death penalty, its application is determined almost exclusively by the race of the perpetrator (black) and the race of the victim (white). In Florida, of the 125 white men who raped white females in the past 25 years, only six were sentenced to death and only one has been executed (a homosexual who raped a child). Of the 84 Negroes who raped white women in that period, 45 were sentenced to death and 29 were executed. The Florida Civil Liberties Union notes in its report:

Had the legislature adopted a statute that the death penalty is to be imposed only on Negroes convicted of the rape of white women, its unconstitutionality would be clear. The truth is that, without the benefit of statute, the same result is being reached through the combined discretions of juries and the pardon board. Only Negroes (subject to the exception for the white homosexual) die for the crime of rape and then only when the female is white. The results here presented, over the 25-year period studied, rule out any possibility of accident or coincidence. The sad conclusion is inescapable—the death penalty is deliberately utilized by the state of Florida as a device to punish interracial sexual attacks by Negroes.

This situation is not peculiar to Florida; a study currently being conducted by the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund has covered, thus far, 6 of the 17 states—all Southern or "border"—in which rape is a capital crime. The same ratios hold throughout all of them: A white woman is more likely to be raped by a white man than by a Negro, but Negroes are executed for the rape of white women exactly nine times more frequently than whites. Furthermore, the rapist of a Negro woman, whether he is white or Negro, is virtually never executed.

The results of a further analysis of these figures show that you are incorrect when you say that it is the brutality of the circumstances of a particular rape that determines the penalty. All the data was examined to see if any factor other than race could account for these results. The other factors analyzed included such things as the degree of force employed in the crime, whether another crime was committed simultaneously, the age of the victim and the defendant's previous criminal record. When figures for the two races were compared under all such combinations, the same fact remained: No matter what the other details of the crime, a Negro who rapes a white woman is more likely to be executed than a white man who rapes a white woman, a white man who rapes a Negro woman or a Negro who rapes a Negro woman. Only prejudice can account for such an arbitrary distribution of penalties. Instead of the punishment fitting the crime, it is tailored to the race of the criminal, in clear violation of the Bill of Rights.

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

I disagree with the readers who have written to *The Playboy Forum* condoning extramarital sex. If a wife needs this form of activity to be "awakened," as some letters imply, she should have engaged in premarital sex for this very purpose. Using prostitution as an aid for family finances, as the housewife from Detroit did, may enable her to make a down payment on a new house, but it is not likely to lead to a happy home.

James E. Matteson
Phoenix, Arizona

ADULTERY AND SANITY

Add this to *The Playboy Forum*'s continuing discussion of adultery: After seven years of a very happy marriage, I learned of my husband's infidelity. I'm still reeling, mentally and physically. My theory has always been that a woman has herself to blame if her husband strays. Because my sexual experience with him was so good, so exciting, so much fun and so deep, the thought that maybe there was something lacking in me is excruciating. I am not religious and tend to face life with reason and logic. Yet I am unable to come to grips with this situation. I was so sure of the love and honesty between us. Now I can only be sure of my own love and honesty. I wonder if I can ever pick up the pieces and put them together again. Am I crazy or is it those who accept adultery so casually who are crazy?

(Name withheld by request)
Southland, New Zealand

PROMISCUITY AND PERSONALITY

Letters in *The Playboy Forum* advocate extramarital sex as the answer to marital problems. The letters are entertaining reading—to this housewife, at least—but they are also pathetic self-revelations. The trouble with "love from a stranger" is just that: The parties involved remain strangers, no matter how much fleeting fun they may have. This is the problem in the marriages of these women; they can't form a relationship with a man that is both lusting and lasting; they can't get deeply involved with their husbands. In my opinion, promiscuity is a sign of a malfunctioning personality.

(Name withheld by request)
Birmingham, Alabama

SEX AS ICING

I am amazed by the letters you've published about couples who seek extramarital sex with their partner's approval. Sex today is given an importance altogether out of proportion, to the point where people believe that without sex there cannot be a good marriage. To me, sex is just icing on the cake. A cake is better with icing, but it is edible without. In marriage, the cake is the reality of the relationship between husband and wife, which is strengthened by the marriage vows and their agreement to experience sex only with each other. The extramarital sex advocated by your letter writers is like icing without the cake.

These people would probably tell me that times have changed. Today, people believe that sex is the ultimate goal in life. "Adultery As Therapy!" Next I'll be reading "Suicide As Cure."

Mrs. Barbara J. Coxe
Kingston, Jamaica

SEX AND THE OPEN MIND

Since society's ideas on sex are changing, young people must be taught the truth—not just the religious and moral attitudes but the physical and mental facts as well. Various letters in *The Playboy Forum* have shocked me and probably many others—for example, the letter from the housewife who paid her mortgage installments through prostitution. These letters should not be dismissed with moral indignation. To face the problems raised by the Sexual Revolution, one must be open-minded and examine all ideas—however outrageous or disgusting they may seem at first. PLAYBOY is to be commended for doing just that.

L/Cpl. D. M. Essinger
FPO San Francisco, California

DONN CALDWELL TWO YEARS LATER

It has been two years since, thanks to PLAYBOY's efforts, I was released from prison. Each day that I breathe free air, I am grateful to Hugh M. Hefner and the Playboy Foundation [see *The Playboy Forum*, June 1965 and February 1966].

I don't want to sound self-pitying—I know I am damned lucky to be out from behind those stone walls—but the so-called free world is still punishing me for my "crime against nature" (consensual oral-genital sexual contact with a female). This seems rather ironic, since Kinsey states that 60 percent of the men in America have committed this "crime" at some time in their lives, and my only distinction is being among the handful arrested and imprisoned for it. Nevertheless, in spite of my 15 years' experience in radio and TV as a disc jockey and an announcer, I have not been able during the past two years to procure a single full-time job. Prospective employers are eager to hire me after they look at my résumé and have an initial interview with me; but as soon as my prison record

(continued on page 140)

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Have a Swissair timetable mailed home. Find the flight most convenient to you, and memorize the flight number (say SR 120). Go to your IATA travel agency; ask for a ticket; and simply give the date and flight number. Nothing more. When you go to the check-in counter with your ticket, drop your luggage on the scale and pass the ticket across the counter. Don't say anything (except Good morning). Next, at Passport Control, pile your passport, ticket, and the bright-colored boarding card neatly on the desk. And clam up.

In the waiting room, throw a quick glance at the departure board (it's likely to be a TV screen), note the number of the exit gate, and sit down near-by. But don't ask everyone you see in uniform whether this is the right gate. It is.

Pipe down in the bus that takes you to the aircraft. Say nothing as you get in. (We grant you an exception for returning the hostess's greeting.) Plump yourself into your seat with a contented sigh, but otherwise in silence.

Hint No. 2:
Don't tear around.

Granting your arrive promptly at the airport (your ticket tells you exactly when), there's no reason to run panting from the check-in counter to Passport Control. Nor is it an essential to dash the wrong way up or down the moving stairs to the waiting room.

Take your time. Stick the colored boarding card in your breast pocket, blindly, not deigning to look. Stroll over to the newsstand and buy a paper published at your destination (so that you'll know about the weather and what's on at the movies).

And when the loudspeaker announces your flight with the usual airport squawking, don't scurry to the exit. Leave that to the beginners.

Also you needn't double-time from the bus or the gate to the tarmac and on to the plane. It won't leave without you, it really won't.

Hint No. 3:
Well, really several hints in one.

There's no sense spending days before your first flight memorizing the topography of the route so as to show off your knowledge of geography in the air. (If you just want to know for your own information what hills, rivers, and towns you're flying over, simply notice how the highways run. Particularly at night they make splendid guides.)

It's also quite hopeless to look for the runway through the cabin window when landing. You're heading straight for it. You make a suitably blasé impression by occasionally declining the fruit juice or the meal. This shows you're fed up with the everlasting feeding in planes. Or that you're watching your weight.

If the door to the cockpit happens to be open, don't stare fascinated at the instrument panels with all the little lights. They're an old story to you.

You can gain a further touch of the globetrotter by writing something during the flight. Anything. You may ask your hostess for a postcard, and address it to yourself so that you'll have a memento of your first flight and your first flight with Swissair.

But then again you may not want in the least to take your first flight undetected. Quite the contrary.

In that case, here is a rosette that you can put in your buttonhole or stick on your flight ticket. So that all may see how you're enjoying your first flight and your first flight with Swissair.

SWISSAIR

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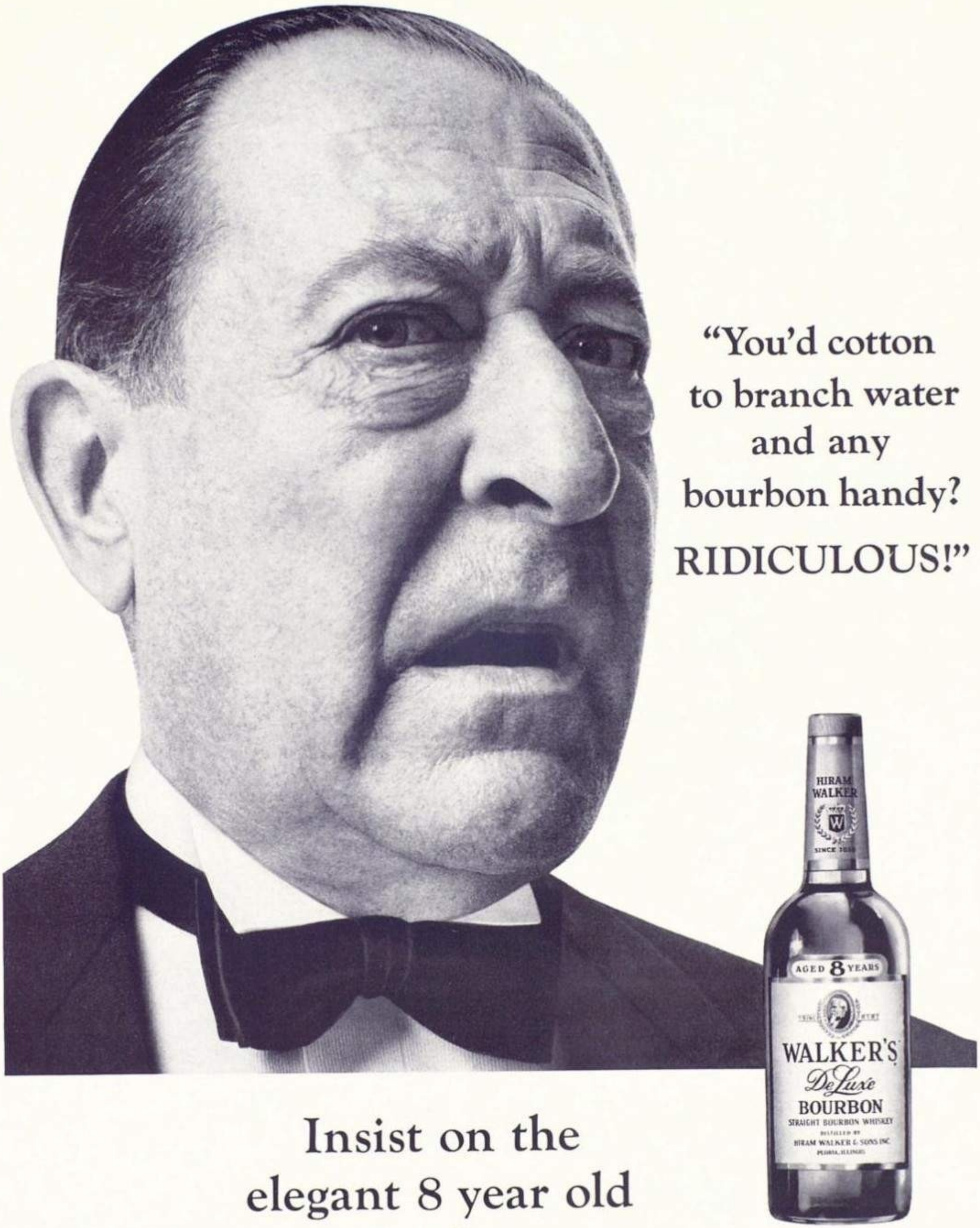

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TRUMAN CAPOTE

a candid conversation with the outspoken, orchidaceous author of "in cold blood," "breakfast at tiffany's" and "other voices, other rooms"

"WEALTHY FARMER, THREE OF FAMILY SLAIN: H. W. CLUTTER, WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN ARE FOUND SHOT IN KANSAS HOME." *The UPI dispatch below this headline, buried in the back pages of the November 15, 1959,* New York Times, *was newsworthy outside Kansas only because H. W. Clutter was a former Eisenhower appointee to the Federal Farm Credit Board. But in New York City, the item had an electrifying effect on novelist Truman Capote. Within three days, he was in the small western Kansas farm town of Holcomb, interviewing friends and neighbors of the Clutter family and badgering local police for information about the crime, determined to probe deeply into the lives of both the Clutter family and their murderers.*

At first the diminutive (5'3") Capote, with his exotic European clothes and high-pitched voice, was viewed askance by local residents, who often demanded to see his meager credentials—a letter of recommendation from the president of Kansas State University and a battered U.S. passport blackened with visas for over 30 nations. Nor was Capote, a darling of the jet set, initially at home on the plains of Kansas. "It was as strange to me," he said later, "as if I'd gone to Peking." But townspeople and police alike soon warmed to the effervescent elf; and for the next five and a half years, he relentlessly investigated the lives of the Clutter family and the two men convicted of (and eventually executed for) their murder—Richard Hickock and Perry Smith, who became his close friends.

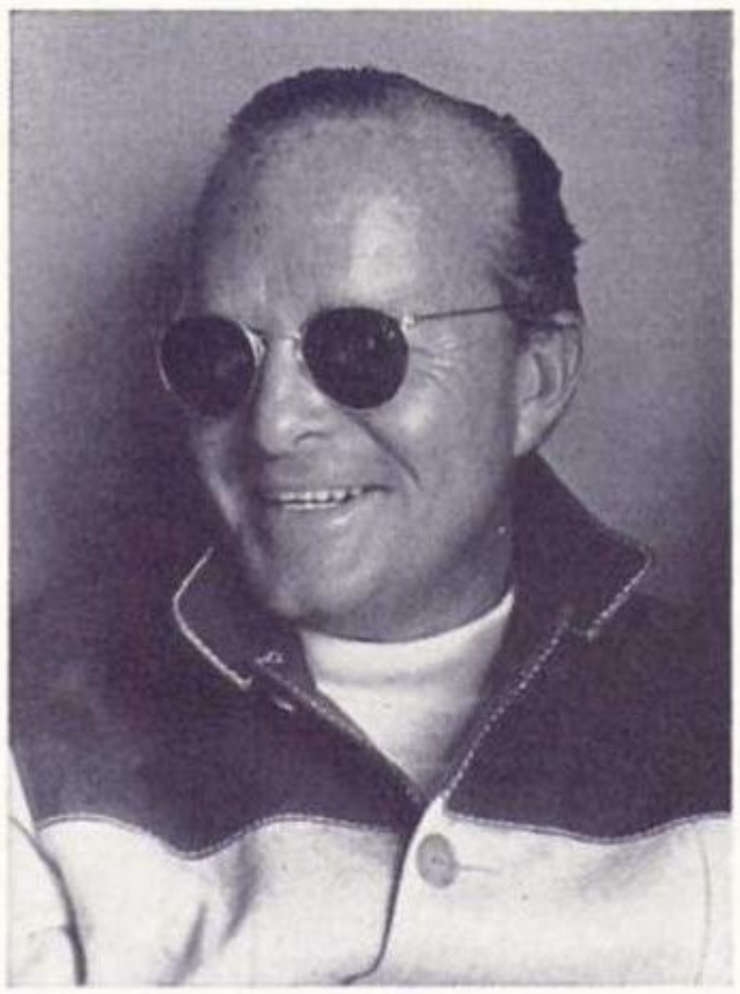
Capote's research was exhaustive—and exhausting. "I wrote 6000 pages of notes before I ever sat down to write the book," he says. Everyone even remotely connected with the case was interviewed in depth, and no aspects of the lives of the Clutters or of their killers escaped Capote's scrutiny. The result was "In Cold Blood," a 343-page "nonfiction novel"—Capote's own term—published by Random House in January 1966. An instantaneous critical and commercial success, the book soared within two weeks of publication to the top of the best-seller list, where it remained for over a year. In the process of selling 800,000 copies in hard cover and over 2,500,000 in paperback—in America alone—it became one of the biggest money-makers in publishing history. Translated into 25 foreign languages (including Hebrew, Catalan, Afrikaans and Icelandic), it has already earned Capote over $3,000,000, including $500,000 for movie rights. (See PLAYBOY*'s review of the film version in this month's "Playboy After Hours.")*

The author was even more pleased by the book's rave reviews than by its resounding commercial success. The icons of the literary establishment, who for years had merely tolerated Capote or, like Herbert Gold, dismissed him as "one of the chattering poets of decoration," now called him a towering figure in American letters. "Remarkable, tensely exciting, moving, superbly written," hailed The New York Times. *"A masterpiece . . . a spellbinding work," echoed* Life. *"The best documentary account of an American crime ever written," declared* The New York Review of Books. *"One of the stupendous books of the decade," panegyrized London's* Sunday Express. *No book in recent years had been so widely and so lavishly praised.*

Drowned out by the cheers were a few restive murmurs of dissent. Reviewing "In Cold Blood" for New Republic, *critic Stanley Kauffmann wrote: "It is ridiculous in judgment and debasing of all of us to call this book literature. Are we so bankrupt, so avid for novelty that, merely because a famous writer produces an amplified magazine crime feature, the result is automatically elevated to serious literature?" Novelist Mary McCarthy derided the claim that Capote had invented the nonfiction novel and charged that his "greatest contribution to literary innovation was to publicize the author first, the book second."*

Capote has always been a lightning

"After three years of work on 'In Cold Blood,' I almost abandoned it; I couldn't stand the morbidity. It was becoming a question of survival; but I forced myself to push the damned thing through."



"Are there any writers on the literary scene whom I consider truly great? Yes—Truman Capote. But there are others who, while not quite in this exalted orbit, are still commendable."

"Murderers almost always laugh when discussing their crime. They'll tell you how they cut someone's throat and it's as if they were watching a clown slip on a banana peel."

rod for controversy. Born Truman Streckfus Persons (he later changed his surname legally to that of his mother's second husband) in New Orleans on September 30, 1924, Capote was four when his mother divorced a traveling salesman and packed her unwanted son off to live with three elderly aunts in Monroeville, Alabama. In the following years, he shuttled among various relatives throughout the rural South, seldom seeing his mother and completely out of touch with his father. Perhaps as an anodyne for parental rejection, he retreated into an inner world of fantasy and dreams. A precocious child, he began his writing career at the age of eight, and at twelve won first prize in a literary contest with a short story titled "Old Mr. Busybody."

Capote dropped out of school at 17 and, after a brief stint as protégé of a fortuneteller, he traveled to New York and got a clerical job at The New Yorker*; originally hired by the accounting department, he confessed after one day that he could not add and was transferred to the art department. But his literary talents were soon recognized and he graduated from cataloging cartoons to writing items for "The Talk of the Town" department. He also found time to moonlight as a movie-script reader and to grind out free-lance anecdotes for a popular digest magazine. That same year, he wrote his first piece of published fiction, and at 19 won the O. Henry Prize for a short story called "Miriam," a schizophrenia-tinged tale about a mysterious child who enters the life of a middle-aged woman and slowly destroys her. All of Capote's early work dealt, as critic John K. Hutchens puts it, with a "macabre, isolated world of shadowy characters in flight from sundry terrors."*

By 1948, a series of such stories had won him succès d'estime *within the world of letters, but he was still unknown to the general public. Then his first novel, "Other Voices, Other Rooms," was published and Capote became an overnight celebrity. The* New York Herald Tribune *called the book "the most exciting first novel by a young American in many years," and critics began to compare its author with Norman Mailer, Irwin Shaw and Gore Vidal—the brightest literary lights of the early post-War period. Overshadowing the paeans, however, and perhaps as responsible for the book's success as its luminous prose, was the photograph of Capote on the dust jacket. Gazing limpidly out of a thousand bookshop windows at a public alternately beguiled, outraged and amused was a portrait of Capote reclining on a couch, fastidiously attired in a tattersall vest and black bow tie, blond bangs dangling over his forehead, full lips moist and pouting. Critic George Davis quickly dubbed him "the perverted Huck Finn of American Letters." Thus was Capote stamped indelibly with the image of a decadent, orchidaceous aesthete.*

As the years passed, his florid personal legend grew apace with his reputation as a writer. "Other Voices, Other Rooms" was followed with a string of equally successful, if less controversial, books. "A Tree of Night," an anthology of eight hauntingly evocative short stories, appeared in 1949 and was followed in 1950 by "Local Color," a collection of perceptive and civilized travel pieces that marked Capote's first literary departure from the shadowy borderland between dream and reality. "The Grass Harp," his second published novel (1951), once more reflected Capote's preoccupation with the world of childhood but evidenced a new feeling of human warmth and a life-affirming faith. In 1956, Capote unveiled yet another dimension of his evolving talents with the publication of "The Muses Are Heard," a bitingly witty documentary account of his trip through Russia with the touring company of "Porgy and Bess"—and the precursor of his preoccupation with journalism. In 1958 came "Breakfast at Tiffany's," his celebrated novella *about Holly Golightly, the wistfully whimsical demimondaine subsequently immortalized on film by Audrey Hepburn. Capote adapted "House of Flowers," another story from this period, for the stage; it was a flop—but a revised version opened on Broadway early this year. In 1963, Capote's "Selected Writings" appeared—again, to mixed reviews. But the critics' objections didn't trouble Capote; he was then almost halfway through his most monumental work, "In Cold Blood."*

In the years since then, Capote's stature as a world-acclaimed author has won him entree to the salons *of international society, and he reciprocated on November 29, 1966, by throwing a gala—and widely reported—masked ball for his friends. Among the several hundred intimates who packed the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel were Rose Kennedy, Princess Lee Radziwill, Mrs. Stavros Niarchos, Lynda Bird Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II, Princess d'Arenberg, Countess Gianni Agnelli, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Margaret Truman Daniels, Countess Rudi Crespi and Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach.*

Capote, who has never been accused of modesty, forthwith accepted Elsa Maxwell's guttering torch with grace: "I'm an absolute social smash," he announced. Though he has been called a snob, members of his self-styled court are not selected on the basis of their standing in "Burke's Peerage" or with Dun and Bradstreet; beauty, wit and elegance are his criteria. Nor are Capote's courtiers, who range from royalty to Long Island potato farmers, drawn to him because of his reputation as a best-selling author. As Suzy Knickerbocker, guru of the gossip columnists, puts it: "All his friends like and love him—not because he's a big literary lion, not because it's the thing to do, but because Truman is Truman. . . ."

To discover what makes Truman Truman and to fathom the complexities and contradictions of the man and the artist, PLAYBOY *interviewed Capote at his New York residence, a five-room co-op on the 22nd floor of the luxurious new United Nations Plaza apartment building, a millionaire's mecca (Capote's next-door neighbors: Senator Robert F. Kennedy and Johnny Carson). Capote does the bulk of his writing at a two-house estate in Bridgehampton, Long Island; he also maintains a home in Palm Springs, California, and a mountainside villa in Verbier, Switzerland, but does most of his entertaining—and grants most of his infrequent interviews—in his New York apartment, surrounded by a collection of turn-of-the-century Tiffany lamps, animal* bibelots, *antique paperweights and yellowing photographs. Now 43, Capote is no longer the fey youth on the dust jacket of "Other Voices, Other Rooms": His blond hair is thinning, his jowls are fuller and the years have traced fine lines about his eyes. But at our first interview session, as he uncorked a bottle of French champagne—his refrigerator holds little else—and settled himself, scruffily accoutered in T-shirt, windbreaker and sunglasses, on a window seat overlooking a view of the East River, the impish* enfant terrible *of 20 years ago seemed not so far away. "Have at me," Capote commanded in his lilting, near-contralto voice.* PLAYBOY *interviewer Eric Norden began by asking him about that other self.*

PLAYBOY: Do you think the public's initial image of you as a kind of literary Aubrey Beardsley helped or hindered your career?

CAPOTE: It certainly didn't do me any good in official academic circles, but then, I never cared about all those gray people with their drab quarterly reviews. On the other hand, a number of people who were concerned about my welfare and my emerging career did feel that this image harmed me, since many in the literary establishment were bound to resent my eccentricities and mannerisms and to feel that I received far too much publicity for a serious writer. But it's not true, as so many people seem to think, that I did a great deal to encourage this image in an effort to build an "atmosphere" around myself. From the beginning, I've never done anything but try to be myself and go my own way. I think there are certain people who have a natural charisma that generates public awareness and interest. You have it or you don't; and if you don't have it, there's nothing you can do to create it. For better or worse, I've had this charisma from

the start; and I can't say whether it's helped or hurt me. It all depends on whether you think fame is an asset or a hindrance in an artistic career. I feel rather indifferent about the whole thing, but then, I've been in public life over 20 years now, and you become neutral about publicity. I never pay attention to what people write about me anymore. It takes a lot to make my pulse skip a beat.

PLAYBOY: The image that grew up around Ernest Hemingway—big-game hunter, bullfight *aficionado*, belting whiskey and swearing like a stevedore—was just the opposite of your image, as you once described it in Paris to Art Buchwald: "fragile and aesthetic . . . although I'm not that at all." Do you think that in both cases the image may have tended to obscure the real man and his work?

CAPOTE: Yes, in both instances the myth is erroneous and almost comically misleading. I am secretly several of the things the hairy one pretended to be. But don't expect me to elaborate on that doubtless curious-sounding statement, for the operative word is *secretly*.

PLAYBOY: Despite—or perhaps because of—your famous dust-jacket photo on *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, you became an instantaneous literary celebrity. How did all that publicity affect your personal life and your writing?

CAPOTE: Mostly, it gave me confidence. Also, it improved my love life; a wide variety of attractive people became highly available.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to elaborate on *that*?

CAPOTE: No.

PLAYBOY: All right. You have said of *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, "I feel a stranger to the book. . . . I'm terribly paranoid about the whole thing." Why?

CAPOTE: That was true once, but it isn't true now. The reason I felt alienated from it for so many years was that I didn't want to face the fact that the book was all about *me* and my problems. I hadn't reread it for many years—I'm always a little afraid of rereading my own work, for fear I'll discover that my harsher critics are correct—but a new edition is coming out this year, so I recently read it through in one sitting. And I realized that the book is a prose poem in which I have taken my own emotional problems and transformed them into psychological symbols. Every one of the characters represented some aspect of myself. Do you remember the young boy who goes to a crumbling mansion in search of his father and finds an old man who is crippled and can't speak and can communicate only by bouncing red tennis balls down the stairs? Well, I suddenly understood that, of course, this represented my search for my own father, whom I seldom saw, and the fact that the old man is crippled and mute was my way of transferring my own inability to communicate with my father; I was not only the boy in the story but also the old man. So the central theme of the book was my search for my father—a father who, in the deepest sense, was nonexistent. This seems so clear and obvious today that it's hard to understand why I never grasped the fact at the time; it was a classic case of self-deception. I now realize that what I was attempting in *Other Voices, Other Rooms* was to exorcise my own devils, the subterranean anxieties that dominated my feelings and imagination; and my ignorance of this was probably a protective shield between me and the subconscious wellspring of my material. And, of course, this explains why so much of my earlier work is written in a fantastic vein; I was attempting to escape from the realities of my own troubled life, which wasn't easy. My underlying motivation was a quest for some sense of serenity, some particular kind of affection that I needed and wanted and have finally found. As I reread the book, I realized that I've lost touch with that anguished youth of 20 years ago; only a dimming shadow of him remains inside me. I felt I was reading the work of a stranger. He impressed me—but he is no longer me.

PLAYBOY: Why did your childhood experiences have such a strong impact on your early writing?

CAPOTE: Well, I had a difficult childhood. I was born in New Orleans and my parents were divorced when I was four years old, with a great deal of bitterness on both sides. After that, I spent most of my time wandering between the households of relatives in Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi. My story *A Christmas Memory*, about a boy with elderly female relatives, is altogether drawn from life. As I grew older, I was packed off to different boarding schools all across the country, and I was lonely and very insecure. Who wouldn't be? I was an only child, very sensitive and intelligent, with no sense of being particularly wanted by *anybody*. I rarely saw my father; he remarried three or four times. My mother wasn't unkind to me; she simply had other interests. She remarried, too, and that's how I got the name Capote; it's not the name I was born with, but that of my mother's second husband, a Cuban gentleman. I wasn't neglected financially; there was always enough money to send me to good schools, and all that. It was just a total *emotional* neglect. I never felt I belonged anywhere. All my family thought there was something wrong with me. When I grew bored at school after the third grade and started getting straight Fs and bad-conduct marks, they began to think I was retarded. Then a WPA project—this was back in the Thirties—sent a team of researchers to our town one day to give intelligence tests to the school children, and I received the highest score they'd ever encountered. They were intrigued and paid my expenses to New York, where Columbia University gave me a whole battery of I.Q. and aptitude tests; and I returned home knowing I was extremely intelligent. That was the first time I ever felt proud of myself and I flaunted the test results to my relatives. They now knew I wasn't retarded, but they still considered me very peculiar. I always thought of myself as a kind of two-headed calf. Well, that's all I want to say about it. I've never been psychoanalyzed; I've never even consulted a psychiatrist. I now consider myself a mentally healthy person. I work out all my problems in my work.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you first began to write?

CAPOTE: I was eight. I was a sickly kid. Or I *pretended* to be; I was always inventing a new illness so that I could stay home and read. I loved Poe and Dickens and Twain and I just couldn't get enough of them. The desire to write became an obsession, something I had no control over. I made myself a little office in one room with an old typewriter and each day I worked there for a certain number of hours; and before I reached my teens, I had developed a definite style. I began staying up all night, writing in a state of feverish excitement. And I read more and more: Oscar Wilde, De Maupassant, Henry James, Hawthorne, Flaubert, Jane Austen, Proust, Chekhov, Turgenev, Emily Brontë, Sarah Orne Jewett, E. M. Forster. They all contributed to my literary intelligence, each in a different way. This reading was of far more value to me than anything I ever learned in a classroom. My official education was a total waste of time and I dropped out of school at 17 and traveled to New York, where I got my first job, at *The New Yorker*. That job wasn't very glamorous, just clipping newspapers and filing cartoons, but I was delighted to have it, because I was determined never to set foot inside a college classroom. If I was a writer, fine; if I wasn't, no professor on earth was going to make me one. So ever since childhood, there has never been a moment when I wasn't concerned with writing.

PLAYBOY: What prompted you to make the creative leap from your dreamlike and poetic earlier work to the harsh realm of documentary writing such as *In Cold Blood*?

CAPOTE: I don't believe I was making any "leap" at all. I'd *always* been experimenting with journalism; my first attempt was a long *New Yorker* profile of Marlon Brando and I followed that with a book, *The Muses Are Heard*, which describes my tour of Russia as an observer of the *Porgy and Bess* company. In both cases, I was moving slowly toward *In Cold Blood*. But the truth of the matter is that there's no difference at all between the prose style of a story like

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A Christmas Memory and, say, the opening chapter of *In Cold Blood*. If you examine *In Cold Blood* carefully, you'll realize that it's every bit as lyrical as my earlier work.

PLAYBOY: Critic Granville Hicks believes there is a greater gulf between your earlier work and your current documentary writing than you've just indicated. He claims that there are "two Capotes: the author of delicate, often exquisite, sometimes sentimental stories about children and the shrewd, alert, sophisticated reporter of events in the 'real' world." Are there "two Capotes"? And, if so, will they continue to coexist?

CAPOTE: Dear old Granny Hicks. As far as the "two Capotes" goes, I occasionally read articles in these little literary quarterlies about the coexistence of two or three personalities and styles in the one writer—the "dark" Capote and the "bright" Capote, the "shadowy" one and the "sunny" one; I think it's all a lot of *merde*. Like any artist, such as a singer or a pianist, I change my tone and color range to suit my subject; and as a result, it *seems* as though there is some extraordinary difference of approach and style, when there is none whatever. Of course, the color tone of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* is totally unsuited to books like *The Muses Are Heard* or *In Cold Blood*; but if anybody at all *soigné* in his knowledge of writing technique reads all three, he will see that the style doesn't change at all; there is merely a melodic adjustment of language to suit the shifting material. And why *shouldn't* a writer extend his subject matter? So the two Capotes Hicks refers to won't continue to coexist, because they *don't* exist.

PLAYBOY: Yet you have said of the time prior to your decision to write *In Cold Blood* that "I had to do something to myself, I had to re-create myself." What did you mean by that?

CAPOTE: Most American writers, as Scott Fitzgerald said, never have a second chance. I realized that if I were ever going to have that chance, it was necessary for me to make a radical change; I had to get outside of my own imagination and learn to exist in the imagination and lives of other people. I knew that it would help me enormously to expand my own range of interest and material and understanding, because I had become too obsessed with my particular internal images. That was the main reason I turned to journalism; and I must say, the shift of emphasis caused me to gain in creative range and gave me the confidence to deal with a wide spectrum of people I otherwise would never have written about. Take most of the characters in *The Muses Are Heard* or *In Cold Blood*; as an *imaginative* writer, I wouldn't have written one word about them, because they didn't come within my scope of interests. But by working journalistically, I was forced by the medium's own criteria to empathize with them and understand their motives and objectively describe their language and action and emotions; and as a result, I now have a vastly wider literary range. So I haven't shattered the mold; I've merely expanded it.

PLAYBOY: The publisher's blurb for *In Cold Blood* claims that the book "represents the culmination of Capote's longstanding desire to make a contribution toward the establishment of a serious new literary form: the nonfiction novel." Isn't the "nonfiction novel" a contradiction in terms—literarily as well as literally?

CAPOTE: Perhaps it's an awkward phrase, but I couldn't think of any better words to describe what I was attempting, which was to write a journalistic narrative that employed all the creative devices and techniques of fiction to tell a true story in a manner that would read precisely like a novel. So even though the phrase "nonfiction novel" is technically a *non sequitur*, it's the only description I could devise.

PLAYBOY: Some critics saw in the phraseology of that cover blurb an implied claim that you were the *inventor* of the nonfiction novel—and have pointed to many earlier experiments in the genre to prove that you weren't. Did you intend any such claim?

CAPOTE: Let me stress that the blurb you quoted reads: "make a contribution toward the *establishment* of a serious new literary form." Many people, of course, have experimented in this field before, and what I meant by saying I wished to contribute to the *establishment* of the nonfiction novel was that I wanted to present the technique in its most fully developed form. I have never claimed to have *invented* narrative journalism; I do claim to have undertaken the most comprehensive and far-reaching experiment to date in the medium of reportage. The dust-jacket copy on my book was thoughtfully written, but it was still misinterpreted. The real demarcation between my book and anything that has gone before is that it contains a technical innovation that gives it both the reality and the atmosphere of a novel; and that device is that *I* never once appear in the book. Never. Always before in this genre, the author has been faced with a technical problem of credibility: The reader wants to know *how* does the writer know this person said this to someone else, *how* does he know this background material? Now, previously the problem has always been solved by the narrator intruding himself into the scene: *I* discovered this, *I* saw that, *I* overheard this. The first-person pronoun permeates the whole composition and it thus becomes a piece of straight surface journalism. It only moves *horizontally* throughout. But what I wanted to do was bring to journalism the technique of fiction, which moves both horizontally and vertically at the same time: horizontally on the narrative side and vertically by entering *inside* its characters. And that, of course, is what gives fiction its peculiar depth and impact. Now, in my effort to give journalism this vertical interior movement—and that was the whole purpose of my experiment—I had to remove the narrator entirely. I had to make the book flow uninterruptedly from beginning to end, just like a novel, and thus the narrator never enters the picture and there is no interpretation of people and events. I wanted the story to exist completely in its own right; except for the selection of detail, I am totally absent from the development of the book, and the people are re-created as they are in life. That's why I feel it's not comparable with anything else in the history of journalism.

PLAYBOY: You have said, "In 1955 I began to develop a theory that I could become a human tape recorder. I practiced over a period of two years and I ended with a high proportion of accuracy." *In Cold Blood* certainly demonstrates your talent as an interviewer and researcher; but in the process of becoming a recorder rather than an interpreter of events, isn't there a danger of sacrificing one dimension of your creativity and becoming a journalist rather than a novelist?

CAPOTE: The two disciplines, at their highest level, are not mutually exclusive; if I hadn't thought it possible that journalism and novelistic technique could be artistically wedded, I never would have set out on my experiment in the first place. As for my being a "human tape recorder," I've always had what amounts to the auditory version of a photographic memory, and all I did was perfect this gift. This is of great importance in the kind of reportage I do, because it is absolutely fatal to ever take a note or use a tape recorder when you interview somebody. Most people are quite unsophisticated about being interviewed, and if you erect any kind of mechanical barrier, it destroys the mood and inhibits people from talking freely. In the case of *In Cold Blood*, as I said a moment ago, it was vital for me to live *inside* the situation, to become part of the scene I was recording and not cut myself off from them in any way. And so I trained myself in this so-called human-tape-recorder technique. Anybody could learn to do it, but it's useful only to a specialist like me.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to those critics who deride the form of documentary crime writing employed in *In Cold Blood* as inferior to the novel?

CAPOTE: What can I say, except that I think they're ignorant? If they can't comprehend that journalism is really the most avant-garde form of writing existent today, then their heads are in the sand. These critics seem unable to

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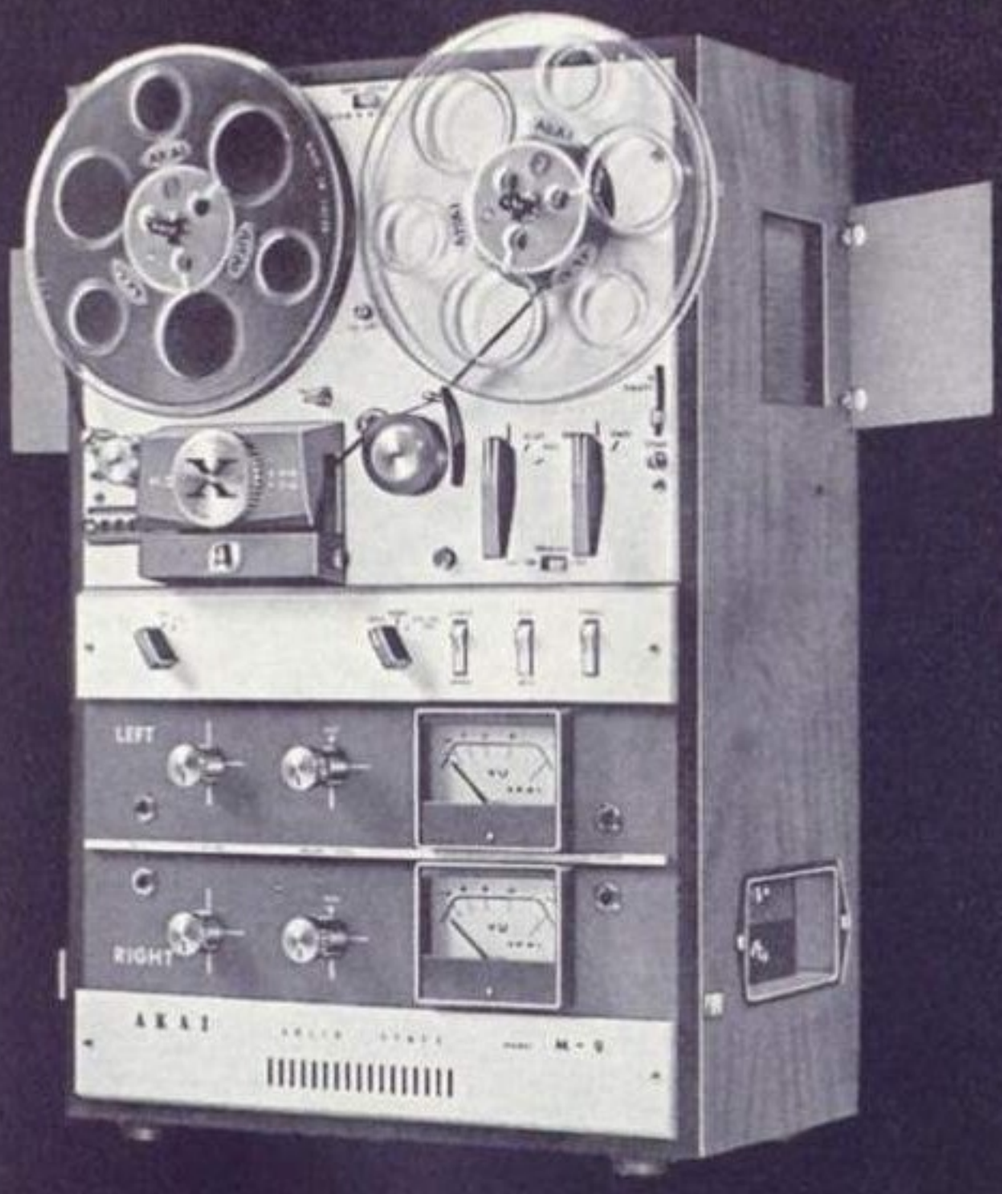

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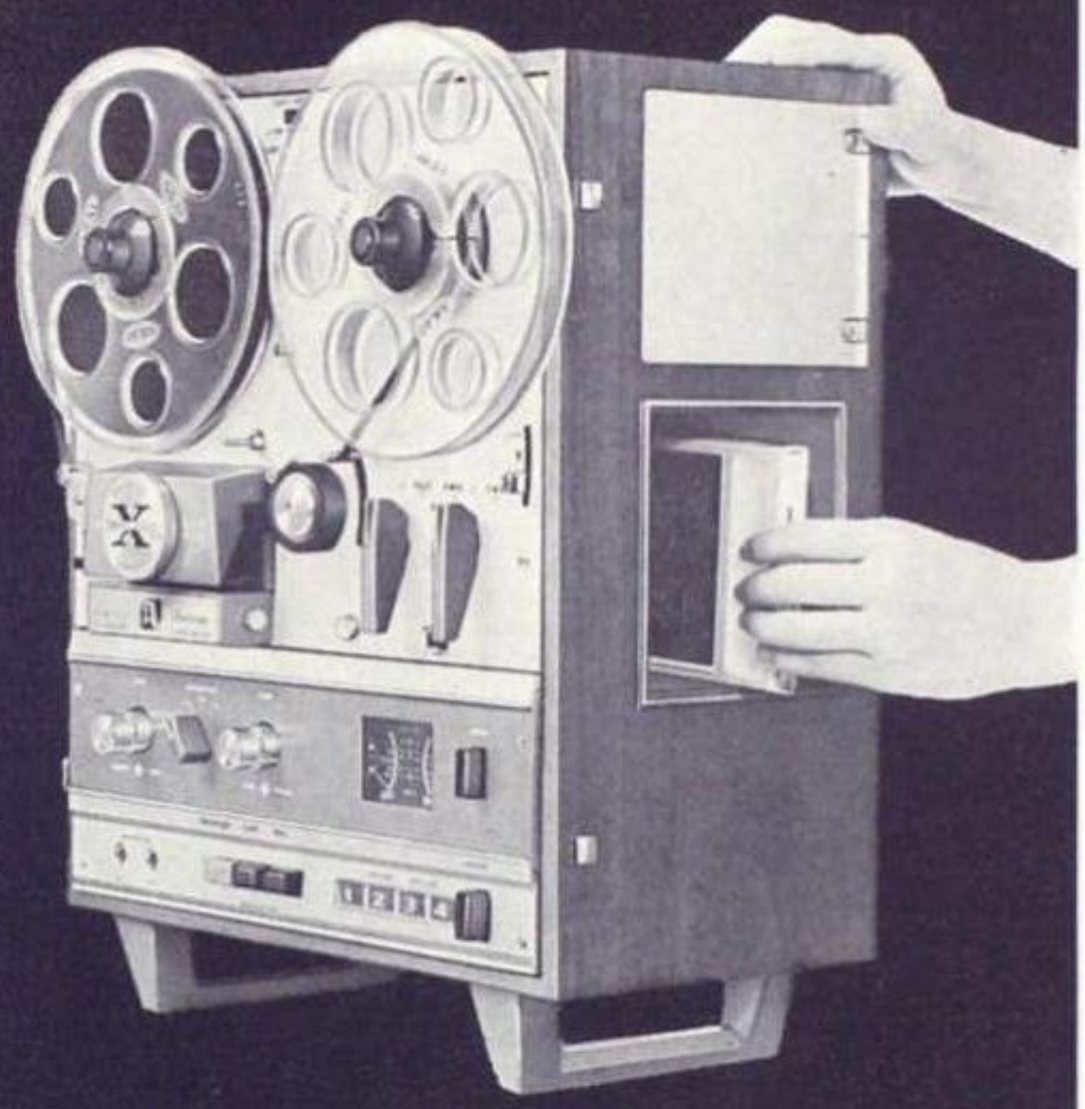

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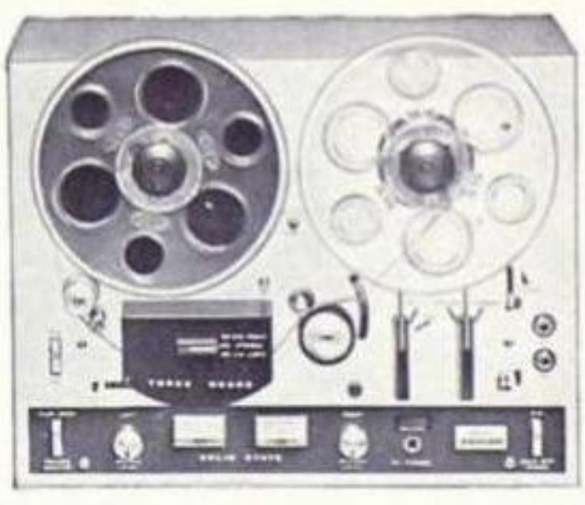

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realize, or accept, that creative fiction writing has gone as far as it can experimentally. It reached its peak in the Twenties and hasn't budged since. Of course, we have writers like William Burroughs, whose brand of verbal surface trivia is amusing and occasionally fascinating, but there's no base for moving *forward* in that area—whereas journalism is actually the last great unexplored literary frontier. There is so *much* that can be done with journalism. It's the only really serious and creative field of literary experimentation we have today, and I feel rather sorry for those critics who are so ossified and so fearful of relinquishing their prejudices that they fail to recognize the fact. As Napoleon said of the Bourbons, they've learned nothing and forgotten nothing. In a way, I guess it's unfortunate that I selected a crime for my first big experiment in the genre, because that made it easier for them to mistakenly lump together the material and the technique and think of it as a true crime story. But a nonfiction novel can be about *anything*—from crime to butterfly collecting.

PLAYBOY: Of all the crimes, catastrophes, wars, political conspiracies and international crises you could have chosen as the theme for such an exhaustively researched work of nonfiction, why did you select the murder of an obscure Kansas farmer and his family?

CAPOTE: I *didn't* select this Kansas farmer and his family; in a very real sense, they selected *me*. I'd been experimenting for a long time with the theory of writing a nonfiction novel, and I'd had several dry runs that didn't work out. I was searching for a suitable subject and, like a bacteriologist, I kept putting slides under the microscope, scrutinizing them and finally rejecting them as unsuitable. It was like trying to solve a quadratic equation with the X—in this case, the subject matter—missing. And then one day I was reading *The New York Times* and buried in the back pages I found a little item about the murder of a family in Kansas and suddenly I thought: Why not a crime? Maybe if I applied my theory and the technical apparatus I'd devised to a crime, it would give me the necessary range of material to make the experiment succeed. I had no natural attraction to the subject matter; it just suddenly meshed into the equation. Anyway, I traveled to this small town in Kansas and started to investigate the crime and immediately faced innumerable difficulties. Remember, all the material was not just waiting out there for me, as some people seem to think; when I began, I was dealing with an unsolved murder and initially I got very little cooperation either from the Clutters' relatives and neighbors or from the local police. I didn't know from minute to minute what was going to happen with the case, so I simply drudged on, gathering material. In fact, I didn't definitely decide that I was going to write the book until I had been working on it for more than a year. There were so many things that could have frustrated me; even after the two boys were arrested for the murder, what would have happened if, as was highly probable, they weren't interested in what I was doing and refused to cooperate with me? Of course, I did win their confidence and we became very close, but I had no assurance of that at the outset. And then, as the years dragged on and the legal delays and complications multiplied, I still didn't really know if I was going to be able to finish the book or even if there was any book there. After three years of work, I almost abandoned the whole project; I had become too emotionally involved and I couldn't stand the constant morbidity of the situation. It was becoming for me a question of personal survival. But I forced myself to keep going and pushed through the whole damned thing. It's a book that was written on the edge of my nerves. If I had ever known what I was going to have to endure over those six years—no matter what has happened since—I never would have started the book. It was too painful. Nothing is worth it.

PLAYBOY: Are you the same man you were when you began work on the book in the fall of 1959?

CAPOTE: Obviously I'm not. It wasn't the problem of writing it; I had to *live* it, day in and day out, for six years. I had to become a part of all those people's lives, some of whom weren't naturally sympathetic to me and with whom I had little in common. I had to surrender my entire life to this experience. Try to think what it means to totally immerse yourself in the lives of two men waiting to be hanged, to feel the passage of hours with them, to share every emotion. Short of actually living in a death cell myself, I couldn't have come closer to the experience. I lived a life totally alien to anything I had ever undergone before and I came to understand that death is the central factor of life. And the simple comprehension of this fact alters your entire perspective. Curiously enough, as a result of this constant awareness of imminent death, you develop a peculiar kind of humor—gallows humor, literally. My conversations with Smith and Hickock would have shocked and perhaps revolted anyone of the least sensitivity, because they were so stark, so brutal. But one *is* brutalized in that kind of situation, and overly sensitized at the same time. The experience served to heighten my feeling of the tragic view of life, which I've always held and which accounts for the side of me that appears extremely frivolous; that part of me is always standing in a darkened hallway, mocking tragedy and death. That's why I love champagne and stay at the Ritz.

PLAYBOY: Despite the efforts you made on behalf of Hickock and Smith, all their appeals for commutation were rejected and on the night of April 14, 1965, you witnessed their deaths on the gallows. How did you feel that evening?

CAPOTE: It was the worst experience of my life. Period.

PLAYBOY: Did it affect your views on capital punishment?

CAPOTE: They had already been formed. I'm against it—but not for any of the usual reasons. I feel that capital punishment could very well be a deterrent if it were evenly enforced and used more generally. But today, because of all the legal machinery and the interminable slowness of appeal procedure, there is this incredible stupidity and cruelty of keeping men in death rows for years on end. At this very moment, 440 men are in death rows across the country, not knowing whether they will be executed tomorrow or next year, or spared by the whim of some governor. The average time a convicted murderer spends on death row is five years; but in Louisiana, two men wasted in death cells for almost 14 years waiting for new trials. There isn't a pretense of rehabilitation or even an attempt to find out what makes them tick; they're left to vegetate. Now, I'm no bleeding heart about murderers; most of them have no conscience at all and their sole regret is that they were caught. I know them and I'm realistic about them. But as capital punishment functions today, it is so erratic in its application and so *creakingly* accomplished that it really does constitute "cruel and unusual" punishment as proscribed by the Constitution. If the system was clear-cut and a person was sentenced and executed within a six-month period on an even, regularized basis, then it might become a singularly effective deterrent; I think professional murderers would really think twice. By professional murderer, of course, I mean not the killer for hire or the Syndicate assassin but the man who commits a crime with the intention of killing the man he is robbing, often in the belief that he will thus not be identified to the police by his victim. He considers murder a necessary *by-product* of his crime. Of course, this type of criminal is generally motivated by pathological drives, but he is rational; and if he knew that death would be his unavoidable punishment, I believe it would give him pause. Today, however, when some are executed and some spared almost by happenstance, as if the legal system were drawing straws, capital punishment has no value as punishment and really constitutes a kind of institutionalized sadism.

PLAYBOY: Why isn't the prospect of life imprisonment as effective a deterrent as death?

CAPOTE: It might be if a life sentence really *meant* life imprisonment. But in the ordinary American prison, a man sentenced to life on a first-degree homicide

charge is paroled and out on the street again within seven years. And almost no one is ever held longer than 12 years. That's why I'm against the way the parole system operates in homicide cases. There is an enormous number of recidivists among these parolees, and I believe that society has a right to protect itself against, say, a sexual psychopath who has no control over his compulsions. It might appear that there is no middle-ground choice between killing people and letting them out of prison prematurely; that's why so many people say, "Let's just extinguish this man so he won't go out and kill again." But there *is* a solution: I believe that all homicide cases, of whatever nature, from the psychopathic murderer to the obviously unpremeditated act of an enraged husband who kills his wife after catching her *flagrante delicto*, should be made a Federal crime, not a state crime, and every killer should be sent to a special maximum-security Federal prison. An immediate advantage here would be that all murder cases would go to trial outside the jurisdiction where the crime was committed; a man who commits murder in New York, for example, might be tried in California. And this would solve one of our major problems—that of pretrial publicity prejudicing the jurors. The key to this system would be that whenever a man is convicted of first-degree homicide, he would receive no precise sentence but an indeterminate sentence of from one day to life, and the actual length of his sentence would be determined not by a parole board but by an expert psychiatric staff attached to the Federal prison. The prison itself would be as much a hospital as a jail and, unlike most of our prisons, whose so-called psychiatric staffs are merely a joke, a true effort would be made to cure the inmates. Under this system, the board might determine that the man who killed his wife in a spasm of passion would be incarcerated for only three months, since his was not a repeatable crime, while a man like Perry Smith would probably have to stay there the rest of his life.

PLAYBOY: But is psychiatry sufficiently precise to make a valid judgment about whether or not a man is cured? Isn't it still possible under your plan that a cunning psychopath could con a board of psychiatrists into releasing him and then kill again?

CAPOTE: Oh, I don't pretend that my idea is foolproof. But it would certainly be a damn sight better than the situation you have today, with the inmates being handled by a lot of underpaid ex–Army sergeants and the parole boards staffed by a combination of political hacks and naïve do-gooders. I think it's a feasible idea and it would remove as much of the element of unfairness from the system as possible. The biggest stumbling block is that shifting homicide from state to Federal jurisdiction would require amending the Constitution. But sooner or later, it will have to happen.

PLAYBOY: You said that under your penal plan, Perry Smith would probably have been incarcerated for life because of his uncontrollable homicidal compulsions. Do you feel that rehabilitation would have been out of the question in his case?

CAPOTE: Not necessarily. He wanted very deeply to paint and write and he also had genuine talent as a musician. He had a natural ear and could play five or six instruments; the guitar, in particular, he played extremely well. But one of the things he used to tell me over and over again was what a tragedy it was that never in his life had anyone, neither his father nor the staffs of the various reform schools or correctional institutions, encouraged him in any single creative thing he wanted to do. He said he often tried to get someone interested in him in the hope that he could receive lessons in music or writing, but *nobody* ever paid the slightest bit of attention to him. As a result, Smith came to live in a kind of schizophrenic dream fantasy where he was a great musician or the creator of a brilliant piece of art. Obviously, if at any time in his life another human being had shown him some sustained affection or even interest, Smith could have revealed something of himself and his aspirations and thus been able to lessen his bitter feeling of being so utterly deprived and alone and jealous and ousted from the world. If this had ever happened, I believe that the drive precipitating his psychotic outbursts of violence might have been aborted. Of course, in the five years I knew him after the murders, Smith showed great improvement. He had nothing to do but sit in his cell on death row and wait and sweat; so when I sent him four or five books a week, he read them avidly and sent me opinions on them, very intelligent and perceptive opinions, and I put him on a systematic reading program. He grew particularly enamored of Thoreau and Santayana in his last years and really became, unlikely as it sounds, something of a Santayana expert.

PLAYBOY: Surely you don't intend to imply that the fact that Smith had artistic talent and an appreciation of Santayana would justify his release from prison.

CAPOTE: Not in itself, of course. But there is such a thing as *partial* rehabilitation. Emotionally and intellectually, Perry had improved considerably during his stay on death row, but his homicidal compulsions ran very deep and I'm not sure he could ever have fully overcome them in the outside world. But the whole point of the psychiatric board attached to the hospital under my plan is to ensure that Perry would undergo extensive examination during his years in prison. It would then be up to the board to decide whether or not he was cured. If Perry had genuinely overcome his homicidal drives, I see no reason why he could not have been freed and allowed to play a productive role in society. It's really rather extraordinary that so many of the people I've interviewed on death rows across the country do change dramatically, primarily because for the first time in their lives they have the *time*, with no distractions whatever, to really think about their lives and probe inward to discover all kinds of things about themselves. So there's no doubt that people do have a capacity to rehabilitate themselves. For example, I visited a boy in Colorado State Prison named Michael John Bell, who has been on death row for almost five years now and has really evolved into an extraordinarily sensitive and perceptive guy. He's had six stays of execution and may be dead by the time this is in print, and it's a real shame. But this argument can be exaggerated; you mustn't forget that the people who are rehabilitated or who rehabilitate themselves are the exceptions and decidedly not the majority. And not all the rejuvenations take, either. Look at Paul Crump, who's one of the most celebrated examples of this sort of thing. He wrote a novel in prison, eventually had his sentence commuted; but he has gone downhill ever since his commutation and is now a problem character.

PLAYBOY: What about Caryl Chessman? Do you share the view of those who feel that it was a tragic waste to execute a man who had changed so dramatically since his conviction?

CAPOTE: I'm afraid there has been a lot of bleeding-heart nonsense printed about Chessman. He was a very, very dangerous psychotic who was anything but rehabilitated. He had a sympathetic personality that attracted people to his cause, a certain flair for writing that fooled a lot of people into thinking he was a saint and, God knows, he was articulate; but if Chessman had been let out of San Quentin, he would have returned to his old habits. The man had a *hopelessly* criminal mind. Of course, I'm not saying he should have been executed. Nobody should be executed for rape, even though the victims sometimes suffer aftereffects that are worse than being killed; one of Chessman's victims, remember, is still in a mental institution. I wouldn't have objected to commuting Chessman's sentence to life imprisonment, but I think we should dispense with all this romanticizing about him.

PLAYBOY: You have characterized Perry Smith as "psychotic." But was either Smith or Hickock clinically insane?

CAPOTE: No, at least not by the current legal definition of insanity. But you've got to make a distinction between Hickock and Smith. Perry Smith was a serious psychopath and to some degree paranoid, with the kind of mind that is able

to kill without passion and without remorse, just as you or I would swat a fly. I've known several Perry types, and human life means nothing to them; it's as if they have a talent for destruction, the kind of death-dealing ability hired killers have. These men have what I call the professional homicidal mind; they think nothing about murdering a man in the course of a robbery or a sexual assault. They can cut a man's throat from ear to ear and walk away and go to a movie and never think about what they've just done, because they place no value whatever on human life. It's almost as if somewhere along the line a surgeon had operated on them and removed some vital part of their brain, leaving them with this ability to kill. There is another type of killer whom I would describe as the *emotional* homicide. This is a man rather like Charles Whitman, the Texas tower murderer, or Robert Benjamin Smith, who walked into an Arizona beauty parlor, forced all the patrons to lie down on the floor and then shot them. This is murder on stage; they're doing it with a *desire* to be caught, because their own anonymity and inadequacy make them desperately require recognition. This type of killer is motivated by a desire to become *somebody*, because he thinks he's nothing; the act of murder becomes the sole release for his frustrations. One of the most interesting things about *Bonnie and Clyde*, which I consider an excellent film, is that it recognizes that the simple desire for notoriety is one of the strongest incitements to crime. Very few people have the vaguest idea of how strong a criminal motivation this is.

But Perry Smith's accomplice, Richard Hickock, doesn't fit either of these categories. Hickock wasn't capable of solo murder at all; he had the sly, quick mind of the petty thief, a kind of check-bouncing mentality. But you might say that in a sense he was a murderer, too, because he recognized the homicidal drive in Perry and he attached himself to it and encouraged it. Hickock was responsible for arranging the crime and the murdering was left to Perry. But Perry, once he was inside the Clutters' house, didn't really *want* to kill; he was reluctant about it, though the outcome was inevitable from the moment he saw Mr. Clutter. Do you remember what he said? "I didn't want to harm the man. I thought he was a very nice gentleman. Softspoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat." Insanity? Perhaps; but no court would recognize it as such.

PLAYBOY: You say that Smith and Hickock could not be judged insane by the current legal definition of insanity, which in most states is the M'Naghten Rule. Do you think the M'Naghten Rule should be scrapped or amended?

CAPOTE: It should certainly be amended. The M'Naghten Rule stipulates that the only proof of insanity is a man's inability to distinguish between right and wrong at the time of the crime. It's completely black and white; you have to be literally foaming at the mouth to be classified insane under this rule; anything short of that and the courts have no choice but to adjudge you sane. It's absurdly simplistic, because a man can succumb to a terrible inner compulsion to kill, know it's wrong and yet be powerless to resist it. But under the M'Naghten Rule, he will be judged sane and hanged; while by any remotely civilized legal standard, he should be incarcerated in a mental institution. Our laws in this area are about as modern and enlightened as the rack and the bastinado.

PLAYBOY: You have said that Smith and Hickock would have gone on killing if they hadn't been apprehended. How can you be so sure?

CAPOTE: A pattern of homicide had become so ingrained in them that it was inevitable they would have killed again if they had remained free. Let me give you an example that for space reasons I had to omit from the book. After Smith and Hickock murdered the Clutters, they fled to Mexico and in Mexico City they became chummy with a Swiss man who owned a restaurant. He was a homosexual and Hickock arranged to be picked up by him and go to his apartment. Incidentally, there was no homosexual relationship between Hickock and Smith; Perry once had an affair with a man and had definite homosexual fixations, but he had nothing to do with Hickock; they were completely frank about such matters and would have told me like a shot. Anyway, once Hickock arrived at the apartment, Perry planned to show up and together they were going to murder and rob this man. The assignation fell through at the last moment, but they had every intention of murdering him. You'll find another instance in my book where the two of them are hitchhiking and they agree to murder anybody who picks them up. So this pattern of homicide had already set in; and if they had gotten away with the Clutter murder, they would have set forth on one of those cross-country murder sprees that have become so common. I must stress again that Smith and Hickock had absolutely no qualms about killing. The only thing that bothered them or, rather, disturbed Perry, was a recurrent superstitious dread that something terrible was going to happen, that they wouldn't get away with it. But conscience didn't enter into it at all; Perry Smith, as a matter of fact, told me he was somewhat upset that he *didn't* have any conscience. So the murder of the Clutter family would have been only the first of many.

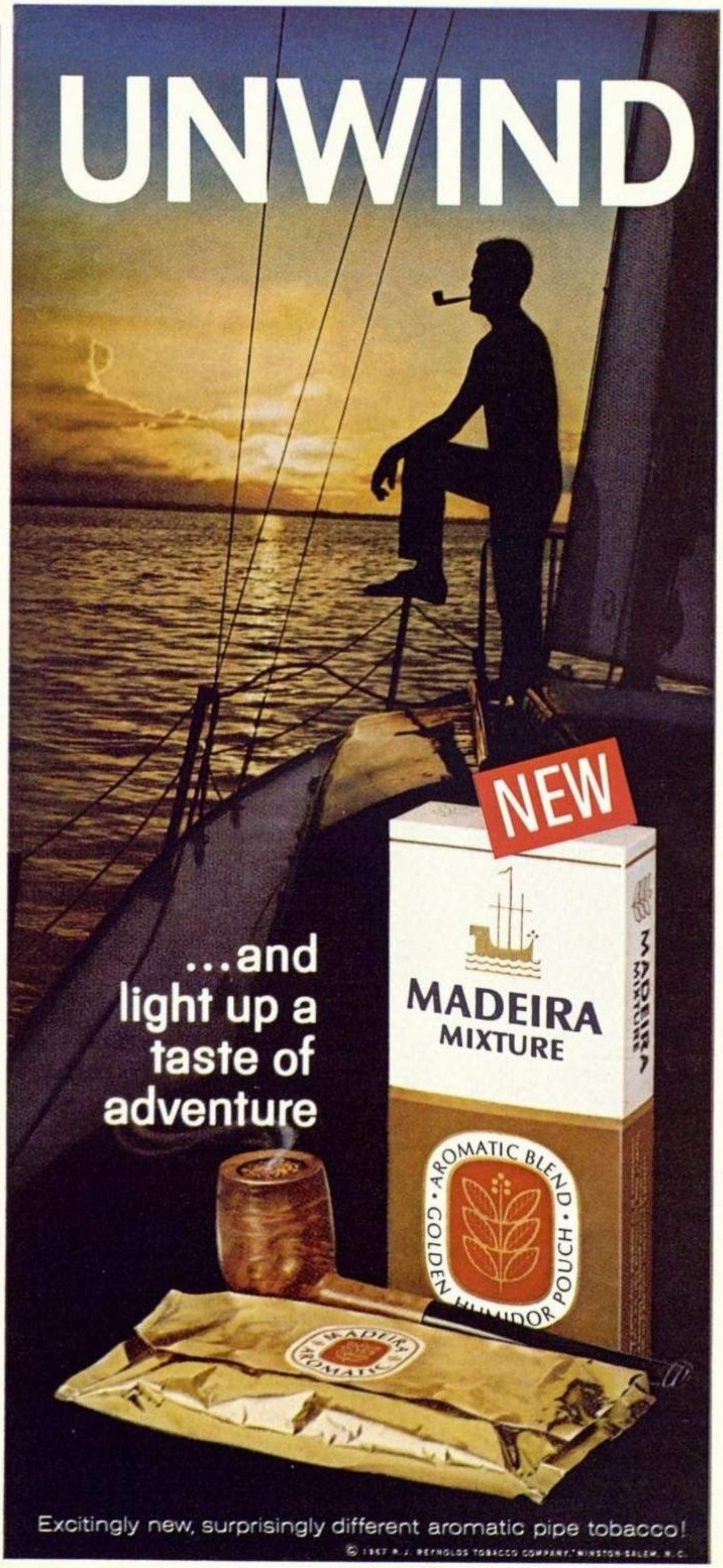
PLAYBOY: The gulf between someone of your background and two such brutal criminals would seem impossible to bridge. But you've said, "Hickock and Smith became very, very good friends of mine—perhaps the closest friends I've ever had in my life." How did you establish rapport with them?

CAPOTE: I treated them as *men*, not as murderers. To most people, a man loses his humanity the minute they learn he's a murderer; they could be talking with him one moment and then the next someone would whisper, "Do you know he killed five people?" and from that moment on, the man would become unreal to them, an uncomfortable abstraction. But I find it relatively easy to establish rapport with murderers; in the past few years, I've interviewed more than 30 of them in all parts of the country. Before I began *In Cold Blood*, I knew nothing about crime and wasn't interested in it; but once the book was under way, I began interviewing murderers—or homicidal minds, as I call them—in order to have a basis of comparison for Smith and Hickock; and I met many more recently while doing a television documentary on capital punishment. The second we begin talking, I find that they are ordinary men with extraordinary problems, set apart only by their ability to kill; in some it's a total lack of conscience, in others a passionate destructive drive. But I have found a certain pattern. One common denominator, for example, is their fetish for tattoos. I have seldom met a murderer who wasn't tattooed. Of course, the reason is rather clear; most murderers are extremely weak men who are sexually undecided and quite frequently impotent. Thus the tattoo, with all its obvious masculine symbolism. Another common denominator is that murderers almost always laugh when they're discussing their crimes. I've met few killers who didn't start laughing when I finally managed to force them to discuss the murder—which isn't easy. When Perry Smith started to tell me about the murder of the Clutter family, for example, he said, "I know this isn't funny, but I can't help laughing about it." Just a while ago, I interviewed a 21-year-old boy named Bassett in the San Quentin death house who is extremely intelligent. He's a slight, thin boy, with a delicate face and figure, a college student, and he writes poetry and short stories. He murdered his mother and father when he was 18; he'd been planning to do it since he was 10 years old. And when he started telling me about how he killed his parents, he began laughing and cracking little jokes, just as though he was telling me the most humorous story. They're mostly like that; they'll tell you how they cut someone's throat and it's as if they were watching a clown slip on a banana peel.

PLAYBOY: *In Cold Blood* scrupulously refrains from speculating about the motives of the two murderers. You thus avoid answering the crucial question, Why? Is

there no answer—or did you just fail to find one?

CAPOTE: There *is* an answer and it's implicit in the book. In the last section of Part Four, called "The Corner," I describe at some length a study by several psychiatrists at the Menninger Clinic entitled "Murder Without Apparent Motive," which deals with cases in which a man commits an act of exceptional violence, one out of all proportion to the situation, as Perry Smith did. These doctors analyzed many such cases and found that the backgrounds of all the murderers interviewed were remarkably similar: All of them had experienced a childhood marked by parental brutality, rejection, insecurity. One of the Menninger psychiatrists, Dr. Joseph Satten, concentrated extensively on Perry Smith, and his conclusion was that the person Perry was murdering that night in a Kansas farmhouse was not Mr. Clutter but his own father. I agree. It also became quite clear from many of the things Perry told me over the years that this was his *own* evaluation of what had happened. The only murder of psychological importance in this case is the first one, because once it was committed, the others were imperative, but not in themselves psychologically motivated; they were automatic and almost incidental. So the why is quite clear: Perry identified Mr. Clutter, an authority figure, with the father he loved-hated and he unleashed all his inner resentment in an act of violence. This was a pattern in Perry's life; each time he tried to kill someone, that person was an obvious authority figure, a father surrogate. For example, he told me many times about his attempt to murder a military policeman in Japan; he picked him up and then threw him off a bridge. In each instance, what triggered Perry's violence was his own love-hate relationship with his father. That was the motivation for the crime. In this respect, Smith was very much like Richard Speck, who murdered the eight nurses in Chicago. I haven't interviewed Speck, but I've studied his case and, once again, you have a man full of random, violent hatred that is psychologically triggered by subliminal compulsions. I believe Speck when he says that he didn't intend to kill the eight nurses; what happened was that he identified the last of the girls he tied up, the girl he raped, with his own wife, whom he detested. In Perry's case, it was a father surrogate whom he killed; in Speck's, a wife surrogate. And for Speck, as for Smith, it was only the *first* murder that counted; once he killed the girl he identified with his wife, the other murders were inevitable. I'm always surprised to read reviews of *In Cold Blood* that lament, "But Mr. Capote didn't tell us *why*." Well, short of getting a baseball bat and clubbing you over the head



with it, I don't see how I could have made the point any more clearly.

PLAYBOY: Throughout *In Cold Blood*, you starkly and systematically emphasize the contrast between the wholesome, prototypically rural-American Clutter family and the brutal, disinvolved and desensitized drifters, Hickock and Smith. Some critics have wondered which you intended to imply more truly represents the *real* America of the Sixties—the Clutter family or their murderers.

CAPOTE: This contrast does exist, and even though I didn't start out on the book with any preconceived theme—at first I didn't know anything about the Clutter family, much less their killers—this gulf between victim and murderer became so intriguing that it was one of the major factors behind my decision to invest years of time and effort in the book. The contrast was so exaggerated that it became symbolic in a kind of textbook fashion. Here you have the Clutter family on one hand—such a perfect prototype of the good, solid, landed American gentry, as you point out—and on the other hand you have Hickock and Smith, particularly Smith, representing the dangerous psychotic element, empty of compassion or conscience. And these two extremes mated in the act of murder. The Clutter family and Hickock and Smith do represent the opposite poles in American society; if you ask me who best represents the *real* America, I have to say a very modified and much more soiled and complicated version of the Clutter family. But Perry Smith—and I single him out because he had a deeply psychotic criminal mind, whereas Hickock was just a smart-aleck, small-time crook—does represent a very real side of American life; he is typical of the conscienceless yet perversely sensitive violence that runs through such phenomena as the motorcycle gangs and the drifting herds of brutalized children wandering across the country. Of course, in Perry's case—and in the case of the thousands like him—the arbitrary act of violence springs from the poverty of his life, its deep insecurity and emptiness. That doesn't excuse what he did, of course, but it does help explain it. In a way, all this had to happen; there was a quality of inevitability about it. Given what Perry was, and what the Clutters represented, the only possible outcome of their convergence was death.

PLAYBOY: In addition to the type of depersonalized violence represented by Smith and Hickock, other forms of *anomie* permeate American society. In Forest Hills, New York, on March 26, 1964, Kitty Genovese was murdered while 38 witnesses stood by and did nothing to help for the half hour it took her assailant to kill her. Instances of this sort in our major cities have become as common as cases in which spectators gleefully shout "Jump!" to potential suicides on window ledges. What do you think accounts for this widespread apathy to the sufferings of others?

CAPOTE: The two instances you cite are basically quite different. The Kitty Genovese case is a completely *urban* phenomenon; I don't think anything like it could ever happen anywhere in rural America. But in our big cities, people are afraid to become involved, because the city *itself* is frightening. The city dweller lives in his isolated unit, his apartment or furnished room, with bolts on the door; and his reaction to another person in trouble is, "I can't do anything, because I really don't know what's out there. I can't get involved." It's not surprising that they have no sense of community responsibility; they don't even know who their *neighbors* are. So why risk their own lives for a stranger? While nothing can excuse the people who watched Kitty Genovese murdered and didn't even call the police, it *is* understandable, in the context of the current urban brutality, why people are afraid to intervene in acts of violence. It's lamentable, but in some ways you can hardly blame them. If you understand the psychology involved, you can see why this kind of thing could never happen in a small town, where people have roots, where they are not afraid of their environment, where they know their neighbors and feel part of a recognized society. But the cities are anonymous, as Kitty Genovese discovered. The second point, about the spectators who shout "Jump!" to some poor suicide crouched on a window ledge, is just the opposite of the passivity and fear of involvement displayed in the Genovese case: This is the classic lynch-mob mentality. There is a sadistic component of the human mind that is seldom manifested in the individual but that is somehow liberated in the collective; you can have a crowd watching anything from a fire to a fist fight and it's amazing how quickly it can be sparked into a mob. When I was a child in Alabama, lynchings occasionally happened; and I've known hundreds of people perfectly capable of attending a lynching. It's amazing how easily an individual can become depersonalized and swept up into the lynch-mob mentality; people will tell you how they hate violence and how they could never imagine themselves involved in a lynching and then you'll see news photographs of a lynch mob and there they are, their faces glazed with joy and sadism. If the Kitty Genovese case is an urban phenomenon, the lynch-mob mentality is, I fear, a human phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: Ten thousand murders are committed in the U.S. each year—in New York City alone, about four times as many as in the whole of Great Britain. Our crime rate is one of the highest in the world and increases yearly. Four U.S. Presidents have been assassinated while in office and four others have survived assassination attempts. Mass murders are becoming commonplace; extremist paramilitary groups arm to fight off their enemies; and race riots wrack more and more cities. Social critic Max Lerner contends that we are living in a "climate of violence—a climate of frustration, of emotional deprivation, of hate." He feels there is something peculiarly American about this high incidence of violence, perhaps rooted in our frontier psychology, which dictated that disputes be settled by guns. Do you agree?

CAPOTE: I'm constantly reading in the popular psychological press about this residue of frontier mentality accounting for the violence in our society, but I just don't agree. After all, for centuries, assassination has been almost a way of life, or death, in the Orient and the Arab world; and Russia has a pretty neat record of assassination, too. I just don't subscribe to the whole idea that America is more violent than other countries. What makes it *appear* that way statistically is that when you take America and put her next to France or Sweden or Liechtenstein, we have more of everything, from assassination to psoriasis. But the United States is an enormous part of a whole continent and comparisons like this are meaningless unless you first lump all the nations of Europe into one country and for good measure throw in a couple of Arab states; then you'd have a fair basis for statistical comparison, and I'm sure you would find the incidences of violence are quite similar.

PLAYBOY: Even if America is no worse than other countries in this respect, you have frequently expressed alarm over the rising tide of violent crime in our society. In November 1966, you appeared before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee and attacked recent Supreme Court rulings strengthening the rights of suspects in criminal cases, charging that if those rulings had been in effect at the time of Hickock and Smith's arrest, both men would have gone free to kill again. Why are you so opposed to these rulings?

CAPOTE: I'm not opposed to all the Court's rulings on the civil liberties of suspects in criminal cases. The Court has delivered two major decisions, *Miranda* and *Escobedo*. The *Escobedo* ruling states that if a suspect requests a lawyer, he must be supplied one, whatever his financial status. I have no objection at all to that decision. But the *Miranda* decision, which stipulates that a suspect must be advised that he has the right to remain silent and the right to the presence of an attorney before any questioning, is absurd and extremely detrimental to effective law enforcement. Just the other day, *reductio ad absurdum*, a nine-year-old boy was picked up for shoplifting in Missouri and he told the arresting officers that he wouldn't go to the police station and

(continued on page 160)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

In the working world, his present is bright and his future is assured. He's a can-do young guy with an eye on the top job—and the training to handle it. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by 2,668,000 adult males engaged in professional, managerial or technical occupations. And the PLAYBOY reader has that extra spending power a higher income affords. If you're efficiency-minded and advertising-wise, the magazine to use is PLAYBOY—it *really* inspires buying. (Source: *1967 Simmons Report.*)

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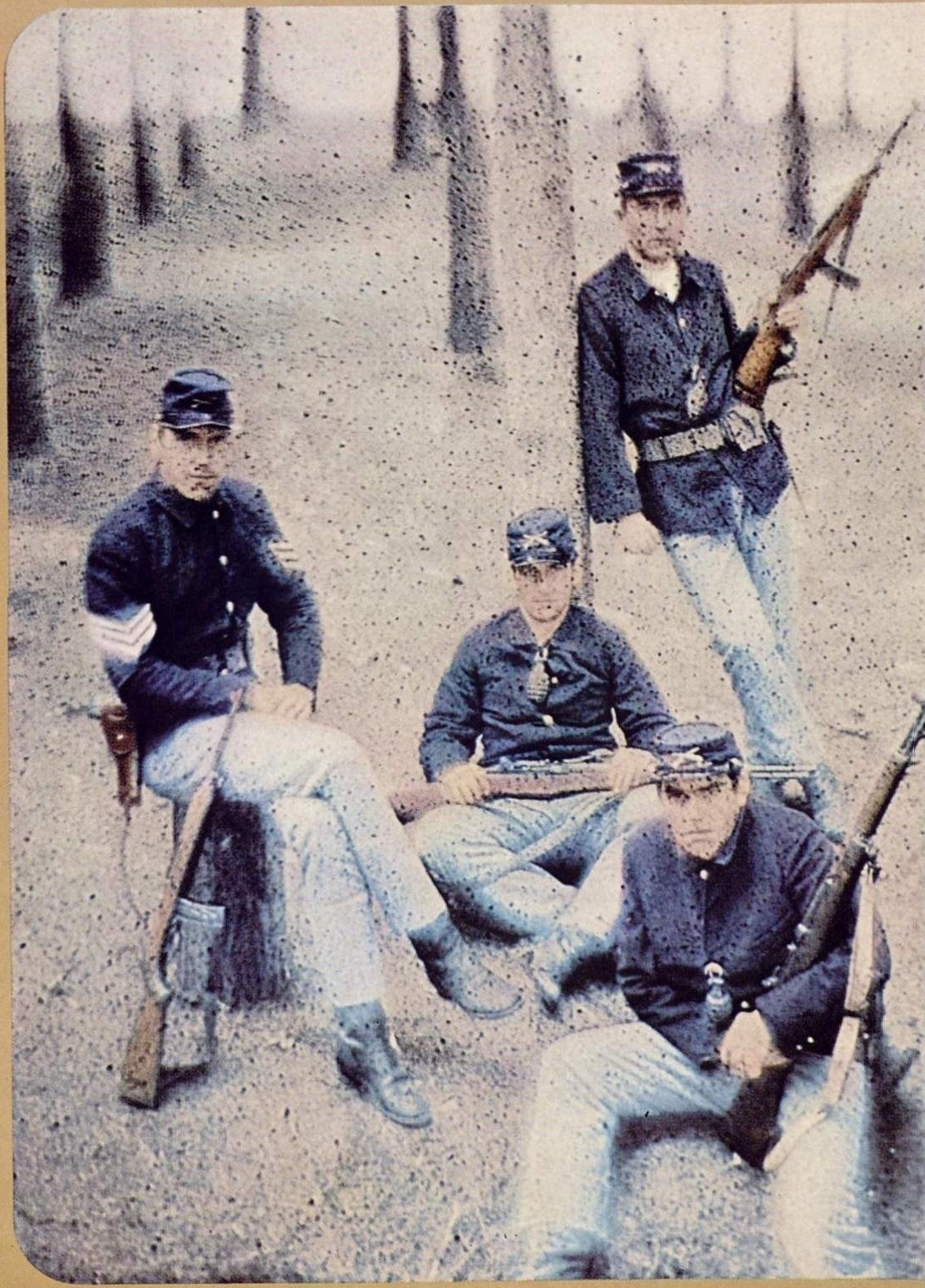


PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK WOOD

The Chronicle Of The 656th

they faced an army of their great-grandfathers, an army that was the last hope of a dying nation—and their duty was to destroy it

fiction By GEORGE BYRAM

I AM NOT a frivolous man. I detest practical jokes of all kinds, most especially those involving matters of serious interest. I consider any deliberate attempt to subvert knowledge—such as the Piltdown-man hoax—almost criminal. I believe that this is the only attitude a true historian *could* have. Thus, I was extremely annoyed with Clifford Hanson.

I must record that Hanson is one of the best students I have ever encountered and, furthermore, a steady young man who has never shown any signs of playing antics with the recorded past. I was, therefore, astonished when he presented me with a weird forgery apparently concocted in an effort to solve two small but quite salient mysteries that occurred in the same geographical location, though separated by some 80 years. I still remember how angry it made me at the time.

Hanson, to begin at the beginning, has a most lucrative hobby that combines his interest in early 19th Century building methods with a small business. He searches out authentic structures erected between 1800 and 1865 and buys them for relatively small sums in order to salvage the old brick, walnut timbers or antique pegged flooring. These he sells at a good price to builders of fashionable

new houses or to makers of custom furniture. In the spring of 1966, he bought a nondescript old building near Nashville —one that had variously played the roles of warehouse, stable, storehouse for farm machinery and, finally, derelict. It was about to be razed to make way for a housing development.

At first, the building seemed in no way unusual. Hanson had determined, from county courthouse records, that the edifice was put up in 1865, and his knowledge of the construction methods of that day confirmed it. Confirmed it, that is, until he came to the flooring. The boards, said Hanson, were the right age, but something about the way the floor was laid seemed indefinably wrong. After all these years, it was still a good, solid floor, but its carpentry differed, Hanson noticed, in many small details from the customary workmanship of the local craftsmen of that past era. Hanson was even more surprised to discover beneath the floor a small quarter basement.

Now, the sum of all these things occurred to Hanson as quickly as it would occur to any of us: 1865, a year of devastation around Nashville, where a great battle had just been fought; an ex-Confederate knowing that he must hide the family treasures; the hand of an amateur carpenter laying the floor; then, the quarter basement completely sealed off and hidden. When he lowered himself down, Hanson was almost certain that he would find an old ironbound chest. In fact, he found two.

They held no jewelry, no gold pieces, no family silver. One contained some twisted metal. The other contained some old papers, which, a few days before the university opened in the fall, Clifford Hanson brought to me.

When I came to examine them, I found that the topmost papers were certain orders and documents pertaining to the Battle of Franklin, a Civil War action that took place at the end of November 1864. For me, a splendid discovery! Perhaps it is not too immodest to note that I am the author of *A Study of the Tactics Employed by General J. B. Hood, C. S. A., During the Tennessee Campaign of 1864* (Sewanee: University Press of the South, 1962).

I made a quick survey of the find. The loose sheets were made of the familiar stout rag paper of the 1860s, originally grayish in color but now foxed and rather yellow. The last object in the stack was a surprise. It was a dun-colored, bound notebook, roughly eight inches by ten in size, containing 80 pages in three different styles of handwriting. The title page read: "The Chronicle of the 656th R. C. T." There was no other identification. I took one look at the paper and I knew that I was faced with a shameless forgery! It was yellowed, faded, flaking and extremely brittle to the touch. I had to be careful lest it fall to dust in my hands. I knew at once that it was modern paper—the kind of wood-pulp, high-acid-content paper that didn't appear until considerably *after* the Civil War. When I read the first page or two, I was extremely irritated. I got Hanson on the telephone and ordered him to come to my house at once.

He arrived in a short time—the tall, long-faced, sober young man I'd learned to trust through his three years of graduate study. Something told me that I wasn't being quite fair, but my anger urged me on. "If one wishes to play a stupid hoax on a historian," I said, "one should learn to do it with finesse. This is so transparent as to be laughable!" My anger accounts for my brutal language.

Hanson looked genuinely nonplused. "Sir?" he said. "Hoax? Transparent? I really don't understand."

"This notebook among your so-called Civil War papers," I said. "If you had taken care to read it, you would see that it plainly identifies itself as a record of the 656th Regimental Combat Team, *which was formed in 1943*. You would have noticed that this was an experimental cadre designed to operate behind Japanese lines in northern China. You would also have seen that it was a self-contained infantry outfit with mule transport, carrier pigeons rather than radio, but with the most modern weapons and demolition supplies. The chronicle, you'll be good enough to note, says that the 656th was sent into middle Tennessee on a training mission on *November 18, 1944*."

Hanson was staring at the papers, still refusing to look guilty. It struck me then that the hoax was perhaps being played on both of us by a third person. "I confess I haven't read the papers," Hanson said. "I brought them directly to you. I notice, sir, that the notebook paper *does* seem to be old."

"It's modern paper that somebody has put through an aging process."

"What would you say this is all about?"

"Well, my guess is that some amateur historian, Civil War buff, has bungled his joke. He managed to do a credible job of fakery on some papers having to do with the Battle of Franklin, but he very stupidly left among them a purported document of 1944 vintage."

Hanson still looked at me very calmly. "The paper is dated 1944, sir? Then why do you think somebody put it through an aging process in order to make it look older than that?" He had me there. I could only shake my head in puzzlement. "Let me tell you about the floor, sir," he said. "When pegs have been set for a long time, the peg and the wood into which it was driven sort of grow together—you might say they mate. There is no possible way to pull them apart and then remate them. I'd recognize that in a minute. I'll swear on my life that I was the first one to move those floor boards since 1865."

The upshot of all this was that I apologized to Hanson for my suspicions and then we went our separate ways next day—he to Washington to get access to World War Two files and I to the rare-books section of the university library, where I watched over two technicians who, with infinite care, photostated every leaf of the papers.

When Clifford Hanson came into my office three days later, he was looking most uneasy and perplexed. I was sorry that I had ever accused him of duplicity. "The 656th," he said as he sat down, "has never been deactivated. It has disappeared, but it still exists! It's a living ghost."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Please, Clifford, an orderly, scholarly presentation."

"Sorry," he said. "Well, I won't bore you with the details of my search, except to say that the Department of Defense sent me to the Department of the Army, who sent me to Archives, who sent me to. . . . But the outcome was that I found a Lieutenant Colonel McInnes—a military historian—who got interested in the matter and got all the files opened up for me.

"Well, the basic facts jibe. The roster of the 656th corresponds with the list given in that notebook. The outfit's T/O, T/E and mission are just as set down in the chronicle. On November 18, 1944, the 656th went on maneuvers in middle Tennessee. That was the last ever heard of it."

"Nonsense!" I said. I'm afraid that some of my bad temper came back in a rush. "An entire regimental combat team does *not* desert en masse and get away with it."

"No," said Hanson slowly, "it doesn't. And that's the conclusion the War Department finally reached back in 1945. But they reached it only after one of the most frantic searches you could imagine. The Army Air Corps covered the area; the Military Police combed it; the C. I. D. and the C. I. C. sifted every town, village and city for deserters. Not a clue. G-3 poured fire and brimstone on everybody concerned. Finally, they had to give up. A year later, all the next of kin were notified by telegram that their soldiers were missing in action and presumed dead. Insurance policies were paid. Every scrap of paper was classified Top Secret and the whole thing was swept under the rug. It was as if a whole body of troops stepped off the planet one sunny day in November—and left no forwarding address."

There was no use sitting around and scratching our heads. "You take the 1864

(continued on page 74)

"Gosh, when I started out this morning, I thought it was going to be just another courtesy visit."

playboy presents a fresh twist on the provocative art of body painting: how to tell a bird by her plumage

SOMETIME in the mid-1960s, an imaginative West Coast hippie reproduced her trip in colorful, mystic designs on face, feet and torso. Faster than you can say commercialization, scenes as dissimilar as middle-aged Long Island parties and the East Village's Electric Circus were filled with psychedelic epidermis, and today you can buy a cute little bucket of Coty Originals Body Paint in almost any Iowa drugstore. On these six pages, West Coast PLAYBOY photographer Mario Casilli spoofs the fad by showing the images nine different girl types might fashion on themselves to illustrate their vocations or avocations. "As with all great art," Mario deadpans, "the crucial thing in body painting is to envision the beauty beneath the surface."

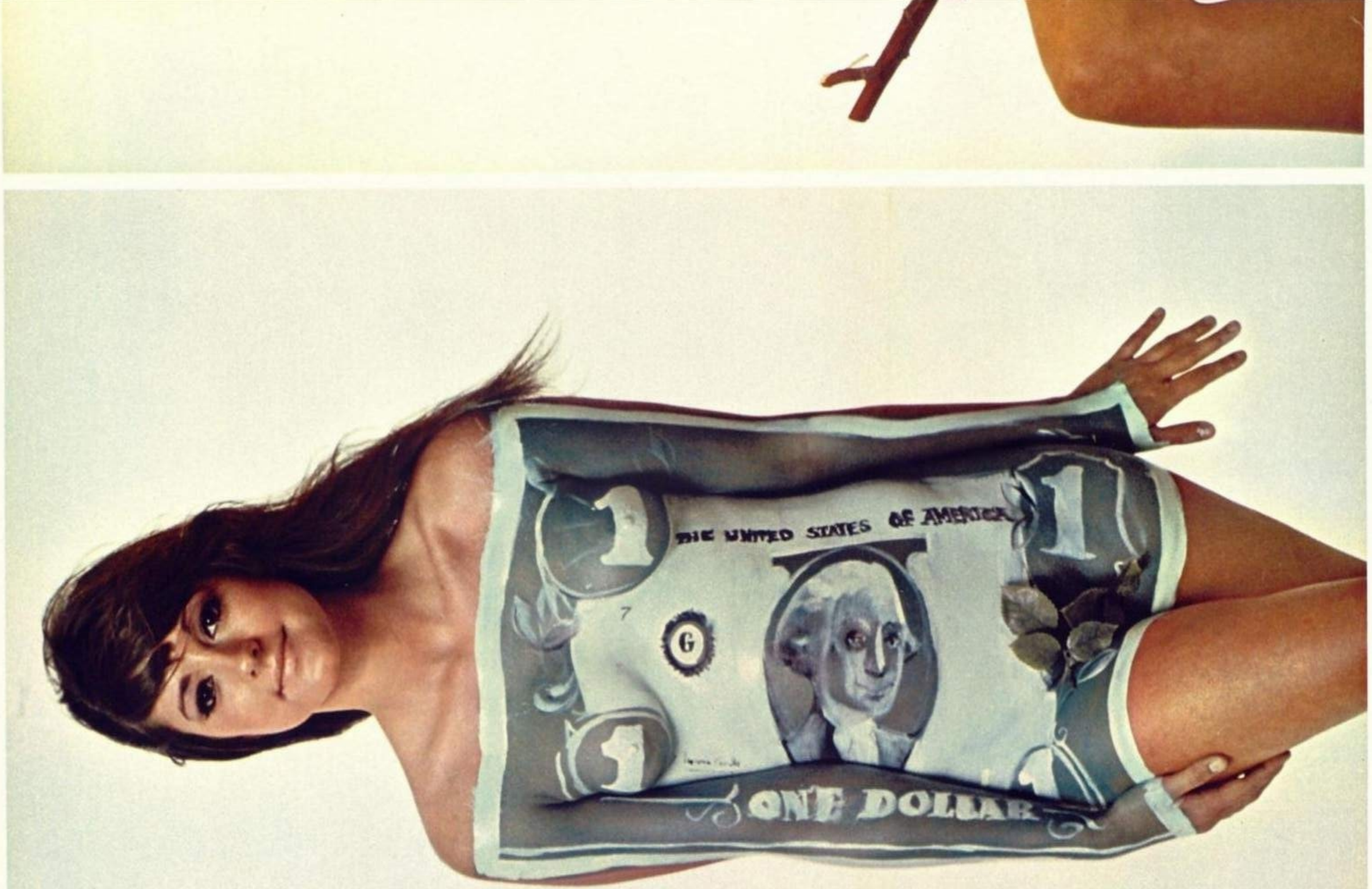
Brush On Fashions

BODY PAINTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

BIRD WATCHER *Nature lover by day, our chick is a night owl, too, and glad to have someone share her nest. But she decides Whoo.*

PSYCHEDELIC HIPPIE *When the ultimate hippie at far left does her thing, even the most literal-minded can grasp pop philosopher Marshall McLuhan's thought that the medium is the message.*

TEACHER *The painted pedagog above, though obviously with it, put down the joker who chalked "sex now" on her free-form blackboard.*


THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ONE DOLLAR

FINANCIAL WHIZ *The inflated aspects of our fiscal miss' economic picture make the threat of a shrinking dollar good news for lovers of legally tender species.*

HITCHHIKER *Insurance against being stranded in Kansas, according to this migratory bird, is the topographical map she calls "San Francisco, here I come."*

MUSICIAN *Our cellist's bare Bach variation draws a bravo—especially for her use of a spirited spinal chord.*

ARTIST *The op painter above threw herself into her work with more startling results than she bargained for: In one morning alone, she was saluted by eight elderly Japanese and clutched by a myopic kid who thought she was a pinwheel. "Viewer impact is one of the prime characteristics of imaginative body painting," photographer Casilli says. "Even the least sensitive critic is intrigued by a slowly undulating, multicolored abdomen."*

CAREER GIRL *Our assistant account executive's form-fitting double-breasted jacket marks her as a winner in the fashion-conscious advertising game. But she's earned a reputation for stuffiness by breaking one of the game's rules: At freewheeling creative conferences, where shirt sleeves are de rigueur, she keeps her jacket on.*

SUN WORSHIPER *Beaches are best enjoyed when one's bare, of course, but some sort of covering is still required on the more populated stretches of the nation's shore lines. Our avant-garde beachnik's ultimate barekini at right solves this dilemma, granting freedom and placating prudery at the same time. The outfit's most fun when it's noncolorfast.*

The Chronicle *(continued from page 66)*

papers," I said. "I'm going to read the chronicle of the 656th."

• • •

The chronicle had been kept in the beginning by First Sergeant Otis Hodge. His entries, which went through November 23, were terse and accurate but with many misspelled words and some bad sentence structure. Obviously, a man of some ability and little education. On the 24th, the commander, Colonel John Gilbert, took over the chronicle and kept it to its conclusion, except for two items at the end. The chronicle is more minutely detailed than one would expect from an Army officer. (Later, I went to the trouble of finding out about its author. I discovered that's exactly what he was. An author. Prior to World War Two, John Gilbert was one of the lesser-known American novelists.)

• • •

November 24, 1944. This is being written in bivouac. I begin the happenings of this strange day at 1330 hours. We were marching across open, rolling hills, approaching a densely wooded area. Out to our left 600 yards were some isolated rock formations, making ideal targets for mortar fire. We unpacked several crates of shells, fired for ten minutes, making some admirable hits, then quickly packed and ran for the woods, simulating an actual situation of hit and run. Then we followed an old, rutted road leading through the woods. As the head of the column reached the far side, I called a rest halt.

Major Bateson Powers, a native of this area, who was sent along to make sure we didn't wander out of the uninhabited sector the Army had reserved for live-ammunition training exercises, was at the head of the column, scanning the terrain into which we would move. Our doctor, Captain Fritz Payson, Lieutenant George Michelson and First Sergeant Hodge were with me in approximately the center of the column. I was sitting with my back to the road. Sergeant Hodge was facing me. The captain and the lieutenant were lying on their backs with their eyes closed. We were talking about nothing of any consequence when *something happened.*

I was idly observing the woods over Hodge's shoulder. There was what seemed to be a pulse of light all around us: but in the moment of seeing it, my eyes seemed to go out of focus and I wasn't sure I had seen anything. I cannot be sure how long it lasted, but when my eyes focused again, I knew the woods was not the same. Leaves, twigs, branches, even the boles of trees seemed subtly shifted. I looked at Hodge. He was looking past me and his eyes were wide with astonishment. It was the first time I had ever seen his face uncontrolled.

"The road is gone!" he exclaimed.

Up and down the column, men began to get to their feet in bewilderment. Everyone knew that something had happened, but there had been no sound, no feeling, except (at least, in my case) what seemed to be a wrenching of the senses.

The gangling figure of Major Powers was coming on the run along the natural opening the road had followed. He had to dodge an occasional tree that grew in the center of where the road had been.

The men were beginning to collect in groups, talking and looking uneasily over their shoulders. I ordered Hodge to take charge and to see that nobody wandered off. Then I took the major and Lieutenant Michelson aside for a conference.

Immediately, Powers said, "I had my field glasses focused on an old, lightning-struck oak snag up there on the ridge we'd have to climb. It turned into a green young tree right before my eyes."

His long, aristocratic face wore an unusual expression—of embarrassment. I couldn't quite tell whether he was embarrassed because he was saying something that was patently impossible or because he *knew* that he had seen the impossible and was frightened.

"What do *you* think?" I asked Michelson. He looked amused and unworried—Michelson is a man of about 30, but he always seems to be a large-scale boy. A very confident, self-reliant boy, it's true, but forever immature. That's why he made a superb platoon leader but would make a terrible company commander.

He laughed. "I slept through it all, sir. I really did—I dozed off. But"—and he became more sober—"when I came to, I could see that the whole terrain had changed. When my eyes closed, I'd been looking off to the left there. It was heavy brush and saplings. Look now! You can see a kind of a clearing and under that oak there's a fallen-down log cabin."

Powers spoke again, in a troubled voice. "Did you feel anything?" I did. I don't mean that sort of odd light effect. I suddenly had the feeling that my wife had died. I don't mean that I *thought*—I mean that I knew it in my heart.

I called Hodge over to us. "Get all the noncoms together," I said. "Have them take the men up to that ridge line yonder. We're going to bivouac here *and* we're going to dig in. Understand? I want a defense perimeter established along the ridge. Machine guns on the flanks. Pick a good spot for an o.p."

I was glad Hodge was with me. I'd trade anyone in the regiment for him. His combat record was splendid. He was tough and brave—and, best of all, he had a very limited imagination. Because of an odd mix-up at headquarters, the 656th was far under strength in officers. Until we got some replacements, my senior noncoms were doing the officers' jobs. I liked it that way. I hoped we'd never get any shavetails from O.C.S.

"Oh, yes. And, Hodge, bring me one of the pigeon cages." Every day about this time, we reported our position back to the Columbia H.Q. I wanted to keep the men busy and I wanted to maintain the normal routine until I could get some clue about what had happened.

"If I can make a suggestion, John?" said Powers. "Why don't you tell H.Q. to send a light recon plane over? I think the men are a little jittery and that ought to straighten them out."

"The general will think I'm off my rocker," I said. Then I had a second thought. "Maybe. Maybe that's not so bad. We'll call it a camouflage exercise. Have the men camouflage and request that recon plane to take some photos. The pictures will show if anything really crazy has happened."

I released the pigeon at 1500 hours. The men had dug in and Hodge had done a good job of supervising the camouflage. George Michelson had taken a corporal and a couple of men on a reconnaissance. I'd ordered the cooks to give the men an early meal—a hot meal of C rations. In actual combat conditions, we'd probably live off K rations, but on this exercise we had the luxury of Coleman stoves and a supply of C rations. When Michelson got back, the four of us sat around the officers' club and had a drink—the club being Fritz Payson's shelter half, two stumps and a boulder; and the drinks being bourbon and branch in paper cups.

Fritz, I should note, was a dual-purpose officer of the kind required by our unorthodox outfit. He was a medic, but he was also trained as an infantry officer—which was how I would use him until we had some real casualties. "Doctor Fritz," I said. "I want to consult you. Have you ever known a case of a mass topographic hallucination? How is it that a whole group of presumably sane people can imagine they see a forest change in front of their eyes?"

"Can't say, Colonel. But I don't see why we should be much worried. One tree's just as good as another, as far as I'm concerned. Sure, the road's gone, but that isn't much of a loss. You'll have to admit it wasn't any superhighway. Now, I suggest that we just proceed as usual with the maneuvers and some reasonable explanation will turn up before long." We all had another drink on that.

2200 hours. I am writing this last line by flashlight. No plane has come.

• • •

November 25, 1944. 1000 hours. It began to rain in the night, turned to sleet toward morning and quit about dawn. The ground is muddy and Hodge asked permission for the men to light fires. I agreed—but it took an enormous effort of will to overcome a superstitious

(continued on page 124)

CABLE FROM MR. MENZIES

even the unworldly professor should have known that grand illusion and grim reality seldom go hand in hand

fiction **By ERNEST BORNEMAN**

THE FIRST TIME I met Mr. Menzies was in a bathtub at the Hotel Prince de Galles in Paris. He was in the tub. I was living in Paris at the time, but not at the Prince de Galles.

It was the fourth appointment we had made. Three times before, over a period of about eight weeks, he had sent me cables from such outlandish places as Baghdad, Tiflis and Marrakech to tell me that he was passing through Paris for a day and wanted to see me most urgently. Each time, he failed to show up.

One night, a secretary with an indefinable accent telephoned me at three in the morning to say that Mr. Menzies had been gored in a bullfight in Toledo and would not be able to get to Paris for a week or so; the second time, I was received by a distinguished-looking Armenian in a pink dressing gown who said that he, personally, was not Mr. Menzies himself but that he knew Mr. Menzies like a brother. When I showed him the cable I had received from Mr. Menzies that morning, he said he had had awfully little sleep last night and would I mind calling back a little later. When I called again about midnight, he had checked out. Yes, he had paid his bill; I am mentioning this to forestall any false conclusions: When Mr. Menzies had money, he always paid his bills, and those of his friends as well.

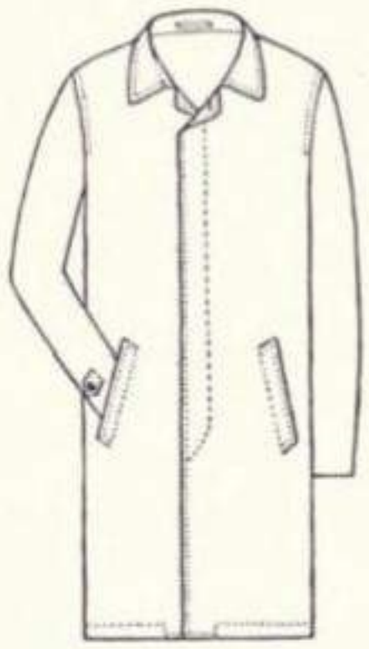
The third date was the most obscure one. The cable was from Marrakech and the *(continued on page 78)*

RIGHT AS RAIN

a trio of fashionable foul-weather foilers for the unquenchable gallant

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

TODAY'S RAINY-DAY REGALIA pays a stylish salute to the military greatcoat: full lapels, a higher collar, plus a lean fitted shape are the fashion details that command attention. Feel free to troop the colors of your choice. Oyster and cinnamon are solid stand-bys, but there's also a winning selection of plaids and checks.



A dashing Walter Raleigh whets the interest of a stranded damsel in distress by chivalrously laying down a stylish steppingstone. He has come to her rescue with a glen-plaid machine-washable polyester and cotton poplin raincoat with fly front, split raglan sleeves, slash-through pockets and center vent, by London Fog, $45.

Our quick-thinking curbside matador earns bravos for his splashy display of fancy coatwork. He's shielded the young lady with a Zepel-treated wash-and-wear Dacron and cotton twill double-breasted raincoat that features a higher military collar, slant pockets, side vents and tattersall lining, by Harbor Master, $45.

Two's company for an enterprising urbanite who takes the elements —and the lady—in tow by inviting her under his well-tailored wing. Both are fashionably covered with an Italian cotton gabardine double-breasted raincoat that features Edwardian lapels, flap pockets, deep center vent and satin lining, by Fox Hunt, $60.

CABLE FROM MR. MENZIES

(continued from page 75)

appointment it made was for five o'clock that day at the bar of the Hotel Esplanade in the Avenue Chateaubriand. When I arrived, Mr. Menzies was not there. When I asked the bartender about him, he said: "Are you a friend of Mr. Menzies', sir?" Proudly, though somewhat untruthfully, I said I was. At this, without further ado, he threw me out.

Having sampled the projection of Mr. Menzies' personality on three memorable occasions, I decided dramatically: (a) that I would never tell a lie again and (b) that I would no longer play bait to Mr. Menzies' hook. But I was poor, and although the French government had given me a fellowship for a year, there was not enough money in it to let me bring my wife over from Washington. She had a tough time of it, eight hours a day at a Government typewriter and our son Michael to look after in the few hours that remained her own. Mike was almost two at the time, and I felt like a deserter leaving her behind with the child—but I had to finish my studies if I was ever going to get a professorship anywhere, and the French were the only people who gave me a chance to live while learning. Paris was pleasant enough, but I wished to God that I could have had Ruth and Mike with me.

Then the cable from Mr. Menzies arrived.

"DEAR DOCTOR DICKINSON," it began, and immediately I was impressed because it was the first time in my life that I had received a telegram that observed the full formalities of a letter. "I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE OUR FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON MOORISH CULTURE IN EUROPE." This flattered me, although it was almost insanely untrue. Yes, I had done an obscure thesis on the history of the Moors in Spain, but how in the world Mr. Menzies had ever heard of it I shall never know. Words like "foremost" and "authority" certainly went way beyond my wildest dreams, but all my scruples vanished when I came to the next line: "I AM PRODUCING A MOTION PICTURE ON THE MOORS IN SPAIN AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU PREPARE A DRAFT SCRIPT FOR ME STOP I AM LEAVING BY AIR APRIL 29 AND WOULD LIKE DISCUSS TERMS WITH YOU PARIS HOTEL GEORGE-V TOMORROW STOP AFFECTIONATE REGARDS—BOGNOR MENZIES."

The BOGNOR worried me a little. I was not very well up on my movie lore in those days and the name meant nothing to me. I confused it with Bognor Regis and thought it was a town in Scotland.

The AFFECTIONATE REGARDS, too, gave me some momentary apprehension, because, after all, I had never met Mr. Menzies, and all this affection from a stranger made me wonder how Ruth would like it when she found out about Bognor and me. For surely Bognor was a lady, a notion that came to me as soon as I had shelved the idea that she was a town in Scotland.

Well, that illusion, too, died among the embers of my inflammable mind when we met at long last—for here I was in one of the more voluptuous bathrooms of the Hotel Prince de Galles and Bognor Menzies certainly was no lady.

Not that he lacked any of the wiles and graces that you would normally associate with the gentler sex; far from it: He had all these and more. But he also had been married three times to three of the more stunning ladies of the screen and had had three healthy children by them; his affairs, it seemed, were ample and well-known to the daily press and fan magazines of two continents, and his prowess was confirmed and undoubted.

All this seemed as exotic to me as the South Sea Islands. Despite my firm decision to stay on guard against the seduction of high salaries and low tastes, I therefore soon found myself bewitched and confounded. Mr. Menzies was distraught, it seemed, because he had scratched himself on the leg and needed regular penicillin injections every three hours to guard against infection. He had ordered a nurse by cable from London; but on his arrival at Le Bourget, she had failed to turn up. He was furious. The hotel had promised to send up another nurse, but she, too, had failed to make an appearance. Would I do him a great favor and see if I could find him a doctor?

I said I would, and for two hours thereafter I argued with French doctors. It was a hot Sunday in June and the town was deserted. The few doctors who were in attendance refused to acknowledge the urgency of the case, but at long last I managed to persuade a friend at the Sorbonne, Dr. Aristide Viadoux, to spare us a few moments. Actually, Dr. Viadoux was lecturing, not practicing, but since I would have thought myself perfectly capable of giving Mr. Menzies a penicillin injection if he had asked me to do so, I was sure that Professor Viadoux could have equaled my talents. All this, however, proved entirely unnecessary, for Mr. Menzies already had three doctors and two nurses in attendance by the time we arrived back at the hotel.

It turned out that the first nurse had been awaiting Mr. Menzies at the airport, where he had arranged to meet her; alas, he had changed his mind about the plane he was going to take and had arrived two hours early. The second nurse was the one he had asked the hotel to send up: She had been trying to get in for the last half hour—but he'd hung the DON'T DISTURB sign on his door and taken the phone off the hook. The three doctors finally had arrived in reply to three emergency calls he had sent out through his lawyer, his publicity manager and his tax consultant—all this while I was walking the hot pavements of Paris in search of a fourth.

Now, while the four doctors and the two nurses did their best to administer one penicillin injection, I was delegated to watch the telephone. There was a call from a local film magazine asking for an interview, one from a tailoring house asking for payment for six tropical summer suits, two from female fans asking for autographs, one from an airline asking for the details of Mr. Menzies' reservation on the plane to Madrid, one from his lawyer asking for information on a breach-of-contract suit brought by a French producer against Mr. Menzies, one from the porter downstairs asking for instructions as to what to do about the fans and hangers-on who had collected in the lobby to see Mr. Menzies and, finally, one from a lady who addressed me as darling and said it didn't make any difference when I told her that I wasn't Mr. Menzies.

I felt that I was really in the center of things and that the academic life, by comparison, was definitely not all it had been cracked up to be. What impressed me particularly in the course of all these activities was the discovery that Mr. Menzies was a month younger than I: This came out during the telephone call from the airline, when I was asked to give Mr. Menzies' date of birth and had to look it up on his passport. The discovery startled me so much that I forgot all about the furious doings around me and fell to contemplating the fact that Mr. Menzies, at 34, could so gaily maintain a staff of four doctors and two nurses, not to mention a bathroom at the Prince de Galles, while I had to live apart from my wife and child because I could not afford to maintain them, in spite of some 15 years spent in the pursuit of higher learning.

Mr. Menzies, with his almost magical intuition, must have divined this accurately; for the first thing he said when he emerged from his medical treatment was: "How much will you need to live while doing my script?"

I silently totaled my expenses—the apartment in Washington, Ruth's household bill, food and medical supplies for the baby, my own hotel rent and meals in Paris, a little extra for transportation and repairs, the monthly allotment for my parents—and I arrived at about $100 a week. That should be enough to let Ruth quit her job and take care of the baby properly. Well, shucks, Mr. Menzies was rich. "A hundred and twenty-five dollars," I said bravely.

"Double it," said Mr. Menzies. And

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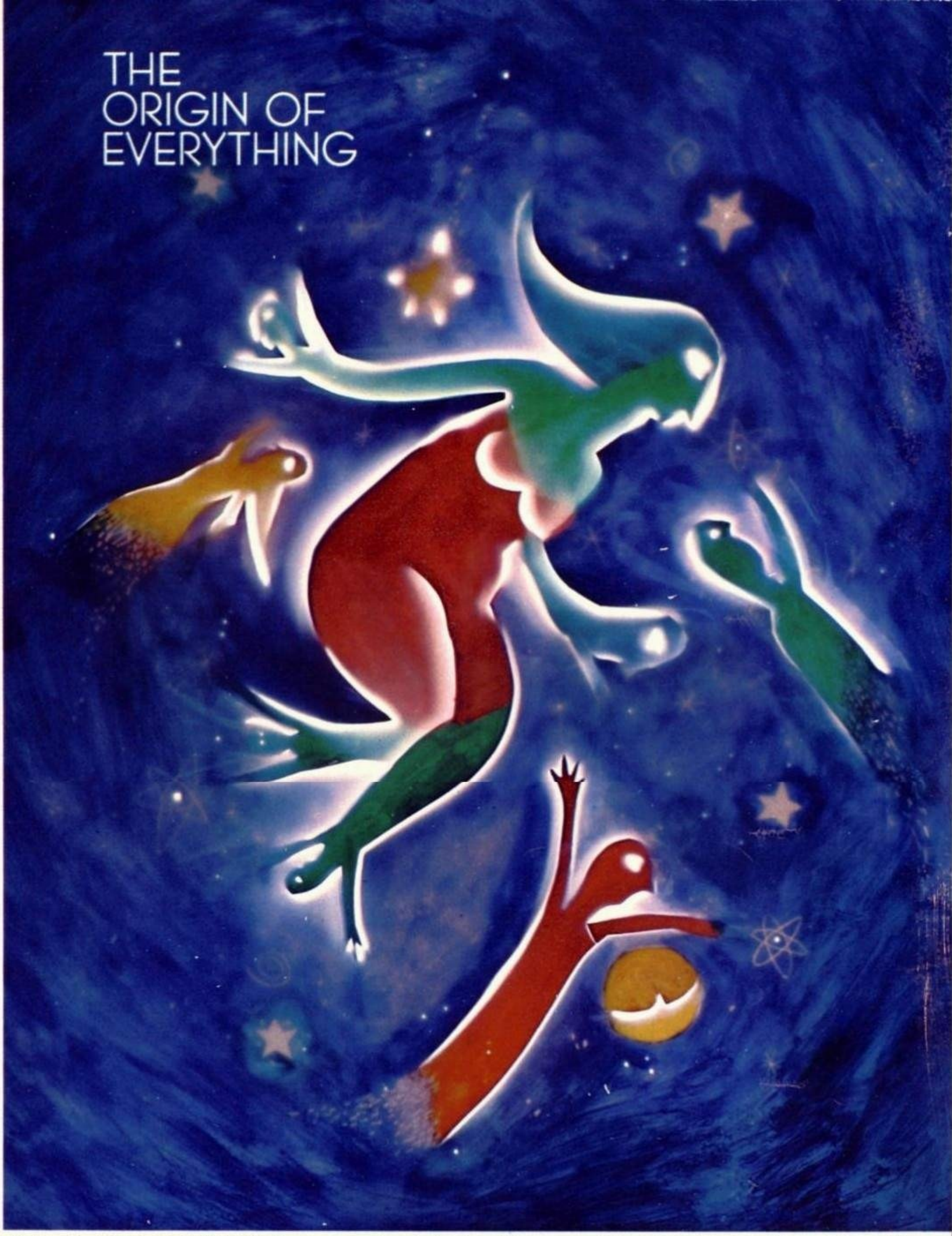
"Twice around the park."



fiction By ITALO CALVINO *two cosmicomical tales offer new and ingenious interpretations of "genesis"*

ALL AT ONE POINT

Through the calculations begun by Edwin P. Hubble on the galaxies' velocity of recession, we can establish the moment when all the universe's matter was concentrated in a single point, before it began to expand.

Naturally, we were all there—*old Qfwfq said*—where else could we have been? Nobody knew then that there could be space. Or time, either: What use did we have for time, packed in there like sardines?

I say packed like sardines, using a literary image; in reality, there wasn't even space to pack us into. Every

point of each of us coincided with every point of each of the others in a single point, which was where we all were. In fact, we didn't even bother one another, except for personality differences, because when space doesn't exist, having somebody unpleasant like Mr. Pber[t] Pber[d] underfoot all the time is the most irritating thing.

How many of us were there? Eh, I was never able to figure that out, not even approximately. To make a count, we would have had to move apart, at least a little; and, instead, we all occupied that same point. Contrary to what you might think, it wasn't the sort of situation that encourages sociability; I know, for example, that in other periods, neighbors called on one another; but there, because of the fact that we were all neighbors,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE SUYEOKA

nobody even said good morning or good evening to anybody else.

In the end, each of us associated only with a limited number of acquaintances. The ones I remember most are Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$, her friend De XuaeauX, a family of immigrants by the name of Z'zu and Mr. Pber^t Pber^d, whom I just mentioned. There was also a cleaning woman—"maintenance staff," she was called—only one, for the whole universe, since there was so little room. To tell the truth, she had nothing to do all day long, not even dusting—inside one point not even a grain of dust can enter—so she spent all her time gossiping and complaining.

Just with the people I've already named, we would have been overcrowded; but you have to add all the stuff we had to keep piled up in there: all the material that was to serve afterward to form the universe, now dismantled and concentrated in such a way that you weren't able to tell what was later to become part of astronomy (like the nebula of Andromeda) from what was assigned to geography (the Vosges, for example) or to chemistry (like certain beryllium isotopes). And, on top of that, we were always bumping against the Z'zu family's household goods: camp beds, mattresses, baskets; these Z'zus, if you weren't careful, with the excuse that they were a large family, would begin to act as if they were the only ones in the world: They even wanted to hang lines across our point to dry their washing.

But the others also had wronged the Z'zus, to begin with, by calling them "immigrants," on the pretext that, since the others had been there first, the Z'zus had come later. This was mere unfounded prejudice—that seems obvious to me—because neither before nor after existed, nor any place to emigrate from, but there were those who insisted that the concept of "immigrant" could be understood in the abstract, outside of space and time.

It was what you might call a narrow-minded attitude, our outlook at that time, very petty. The fault of the environment in which we had been reared. An attitude that, basically, has remained in all of us, mind you: It keeps cropping up even today, if two of us happen to meet—at the bus stop, in a movie house, at an international dentists' convention—and start reminiscing about the old days. We say hello—at times somebody recognizes me, at other times I recognize somebody—and we promptly start asking about this one and that one (even if each remembers only a few of those remembered by the others), and so we start in again on the old disputes, the slanders, the denigrations. Until somebody mentions Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$—every conversation finally gets around to her—and then, all of a sudden, the pettiness is put aside and we feel uplifted, filled with a blissful, generous emotion. Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$, the only one that none of us has forgotten and that we all regret. Where has she ended up? I have long since stopped looking for her: Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$, her bosom, her thighs, her orange dressing gown—we'll never meet her again, in this system of galaxies or in any other.

Let me make one thing clear: This theory that the universe, after having reached an extremity of rarefaction, will be condensed again has never convinced me. And yet many of us are counting only on that, continually making plans for the time when we'll all be back there again. Last month, I went into the bar here on the corner and whom did I see? Mr. Pber^t Pber^d. "What's new with you? How do you happen to be in this neighborhood?" I learned that he's the agent for a plastics firm, in Pavia. He's the same as ever, with his silver tooth, his loud suspenders.

"When we go back there," he said to me in a whisper, "the thing we have to make sure of is, this time, certain people remain out. . . . You know who I mean: those Z'zus. . . ."

I would have liked to answer him by saying that I've heard a number of people make the same remark, concluding: "You know who I mean: Mr. Pber^t Pber^d. . . ."

To avoid the subject, I hastened to say: "What about Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$? Do you think we'll find her back there again?"

"Ah, yes. . . . She, by all means . . ." he said, turning purple.

For all of us, the hope of returning to that point means, above all, the hope of being once more with Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$. (This applies even to me, though I don't believe in it.) And in that bar, as always happens, we fell to talking about her and were moved; even Mr. Pber^t Pber^d's unpleasantness faded, in the face of that memory.

Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$'s great secret is that she never aroused any jealousy among us. Or any gossip, either. The fact that she went to bed with her friend, Mr. De XuaeauX, was well known. But in a point, if there's a bed, it takes up the whole point, so it isn't a question of *going* to bed, but of *being* there, because anybody in the point is also in the bed. Consequently, it was inevitable that she should be in bed also with each of us. If she had been another person, there's no telling all the things that would have been said about her. It was the cleaning woman who always started the slander, and the others didn't have to be coaxed to imitate her. On the subject of the Z'zu family—for a change—the horrible things we had to hear: father, daughters, brothers, sisters, mother, aunts; nobody showed any hesitation, even before the most sinister insinuation. But with her, it was different: The happiness I derived from her was the joy of being concealed, punctiform, in her, and of protecting her, punctiform, in me; it was at the same time vicious contemplation (thanks to the promiscuity of the punctiform convergence of us all in her) and also chastity (given her punctiform impenetrability). In short: What more could I ask?

And all of this, which was true of me, was true also for each of the others. And for her: She contained and was contained with equal happiness, and she welcomed us and loved and inhabited all equally.

We got along so well all together, so well that something extraordinary was bound to happen. It was enough for her to say, at a certain moment: "Oh, if I only had some room, how I'd like to make some noodles for you boys!" And in that moment we all thought of the space that her round arms would occupy, moving backward and forward with the rolling pin over the dough, her bosom leaning over the great mound of flour and eggs that cluttered the wide board while her arms kneaded and kneaded, white and shiny with oil up to the elbows. We thought of the space that the flour would occupy, and the wheat for the flour, and the fields to raise the wheat, and the mountains from which the water would flow to irrigate the fields, and the grazing lands for the herds of calves that would give their meat for the sauce; of the space it would take for the sun to arrive with its rays, to ripen the wheat; of the space for the sun to condense from the clouds of stellar gases and burn; of the quantities of stars and galaxies and galactic masses in flight through space that would be needed to hold suspended every galaxy, every nebula, every sun, every planet. And at the same time we thought of it, this space was inevitably being formed, at the same time that Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$ was uttering those words—"Ah, what noodles, boys!"—the point that contained her and all of us was expanding in a halo of distance in light-years and light-centuries and billions of light-millennia, and we were being hurled to the four corners of the universe (Mr. Pber^t Pber^d all the way to Pavia) and she, dissolved into I don't know what kind of energy-light-heat, she, Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$, she who in the midst of our closed, petty world had been capable of a generous impulse—"Boys, the noodles I would make for you!"—a true outburst of general love, initiating at the same moment the concept of space and, properly speaking, space itself, and time, and universal gravitation, and the gravitating universe, making possible billions and billions of suns, and of planets, and fields of wheat, and Mrs. Ph(i)Nk$_o$s, scattered through the continents of the planets, kneading with floury, oil-shiny, generous arms,

(continued on page 179)

opinion By KENNETH TYNAN *thunder from the british left as a noted critic condemns the u.s. presence in vietnam and castigates those passive dissenters among us who have learned to live with horror*

OPEN LETTER TO AN AMERICAN LIBERAL

Dear Friend:

In the last six months of 1967, 25 children under the age of 14 were executed by the American Army in South Vietnam for giving aid and comfort to the Viet Cong. During the same period, the number of child prostitutes in Saigon increased by 7000, and the bombs dropped by U.S. planes on North Vietnam had a combined explosive power twice as great as that of all the aerial bombardments in World War Two.

Every one of the statements in that paragraph is false. But were you quite sure, as you read them, that they weren't true? Didn't you, in fact, assume that they were accurate? And, if so, did you feel anything more than the customary twinge of weary nausea with which one reacts to the daily barrage of evil news out of Vietnam? The human capacity to be shocked is not unlimited, and the lies I have cooked up differ only in degree from the truths you already know about the strange and ferocious war in which your Government is presently engaged. But suppose you believed my inventions and were genuinely outraged: How would you have protested, and what could your protest hope to achieve? Above all, *what is it like to live in a country where such statements might conceivably be true?*

I ask you because I honestly don't know. I've just returned from my first trip to America in three years. Shortly before I left England, I learned from a Gallup Poll that one out of every four American adults favored the use of atomic weapons to win the war in Vietnam. An appalling statistic, but it didn't greatly surprise me: We Europeans are nowadays as grimly accustomed to bad news about America as you are to bad news about Vietnam. I wonder if you realize exactly what European liberals feel about this war of yours. Do you remember a hypervirile Manhattan intellectual we knew who used to go down to Stillman's gym every so often and climb into the ring for a few rounds with some junior aspirant, generally a Negro, a Cuban or a Filipino? Big deal, you said; he's working off his aggressions on "inferior races." That's how we regard your war. To us, Vietnam is Washington's grisly equivalent of Stillman's gym.

Before 1967 I'd paid about 20 visits to the States, all of them as a friend—critical on occasion, alarmed by McCarthy's rise and relieved by his fall, but always affectionate and ultimately trusting. Last year, for the first time, I came warily, as a suspicious stranger. Just after I arrived, I bought a handful of comics at the airport for the six-year-old son of a liberal buddy of mine. Riffling through them, I came across a copy of *Tod Holton—Super Green Beret* and decided to violate my anticensorship principles by withholding it from the boy. In case you don't know about Tod, he's a schoolboy in Valleyville, U.S.A., to whom "an ancient Far Eastern monk" has entrusted a supernatural Green Beret. Whenever American interests are threatened overseas, "the magic headgear glows." Tod puts the thing on, salutes the flag and instantly vanishes, only to reappear—transformed into an ironfisted superman—wherever the natives are restless. His job is to succor the needy while *(continued on page 100)*

WILLIE'S WORLD

a kookie quartet
of ethno-eccentric
phantasmagorias that range
from mad to maddest
humor

By WILLIE FEINBERG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLY NEIBART

A Prison Break in Tel Aviv or Jews Are Bustin' Out All Over

My own mother, a Catholic, to this day looks at me, a Jew, with shifty eyes. The woman who conceived me. The woman I call "Moms." She noodges me every 20 minutes that I had something to do with Calvary.

Finally she received a telegram. From who? You won't believe it. From the Pope! His Holiness, Paul the Sixth! Imagine! Here's a little guy wears velvet shoes, lace cape, diamond hat—he takes the time to send my moms a telegram! Granted, it was brief, but he said it all:

"WILLIE'S CLEAN."

Moms is stubborn. She won't accept. She runs around the kitchen in her furry mules, screaming, "Are those Catholics trying to tell me that I don't know my own kid!!?"

As of Sunday next, Moms is a Presbyterian.

Rougher than a Welcome Mat Under an Epileptic Nudist

Not too long ago, I was walking on North Michigan Avenue and I had nothing else to do, so I puked all over my brother Bernie's pants. Luckily for me, he's doing a one-to-five down at Pontiac at the time. He's mean, my brother Bernie. He'd split my head. As a matter of fact, that's just why he's doing a one-to-five down at Pontiac. It seems he let some guy named Lester wear his pants one night and the poor guy peed in them. Bernie split his head. He's generous, Bernie, but you better give his pants back dry.

I didn't mean to puke all over Bernie's pants, but I felt suddenly sick. I put my head in one of those HELP KEEP CHICAGO CLEAN wire baskets; I was standing too close to my mouth; it was very windy; I got sick.

I stumbled along a side street and fell into the lobby of a fancy hospital, wherein I collapsed on their terrazzo floor. I lay there for about 45 minutes, clutching my gut, kicking my feet and licking terrazzo. Finally a skinny-legged nurse ambled over my way.

"Can we help you?"

I looked up the longest and the thinnest legs I had ever looked up. Imagine, if you will, a louse at the bottom of a bird cage looking up into the crotch of the fabulous zuck bird.

"Yes, ma'am," I whimpered.

She kept running her rather lengthy left white oxford up and down my pitiable body, as though she were feeling for something—her gloves, warts, loose change—who knows what? She frowned.

"Just what in the hell are you doing in here?"

"The A & P was closed, ma'am," I sobbed.

She just stared.

"I'm afraid to ask you—do you carry Pink Cross?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The magic words. I no sooner got the words out when green-clad creatures, tugging at their respective flies, emerged from cubicles and closets all over the joint. They picked me up and placed me on a stretcher and carried me up to surgery, where they dropped me on a table.

I looked around the room. It didn't look hygienic. The walls were stained a yellow-brownish, reminding me of my Uncle Sid's panama. Standing in a corner was a chunky guy wearing a long surgical gown. The chunky guy—as I was to find out—was Dr. David I. Goldspleen. He was standing in front of a sink counting 20s. He walked over to my side.

"Say—I imagine that hurts!" he chuckled.

"Doctor—you went to Vienna for that?" I cried.

"Listen, fella, let me tell you something. My diagnosis shows that seventeen inches of your lower intestine have to come out. How's *that* for a bulletin, fancy-mouth?" the good doctor hissed.

I was stunned. I looked around at the green people. One of them had the ring finger of his left hand inserted under his surgical mask, picking his nose. Goldspleen was reading my policy—suddenly he shot both arms skyward.

"Drop the shivs!!" he shrieked.

"Doctor?" I wept.

He ripped off his surgical mask and buried his nose deep into my widow's peak. "Listen, fella, let me tell you something. According to paragraph fifty-five, section nineteen, Pink Cross is only liable for nine inches of intestine, be it upper, lower—or in a dresser drawer!!"

"So?" I wailed.

"So? So!? So!!? So you got money, so?"

I struggled to raise my wretchedly thin left arm, which was white and wet, but dangling at the wrist was something I put directly under Goldspleen's nose.

"Look, doctor—like new—it's a Speidel," I bawled.

He looked at me in the strangest way. His nostrils flared, causing big green balloons to appear directly over his exposed eyeteeth.

"Button him up!!" the good doctor ululated.

"Doctor!" I blurted.

He tore off his surgical gown, ripped off his rubber gloves, raised his right leg to place one foot on the operating table and jammed his index finger into my chest.

"Listen—punk!"

"Doctor—doctor! So I got no money—and Pink Cross only goes nine inches up my intestines—this makes me a punk?" I screamed.

"As I was saying—an Albert Schweitzer I'm not! I don't live in a fern!! I got expenses—goddamn it!! It cost me four thousand dollars last year for pastrami alone!!"

Well—the wife and I are gonna drop our Pink Cross. Not just because they awarded me custody of my bowels. But we figured it out this way: I make $1.45 an hour on my job—and the Pink Cross runs us $1.49 an hour. Yeah, we're gonna drop it.

Minnie Doesn't Ha-Ha Anymore

High atop a mesa, somewhere in Wyoming, two Indians sit. Namely, they are Ruptured Squirrel and Spastic Owl, two lesser chiefs of the (by now) nearly defunct Zygybowicz tribe. (In the spring of 1859, a plumber named Roman Zygybowicz installed the first urinals in western Wyoming. In lieu of beads, he took unto himself two horny squaws. From this union came Zygybowiczs.)

Ruptured Squirrel rises to his feet and gazes out toward another mesa, one mile distant.

"What's wrong, Squirrel?"

"Nothin'."

"What nothin'? You're jumpier than a Saigon precinct captain."

"We got woe, Owl."

"What kinds woe?"

"We're surrounded by cowboys!"

"Whoa!"

"Of course. What do we do, Owl?"

"We get Crippled Hawk on the blanket, quick!"

Ruptured Squirrel proceeds to smoke a message to the other mesa.

As we look in on the mesa across the way, two other Indians sit. And, namely, they are Crippled Hawk and Gimpy Goat.

"Hey, Gimpy Goat! What're ya mumblin' under your breath?"

"It never fails."

"What's that?"

"Every time I want to use the blanket, that nut Ruptured Squirrel is on it. That blanket is always busy!"

"You don't have to tell me about the Squirrel and that blanket, Goat. I see his bills each month from the Wyoming Blanket System. What does he want?"

"How do *I* know what he wants, Hawk?"

"Just answer the goddamn blanket, dummy! Key-riced! No wonder we're gettin' defunct!"

Gimpy Goat reads smoke.

"Well, let's see. He says, 'Dear sirs——' "

" 'Dear sirs!!?' " Crippled Hawk screams.

"That's right, Hawk! 'Dear goddamn sirs!!' "

"Imagine that bastard! Here's a *schmuck* who lives under a leaky buffalo and fancies himself chairman of the board!!" Crippled Hawk roars.

"Let's see what he's got to say, Hawk. 'Dear sirs, we are . . . completely surrounded by . . . cowboys!' "

"Cowboys!?" Hawk shrieks.

"There's more, Hawk. 'We could . . . certainly do with some . . . assistance . . . in this . . . our darkest——' Oh, oh . . . he's mad, Hawk."

"What mad? How the hell can you tell from here that he's mad way over there?"

"The son of a bitch hung up the blanket . . . right in my eye!"

Unbeknownst to the Zygybowiczs, the cowboys are, in reality, members of the NAAIF, an organization friendly toward the Indianfolk. Their leader is one Robert (Buhbee) Kennelly, an extremely young law student from Swampscott's Lower East Side.

"Men!" Buhbee shrieks. "We are nearing the top of the macer!"

Crippled Hawk and Gimpy Goat look down on the upcoming NAAIFs.

"He oughta wear a hat. His hair is in his horse's eyes." Crippled Hawk observes.

"Great. Gimme back the Bronx," Crippled Hawk deadpans.

"Crippled Hawk speaks with tongue that has forked around with much funny!" Buhbee laughs.

"Look, baby. I don't know what more you cats want from us. So far, you guys have jazzed up our sheep, our fags, our broads and our chubby Little Leaguers. Tell you what you do. Why don't you all ride out to Menninger's and leave us alone, already!"

"Crippled Hawk, listen! Great White Father in Bird House has a request of stalwart Zygybowiczs!!"

"We're not moving to Hamtramck, goddamn it!!" Crippled Hawk roars.

"No, no, Crippled Hawk! Great White Father requests that Zygybowiczs go easy when loading up arrowheads with lizard dung—makes for dirty atmosphere when testing!"

See ya.

A Jug of Blue Ointment and Thou

The presidential palace in Cairo.

Thousands of date craters, fig packers, rug tuckers, Sheiks, Trojans and just plain Semitic folk are standing, hip-deep, in hundreds of sandboxes scattered throughout the courtyard, clamoring for their leader—Ibbn Bibbn Mustafa Zibbn.

Ibby, as he is conveniently referred to by his tongue-burned followers, is about to go out to the balcony when he is stopped by his aide and confidant—Tala Tel Talah, a Teheran tassel tycoon.

"May the fiery flutes of Fatima omar their murads, O Excellent One!"

"I goddamn hope so, Tala."

"What I mean is, don't let them through, Ibby!"

"Oh?"

"They're spies!!"

"But all they want to do is take a gondola ride, Tala."

"May the velvet veil of vertigo veer from its velour, O Excellent One!"

"Of course, Tala."

"What I mean is, these people are spies!"

Ibby walks across the room to a teakwood cabinet on which there stands his hookah. He reads the warning inscribed near the bottom of the glass bowl: "Caution: Hookah sucking may be hazardous to your health—unless you substitute Pluto water . . . O Excellent One!" Ibby shrugs indifference and takes a big suck.

"Now, regarding this spy business, Tala. Tala, my dearest friend, with whom I have hashed much hish in days gone by—methinks you are wearing your fez too near your rear. Spies, indeed!"

"Ibby."

"Tala?"

"May the Shah of Shalimar shampoo the shantung sheep of Shangri-La!"

"Naturally, Tala."

"What I mean is, these people are too anxious to get out on the Red Sea. What's for them out there?"

"Me!! I'll be out there! And I dig that big blonde broad—what's her name?"

"Do you mean the one with all those breasts?"

"I'm hip!"

"May the sorrowful sands of Segovia scorch seven sahibs on seven Sabbaths, O Excellent One!"

"Goddamn it, Tala!! Talk Egyptian, will you!!"

"These people are subversive, Ibby!!"

"Now, what in the hell are they going to smuggle in a gondola?"

"Allah be, like, praised!! They could smuggle *you*, Ibs!!"

"Crazy! That broad could smuggle me from Kankakee to Manischewitz!! Now, Tala, get out of the way!!"

Crowd shouts, whistles and stomps for their leader. Ibby appears on the balcony.

"Friends! Arabs! Countrymen! As the Danish doctors are saying—lend me your queers!!"

Crowd laughs, shouts, whistles and stomps.

"You are all anxious, I know, to hear my decision regarding the Solly Adler broads!"

Crowd shouts, whistles and stomps. All except one camel smoker, who shouts up to Ibby. (A camel smoker in Cairo is a man who pours Ronsonol all over the beast and then searches for lice with a very big Zippo.)

"My camel don't know from the broad with the titskies! My camel is hungry! Feed my stinkin' camel! Ibby is a big *schmuck*!!"

Crowd shouts, whistles and stomps on the head of the recalcitrant.

"Thank you, crowd! Now, as I was saying—I've made my decision! I'm giving Solly Adler and his broads permission to pass through the canal with their gondola!!"

Crowd shouts, whistles, stomps and blows.

Ibby puts through a call to Monaco. He is connected with Fuhdrate, ex-king—so fat he's got a split-level behind.

"Hello, Bunny? This is Buhbee Zibbn. I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Buhbee Zibbn—how nice! No, you're not interrupting anything. I am having a snack. Halvah and anchovies on a brownie. What's up, Buhb?"

"Bunny, I need a few hundred thousand for the weekend."

"Anybody I know, Buhbee?"

"No, I don't think so, Bunny. She's a big blonde broad with——"

"Jugs of Sealtest?"

"Bunny! You know her, too?"

"Know her? I blew a whole year's turban tax on that bimbo!"

"Well, anyway, she's with Solly Adler, and I'm permitting them to take a gondola ride out on the Red Sea."

"You're letting Solly and his broads through the canal?"

"Why not?"

"They're spies."

"Don't talk silly!"

"May the Pharaohs face fertile flax friggers, Buhbee, doll!"

"Spies, Bunny?"

"Spies. Ben-Gurion sent them."

"What are you saying?"

"In and around Haifa, they're known as Bennie's Broads and a Guy."

"But I examined the gondola myself! Nothing in it but a flock of bagels!"

"Hoo-hah! How big a flock?"

"I don't know! Maybe thirty or forty thousand!"

Fuhdrate puts the phone down and waddles over to some shelves on the other side of his enormous room. He pulls down a quart bottle of orange pop and a coconut-custard pie. Consumes both. Waddles back to the phone.

"Buhbs."

"Buns?"

"Buhbs—have you ever seen thirty or forty thousand waterlogged bagels in a canal?"

"Buns—I've yet to see two bagels on a damp counter! What are you getting at?"

"Well—they swell, Buhbee. But I mean they swell. Ships get mired in bagel slop. The screws jam. The hatches ooze. The mizzenmast gets all jazzed up. Nothing works. Icky *shtick*!"

"Bunny!! What will I do?"

"There's only one thing you can do, Buhbs—deal with 'em."

"Deal? Deal for what?"

"Dry lox."

"Dry lox?"

"Powdered lox, Buhbee. It sucks up bagel slop. Oh, I've had this experience before, with their frigging bagels! Well, let's see—figure forty thousand bagels, a quarter pound of dry lox for each bagel—that comes to five tons of dry lox."

"Five tons of dry lox!! Bunny, it costs five dollars a pound—wet!!"

"Oh-oh, Buhbee—must cut out! I've got a couple of drunken belly dancers in my bedroom and I think they've got my Doberman in the middle! See ya, Buhbs, doll!!"

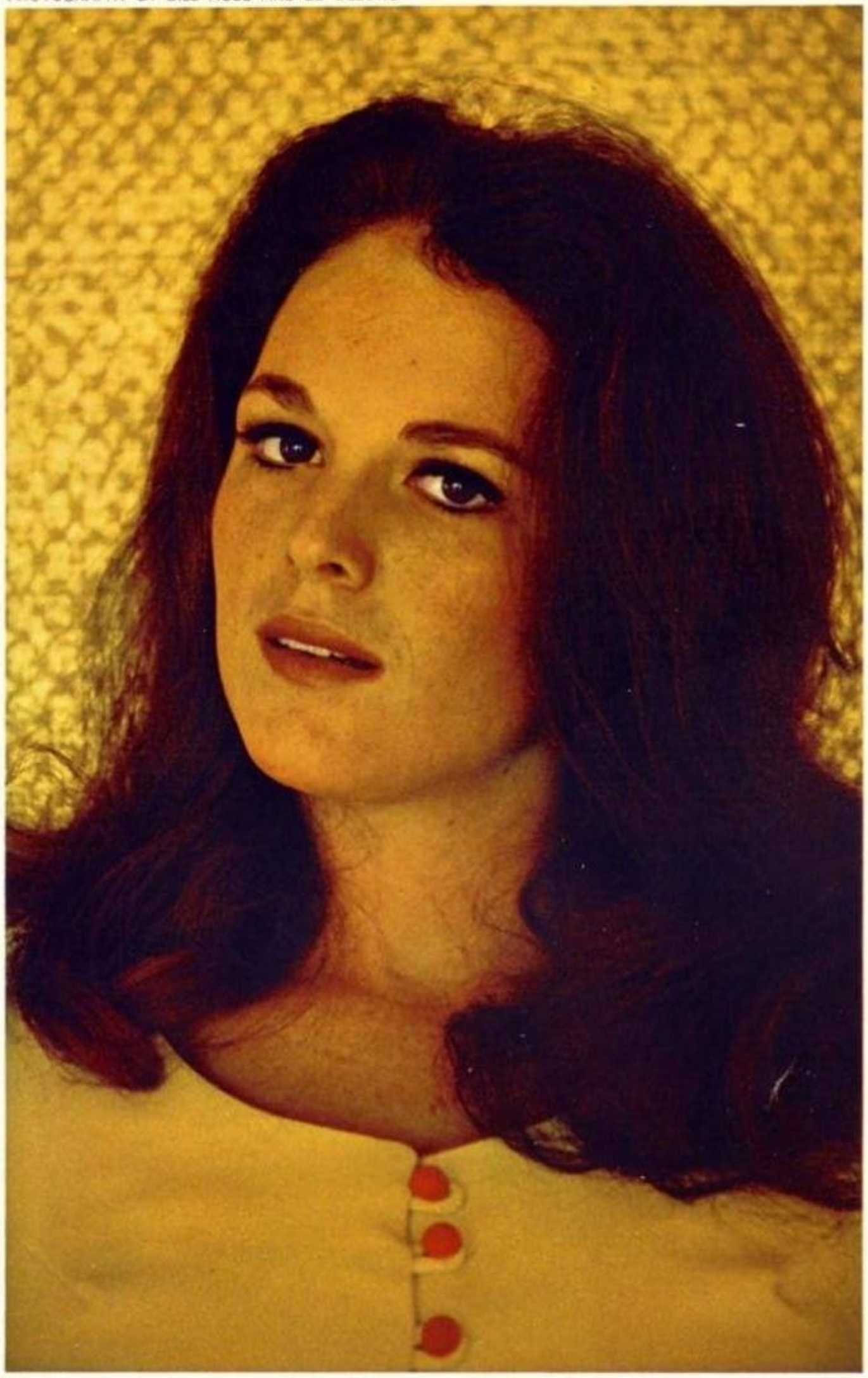
BEAUTIFUL IN ANY LANGUAGE

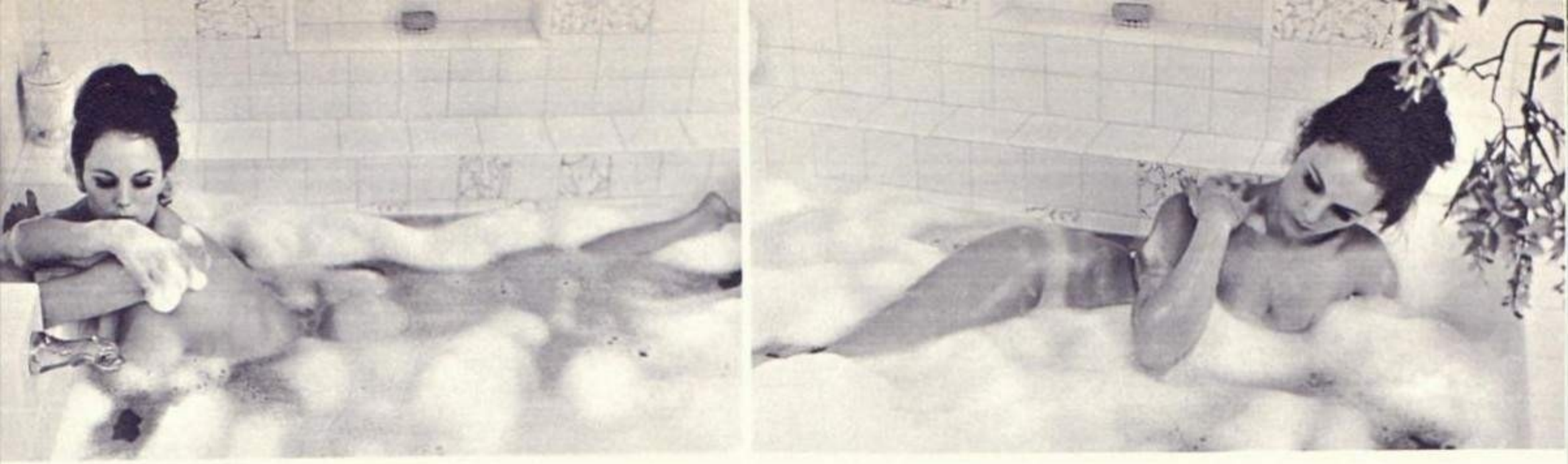
GLOBE-TROTTING, MUSIC-LOVING, MULTILINGUAL MICHELLE HAMILTON SPEAKS WELL FOR MARCH

THOUGH SHE'S ALREADY SAVORED the pleasures of Mexico, Hawaii and Japan, 19-year-old Michelle ("Mike") Hamilton continues to suffer happily from a severe case of wanderlust. "I'm sure I'm half nomad," explains the cinnamon-eyed Angeleno. "I never want to stop traveling." Currently trying to curb her migratory urges long enough to complete her freshman year at Pasadena City College, Mike finds that horseback riding, excursions to isolated beaches and long hikes into the hills beyond the city provide the sort of alfresco therapy she needs to keep her at the books and away from a suitcase. Taking a guitar on many of her jaunts—she's an accomplished musician and writes her own songs in the folk tradition—our March Playmate loves to musically daydream in solitary places. But Michelle is a self-admitted creature of many moods who hardly qualifies for hermit status. "When I was in high school," she reminisces, "I never missed a weekend at the Strip. The crowds were great—it was like being in the middle of a tropical garden—and the music at Pandora's Box was too much. It used to nearly turn me inside out." Lately, however, the demands of school have made her abandon the plastic fun and chrome-plated charisma of the Strip. Already fluent in Spanish, our multilingual Playmate is a language major at PCC and moonlights several afternoons a week at Berlitz, where she's enrolled in an intensive course in conversational German. The academic pace makes spare time a precious commodity and Michelle is likely to use it by taking in a movie with a date, folk singing with friends or enjoying a busman's holiday by reading a good book—which in her catholic definition means anything from the anguished novels of Dostoievsky to the fanciful works of Tom Wolfe. As a result of last summer's trip

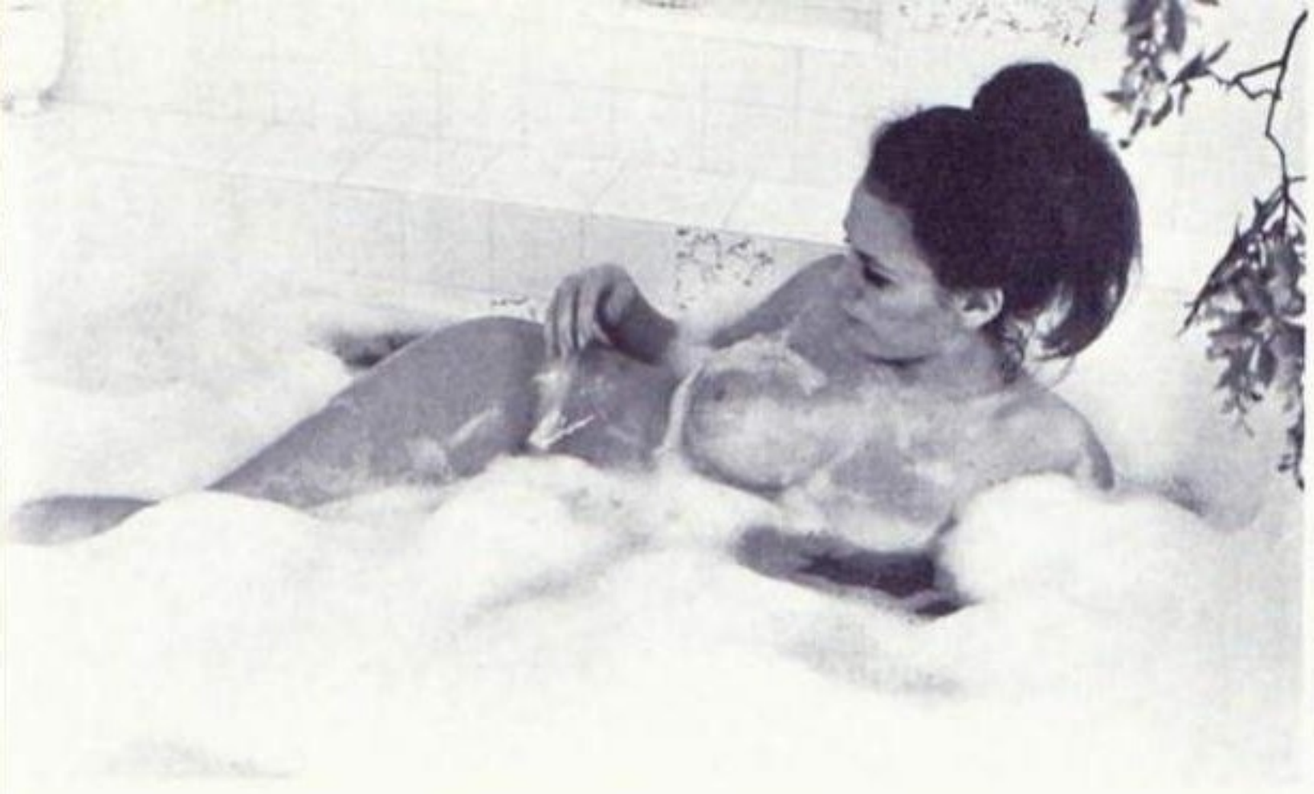
According to the movies, the boys may be in Florida, but Michelle Hamilton stands as lovely testimony that California's where the girls are. Like almost everyone there, dark-haired Miss March isn't a native and has at times called Las Vegas, Honolulu and Guadalajara home. At ease amid any scenery, she likes wooded terrain best, loves strolling through Pasadena City College's tree-studded campus (right).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FIGGE AND ED DELONG





Following a study session with subjunctive endings and irregular verbs, Michelle forsakes her German grammar in favor of her daily bubble bath (above). "It helps me unwind," says our bubbly Miss March. "Sometimes I think I'm Cleopatra, back from a cruise to Catalina on my royal barge, but usually I just relax and let the warm water untie the knots." Afterward, as she gazes outdoors, the quiet side of many-mooded Michelle emerges (below). An inveterate dreamer, she sometimes muses about her half-serious short-range ambition—a date with Omar Sharif.



"No one would ever mistake me for Joan Baez," says musical Miss Hamilton, "but I love to sing, so it doesn't matter." Seated poolside in her back yard, Michelle premieres one of her own compositions for fellow Pasadena City College students who, with her, comprise a nameless folk group. "We thought it was safer that way," she says. Later, with favorite date Gary and his sister, Miss March takes in another premiere, at a hospital maternity ward—a first look at Gary's brand-new brother and sister, twins who just happen to be named Michael and Michelle.

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

After the hospital trip, Michelle returns to her study of German (above) in her Berlitz class—which consists of herself and the instructor. The intensive lesson over, Michelle is temporarily miffed when Gary arrives late to pick her up (right); but the ice rapidly melts and a delightful evening appears in the offing (below).

to Japan, Mike is also a haiku fan and occasionally dabbles in verses of her own: "It helps me understand myself better, but I wouldn't want to be a writer." Miss March thinks she'd rather combine her love of travel with her linguistic bent and become a United Nations interpreter. Toward that end, more language courses and a summer visit to Germany are on her immediate agenda—although she's lived near Hollywood's dazzling lights long enough to think wistfully of a career in the movies (she's presently part of a drama workshop at PCC). "I sometimes fantasize myself into great movies, such as *Doctor Zhivago* and *Blow-Up*," she says dreamily. "But I do recognize the realities of life—most girls would consider themselves lucky if they could get into *Dr. Bikini Meets the Radioactive Surf Monster*, much less quality films. I'm going to keep acting and I'd like to study drama, but I'll be quite happy if I can work at the UN." We're sure you'll agree that Hollywood's loss is the world's gain.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As the young Hollywood bachelor sat having coffee with a friend's stunning wife, she announced: "I think I'd better warn you—my husband will be home in an hour."

"But I haven't done anything wrong," responded the bachelor, somewhat surprised.

"I know that," she replied. "But I thought you'd want to know how much time you have—in case you decide to."

The succulent career girl had one unhappy trait: She would fall head over heels in love with a different man each week, always with the conviction that her latest beau was *the* man of her dreams, with whom she could live happily ever after. One particularly devastating experience finally convinced her that she had to put an end to this distressing habit. She vowed to spend the next few evenings alone and repaired to her favorite bar to console herself. But, as luck would have it, she encountered a handsome but rather effete stranger, whom she couldn't resist approaching.

"I suppose I could buy you a drink," the young man said, after she sat down next to him. "But I really must tell you that nothing will come of it."

His reserve intrigued her and after several drinks, her attraction to him had grown considerably. In fact, the more the fellow put her off, the more fascinated she became. Here, she thought, was a truly fine young man—who didn't try to take advantage of her like all the rest. Before she knew it, she had invited him to her apartment. "I'm just not the type of person who does that sort of thing," her new friend replied. "But I'll go if you promise to be good."

His hesitance increased her ardor for him all the more. By the time they had reached her apartment, she was irresistibly drawn to him. Once inside, she reclined languorously on the couch and beckoned to him.

"Please," he pleaded. "I told you this couldn't work out."

"But you don't understand," she said. "I want you for my husband."

"That's quite different!" he said enthusiastically. "Send him in!"

My sex life has improved immeasurably since my wife and I got twin beds," the business executive confided to an associate.

"How can that be?" the associate asked.

"Well," replied the exec, "hers is in Connecticut and mine's in Manhattan."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *crotch* as the place where Lawrence Welk parks his car.

Back in the good old days, a traveler stopped at the mining town's best sporting house for a few hours of pleasure. As he cuddled up with a sweet blonde, he noticed some men across the street digging around the foundation of a church. "What's going on?" he asked.

"Oh, that," she replied. "Last week, the town council passed a law that no bawdyhouse could be located within three hundred feet of a place of worship. So they've got till the end of the month to move that church."

Then there was the chap who was engaged to a beautiful contortionist—until she broke it off.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *meteor* as what most girls are than Twiggy.

That was the dullest party I've ever been to," complained the striking bachelor girl to her roommate. "God, was I bored."

"But you stayed quite a while, didn't you?" asked her roommate.

"Yes—but only because I couldn't find my clothes."

It's really true," exclaimed the satisfied miss to the man beside her. "Nice guys finish last."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *scabbard* as a nonunion poet.

Hey, man," one hippie said to another, "turn on the radio."

"OK," the second hippie answered, and then leaning over very close to the radio, he whispered: "I love you."

After patiently listening to their mother's garbled and mythical version of the facts of life, the precocious first grader said to his younger sister: "Gee, I never thought Dad was the kind of guy who would do it with a stork."

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.*

"What?! In this day and age . . . a mad scientist with a secret laboratory, creating monsters?! Come, come, gentlemen, you must be joking!!"

HANDSOME TO BOOT

high-fashion footwear that rises to most any occasion

WOOD CARVINGS BY RICHARD E. BEHNER / PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI

Pacesetters are taking steps in the right fashion direction to the tune of stylish boots. The elegantly sophisticated yet unquestionably masculine models now available coordinate well with today's suits and casual clothes —looks that are trim, yet more shaped than heretofore. Left to right: Sports-car buffs rally to British jodhpurs in hand-stained imported calfskin with brass buckle and calfskin lining, by Johnston & Murphy, $45. Outdoorsmen set their sights on Spanish-leather high boots with adjustable buckle strap and padded paisley lining, by Acme Boot, $17. Enterprising execs favor calfskin low dress boots that feature a plain toe and adjustable buckle strap, by Winthrop, $28. Foot-loose first-nighters fancy plain-toe demiboots with expandable side gores, by Weyenberg, $18.95.

OPEN LETTER *(continued from page 83)*

merrily zapping the Cong. Typical sample of dialog:

> SOUTH VIETNAMESE CHILD: Please, sir, some food! Our rice bowls have been empty these three days now!
>
> TOD: Sorry, I didn't have time to stop off at the supermarket! But you can have these chocolate bars!
>
> SOUTH VIETNAMESE CHILD: Many humble thanks, sir!

Having solved the starvation problem, Tod goes on to beat hell out of the Cong—a parcel of bald-pated fiends with Fu Manchu beards—and departs as miraculously as he came. Crowds of pro-American peasants (the assembled Uncle Toms of Vietnam) speed him on his way with wholeheartedly servile cries of gratitude, worthy of Stepin Fetchit on Lincoln's birthday. The strip concludes: "So spreads the fame of the mighty Super Green Beret as he battles on the side of the oppressed and downtrodden all over the world!" The same magazine also features a daredevil trio called the Flying Musketeers, who zoom out to China in their supersonic jet-copter and triumphantly bomb an atomic-missile factory. ("Your country's yours again!" they tell the local chieftain. "You are free once more!") After carrying out this classic pre-emptive strike, they jet back to Washington, where they are hailed by the Pentagon with cheers and congratulations.

So I didn't give that black-and-white, might-is-right, end-justifies-the-means-type but I talked about ends and means to his father, and to several other good writers whom I used to count as political sympathizers. I found them drinking on a fairly monumental scale. Every night before dinner they would get somberly sloshed, and the provocation would always be the same: Vietnam, and what to do about it. Should they go on marches, or burn their draft cards in Independence Square, or emigrate to a Mediterranean island, or make one last, desperate attempt to get an unequivocal statement out of Bobby Kennedy? By the time the sun rose over Vineyard Haven, they would usually have decided that they were politically impotent. (But at least they have something to be impotent *about*—a dominant climate of opinion against which to revolt. We in Britain are far more abjectly powerless; we rebel in a vacuum. Even if we persuaded Harold Wilson to protest against the bombing of North Vietnam, it would mean nothing, since he would undoubtedly let L. B. J. know in advance that he was only doing it to placate the left wing of the Labor party.)

Although I saw quite a few of our friends during my three-week stay, I didn't call you; for reasons that I'll try to explain, I felt hesitant and slightly embarrassed. Do you recall the last time we met? It was in London, late in the summer of 1964. Johnson was running for the Presidency on a platform that explicitly pledged him to cool the war; he promised he wouldn't let American boys "do the job that Asian boys should do." To my lasting amazement, you believed him, and you became quite ruffled when I cynically predicted that his first act, after election, would be to escalate. We both agreed, however, that American involvement in Vietnam was militarily a mess and morally a catastrophe. It wasn't until 1965 that your position began to change. You still deplored the war, but I saw that it was taking on, in your mind, a curiously autonomous identity, almost as if it were an inoperable disease, following its predestined course in accordance with its own nature—horribly but blamelessly, like an earthquake or hurricane.

Fate, and not human agency, seemed to be in charge of events; and once you accept this view of history, the next logical step is to absolve human beings from all moral responsibility. Which brings us very close to those interesting theories about war guilt that certain West German pundits have lately been peddling. As one of them has said: "Behind the technical machinery of war, the individual can no longer be cornered. The causal nexus of action and responsibility has been broken. . . . The concepts of guilt and innocence sound like rules of behavior from the nursery—authors should be ashamed to go on churning them out." The same apologist sums up his case in a wonderfully bland sentence. By the end of World War Two, he says, "the means of extermination available *had finally outgrown the power of human decision.*" (My italics.) In other words, the buck ends nowhere. Auschwitz and Hiroshima were nobody's fault—just regrettable by-products of an omnipotent abstraction called "the historical process."

"A plague on both their houses," you said in one of your letters, referring to the American Army and the Viet Cong. And a plague—in the sense of a disaster caused by no human volition and raging beyond human control—was precisely what, in your eyes, the war had become.

You were naturally dismayed when the black news came through on February 7, 1965, that U. S. planes had started to bomb North Vietnam, and you wrote me a sturdy letter of dissent. But it contained a worrying passage in which you suggested that L. B. J. and his advisors were somehow "prisoners of events." There it was again, the old historical process, whereby executioners are mysteriously transmuted into prisoners, and criminals into victims. And although you thought the bombing unjustified, you seemed to regard it as just another downhill step, instead of a seven-league stride toward the point of no return. When noncombatants began to die under your bombs, the people of North Vietnam saw the face of the West as their government had always depicted it. A truth we often forget became self-evident to them: that the aerial bombardment of civilians is a practice in which the Communist countries have never indulged.

It was during 1965 that your attitude finally became clear. Somewhere, in everything you wrote or said about the war, there would be an escape clause, acquitting you of the charge of taking sides. Of course America was wrong to devastate the South and blast the North; but at the same time (you would point out), the Viet Cong had killed a lot of civilians, and were thus equally guilty. As I read these hedging letters of yours, a few lines by Thomas Hardy flitted across my mind:

> *There seemed a strangeness in the air,*
> *Vermilion light on the land's lean face;*
> *I heard a voice from I knew not where:—*
> *"The Great Adjustment is taking place."*

And a safe, respectable adjustment it was. You had taken your stand at last, resolutely facing both ways with the same Olympian frown. You didn't love [illegible] accuse you of loving Big Brother's enemies.

Now, it would obviously be lunatic to say that either side in Vietnam had a monopoly of right or wrong. But isn't it just as irresponsible to throw up your hands and declare that there's nothing to choose between them? In my primitive, pragmatic way, I begin by counting the victims. General Westmoreland stated in April 1967 that during the past nine years, 53,000 South Vietnamese civilians had been killed "or kidnaped" by the Viet Cong—i.e., slightly less than 6000 a year. (He neglected to specify how many of these were kidnaped.) But according to an exhaustive Associated Press report issued in October 1966, American artillery and aircraft are killing almost as many Southern noncombatants as that *every month*—quite apart from civilian casualties in raids on the North.

The murder of innocent people is always atrocious; even so, Jean-Paul Sartre was not being entirely cold-blooded when he said:

> I refuse to place in the same category the actions of an organization of poor peasants, hunted, obliged to maintain an iron discipline in

(continued on page 135)

BEATING INFLATION:
A PLAYBOY PRIMER

article By MICHAEL LAURENCE

common-sense suggestions for anyone who would like to see returns on his investments grow even as the value of the dollar diminishes

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, British Prime Minister during the First World War, once regaled Parliament with the tale of two Prussian brothers who, at the outset of the great German inflation of the 1920s, inherited equal shares of a small estate. The more prudent of the two, according to Lloyd George, invested his share in a portfolio of gilt-edged securities carefully selected by his banker. The other brother impulsively purchased a cellarful of choice wines. During the ensuing inflation, the cautious brother fretted for six years while the value of his investments diminished steadily. His brother spent the same six years cheerfully sozzled in his wine cellar. Long before the inflationary spiral had spent itself, the wines—what was left of them—were worth many times the blue-chip investments. And when the inflationary dust finally cleared, the tippling brother compounded the affront by selling his empty bottles for considerably more than the value of his brother's securities.

While the German inflationary experience was so preposterous (at one point, it took *42 billion* German marks to purchase *one* U. S. cent—and half a trillion marks to mail a letter) that it might not offer many lessons to Americans today, the Prime Minister's story does underscore the most unusual aspect of inflation. Uniquely among the facts of economic life, inflation seems to penalize thrift and reward profligacy. It favors the borrower over the lender, the spender over the saver.

Inflation, needless to say, is a worrisome increase in prices; or, put another way, a worrisome decrease in the purchasing power of money. (The modifier "worrisome" is necessary because most everyone nowadays acknowledges that prices gradually go up as a part of the natural order of things; only when prices increase with disturbing speed do we begin to show some concern, and only at that point do we use the word "inflation.")

For most of us, the rampant inflation of two decades ago is at best a dim memory. The United States dollar lost almost ten percent of its purchasing power between the first and last days of 1941; this shrunken dollar lost an additional 15 percent in 1946, and this smaller dollar gave up seven percent more as late as 1950. But those who began accumulating a stake only in the past 10 or 15 years have never, until now, been forced to include the prospect of inflation in their economic calculus. Between 1958 and 1965, the value of the dollar declined at an average rate of only 1.35 percent a year. Then, in 1966, it declined 3.28 *(continued on page 104)*

THE AGE OF DESCENT

errol flynn and erich von stroheim had long since flown their spads and fokker triplanes into the sunset, but they could still be conjured up to help the old pilot make one more perfect landing

fiction By **JOHN PORTER** HARRY NOTICED there was only one other person at the bar of the country inn—a girl who looked young enough to be his daughter. Less than 12 hours ago he would have regarded her as a charming curio from another world and let it go at that. His feelings about men who worked way out of their age brackets had been righteous and well defined: contempt, leavened with the prescribed degree of pity. And such feelings had been easy enough to sustain; he simply had never known any real temptation. But things had happened today, ending in a remark overheard by chance—about himself. Somewhat devastating, it was. A reappraisal of value judgments was taking place in his mind; a new tolerance for the aging lecherous members of his sex might be emerging. Meanwhile, without venturing to use his eyes, he cocked an ear in the direction of the girl.

But her prattling to the bartender was hardly audible over the background music, so that he found it necessary to take some momentary interest in his surroundings. Typical of inns in the Berkshires, this one had been a stagecoach stop in Colonial times. Its proprietor had superimposed the decor of an English pub on the original structure: darts, skittles and Oyster Stout from the Isle of Man. The conspicuous absence of a cash register behind the bar was a heart-warming touch, also the discreet sign directing attention to the existence of modern motel units nestled against the mountain in the rear. It was the owner's practical philosophy that while his guests liked to drink in the country, they preferred the illusion of sleeping in the city.

Harry left his seat at the bar and went to stand with his back to one of the fires. In a way, he regretted leaving his wife behind in New York; she would love the inn. On the other hand, she had been right to insist that what he wanted to do required doing alone—she had never been keen on flying, anyway, and least of all with him at the controls. Back in the War, of course, she thought him very dashing in his crushed cap, parachute-silk scarf and sheepskin boots. He would have been the first to agree with her.

But today he had felt thoroughly dated in his old leather jacket. The young man assigned to check him out in the new Piper was dressed like a junior executive of IBM. "Sixteen years is quite a layoff, sir. We'll just take it easy at first." Harry was already having second thoughts about this pilgrimage to the romantic past. He decided to keep his old flying glasses in his pocket.

They went up and practiced a few power stalls—rather mushy affairs—and some 360s, in which he lost several hundred feet of altitude. Finally the young man in the gray business suit said, "You can take her in now, sir." The $20 hour was up. The young man adopted an air of elaborate casualness as the dirt runway came up to meet them, which meant that he was ready to snatch the controls in an instant. The landing, however, was respectable, in spite of a slight cross wind. Harry felt a number of years slip away when his copilot said, "OK." Later in the little administration building he had overheard the sobering remark. But now, before he could fall into further introspection, he became aware that the girl was standing beside him.

"Are you a flier?" she asked, stroking his leather sleeve lightly.

"Lafayette Escadrille. World War One."

"I don't believe it," the girl said seriously.

"You like World War Two?"

"Well, don't give me that Red Baron bit." She turned her back to the fire and stretched voluptuously as the heat *(continued on page 142)*

PAPER SCULPTURE BY JOSEPH VENO

BEATING INFLATION *(continued from page 101)*

percent. Final returns are not yet in, but in 1967 the decline was probably around four percent. Today, any investor who fails to take inflation into account is either foolhardy or stupid, perhaps both. Seasoned investors will reappraise their holdings, and the tyro about to make his first move should be aware that if inflation persists—as seems likely—then the rules of the investing game will change.

A rapid decrease in the purchasing power of money obviously favors debtors (who can pay off their bills with cheaper money) at the expense of creditors (who receive less value than they lent). For this reason, most of us, in our heart of hearts, have ambivalent feelings about inflation. Publicly we acknowledge it as a greater or lesser evil, while privately we tend to underestimate its effect on our personal lives. Publicly we decry inflation as an insidious tax on the unwary, the scourge of widows and pensioners; but privately our disapproval is less than total, because we are not widows, pensioners nor unwary and, more important, because we feel that inflation will somehow increase the value of whatever desirable things we own—from the mightiest Mercedes down to the silver dollars in our top dresser drawer. It is quite human to suspect that one's own desirable things are superior to others', so in this respect many people feel that inflation might even give them a profit. And in their fondness for the underdog, some would add their covert blessings to any events that penalize savers and reward borrowers. After all, most of us owe money in one way or another. If the prospect of inflation arms us with a valid rationalization for going into debt, so much the better.

Besides borrowing, which will be discussed in greater detail below, there are a number of ways to hedge against the prospect of inflation. Among the best known are common stocks, mutual funds, convertible bonds, real estate and precious metals such as gold and silver. Less well known are gems, art objects, foreign currencies, antiques and rare stamps and coins. As will be seen, each has its strengths—and its weaknesses. A major weakness lies in the uncertainty of inflation itself. Even John Maynard Keynes, the father of modern economics—and, to a certain extent, of modern inflation—admitted that predicting inflation requires near-psychic powers. Inflation, he once observed, "engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million is able to diagnose." Ultimately, the prospective hedger must hope he is that one man. His first decision will be whether to hedge against inflation at all. That done, he must determine how to do it.

One thing to perceive at the very outset is that inflation cannot magically increase the quantity or the real value of our nation's goods. It can only rearrange the ownership of the finite number of things that already exist. (Game theorists call this a zero-sum game; for each person who profits from inflation, others must lose a similar amount.) A nation cannot profit from inflation—though it can suffer real net losses. In Germany in the 1920s, for instance, while the value of the mark was plummeting to everzanier depths, most Germans remained stubbornly convinced that rising prices were caused not by a deterioration in the value of the mark but by a war-induced scarcity of goods—while foreigners with hard currencies were buying all the German products they could, at what amounted to bargain-basement prices. Ultimately, the German economy collapsed, because a large segment of the population was forced to abandon productive activity altogether, in favor of currency speculation. This steep and cumulative deterioration in money values is called runaway inflation. For the United States today, it is all but unthinkable. A massive failure of the dollar would have such world-wide repercussions that virtually no one, no matter how well hedged, would emerge a winner.

While an attempt to hedge against such a total breakdown of the dollar would verge on insanity, there are a good many Americans—many of them quite sane, some of them apparently intelligent and more than a few of them undeniably wealthy—who are quietly doing just this. Dalliance of this nature is forgivable among the suitably rich, since if they weren't busy preserving American capitalism by illegally stashing gold bars in Beirut and Curaçao, they might be plotting worse tricks. These people purport to be hedging against the instant inflation that would occur if ever the dollar were devalued—as recently happened to the British pound. Devaluation of the dollar will be examined more thoroughly, but it's safe to say outright that it's *not* on the immediate horizon. Virtually all Americans concerned about inflation—from the modestly well off to the quite well to do—would more profitably arm themselves against creeping inflation: the gradual, almost unseen erosion of the value of the dollar that is the form inflation seems to take in the United States. Ideally, investment defenses are so constructed that, should the current four-percent rate of inflation prove a statistical aberration, hedgers would still emerge with a profit.

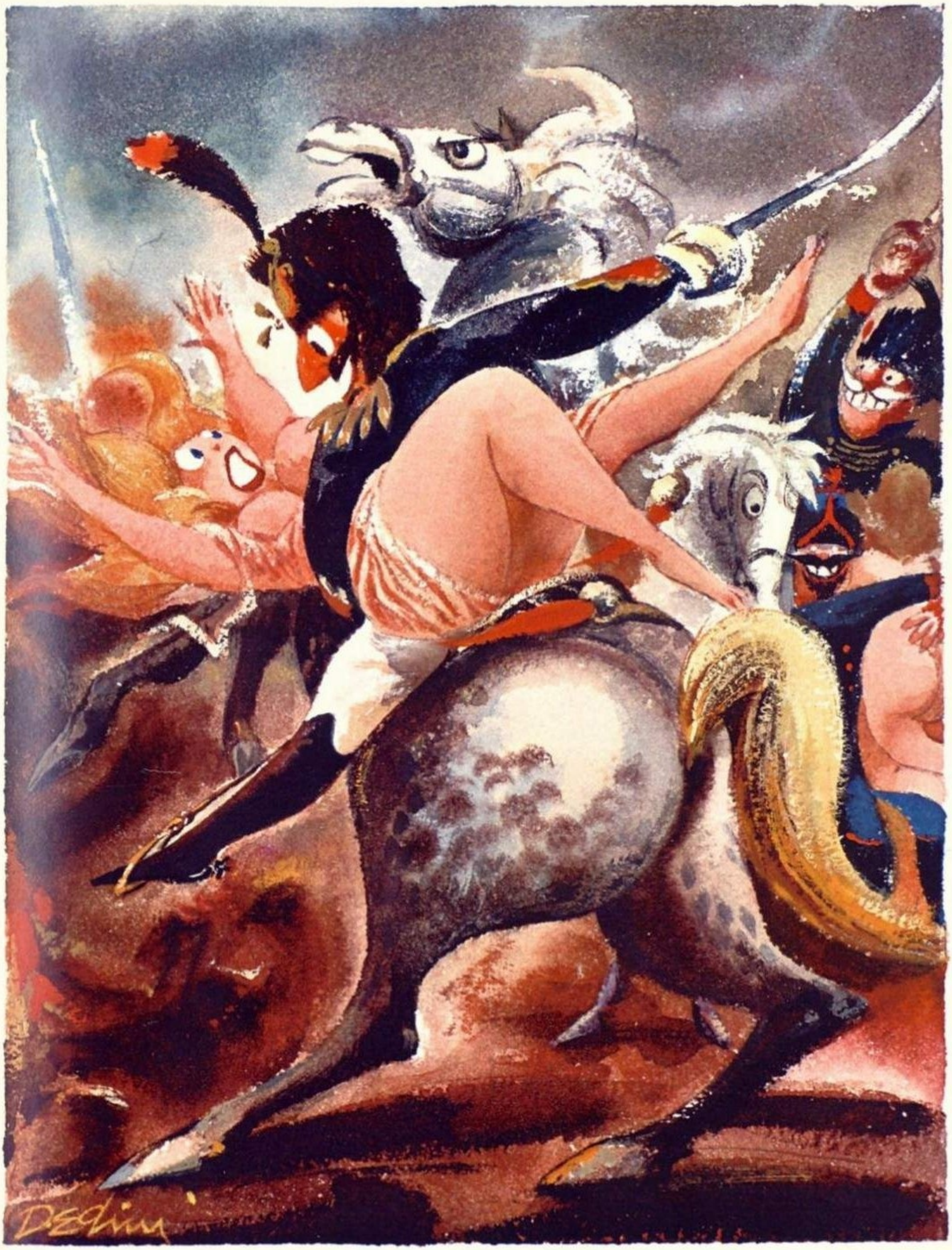
Most of the inflationary experiences in the industrialized world in this century seem to point to one general rule: The best hedges against inflation—no matter what the hedging vehicle—are those that are placed early, before it dawns on the public that inflation is actually taking place. This is because inflation feeds on itself. As soon as people become convinced that it is a fact, they try to evade it. They first spend their savings and then go into debt, all the while bidding up prices on stocks, commodities, real estate, art objects—anything they can get their hands on. By the time this self-defeating circle of events begins to take shape, the sharpest hedgers are already well entrenched.

Successful inflation hedging hinges on your income-tax bracket. Even if your income is relatively low, the tricky combination of inflation and the income tax is not easy to beat. Consider an extreme example: a single man with a very modest basic income—between $6000 and $8000 a year. He pays Uncle Sam exactly 25 cents of each additional dollar he earns. At the current inflation rate of four percent, even this lowly chap cannot make money in a bank savings account. Federally insured banks can't pay over four percent interest. A savings-and-loan account, which can pay up to 5¼ percent, will still prove a loser. For example: Say this fellow deposits $100 at 5¼ percent a year. He receives $5.25 interest, but one fourth of that, $1.31, goes to Uncle Sam. The remaining $3.94 does not match the $4 in purchasing power that his $100 lost while it was on deposit. He didn't lose much, to be sure, but the idea is not to lose at all. The idea is to win.

It may surprise some thrifty types to realize that, unless they receive a very low income indeed, they are actually losing money on their savings. But this is just one trick from inflation's bottomless bag. Today's high interest rates may seem seductive to the uninitiated, but they are actually guideposts telling the *cognoscenti* just how sharply the dollar is declining.

When the money market sees that dollars are losing their value, interest rates will rise to the occasion. (The interest rate on bank savings accounts is not a proper index, because banks are prevented by law from hiking their rates beyond current levels.) Perceiving the prospect of increasing inflation, shrewd investors would like to borrow money—but they can't find many lenders. The would-be borrower feels—quite rightly—that he could profit handsomely from inflation, ultimately repaying his loan in cheaper dollars. And the reluctant lender feels—with equal justification—that the money he'll receive will be worth a good bit less than what he lent. No matter how high the interest rates, all fixed-income investments—from bank accounts to high-priced corporate bonds—put the investor in the position of a lender. This is a role to avoid in times of inflation.

Fixed-income investments such as corporate bonds now offer returns over seven percent. Many big-time Government bonds pay well over five percent. But



"Twenty-five years in the Service and this is my first rape!"

neither has been deluged with buyers. At the current rate of inflation, even the best of fixed-income securities are simply not an attractive inflation hedge, and most of them get uglier as the investor's tax bracket—or the rate of inflation—increases. Common stocks, on the other hand, become ever more attractive. For one thing, they offer the tax shelter of capital-gains treatment—a maximum tax of 25 percent on profits from investments held over six months. This subtlety would be lost on the poor saver just mentioned; but for anyone in a higher tax bracket, the tax shelter of capital-gains treatment can be crucially important. Partially for this reason, stocks in the past year or so have been drawing investors in unprecedented numbers—even in the face of unimpressive corporate profits and less-than-glowing economic prospects. The tax advantage also explains, in part, why the stock-market action has been largely confined to "growth" stocks—those offering the promise, no matter how remote, of substantial capital gains. Proven money-makers, like A.T.&T., no matter how good their records, have little chance of sudden improvement. They pay dividends, sure; but dividends are taxed as income. Only growth gets the capital-gains discount.

For the ordinary investor—the man who has the money but lacks the time or the expertise to explore more devious routes—common industrial stocks are certainly the best hedge against inflation. For one thing, buying or selling stocks is no more complicated than calling your broker. Their near-instant salability ("liquidity," in financial jargon) gives them a special appeal to those who might be forced by unpredictable circumstances—marriage, a job change or what not—to make a quick sale.

Precisely because stocks are such good hedges against inflation, the mere prospect of inflation creates additional demand for them, demand that by itself can spark price increases. If inflation persists long enough, it can force into the market hordes of small investors who really have no business being there and who would probably prefer to remain on the side lines. Even more significant, persistent inflation can also cause a mass exodus from fixed-income securities (corporate, municipal and Government bonds, for instance), the traditional repositories of large sums of conservative money. Banks are already putting greater emphasis on common-stock holdings in their trust funds; life-insurance companies are experimenting with annuities backed by common-stock holdings; pension funds, many of them newly liberated from restrictive laws, are buying stocks at a rate of some three billion dollars a year; even as staid an institution as Yale University now has more than 70 percent of its colossal $500,000,000 endowment invested in common stocks. The demand for stocks, already at a historic peak, will grow even greater should inflation prolong its visit.

To the extent that it represents part ownership in the physical assets of a going company, literally any stock qualifies as a hedge against inflation. Since 1941, when inflation first became a real problem in modern America, common-stock dividend increases alone have consistently bested the erosion of the dollar—not counting the enormous capital gains that have also piled up. For instance, anyone who in 1941 invested $1000 in the 30 blue-chip industrial stocks that comprise the Dow-Jones Industrial Average would this year receive close to $300 in dividends; over the years, he would already have received more than twice his original investment in dividends; and even if he never reinvested a penny of them, the $1000 he started with would still have grown to about $7500. The market as a whole did even better than the blue chips; the same $1000, spread evenly among the 500 stocks that comprise Standard & Poor's broad market index, would have grown to around $9000 today.

While in this sense all stocks seem good hedges against inflation, some are obviously better than others. It takes only common sense and a little thought to distinguish the good ones from the bad ones. In times of moderately steep inflation, for instance, an investor would be well hedged holding shares in, say, a motel chain, which consists largely of fixed assets, owns desirable, productive real estate, provides a service that will remain essential as long as the economy doesn't collapse, runs on a relatively low overhead and can quickly and painlessly raise its rates to keep pace with eroding currency and rising costs. The investor would be less well hedged holding shares in, say, a mortgage-loan company, which is in the unfortunate position of being a lender—on a disturbingly large scale.

Not many people realize that inflation favors stocks for the same reason it favors debtors. This is because common stockholders are the nation's biggest debtor group. Altogether, they own American industry, which, *in toto*, boasts a bonded debt approximating 125 billion dollars. As an inflation hedge, the indebtedness represented by each share of common stock is just as important as the solid assets involved. Typically, the corporations have already converted their borrowed money into productive assets—which is precisely the right thing to do in the face of inflation, since the real value of the debt will diminish while the value of the assets goes up. Investors buying stocks to hedge against inflation should always keep the debt factor in mind. Generally speaking, when the dollar is declining, the company that owes the most grows the most. Several investment-information services—Moody's, for instance, or Standard & Poor's—provide detailed figures on the debt structure of all major companies. Every respectable brokerage house subscribes to these services, and the information is available to anyone who walks in and asks for it.

Unfortunately, the companies that owe the most are usually the biggest. Bigness attracts the Government eye and often finds itself regulated. The biggest of all corporations—in terms of both assets and debt—is A.T.&T. Especially at today's prices, A.T.&T. shares would be an ideal hedging vehicle, if the company were free to raise its rates to keep pace with the cost of living. But telephone rate changes involve such a tortuous and time-consuming trek through the regulatory labyrinth that they could never keep pace with a rapid erosion of the dollar. All public utilities and railroads, to the extent that they are regulated, are unattractive inflation hedges. Since 1941, dividend increases in both have barely kept pace with inflation. Railroads have done slightly better than utilities; but the performance of both pales beside that of industrial stocks, which have good cause to be grateful for their freedom to raise prices. Those few industries whose prices *are* regulated—airlines, for instance—can't be certain to prosper from inflation.

Commercial banks, which wouldn't on the surface appear to benefit from currency deterioration, actually stand to do fairly well—especially if they're not tied down to long-term loans at unfavorable interest rates. This is because inflation is always accompanied by a sharp increase in money itself. More money means more transactions and more transactions mean higher profits for banks.

The traditional common-stock hedges against inflation are shares representing tangible wealth in the ground: oil companies, mining companies, lumber companies and real-estate investment firms. Investors who favor these traditional hedges are mostly older types who were active during earlier inflationary periods when these shares performed particularly well. The inflationary experiences of other nations during this century confirm that shares representing what economists call "primary products"—land and that which grows on it or is extracted from it—have proved the very best hedges against inflation.

However, younger investors, who perhaps wisely acknowledge that the events of the past need not provide infallible clues for predicting the future, tend to discount the value of earth assets per se. They view technological skill, represented

(continued on page 150)

Spies on campus

a sobering examination of political surveillance in the once-inviolate groves of academe

article By FRANK DONNER

IN COMPARISON with most student protests held before and since, the one staged on the evening of February 9, 1967, at State University College at Brockport in Upstate New York was singularly uneventful. Instead of a prolonged marathon involving hundreds of students, the demonstration—in the form of a sit-in, held at the student union—attracted only a handful of students and lasted a scant 15 minutes. Sponsored by members of a group called the Campus Committee of Concern, the sit-in protested nothing so lofty as Vietnam, civil rights or academic freedom. The students involved simply wanted the union to remain open awhile longer at night, so they could drink Cokes and talk there. Even the local press, knowing a nonstory when it saw one, devoted only a short item to the action the next day.

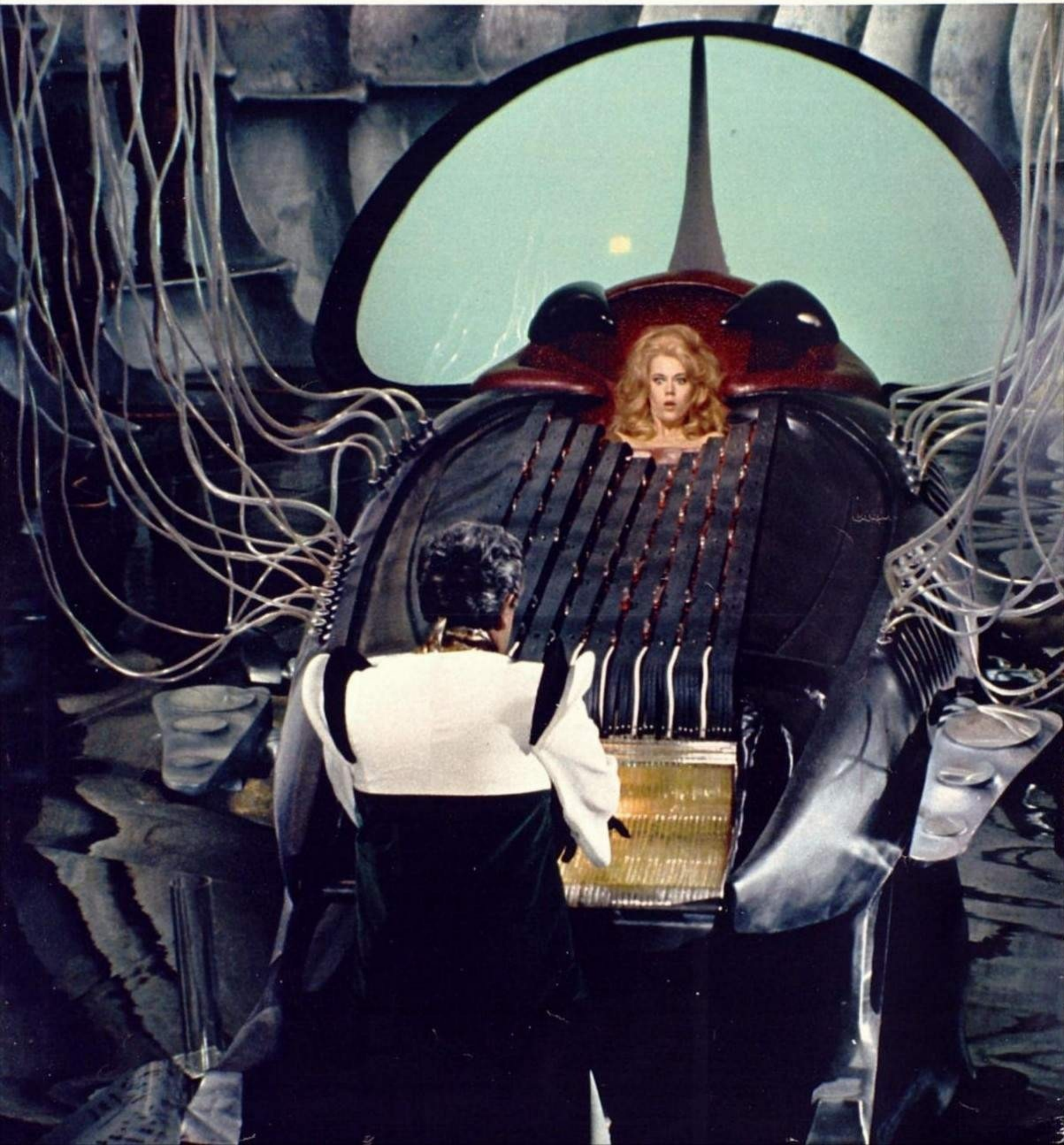
But before the month was over, it was clear that this minidemonstration had, like the first element in an *(continued on page 118)*

CONSTRUCTION BY BOB BRUNTON

JANE FONDA AND A CAST OF OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD EYE DAZZLERS BRING THE UNINHIBITED FRENCH COMIC STRIP TO THE SCREEN

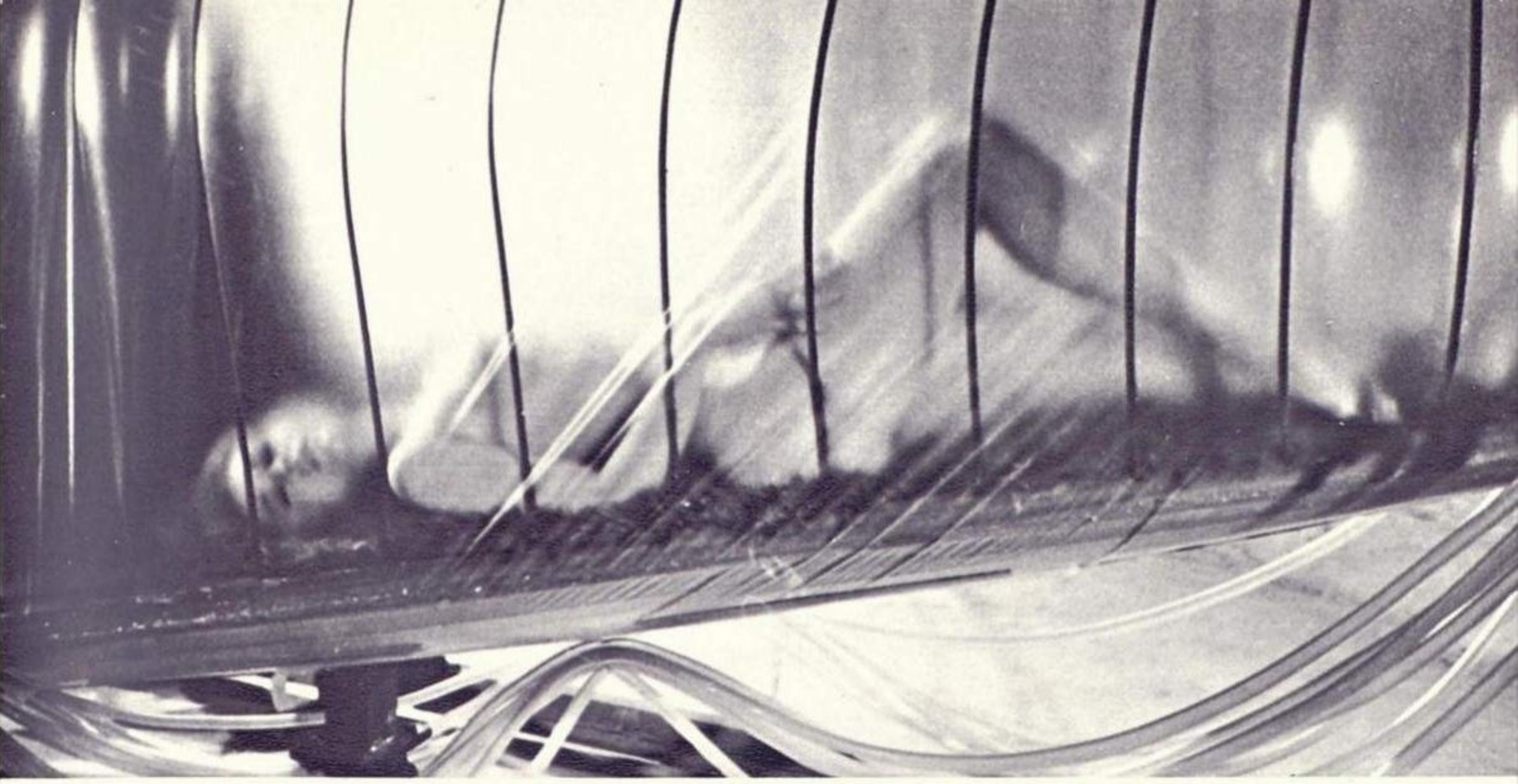
THE BIZARRE BEAUTIES OF "BARBARELLA"

IN 1962, Jean-Claude Forest, a young French illustrator, created a comic-strip heroine who would develop into a futuristic combination of Wonder Woman and our own Little Annie Fanny. The result: Barbarella (right), a science-fiction evocation of eroticism whose distaste for criminals and clothing is matched only by her penchant for passion. Barbarella's early popularity was predicated on her ability to take misfortune lying down; but soon her thinly veiled jabs at contemporary morality established her as France's leading underground pop scene stealer. When *Evergreen Review* translated Barbarella's adventures into English two and a half years ago, enough interest arose to entice Grove Press into publishing an anthology of her most sensual space sorties. And now, *Barbarella*—with Jane Fonda in the title role—comes to the screen in a $3,500,000 Paramount film produced by Dino de Laurentiis and directed by Miss



Soon after Jane Fonda, as Barbarella, arrives on the planet Lythion, she is captured by the Concierge (Milo O'Shea), a sadistic executioner who kills his victims with kindness by subjecting them to his Excessive Machine—a contrivance that emits pleasure waves strong enough to leave his quarry dead with a smile on their lips. While O'Shea (below left) joyfully bangs out a tune —*Sonata for the Execution by Pleasure of Young Earthgirls*—on the machine's pianolike keyboard controls (enabling him to musically modulate the amount of induced euphoria), ecstasy impulses course through Barbarella's body, and malignant Milo happily anticipates his foe's rapturous demise. Barbarella, unlike any other of the Concierge's captives, turns out to be a glutton for this kind of punishment: When she proves simply too hot for the Excessive Machine to handle, the contraption blows its cool—and all of its fuses in the process. Not the least of *Barbarella*'s added attractions are its way-out cosmic costumes, styled by Parisian designer Jacques Fonteray. Below, as Jane listens intently to husband Roger Vadim explaining the action of an upcoming take, she wears a see-through microleotard that is attractively abetted by body paint and plastic breasts, which will firmly support any earthwoman 380 centuries from now.

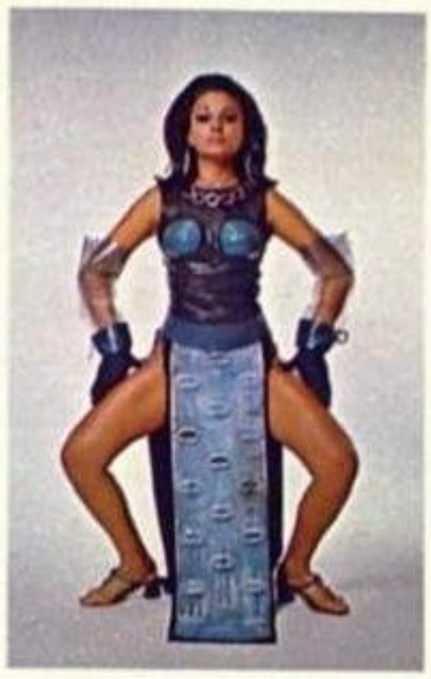
Fonda's husband, Roger Vadim. *Barbarella*'s supporting cast is as lustrous as its leading lady. More than 30 of Europe's most exciting young beauties appear in the movie, while the male contingent is represented by such hot properties as David (*Blow-Up*) Hemmings, Milo (*Ulysses*) O'Shea, Italian comedian Ugo Tognazzi and French pantomimist Marcel Marceau. Barbarella, whose amorous encounters are abundant enough to bring blushes to the cheeks of Sexual Freedom League charter members, has an outspoken admirer in director Vadim. "She is neither immoral nor amoral," he says. "Immorality applies to someone who has lost her morality. Amorality applies to those who haven't any. Barbarella *has* a moral code—her own. Her attitudes about sex are as natural and matter of fact as the psychologists say the young generation's are becoming." The film, to be released late this summer, takes place in the year 40,000, when the kinkily attired astronette-adventuress is asked by the President of Earth to locate a missing scientist. Barbarella's journey—plotted by Vadim and Terry (*Candy*) Southern—hardly gets off the ground before she crash-lands on Lythion, the most perversely populated planet in the universe. The scientist she seeks is somewhere in Lythion's capital city of Sogo; and by the time Barbarella catches up to him, she has endured tribulations and triumphs more than worthy of the supersexed heroine she is.



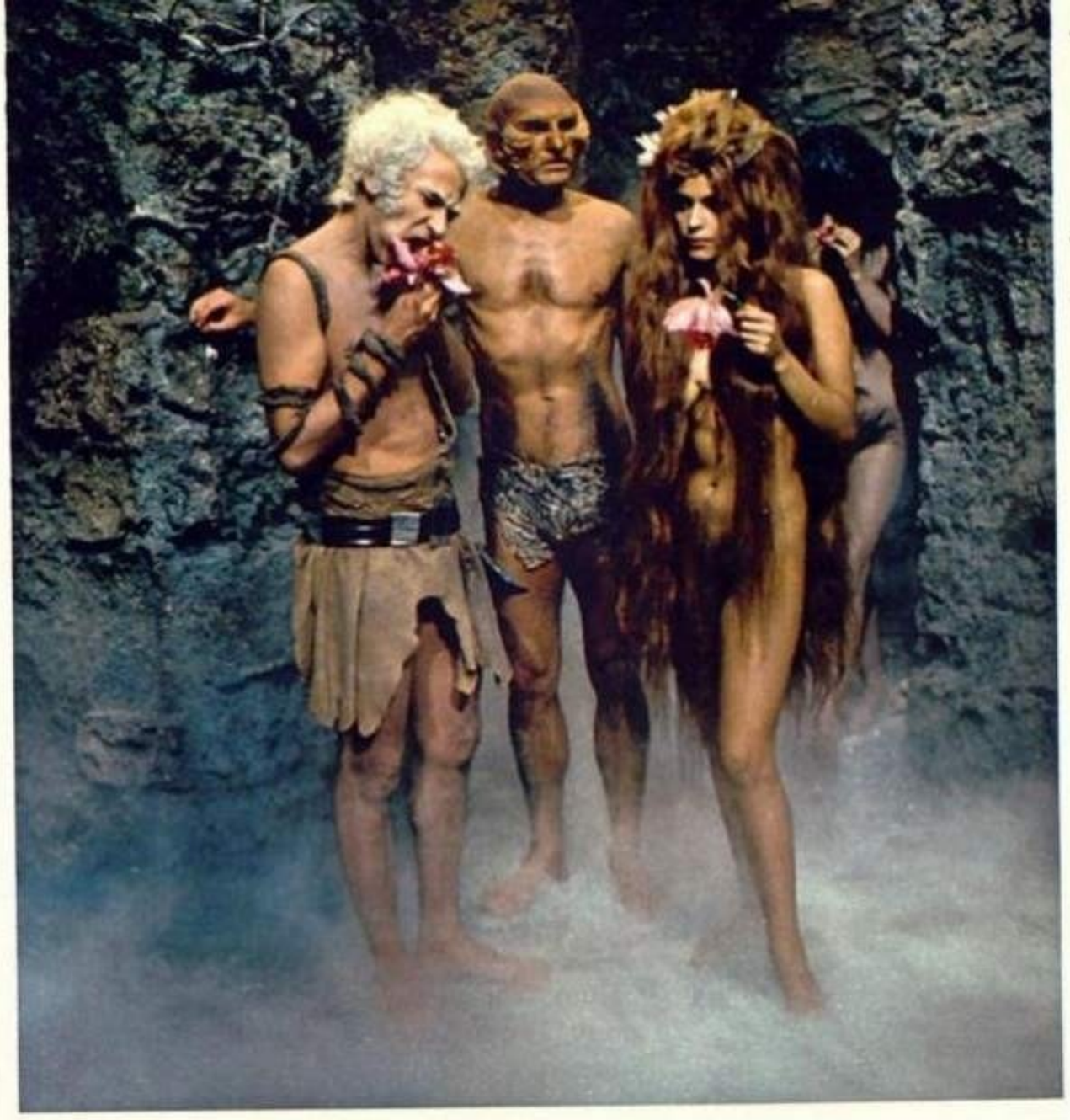
"We want people to laugh with Barbarella," Roger Vadim recently told an English journalist, "because she uses her body as a writer uses a pencil, as a means of self-expression." The girls of *Barbarella* are almost as accomplished in creative capriciousness as Miss B. herself. How they get that way is no mystery: To make sure Sogo's social calendar swings throughout the year, the city throws an all-out orgy at least once each week. And before the wild get-togethers get under way, the girls assemble for an excitation session. Opposite page, Sogo's sensational sexpots cavort behind a plastic bubble that stimulates their senses and libidos, as they start to get in shape for the biggest society ball of the year—the orgy to celebrate the coronation of the Concierge. The waiting line forms to the rear of the bubble (above right), but the girls (above left) don't seem to want to come out. Once the festivities begin, wine flows freely—far left, screen newcomer Honey Autrum drinks from a grinning goblet cast in the Black Queen's image, while another Sogo-go girl (left) awaits her turn to imbibe. Barbarella, unfortunately, misses out on all the fun: Instead, Jane Fonda (top) gets a free ride to the Black Queen's torture chamber, courtesy of the Catch Man's ingeniously wrought ice sled. He is busy rounding up all those whose lives do not add up to one long total debauch. While Barbarella is being transported in the ice sled, she goes out on her limbs to convince the Catch Man she's as much given to sybaritic sporting as any of Sogo's subjects. By the end of the gymnastic sleigh ride, the Catch Man—completely tuckered out—is as compliant and lovable as a well-fed poodle.

In an exclusive PLAYBOY shooting, Barbarella's antagonists reveal themselves to be as sensual off screen as they are on. Anita Pallenberg, 24, who plays the Black Queen (above, left and right), was born in Rome, moved to Munich in 1956 and then returned to Rome in 1960—where she studied graphic arts for two years before landing a job at an ad agency. "After spending the better part of my life studying design," she says, "I suddenly found myself painting backgrounds and making coffee." So Anita promptly packed up, headed for Manhattan and became a *Vogue* photographer's assistant. Two years later, Anita—now a highly paid mannequin—quit New York for Paris, where she modeled for *Vogue*, *Elle* and *Lui* magazines. In 1965, she appeared in the German film *A Degree of Murder*—as a homicidal maniac—and was nominated as Best Young Actress at the Cannes Film Festival; Roger Vadim saw Miss Pallenberg's performance and signed her for *Barbarella*. Katiuska Lanvin (opposite page, top), born in Avignon, France, combines the facial serenity of a Jeanne Moreau with the earthy allure of a Sophia Loren. An actress for less than two years, Katiuska, 22, spends her spare hours dancing ballet. Although addicted to fashion, Miss Lanvin is in accord with the Mod look's unharnessed bustlines. "I will not wear a brassiere," says the 37-23-36–dimensioned miss. Bottom, a quintet of *Barbarella* beauties displays their in-the-flesh attractions: Left, Gara Granda; opposite page, left to right, Silvana Venturelli, Carla Cassola, Judith Matoh and Barbara Winer.

The Black Queen, as nefarious as she is comely, gets her kicks by sleeping most of her life away so that a Dream Machine can assist her subconscious in conjuring up bacchanalian revels. Awake, the Black Queen (audaciously acted by Anita Pallenberg) is usually bad news: Although she's forced to kowtow to Barbarella, right, she nevertheless makes life hell for the angel Pygar (John Phillip Law), whom she first blinds and then crucifies. The Black Queen's sleeping self is even more miserably malevolent: Below, in her dreams, she rapes the now-fallen angel.



The narcissistic sirens of Sogo are replete with the seven deadly sins—avarice, lust, envy, pride, gluttony, wrath and sloth—but they're still great to look at. Six of the sexiest are (from far left to right) Sadre Girodani, a fashion model; Italian screen star Tania de Paolis; Silvana Venturelli, a 19-year-old redhead getting her first big film display; Gara Granda, who modestly notes, "I was born in Macedonia like Alexander the Great, educated in England like Shakespeare and work in Rome like Michelangelo"; Beatrice Lanscat, a French artist whose paintings have been exhibited in Paris; and Gabriella Morganti, making her film debut.



Life on the planet Lythion is resplendent with carnality. For instance, Lythionians' appetite for sexual symbolism even extends to their household pets: Top left, Barbarella gets acquainted with a parti-colored anteater; above, Silvana Venturelli rubs green rabbits' feet for luck—and fertility. But not all is gorgeous and groovy on Lythion: Outside Sogo's city limits lies the Labyrinthe, a colony peopled by Sogoans who've been banished there by the Black Queen because they were not physically perfect or not totally impure in thought and deed. Among the rejects the Black Queen should have looked out for is orchid-chewing Professor Ping, top right (played by French master of mime Marcel Marceau), a scientist who helps Barbarella sow the seeds of Sogo's revolution. Lythion's lissome ladies find the insurgence revolting, for not even their pop-op space styles can stem the tide of change. Seven of Sogo's most stylishly suited-up swingers are (bottom, left to right) Diane Bond, a lovely Angeleno whose manifest charms don't escape the Black Queen's notice; Beatrice Lanscat; Barbara Winer, a former student at Syracuse and New York universities; Gara Granda; Marina and Loriana Bartella, who form the film's most sinister sister act; and Katiuska Lanvin. The movie ends on a happy note: Although the angel Pygar has been bedeviled by the Black Queen, he gets a new lease on life when Barbarella provides him with a highly personal cure, and soon they're both flying high (above right). One nasty, final surprise awaits Barbarella: Pygar saves the Black Queen from death and, when Barbarella protests, he says gently, "An angel has no memory." If Pygar doesn't watch his step, he'll get his wings clipped; angels may have less than total recall, but Barby girl never forgets a face.

Spies on campus

(continued from page 107)

elaborate Rube Goldberg device, set in motion a series of more complicated events that ended in the exposure of an extensive network of FBI spying and political surveillance on the Brockport campus.

The story of the snooping—perhaps even more alarming because Brockport is hardly known as a hotbed of political activism—was brought to the surface by the widely respected Reverend John Messerschmitt, ecumenical chaplain to the college and a faculty advisor to the group that sponsored the sit-in. Speaking on February 23 to a hushed meeting of the local American Association of University Professors, Messerschmitt revealed that the morning after the sit-in, a member of the Brockport administrative staff, during a conversation with Messerschmitt about the Campus Committee of Concern, began making remarks about Dr. Ernst A. Wiener, then associate professor of sociology and also a faculty advisor to the C. C. O. C. The administrator asked if Messerschmitt was aware of Wiener's involvement with civil rights, the peace movement and various New Left groups that the staff member "knew" to be Communist fronts. When Chaplain Messerschmitt protested that without evidence such accusations were irresponsible, the administrator confided (according to the chaplain's notes, recorded shortly after the conversation): "John, I know I can trust you with this information. I'm in regular contact with the FBI. There are four or five of us on the campus—two with the FBI and three with the CIA. We've been asked to watch Wiener very closely. Believe me when I tell you he has quite a background. Be careful." Messerschmitt responded by telling the man he could hardly believe he was actually working for the FBI and that if he was, his position "was in contradiction to what the university stood for and extremely dangerous to the civil liberties of all the individuals he was keeping under surveillance."

For a half hour, the two men argued the subject. "Wouldn't you do this FBI work if your country requested it of you?" asked the nameless administrator. "How can you attack the FBI when it's only trying to protect you? . . . This surveillance work is occurring on every campus in the country. . . . Those who are being watched shouldn't have anything to hide if what they are doing and saying is aboveboard. . . . Don't think I get paid for this; I don't. I was asked to do this and I agreed as a service to my country."

From the conversation, the surprised chaplain learned not only that such campus spying was common but that both the FBI and the CIA were regularly in touch with friendly Brockport faculty members, who were instructed—in the words of the administrator—"to kind of keep an eye on things on a permanent basis."

"Finally," Chaplain Messerschmitt concluded, "I told him our conversation had left me no less shocked at his disclosure. I was sorry he had assumed a confidence of me without first asking, but because this news was absolutely incompatible with what I understood higher education to be, I could not be quiet about it."

Nor was he. With the fuse lit by his subsequent disclosures, reactions exploded in swift succession. Convinced and outraged by what they had heard but prevented from direct legal action by the fact that the conversation was unwitnessed, the Brockport chapter of the American Association of University Professors passed a resolution strongly condemning undercover operations on the campus—as a threat of "faculty intimidation" and "thought control." Within the next month, the Brockport faculty senate and the State University Federation of Teachers at Brockport passed similar resolutions. The CIA responded by labeling the Brockport charges "nonsense" and stated that it "does not engage in spying in the United States." The FBI's authority is not so circumscribed, however. A few weeks later, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, in a letter to Chancellor Samuel Gould, the administrative head of the New York State University system, admitted the charges. "I would never permit the FBI," Hoover wrote, "to shirk its responsibilities. I feel certain that you, as a responsible educator and citizen, would never condone this Bureau's failure to handle its obligations in the internal security field, or that you would have us ignore specific allegations of subversive activity in any segment of our society, including college campuses."

Professor Ernst Wiener—whose activities and views had sparked all the commotion—seemed less surprised at the discovery of a campus spying network than at the fact that it should be concerned with someone as harmless as himself. "I have never attempted to conceal the nature of my political beliefs," he announced. And in what many felt was a moving document, indeed (a letter published March 17 in the Brockport college paper), he described his participation in the 1965 Selma–Montgomery march, his concern for the local problems of integration, his opposition to the Vietnam war and his membership in various groups supporting these and similar beliefs. He closed his letter by quoting Socrates: "For of old I have had many accusers, who have accused me falsely to you during many years. . . . Hardest of all, I do not know and cannot tell the names of my accusers . . . and therefore I must simply fight with shadows in my own defense, and argue when there is no one who answers."

Professor Wiener must have thought a good bit about Socrates in the month that followed; for on April 20, he committed suicide. In a letter found after his death, he had written: "It is too painful to continue living in a world in which freedom is steadily being constricted in the name of freedom and in which peace means war, in which every one of our institutions, our schools, our churches, our newspapers, our industries are being steadily engulfed in a sea of hypocrisy."

The events that grew from the Brockport affair would be tragic enough even if it were an isolated incident, conceived in the overzealous mind of a local FBI agent or his regional chief. But as Director Hoover's letter makes clear, the FBI regards campus spying as a near-sacred obligation. Just about the same time Dr. Wiener killed himself, *Ramparts* magazine—following up its disclosure that President Ngo Dinh Diem's intrigue-ridden regime in South Vietnam had relied heavily on the expertise of CIA-sponsored faculty members from Michigan State University—exposed a labyrinth of CIA front groups, notably the National Student Association. During the same month, a pseudo coed at the Madison campus of Fairleigh Dickinson made headlines by announcing that she had been planted there by county detectives to spy on a fellow student; and the president of Brigham Young University reluctantly admitted that a group of students had been used to spy on liberal professors. In the past two years, disclosures such as these have appeared with what the agencies involved must find embarrassing regularity; and they provide a small glimpse through the curtain that up to now has concealed a nationally organized, centrally coordinated, undercover campus intelligence operation.

Apologists for this collegiate spying frequently adopt the position of the nameless Brockport vigilante: "Those who are being watched shouldn't have anything to hide if what they are doing and saying is aboveboard." Because the agencies engaged in snooping have yet to use in a court case the mass of information they have gathered, they can easily be viewed as concerned—and relatively ineffective—voyeurs. We are only trying to find out the facts, say the surveiller-informers; we neither enjoin nor punish political expression or association.

But even if the snooping were as benign and nonrestrictive as the agencies suggest, there would still remain the thorny question of academic freedom. In theory, colleges are supposed to be open market places of ideas, where students and teachers are free to say and think what they please. Government agencies violate this principle simply by listening in on what is said, even if they never use the information. Their presence—or just the possibility of their presence—can stimulate

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"How much for just the ring?"

"I must have had a good time at the party last night. Three fellows have called up to apologize so far this morning."

the boisterous bonze thich xuan

Ribald Classic

from a Vietnamese folk tale

THE BONZE Thich Xuan, who had obtained his appointment to the village pagoda after an undistinguished novitiate at the shrine in the big city, did not seem well versed in the religious practices of the faithful who stopped to worship on their way to and from the fertile rice fields. As a matter of fact, no sooner was he named to his comfortable post by the village council of notables—malicious rumors said it was due to his aunt's amorous relations with the chief notable—than he began a life of ease and debauchery. Three mau of communal rice fields allotted since time immemorial to the care of the pagoda allowed the slothful bonze to indulge his taste for the good life.

A cobbler, similarly inclined, lived next door to the lonely pagoda on the village outskirts and became bonze Thich Xuan's constant companion. Soon stories circulated in the village about nocturnal frolics in the place of worship. Shadowy figures were seen to slip out of the pagoda in the early hours and unseemly girlish giggles pierced the darkness almost every night.

Rumors about the merrymaking venerable, who fitfully struck the gong and murmured snatches of remembered prayers during the day but came alive at night, reached a point where the notables felt obliged to ask a famous holy man then on a pilgrimage to make a halt at the pagoda and examine its keeper in the ways of the faith. This great monk, lost in meditation, was known to communicate only by gestures, because he had taken a vow not to speak. The Buddhist clergy was terrified of his examinations in doctrine and theology and the bonze already saw himself expelled in disgrace. But his cobbler friend had a plan; and on the appointed day, the shoemaker dressed in monk's robes and awaited the encounter, while his friend hid behind the altar.

The holy man entered the pagoda and prostrated himself before the Buddha image. He then turned to the monk and touched his forehead with the palm of his right hand. The spurious bonze replied by stamping several times with his left foot. The venerable pilgrim smiled and touched his armpit The young monk immediately patted himself on the behind. The smile of the examiner grew wider still and he raised the first three fingers of his right hand His silent companion answered by stretching all five fingers as high and as wide as possible.

The examination was over and the holy man seemed highly satisfied. After saluting the supposed monk respectfully, he rejoined the notables waiting in a group outside the pagoda and asked for brush and paper. He wrote: "I have visited many pagodas between here and Siam, but never did I meet a monk as learned in the doctrine as your bonze. He not only answered my questions perfectly but he responded with the subtle parables that show great learning. I said to him: 'We must always cherish the Buddha image in our head.' And he replied: 'We must fiercely stamp out the illusions of Mara the Tempter.' Then I showed my armpit to indicate: 'The prayers of the just mount to heaven as if tucked by the stork under his delicate wings.' He replied: 'The stork disappears in the clouds, but the dependable tortoise stays on to carry the heavy stele of remembrance on his rounded back.' Then I quoted the phrase: 'The three stars of the faith shine under the celestial arch.' And immediately he replied: 'The five joys enter the home of the faithful.' These citations are all taken from the holy writings and they form parables worthy of a great master. Your young bonze has gone far in the ways of the faith. I congratulate you on your choice."

At the head of the council, the mayor entered the pagoda and prostrated himself before the bonze, who had come out from behind the altar in his ceremonial robes to receive the delegation. It was the cobbler's turn to hide. "May the Buddha forgive us for doubting your scholarship and listening to the slurs of scoundrels. The council has made a unanimous decision to put two more mau of paddy at your disposal, so that you may properly carry on your good works and enrich your library of religious books." And the notables withdrew with a hundred pardons.

No sooner had they gone than the two friends embraced and congratulated each other. "But what in the world did you do?" asked the bonze.

"Your holy man is nothing but a fraud," replied the cobbler. "As soon as he saw me, he asked if I was a hatmaker. I stamped my foot on the ground to show that I make shoes. Then he pointed to his armpits to let me know he wanted a pair of sandals cut from the supple flank of the beast. I showed him my back to explain that the leather from that part is tougher and better adapted to the dusty trails of a pilgrimage. He offered me three piasters for a pair. But I asked for five and he left. Perhaps he found my price too high."

Thereafter, the evening entertainments of the bonze and the cobbler became more boisterous than ever and, with the yield of two more mau of choice paddy, their taste for rice wine and limbs soft as silk could be freely indulged. Bigoted scholars still complained of the things they thought they saw or heard after dusk at the lonely pagoda, but the notables were unimpressed.

"The songs and music coming from the pagoda are certainly the chants of the sacred bodhisattvas," the council decided, "and the peals of crystalline laughter those of Ananda and Syana, the goddesses. The yielding shapes pursued and pinned nightly to the pagoda floor celebrate the victory of Thich Xuan over the illusions of this world and the strange smell similar to fermented rice wine that sweeps across the path near the pagoda is surely the perfume of the nine-petaled lotus that is too strong for the nostrils of mere mortals."

—Retold by G. W. Viktor

RAVI SHANKAR *how the west was won*

IN 1937, teenaged Ravi Shankar turned up short-haired and coarsely dressed at the home of Indian music master Allaudin Khan. Remembering two years earlier when he and Ravi, then a dancer sporting luxurious hair and Bond Street suits, had traveled together through Europe in a dance troupe run by Ravi's brother, Allaudin cried out in dismay, "Why did you do this?" "It is my sacrifice for our music," replied Ravi, who soon began a long ascetic study of the sitar with his guru. It was seven and a half years before Ravi felt he was ready to start the career that has culminated in his being recognized as one of the world's virtuoso musicians and his worshipful adoption by the love generation. He founded the National Orchestra at the All-India Radio; created ballet, TV and film scores, most notably for the famous Satyajit Ray *Pather Panchali* cinema trilogy and for Jonathan Miller's controversial BBC-TV *Alice in Wonderland*; and for the past 12 years has given European and American concert tours, with an explosive increase in acceptance. Among his thousands of converts are such noted musicians as violinist Yehudi Menuhin, jazzman Dave Brubeck and, of course, Beatle George Harrison. The Beatles adopted Ravi with a reverence that permeated his classroom when he was a visiting professor at the City College of New York last fall and that was everywhere at hand during his just-ended tenth American tour. Remarkably, the hippie audiences have learned to take Ravi's sound unstoned. "Our music is pure, almost religious," Ravi says. "To link [it] with drugs, drink or sex is impure." His publicized pleas to come to the music "with a clean body and a clean mind" are but the latest twist in a decades-long campaign to get the West to dig the unfamiliar subtleties of Eastern music, a campaign that has been highly successful (more sitars were sold in the U.S. this past year than in India). "Now," says Ravi—who garnered a Medal in the 1968 Playboy Jazz and Pop Poll—"I can play as I please."

JAMES LING *big dealer from big d*

CORPORATION KING James Ling is no stranger to Shakespeare's "tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." He's been riding it since 1946, and there's no hint of an ebb in sight. Presently directing a protean complex of operations from his own Dallas skyscraper, the 45-year-old entrepreneur has, in two decades, parlayed a fledgling electrical contracting firm into sprawling Ling-Temco-Vought, a conglomerate corporation that turns out everything from sirloin steaks to golf clubs and jet aircraft, and which will gross about 1.8 billion dollars this year. Atypical in a time when business success is usually the product of a college education, Oklahoma-born Ling dropped out of school at 14 and ran away from home. "I hitchhiked around the country," he says, "working in cafés and at other jobs. I got acquainted with life." Then came World War Two and a South Pacific stint with the Navy, after which he collected his total assets—$3000—and opened his electrical business in Dallas; he's been switched on ever since. Master of the unorthodox, Ling added Wilson & Company—whose annual revenues in meat packing, drugs and sporting goods were roughly twice L.T.V.'s—to his burgeoning enterprises. Needing an $80,000,000 loan to clinch the deal, but faced with tight money, Ling launched "Project End Run" and picked up most of the required cash from European banks. Using it in "Project Touchdown" to capture a controlling interest in Wilson stock, he then split the corporation into three subsidiaries and issued stock for each—a maneuver that dazzled the financial community and cut the amount outstanding on the loan to a lean $6,000,000. Hardly stopping for breath, he next engineered the acquisition of Greatamerica (controller of Braniff Airlines, among others) and Allied Radio. Such footwork demands a 90-hour work week; but Ling, for whom work is pleasure, has no desire to slow down. It's more fun, he says, to keep running.

GENE SAKS *yok around the clock*

FIVE YEARS AGO this month, *Enter Laughing* bowed on Broadway and, in addition to introducing Alan Arkin to big-league showbiz, marked the directorial debut of actor Gene Saks. Arkin, of course, has gone on to become a major screen star, and Saks—having recently called the camera shots for *Barefoot in the Park* and *The Odd Couple*—is now the hottest director of U.S. comic cinema. Says Saks succinctly, "I didn't pick comedy—it picked me." A stage pro whose most memorable acting role was as the TV kiddie-show emcee in *A Thousand Clowns* (a part he also played in the movie version), Saks had been speaking lines for 16 years before he serendipitously stumbled into direction. "I was a member of the Actors Studio, and every once in a while we were required to direct a few scenes," he recalls. "I chose a wildly funny sketch I'd seen performed at the Spoleto Festival in Italy a year before and my friend Mort Gottlieb—then a talent manager—saw it and told me I was good enough to direct on Broadway. Two years later, Mort produced *Enter Laughing*—and hired me." Since then, Saks has staged a succession of hits: *Nobody Loves an Albatross*, *Generation* and the musicals *Half a Sixpence* and *Mame*. "I just hope I don't get restricted to comedy and musical comedy. Someday I'd like to try an Inge, Williams or even a Pinter play," he says. Married to actress Beatrice Arthur (who won a Tony for her *Mame* madcappery), Saks lives in Manhattan and intends to remain there. "I grew up just across the Hudson river in Hackensack, New Jersey, and I love New York, because it's got an energy I've never seen duplicated elsewhere." By the time *The Odd Couple* is released in June, Saks will be immersed in his next stage venture: directing a musical version of *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. More movies are in his immediate future, and if the 46-year-old whiz keeps the stage hits coming, too, Broadway might more properly be known as Saks' Fifth Avenue.

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feeling that has suddenly come over me. As if some watcher were out there. I told Hodge that the men could dry out but that the fires had to be extinguished promptly at 0900—because of the expected plane and the camouflage exercise.

That pigeon must have decided to walk. Our headquarters at Columbia is about 30 miles southwest—which is about a two-day march for us cross-country, much less than an hour's flight for a pigeon and about 20 minutes for one of those light planes. Columbia isn't much of a place. As Payson put it, "I'm from Boston and Columbia doesn't do a thing for me. Seven thousand souls perching on limestone cliffs and in imminent peril of sliding into the Duck river." He added, however: "I wouldn't mind seeing it right now, though." We all felt that way. I have written a "Most Urgent" to General Cuyler. Payson is about to release the pigeon.

1300 hours. The third pigeon took off an hour ago. That one might have a mishap is quite possible. That two might fail is unlikely, but it's still a chance. I can't imagine three not making it.

1400 hours. I asked Hodge to report and, when he came, I asked him how the men were.

"A little shook, Colonel. They're wondering what messages them pigeons been carrying."

"I won't kid you, Sergeant. Something's gone wrong with the pigeons. And it's urgent that I get a message through to Columbia as soon as possible." I'd thought this over carefully. It was really Lieutenant Michelson's job, but, for various reasons, I trusted Hodge more in this case. A tough, shrewd, courageous red-neck from the north-Georgia hills can be the best noncom in the Army if he wants to. Or the worst. I wouldn't trust Hodge with a woman, five dollars or a bottle of liquor. There's nobody I'd rather have with me in a fire fight.

"Hodge, take six of your best men and however many mules you need. I want you to head back for Columbia double time. See on the map—you cut across country until you hit the Columbia Pike right here. As soon as you get to a gas station, call in to the motor pool for a couple of vehicles—unless you can flag down an Army truck on the highway. Then get Colonel Wright's reply to my message and drive to Spring Hill. I'll rendezvous with you there tomorrow afternoon." I didn't quite know how to add the last sentence. "And, Hodge—if there's anything wrong at Columbia, just head back to the rendezvous point."

"What do you think might be wrong at Columbia, sir?" Hodge was probing to find out what the official view was. I knew he'd open the message as soon as he safely could.

"Nothing, Sergeant. Now high-tail."

1500 hours. Major Powers is a godsend. It isn't just that he's easy to get along with and knows the terrain. While Hodge is my idea of the best kind of Southern backwoodsman, Powers is what I'd always imagined a real Southern aristocrat to be. He can serve under another man without resentment and command other men without shouting. Along with that, he seems to have a kind of sixth sense about our present odd predicament. He just came to me and suggested that we forgo the usual practice firing this afternoon. I had already decided that, but I was glad that Powers had said it first.

"Bateson," I said, "is there anything you know or that you've noticed that isn't apparent to the rest of us?"

"No," he said. "I've known this country around here all my life. Something odd has happened to it, but I feel that it's basically the same. The hills and the rivers are still in the right places, even though the trees have changed. What spooks me is this ghostly feeling I keep having—I feel something out here that I've never known before."

1800 hours. Instead of going through one of the usual training problems, I left Payson in command and took Powers and Michelson with me on a patrol. We swung west over some rough ground and through a lot of scrub to the little village of Waverly, which marked the western border of our maneuver area. When Powers led us up the knoll overlooking the town, I was sure that all three of us expected it to have vanished —and we were right. We searched the immediate area and found not a trace of roads or foundations. At that point, my greatest worry was Hodge and his men —what kind of an unknown had I sent them into? Once back at the bivouac, I ordered the men to be prepared to move out at 0700 the next morning. We were going to follow a compass course for Spring Hill and move as fast as we could.

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November 26, 1944. 1200 hours. I write this at our noon break. I drove the men hard this morning, but, what with the mud and the cold and the broken country, we didn't make very good time. We have to slow up continually in order to clear paths. Along with that, there are no landmarks Powers can guide by. We did run across some signs of life this morning—an isolated, burned-out cabin and a log bridge across a small stream.

I had Michelson and Powers head up the column, while Payson and I hiked at the rear. I said, "Fritz, have you noticed that each of us reacts in a somewhat different way to this puzzle? It seems to have been a tonic for Michelson. Up to now, he's always gone through the training in a kind of halfhearted way. But since the thing happened, he's suddenly in top form. A real eager beaver."

"Well," Payson said slowly, "George has always been a concealed misfit. He was a kid from a rich family—and if your father happens to be president of one of the big tire companies, people will think you have little failings, but they'll overlook a serious maladjustment. George's only real interest is in blood sports. He's a big-game hunter. He's an expert with just about any kind of small arms you can name. He's been the U.S. saber champion. I doubt if anybody could take him with a knife or at judo—he's superb."

"I see," I said. "You really didn't answer my question, Fritz. But I know what you mean. We've been *playing* war and George has been bored by it. Now, like a hunter animal, he's caught the scent of blood in the wind."

"You said it; I didn't," said Payson, stalking on ahead.

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November 27, 1944. Northern China can't be any worse than middle Tennessee in bad weather. We're bogged down in mud half the time. It balls up on the mules' feet. Swollen streams and thick underbrush have forced a lot of detours and thrown us off course. We are already late for our rendezvous with Hodge. My present thought is to drop the training exercise and hit south for Columbia itself.

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November 28, 1944. 1500 hours. The whole thing must be getting on my nerves. This morning I *did* order a change in the course to head for Columbia. What decided me was something strange within myself. We went into bivouac yesterday around 1530 hours. The men were exhausted and wet through. Twice Payson came to me and requested that the men be allowed to build fires. I wanted to say yes, but something I can't explain held me back. I refused. I do, however, intend to give everybody a three-day pass combined with a weekend as soon as we get straightened out.

1630 hours. We'd finally made it through the worst of the woods and were just about to enter more open country when we heard it—unmistakably, it was the sound of artillery. It came from the direction of Columbia. We stopped in our tracks and Powers and I stared at each other. There was no artillery at Columbia. The only firing range was for small arms. The only units in the vicinity were small infantry combat teams like ours. Then I suddenly saw a strange look of recognition and understanding come over the major's face. He answered my unspoken question. "That

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sound comes out of history," he said. "Cannon firing at Columbia."

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November 29, 1944. 1300 hours. We had stopped yesterday just where we were. This morning shortly after dawn, Hodge came into camp. Two of his men were dead and two were wounded and he had a dead stranger with him. The squad was mounted on four fine-looking riding horses and the bodies were strapped onto the backs of three led horses.

The men came running. They began to crowd around the horses, yelling questions, and it took a few minutes to get them under control. Fritz stayed with the wounded men. I took Michelson and Powers aside with me to hear Hodge's report. I gave Hodge the last of my whiskey in a canteen cup and he gulped it down. This is his story, given more or less in his own words:

"We run into a lot of mighty rugged country, and it wasn't till day before yesterday evening we got to Columbia. We heard a few shots, so we crept up on it kind of cautious like, and damn if we didn't see the wildest sight you ever laid eyes on. There was one army just leavin' its positions on the south bank of the Duck and crossin' over. There was another army movin' up from the south—but they didn't attack. We could see the cavalry, the caissons and the old-time cannon. The men said we must of lost our way—and we'd run into a movie outfit makin' a Civil War picture.

"But I *knew* it was Columbia, though it was all different. Just a few muddy streets and frame houses. But the limestone bluffs were the same and the river was the same. Still, I knew it couldn't be. So we lay low that night. Next day we started scoutin' up and down the Duck, keepin' to cover as much as possible. When some more firin' broke out, we headed for Spring Hill, movin' along a dirt road. They spotted us about the same time we spotted them—maybe fifteen, twenty horsemen.

"Well, sir, by this time, I was crazy to know what in hell was goin' on. So I told the boys to get off their mules and I started wavin' to the people down the road. They didn't pay me no mind. They formed up like a cavalry troop, started out at a trot, went into a canter and suddenly they were whoopin' and headin' down on us at a dead run. So there I was out in the middle of the road yellin', 'Hey, MGM or 20th Century-Fox, or whoever the goddamn hell you are, *lay off*. This is the U. S. Army.'

"But those boys weren't playin'. They were carrying big horse pistols and double-barreled shotguns and they looked real mean. They were right on top of us and maybe I would have hesitated still if they hadn't shot our mules right then. We let 'em have it with the choppers. I just didn't have no other choice." He stopped at this point and looked straight into my eyes. "You knew what it was and who it was when you sent us back there, Colonel."

"You're wrong, Hodge," I said. "If I'd known, I wouldn't have sent you."

"It's my fault," said Powers in a quiet voice. "I should have known the answer—or part of it, anyway. Some tremendous natural force has racked us back eighty years in time."

"It can't be," said Hodge. "I was born in 1920. Now you say this here is 1864."

"That dead horse soldier back there," Powers said, "belongs to the cavalry corps of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. We are in the midst of the Civil War."

There was a crazy look on Hodge's face. "Now I know why them boys attacked us!" he said. "They thought we was Yankees!"

"General J. B. Hood commanding," said Powers. "He has given Forrest instructions to clear this area of all hostile forces. You probably looked like creatures from Mars to them, not Yankees—but they were following orders.

"Colonel, may I have your permission to brief this group? My great-grandfather was a general in the War Between the States. His house was not very far from here and he was—will be—killed in battle before long. So, you see, I have a pretty good idea of what is going on.

"Here is the picture. Grant has Lee locked in a vise in Virginia. Sherman has burned Atlanta and is marching to the sea. There is only one Confederate army that can still strike—it is Hood's. He has thirty-eight thousand men; he has come north into Tennessee and he's aiming at Nashville. After that, he has designs on Cincinnati and Chicago. Opposing him is General George Thomas, who is gathering troops at Nashville now. Immediately in front of Hood is his old West Point classmate General John Schofield, with about twenty-two thousand men, at Columbia. Hood is going to cross the river with part of his army and move on Spring Hill this afternoon. That will cut Schofield off from Nashville and put him in a trap."

"*Yippee*," said Hodge.

"Not so fast, Sergeant," said Powers. "Something very strange happens. Something that nobody—participant or scholar—has ever been able to explain. Tonight, General Schofield will march his army away from Columbia, up the

Columbia Pike, and his seventeen thousand men—he has sent one division on ahead—will march practically through the middle of Hood's army and escape unseen."

"Well, *goddamn*," said Hodge.

"Tomorrow, Schofield's army will make a defense of the town of Franklin. Hood will attack him with everything he can muster. And now, gentlemen, you get the second mystery. The charge of the Confederate infantry will become one of the bloodiest disasters of the War. In a little less than five hours, Hood will lose six thousand men. No one has ever been able to explain the massive, unheard-of firepower that the Federals threw against him."

Powers paused and remained silent for at least three minutes. It was obvious that there was a terrible struggle in his mind—and to me it was also obvious that he wanted me, as the commanding officer, to make the next decision. I said, "There is only one answer to the two mysteries. Your implication is plain—the foreknowledge of what will happen plus the incredible firepower of the future. But, Bate, this is not our war."

"It is the history of our country," Powers said. "Look at it this way: Fate is the field marshal of all armies. It has given us a mission."

Hodge had been thinking hard. "Major, are you sayin' that the escape tonight and the battle tomorrow will win the War for the North?"

Powers smiled sadly. "No one ever knows precisely when it was that a war was lost. All I can say is that the South's only striking force will be crippled tomorrow. Hood will lose a great many of his finest officers. What's more, he'll be dealt a terrible psychological blow. At the Battle of Nashville to come, he will behave like a man in a stupor and Thomas will rout his army."

"You and me been brought up a little different, Major," Hodge said. "My daddy taught me two things—one was to hate Yankees and the other was that you ain't lost till you're dead. I figure if we help Hood get loose, he kin raise so much hell that the North will have to come to terms. Maybe he kin burn Chicago!"

"That'll do, Sergeant!" I snapped. "No more of that talk."

"Hodge's face had a remote, calculating look. "Permission to ask a question, sir?" I told him to go ahead. "Where's the colonel from?" he said.

"Wisconsin."

"Does the colonel remember the qualifications a man had to have 'fore he could volunteer for the 656th? Combat veteran, Pacific Theater. Experience with mules. Now, where do you think mule skinners come from? Two thirds of your men are ole country boys from Dixie. No, sir, we ain't gonna save the bacon for some Yankee general. We gonna change history."

"I guess we're sort of engaged. He gave me an urn containing the ashes of his draft card."

"No, Sergeant, you're wrong." The major's voice was sad and quiet.

"But you're from *Tennessee*, sir! You said you grew up around here."

"Tomorrow," Powers said slowly, "the bodies of five Confederate generals will be laid out on my great-grandfather's porch. Fifteen hundred Southern boys will be buried on his farm. It breaks my heart to know this. But tomorrow you will see an even more heartbreaking sight. You will see an army that is the forlorn hope of a dying land. You will see men barefoot and wearing rags. You will see hundreds of wounded men who will die simply because there are no medical supplies. The Confederacy is breathing its last—it's only humane to get the War over with."

Hodge sat slumped down; he shook his head. "My great-grandmother was raped by one of Sherman's men. My great-granddaddy died in a Yankee war prison."

"You're under orders, Sergeant," I said. But I had more important things to do. "Come on, Major. You and I have to brief the men. Michelson, you see that those men in the o.p. are keeping a sharp lookout."

Powers and I stood at the edge of the small clearing. And the men sat in a semicircle. The sun was shining and the November leaves were all bright reds and yellows. It seemed like one of our training classes; it all seemed so normal. Then I began, "Men, that weird change in the forest the other day was actually the sign of. . . ." They listened, tense, motionless, soundless. When I finished, I tried to tell from their faces whether or not they were with me. I couldn't. Then Powers began to explain the military situation. He did it admirably and he ended up by saying some of those same things about the South and our mission in history. He asked if there were any questions. Nobody spoke—then I suddenly noticed their eyes. They were all looking at a point to our left, behind us among the trees.

I started to turn. "Hold it, Colonel. And you, too, Major," Hodge said. He was standing there with his .45 covering our backs.

He took a couple of steps forward and yelled, "You Southerners! You gonna let these Yankee officers make you kill yore own kin? Listen to me! Y'all can change history tomorrow if you want to. I'm goin' to put these Yankees out of action and I'm goin' to join the Stars and Bars. These here machine guns will be on *our* side tomorrow. Every man who's with me, stand up."

"Softly, softly, General Hodge!" Michelson had come quietly up through the trees and now he was standing there, holding an M-3 submachine gun pointed almost carelessly at Hodge's back. "We all have an appointment in Samarra. Only, here in the U.S.A. it's called Appomattox."

Hodge spoke back over his shoulder:

"You got a gun on me, I got a gun on them. Supposin' we both let down and then you and I fight it out fair, Yankee?"

Michelson was enjoying everything enormously. "Marvelous," he said. "All right with you, Colonel? I'll even let you choose your weapons, Hodge."

"Where you from, Yankee?"

"I'm from Chicago, Illinois."

"OK. Then I choose knives. There's nothin' I'd like better than to open you up and see what color a Yankee is inside."

We joined the semicircle. Somehow, under the strange circumstances, this single combat seemed no more bizarre than anything else—but I did make sure that I had Michelson's M-3 under my arm.

Hodge's hand dipped in his pocket and the blade flicked out as he extended his arm. But Michelson was half a second earlier. They crouched and began to circle. Suddenly, Hodge feinted, then his knife came up and he jumped to attack. It was all over in a moment—a weird, tragic moment for me.

Hodge must have learned his knife fighting on country crossroads Saturday nights. He was tough and he was quick. But Michelson had learned his style from the finest of professionals—that was apparent at once. There was another thing. Michelson, given the chance, was a born killer. At the moment he spilled Hodge's guts on the ground, he laughed.

I mourned the brave man who had wanted to kill me and I hated the man who had saved my life.

We all stood spellbound a moment. Then Michelson said, "What I came to tell you, sir, is that a rebel unit has picked up Hodge's trail. Miller has them under observation from the o.p. They're bound to hit us within a half hour." I came to. I began to issue my orders.

Our position was just at the edge of the woods and we occupied a small rise. At the end of the meadow that sloped away from us, I could now see a line of cavalry forming up. It was perfect and beautiful. I could understand why Hodge and his men had thought they were watching a movie being made. Under the bright autumn sun, their colors and their unit guidon snapped in the breeze.

Our array was not nearly so pretty. We were strung along the low ridge, BARs and machine guns on the flanks, mortars to the rear of the clearing in a shallow emplacement.

Far off there in the sunlit meadow, the toy captain raised his toy saber and the line began to move forward. In a short while, they were no longer toys. We listened to the rumble of hooves. Suddenly, when they were halfway across the meadow, the first mortar shells made red-black holes in the perfect gray line.

I heard Powers yelling. "Mortars, hold your fire! We need those horses. BARs and rifles, get the men, but don't hit the horses if you can help it."

The Confederates had not broken stride. They closed ranks beautifully and now their horses were stretching into a dead run. Then came a sound that no living man of our time has ever heard—the rebel yell. I've heard it described as a whoop and as a kind of "Yippee," but actually, it's much akin to that fear-inspiring αλαλη' Alexander taught his phalanx so many centuries ago. I glanced at our line of prone men, silent under their steel helmets, sighting down the barrels of their weapons. I had wondered whether those Southern fingers would pull the triggers. But now my men were being challenged as disciplined soldiers and I knew they would.

I ordered firing to begin at 200 yards. Our automatic-weapons men squeezed off bursts of three, corrected for range and began to riddle the line. I heard Michelson say to the gunners, "Leave the captain for last. None of them must get away." They were 150 yards away. Loose horses were running ahead of and behind the charging line. There were less than 30 men left. At 100 yards, there were less than ten. Then there was one. The captain was still turning his head wildly, in disbelief at the firepower that had demolished his troop in minutes. Our firing stopped as the captain reined up, all alone. At this distance, I could see the bewildered look on his face, the saber sagging down across his saddlebow, the streaks of gray in his brown beard. He was no longer the enemy commander. He was simply a lost, shocked human being. And I knew that none of my men could kill him.

Michelson pitched him out of the saddle with a single shot.

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November 29, 1864. 1500 hours. Then came the hardest part. We had to collect the horses and strip the dead of their uniforms. It was pitiable. The Confederate boots were no more than tatters of leather that clung to the leg and the soles were almost all worn through. The uniforms were hardly uniforms at all—ragged, patched, pieced out with civilian things.

We had a formation and Powers briefed the men. We were to strip off our o.d.s and put them in the fire. The helmets had to be buried deep. For the time being, we were to wear the Confederate clothes, he explained, and later we'd have to change to Union. Only our most essential equipment was to be retained—and all of that carefully hidden under tarpaulins on the mules' backs.

Once we had donned the gray tatters, Powers addressed the men again. He was wearing the dead captain's uniform. He noted that Schofield had now sent the 5000 men under Stanley with his wagon train back to Spring Hill. He said that Hood had now brought half of his army across the Duck and would soon be at Spring Hill. Then the Confederates would bivouac for the night and our job would begin—the job of spiriting Schofield's army safely through.

When Powers asked for questions, a rawboned corporal named Finch got up. "I'm from Mississippi, sir," he said. "I believe I'm speakin' for most of the Southern boys here." I held my breath. "Well, sir," he went on, "we didn't hold none with Hodge. That is, we're loyal to the outfit, to Colonel Gilbert and all. But, sir, we don't see quite why we have to get into this mess. This here Battle of Franklin tomorrow. Now, some of the boys remember hear tell of how they had relatives killed in it. We don't feel much like shootin' our own kin. So we're wonderin' if maybe the colonel wouldn't turn us loose, them as wants to go. We'd swear on the Bible not to jine up with Hood. We'd jist keep out'n the whole squabble and head west. If we shoot anybody, it'll be Indians."

"Tomorrow some of my kin will die, too," said Powers. "Your decision, Colonel."

I began. "Well, I've thought about it and I believe it's only just to give you a choice. But first let me say this. We are lost forever. Our world has vanished into the mist of the future. Your wives, sweethearts, children will not be born for some sixty years hence. Your comrades in this outfit are the only family you have. Your ancestors out there could never accept you—we are strangers from an unborn age.

"Still, I know your feelings. I am going to order all of you to stick together as a unit. Tomorrow, when the shooting starts, those who do not wish to fire have my permission to take shelter and try to survive. Then you can start west, if you like. There is no use in anyone's heading out tonight. In Confederate uniform, he'd be shot as a deserter; in Union blue, he'd be shot even faster." I was surprised to find that only about 15 of our 70 men took the noncombatant way out.

As Powers, Michelson and I rode at the head of the column toward Spring Hill, we compared a few personal notes. Michelson spoke with an eager zest. "This is the age for me! I couldn't be happier. I found the 20th Century pretty depressing on the whole—and I had no ambition to die in Hankow or whatever. Think of it! There's gold in California. In the next few decades, Morgan and Vanderbilt and Whitney will be making their millions. And with what I know, I'm going to live a full life, believe me!"

Powers said, "I have no more feel-

ings. My only interest is in keeping the record straight. John, when the dust has settled, I want you to finish that journal you've been keeping. And then I want to bury it as a kind of time capsule to be found someday after 1944. I want our families to know what happened to all of us."

I said, "Agreed. After that, I think I'll move on up to Wisconsin. Get me a homestake out in the woods somewhere and retire. I don't have much interest in life after this." But I knew that, in fact, we'd all be dead. There was no other possibility.

• • •

November 30, 1864. 1100 hours. We are now dug in before Franklin and I have a chance to fill in this journal. Last night, we moved along a dirt road through hilly, wooded terrain toward Spring Hill. Units of Jackson's corps were moving up and no one paid any special attention to us. Spring Hill is a hub for roads, however, and when the roads began to converge, we passed alongside a brigade of Hood's infantry and we looked at them curiously.

Most of them appeared to be less than 20 years old. Their footwear was burlap, their uniforms were nondescript rags. All carried a blanket rolled over one shoulder and tied together under the opposite arm. Most of them had the long, muzzle-loading rifles, but a few, I noted, carried the Sharps rifle. All wore the Johnny Reb caps. They slogged along in great good humor.

"If'n you ain't the purtiest bunch of bloodied-up hossmen I ever did see," yelled one of them. "How'd you happen to git so near the fightin'?"

One of our Southern boys said, "Does yore momma know where you're at?"

"Not since Missionary Ridge, she don't. But you git me leave an' I'll be right proud to tell her." Laughter.

"Where y'all been?" another one yelled. "Butcherin' hawgs?"

"Yankee hawgs," said one of ours and there was more laughter.

We saluted their commanding officer. "You are part of Cleburne's division?" Powers asked.

"Sixteenth Alabama," said the officer, "and I'd give anything to know where *he* is."

"I happen to know that he's at Spring Hill," said Powers. "The Yankee wagons and about five thousand men are there."

As we got closer to the town, we began to hear occasional firing. We took a side road—Powers confidently in the lead—and skirted away from the battlefield. Then we took a path that led up to a wooded vantage point somewhat west of the town. Here we stayed concealed while we had a dinner of K rations. The four of us officers scanned the area through field glasses.

I was fascinated to see a Civil War scene laid out, as if in miniature, below

us. In the town—actually, no more than a village—we could see the Union wagon train drawn up. Just on the edge of the houses was the uneven line of defenses, a hasty improvisation of shallow trench and whatever had come to hand for breastworks. Now and then we saw a puff of black powder, but there was no steady firing.

"And to think that I once lectured on this campaign before the Nashville Historical Society," Powers said. "I still can't help thinking I'm dreaming all this."

"When does the attack come?" Payson asked.

"There won't be any this afternoon," Powers said. "I never quite understood before why Hood held off from destroying the supply train at Spring Hill. But now I can understand. It's just too late to organize anything." It was true. The short day was already darkening. Confederate cavalry units reconnoitered the Federal lines and a few skirmishers in gray exchanged shots with the defenders, but there was no concentration of forces. "Look there!" said Powers, pointing to the south. In the distance, we could see a dark host, the main body of Hood's army moving up. "Do you see that large woods there alongside the pike? That's where Hood will bivouac tonight. And we must join him."

We gave the town a wide berth, crossed the pike as it was getting dark and entered the woods. We were just in time. Hood's advance units began filtering into the trees shortly afterward.

We made camp in a clump of trees a quarter mile from the pike, picketed our mules and horses and made fires, just as Hood's men were doing. There was unbelievable confusion. No one paid attention to us. They were exhausted and interested only in eating and getting to sleep. Soon, the entire woods was filled with men, as unit after unit chose a spot and made a camp.

There were small fires everywhere and men scrounging for firewood. Here and there were loud greetings. Throughout the woods was a steady murmur of voices. Couriers on horseback galloped to and fro, ascertaining where the various command posts were being set up. It was weird, chilling.

Powers gathered us closely around him. "There are three major actions we have to perform," he said. "First, one of us must get a Union uniform, ride south down the pike toward Columbia and get word to General Schofield that the pike will be clear by the time he gets here. This is a dangerous mission——"

"I'll take it," said Michelson. "I saw where the Union people at the wagons were laying out their dead. I'll get my uniform there."

Powers took the field-message kit from the saddlebag of the Confederate captain whose clothes he wore. He wrote out an order as if it were being originated by General George Thomas, commander of the Union forces at Nashville.

> You are caught between two sections of Hood's army. Your situation is desperate and requires desperate measures. I am sending a company of daring men to kill Hood's pickets and clear the pike. The plan has a chance because of the exhaustion of Hood's men. You are to begin marching upon receipt of this order from Lieutenant Michelson. After delivering this message, he is to gallop back and have your supply wagons ready to depart by the time you arrive at Spring Hill.
>
> Signed: General George Thomas

"Thomas couldn't possibly have sent this message," said Powers. "But Schofield doesn't know that." He sealed the message and handed it to Michelson. "Make it stick, George."

My own mission was to take charge of the remainder of the men, form them into commando teams and, after the Confederates were asleep, patrol the pike. We were to kill every picket or anyone close enough to the pike to see the Union army as it passed.

As for Powers, he took two horses and a corporal to accompany him. "Forrest's cavalry are straddling the pike about three miles over there—north of Spring Hill. Ordinarily, it would be their job to interdict the road. I am going to carry an order from Hood saying that Forrest can bivouac his men and that Brown's division will be responsible for securing the road.

"Later tonight, despite all your efforts, someone is going to see the Union army passing. There will be a small alarm. Hood sends General Johnson to investigate. Johnson's unit is nearest the pike." He turned and pointed. It was the division nearest us. "As a matter of fact, you can see his tent over there about two hundred yards. I will be the courier who delivers that message to Johnson. I will send the man who accompanies me to warn you that the general is coming. When you receive that word, you and your men move up and down the Union column and pass the word for them to lie in the ditch on the opposite side of the pike until further notice. You'll have to be in Union uniforms by then.

"I suggest that now, while it's early, you send a detail to get those uniforms. Be sure to get uniforms for my man and me. When I return from escorting General Johnson back to his quarters after he's inspected the pike, all will be clear. We then join the Union army and march to Franklin. Any questions?"

"Must we kill those pickets?"

"Not only kill them but bury them and camouflage the graves. I know how you feel, but tell yourself these men have in actual fact been dead eighty years."

Powers chose his man and faded into the darkness.

I divided the men into teams of threes. We improvised garrotes from tent ropes. I showed those who weren't familiar with this method of murder how it was performed. There was a garrote man in each threesome. Once he had the rope around the victim's neck, the other two were to hold the victim down so that struggle would be at a minimum.

Payson took another commando team to get the uniforms. They had blackened their faces and stripped down to just a few essential pieces of dark clothes. They had to enter the Union lines, a problem made less difficult by the fact that we'd had a chance to study the defenses through our field glasses earlier in the day. Then they had to find the wagons carrying uniform supplies. It seemed to me that this might be a place where the whole scheme would go wrong, but that was not to be. Payson left in the dark; by the time he came back there was still no moon, but a hazy mist of starlight gave the landscape some visibility. He reported the job done with hardly a hitch—only one Union sentry had to be disposed of. Now, by the dull gleam of the campfire embers, the 656th undressed, became transformed from a ragged gray unit to a wrinkled but fully wrapped blue one.

By 2200 hours, the pickets had been cleared along the road—there had, thank God, been only a few men to get out of the way. The other campfires had died down to coals. It was very quiet, but the forest seemed to breathe with the heavy slumber of the exhausted army. When Michelson came back, he was walking his horse not on the hard-surfaced pike but on the grassy verge. Nevertheless, I could hear him some minutes before he arrived. He reported in a whisper that all was well.

Then came the sight that history has never explained. They were coming—an endless line of marching men, eight or ten in a rank, covering the width of the pike. They were moving as carefully as they could, but no army is soundless. The head of the column came past my post, with just an occasional clink of canteen or muffled clatter of equipment. Half an hour went by. We waited tensely for the incident. Then it came.

A sleepy Johnny Reb came out of the woods to urinate. He did not see the masses of blue on the pike but, suddenly, there was the clank of some piece of equipment and he turned dazedly and sighted the ghost army. My men were strung out along the line of march and I saw two of them rise to catch him, but he recovered his senses and was gone back into the woods.

But my men had been briefed and they were ready. They rose up in their groups of three and passed along this whole sector of the line, giving the

"I hope you're not the type who rubs noses and tells."

officers the warning. Miraculously, there was little confusion. The column moved off the pike to the meadows and the far side and sank onto the ground. Suddenly, the route that had been choked with a mighty army looked empty in the faint, dim light.

That was the way it was when the Confederate General Johnson—cursing and grumbling at the fool who was seeing ghosts in the night—rode out of the woods to take a look. Riding with him were two aides—and even at this distance, I was sure I could recognize which was Powers. They stopped some hundred yards from the road, the general's voice going on in angry tones for a minute or two after he had discerned no sight of the enemy. With Powers seeming to urge him, the horses wheeled and the party rode back to the encampment.

When General Johnson lay down again to sleep, Hood's last chance had gone. He was doomed. In the morning, he would awake and discover his error. Hood is a fine leader, but he is also a man with a high temper. Tomorrow, that temper would make him blind and deaf.

• • •

December 24, 1864. Nashville, Tennessee. Major Bateson Powers writing. With heavy heart on this forlorn Christmas Eve, I take up the chronicle where John left off. Colonel Gilbert is dead. But I must keep faith with him and finish the record, because it was the one thing he cared about.

On the southern outskirts of the little town of Franklin, there are two houses: the Carter house and the Gin house. Just to the east of them is the Harpeth river and just between them is a narrow, U-shaped pocket where the Lewisburg Pike dips into the town proper. It was on this narrow front, on the morning of November 30, that the 656th set up its sandbagged emplacements and its shrouded machine guns. We were somewhat isolated from the Ohio regiment on our right and the Minnesota regiment on our left. John decided that we'd forgo the use of bazookas or mortars—the expenditure of ammunition in our maneuvers had left us a few rounds only. Instead, we had a front line of automatic weapons. Behind that, in support, there was a shallow trench where our few riflemen and men armed with M-3 submachine guns waited in support. Colonel Gilbert commanded the front line; Michelson, the support trench; and Captain Payson, with his Southerner noncombatants as stretcher-bearers, set up his aid station in the cellar of the Carter house.

Before the battle, John gathered us and made a little speech. It was short and simple, mainly a matter of thanks and goodbyes. At the end, he said that he was leaving a record of our experiences that he hoped would come to light in the 20th Century and be published and read by many Americans. He said that the Civil War had become a part of romantic literature—and that our true story would serve to remind Southerners and Northerners alike how tragic and bloody it is when one half of a nation quarrels with the other half.

Then he ordered me not to take part in the battle. My assignment would be to gather all the modern weapons and destroy them when the battle was over. Not a trace was to be left.

I observed that battle, and every detail is burned into my memory, but I do not have the heart to describe it at any length. There was the initial Confederate success—routing two brigades of Federal troops that had been too slow to take shelter in the defenses—and the seizure of some trenches held by a raw regiment from Ohio. But success ended there. The action began around 1600 hours and all the rest of that short afternoon, Hood flung his lines of gray infantry against a storm of steel. The Federal batteries across the river ripped the Southern ranks. They wavered, mended themselves again and swept down against us. The machine guns heaped them in the meadows in front of our position. I counted 13 separate assaults.

But their fire, though not nearly as massed as that of the 656th, cut down our own men slowly but surely. When one of the charges threatened to overwhelm our front line, the men with submachine guns would stand up and break it. Inevitably, we lost a few men each time. At the end, Michelson and Colonel Gilbert themselves were manning guns. Even Payson and the medics had been cut down.

Now dusk came. My last sight of Gilbert and Michelson came in the dark, as they were illuminated by a flash now and then. They were out of ammunition and they were pitching the last remaining hand grenades at what was to be the last charge of the battle. They must have been killed at very nearly the same time.

In the smoky dusk, I made my way over the bodies of the 656th, collecting all of the weapons. We had with us a crate of the composition C-3, a puttylike explosive for demolition. This I had molded around our weapons before I dropped them into the well of the Gin house. Then I unwound a long spool of primer cord and strung it down the hill. The explosion of the Gin-house well was

"That settles it, Irma. No more timesaving household appliances for you!"

the last sound of the battle of Franklin.

I collected a few pieces of metal after the explosion and then I began to trudge. That night, I slept under the porch of my great-grandfather's house, the house where I had often stayed as a boy. Later that night, I heard the men laying out the bodies of five Confederate generals on the porch above my head.

My great-grandmother must have had another queer experience the next morning—unless she was beyond shock by this time. She heard a noise in the early morning and she arose, taking the old horse pistol from the fireplace as she went. When she looked out of her window, she saw a strange Yankee officer, cap off, head bowed, staring at the five dead men. Staring particularly at the face of her own husband. And, strangest of all, there were tears running down the cheeks of that Yankee officer. I like to think that she may have noticed my family resemblance before I turned away.

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March 3, 1865. I have dug a shallow quarter basement and laid the foundation with my own hands, and I shall put down the floor without aid. A carpenter and his helper will be here next week to build the frame. I have selected this site with care—it is near Nashville and yet not too near so that I am bothered by curious passers-by. My hope is that the building will be razed and this journal discovered in time for the 656th's next of kin to learn the fate of their men. As closely as I can calculate, the suburbs of Nashville should reach this area sometime in the 1950s or 1960s.

I have two small, stout chests. Into one I shall put the papers—this notebook, plus copies of those orders I have been able to save. There is a copy of the false message I sent to General Schofield and a copy of the one I delivered to Forrest. In the other chest go those chunks of modern metal—the only remains of the 656th's weapons that were not buried in the well. I put them there as an additional proof. May God protect these papers from rot and mildew. They are the only grave marker for a group of brave men who died in one of the strangest impossibilities of history.

A great weight has fallen on me now. All during the action, I could be somewhat objective. I could remember the decree of history on the Confederacy and I could remember that I was an officer of the Army of the United States. In retrospect, it is different. I have seen the ranks of my own people torn apart by machine guns. I have seen the dead face of my great-grandfather. When the warehouse is finished, I shall kill myself. But now I have to work on the floor.

• • •

I, Howard Jamison, finished reading the chronicle and slowly returned to the present in a state of dazed belief. As a historian, I find it peculiarly distressing to be absolutely convinced of the truth of something that is clearly impossible.

Nevertheless, Hanson and I set about to see what verification we could get by means of the materials. In brief, the results were: Analysis of the chronicle notebook paper showed that (as I had suspected) it contained an acid bleaching agent that was not in use until the 20th Century. Testing showed that the messages were written—also in the handwriting of Bateson Powers—on paper that must have been manufactured in the 1860s. The fused chunks of metal from the weapons contained molybdenum—which was not used in steel alloys until the 1900s.

When the results were in at last, I could see only one thing to do—that was to smoke out the Pentagon. Having served in two wars, I know the military bureaucratic mind and I know that direct methods would bring me up against a stone wall of secrecy. Fortunately, I am a rather well-known professor at a great university, an occasional guest at some fairly top-level Washington parties and (when necessary) a man with a modicum of low cunning.

All three stood me in good stead. I called Claire Hudson; a week later, at the dinner table of her Foxhall Road house, I was telling my story to an audience that could only be described as "influential" Washington. The *Post* and the *Star* were not there, but I was willing to bet that their columnists would have the story within a few hours. In fact, I could see from the faces around me that my tale was going to be something of a sensation.

When the telephone call came the next afternoon, it wasn't, however, quite what I expected. It was not from the Pentagon; the voice identified the caller as Patrick Tolliver—who simply invited me, in the politest way possible, to call on him at his White House office. Tolliver is, of course, the ranking Presidential aide, the Sherman Adams of this Administration.

He was very pleasant in our first interview. He said that he'd had reports of a rather incredible story I was supposed to be telling around town. He said that I'd undoubtedly been misquoted and that he'd simply wanted to hear the truth about it from me. He said that, quite apart from his own personal interest in history, there was a matter of some insinuation about the Pentagon's suppressing the news of a military disaster of World War Two. What, exactly, had my remarks been?

"I was telling the story of the 656th Regimental Combat Team, which disappeared in its entirety on November 24, 1944, while on maneuvers in Tennessee. Just recently, there have been discovered some documents that disclose the fate of those men. I have photostats of the papers here for your examination. You will also find reports on certain test results."

That was the end of our first talk. Two days later, I was called back. This time, Tolliver began by saying, "What

"Son, why don't you bring some of the New Left home for Cokes and cookies?"

do you want of us, Dr. Jamison? What would you expect the Government to do if these papers were proved to be genuine?"

"I want a full and complete public disclosure of all information in Government records concerning the 656th. I suppose there will be some red faces at the Pentagon, but you shouldn't let that deter you."

He stared out the window. "What if I told you that the papers were faked —a very clever hoax, much better than that Viking rune stone they found in Minnesota. . . ."

"I should," I said quietly, "know that you were lying. I intend to publish the papers."

He turned back to me. "Yes, I would be lying. The papers are all true. Or, at least, they are the only answer to something that has been a top-secret mystery through five Administrations." He brought out a large gray official folder and, opening it, said, "All but a very few people believe that the first atomic test was carried out at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on July 16, 1945. Actually, there was an earlier test of a much more primitive atomic device in 1944. An area in western Tennessee was cleared, but such was the secrecy of the Manhattan Project that Army G-3 didn't have a chance of learning about the test. Thus it was that the 656th happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. The device was triggered by radio on the twenty-fourth. . . ." Tolliver's voice trailed off.

"You see, nobody knew quite what to expect. When the carrier pigeon from the 656th failed to arrive on the twenty-fourth, a search team trailed them in. All they ever found were some ammunition cases. Can you imagine what that implied for the scientists? It seemed that an atomic explosion had the incredible effect of making human beings vanish off the earth without leaving a trace. It was staggering."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Tolliver," I said. "All of this is fascinating. It *must* be told, as a part of our history. And I fail to see why it now must remain suppressed so many years later. Surely, this wild freak, this unique atomic effect, is no longer a secret of any importance?"

"On the contrary," he answered. "It is our official reason for keeping the whole affair classified Top Secret. It is my official reason for asking you to hand over all objects and papers having to do with your discovery. It is my reason for warning you not to publish any of your findings. If you do, I think you will find yourself quite discredited."

I gasped. I rose in anger. "You are burying the truth! You are distorting history. You as much as admit this is no substantial reason—it's just an 'official' one!"

"Please, Dr. Jamison," said Tolliver in a quiet voice. He waited for my anger to subside a little. At last I sat down. He leaned forward and, in a low voice, he said, "I'm not attempting to deceive you, Dr. Jamison. I am going to tell you the real reason—it is very simple. Do you remember the pull of loyalties Major Powers went through? Do you realize that recent political events have split North and South in feeling more than at any time since Reconstruction? Can you imagine the feelings of all of the families of the men in the 656th? Their soldiers enlisted to fight the enemies of the United States—and they ended up in Yankee uniforms killing their own kin? Can you imagine the headlines in Montgomery, Richmond or Atlanta? I think you will answer those questions as Bateson Powers would."

He shook hands with me as I was leaving. "Oh, by the way," he said in a near whisper, "the President has seen those papers. They gave him a sleepless night."

Tolliver is a very persuasive man. I had been had. Clio, the eternal spirit of Historic Truth, had been had. But, somehow, I did not really feel guilty.

OPEN LETTER *(continued from page 100)*

their ranks, and those of an immense army backed up by a highly industrialized country of 200,000,000 inhabitants. And then, it is not the Vietnamese who have invaded America or rained down a deluge of fire upon a foreign people. In the Algerian war, I always refused to place on an equal footing the terrorism . . . which was the only weapon available to the Algerians, and the actions and exactions of a rich army of half a million men, occupying the whole country. The same is true in Vietnam.

I'm quoting from an interview given by Sartre shortly before the first session of the Bertrand Russell International War Crimes Tribunal, of which he was the executive president. No doubt you've heard of this extraordinary body, set up by Russell to determine whether the activities of the U.S. in Vietnam could be classified as criminal under the laws by which the Nazis were tried at Nuremberg in 1945. No government or party sponsored the Tribunal; it was paid for by private subscriptions. (Ironically, a great deal of the money came out of the $200,000 that an American publisher gave Russell for the rights to his autobiography.) Its prototype was Nuremberg, where several precedents in international law were firmly established. To initiate or wage aggressive war, to violate the customs of war as laid down in the Hague and Geneva conventions, to commit inhuman acts on civilians—all these were defined as crimes, and the guilty Nazis were duly punished. Inherent in the trials was the doctrine that nobody—not even a head of state—could escape accountability for his deeds. To plead that you were acting under orders was no longer a valid defense. Nuremberg was no mere kangaroo court: In 1946, its legality and its judgments were affirmed by the General Assembly of the United Nations. Justice Robert H. Jackson, chief American counsel at the trials, spoke for his country when he said: "We are not prepared to lay down a rule of criminal conduct against others which we would not be willing to have invoked against us." All that Sartre and Russell did was to take him at his word.

Their Tribunal stated the case for the prosecution. Although they invited evidence from the other side, I think they felt that the defense had already had a pretty thorough airing in the mass media of the West. Naïvely, they hoped that the Western press would report the Tribunal's hearings. Apart from the odd, dismissive paragraph, I saw almost nothing. (The eastern-European papers were just as curt, though for different reasons. The Tribunal's image of gallant little North Vietnam, not only surviving but even winning against all the odds, was not wildly endearing to the Russians; they want Hanoi to come to the conference table, since they are well aware that Chinese communism grows stronger whenever an Asian is killed by a Western bullet.) None of the 15 men and women on the Tribunal needed much convincing that U.S. intervention in Vietnam was *immoral*: Their purpose was to find out whether it could be shown to be *illegal*. Sartre made this distinction quite clearly in the interview I've mentioned above: "There is no question of judging whether American policy in Vietnam is evil—of which most of us on the Tribunal have not the slightest doubt—but of seeing whether it falls within the compass of international law on war crimes."

If an anti-Fascist organization is both shunned by the Soviet bloc and knocked by the West, it can't be all bad. In spite of its admitted bias, I couldn't help respecting the Tribunal's aims. Without international law we perish, and no other body seemed to be concerning itself with applying the rule of law to the bloody carnival of Vietnam. And even if the jury is packed, it's still possible for an

"Somehow I didn't expect a gynecologists' convention to get this worked up over a stag show."

outsider to weigh the value of factual evidence. Hence I decided to watch the Tribunal in action; and I'd like to lay on you my impressions, to date, of its brief, beleaguered and fugitive existence.

November 1966: first press conference, held in London. Apart from European and American journalists, I notice a high proportion of Africans, Asians and Latin Americans in the audience, which also includes Dick Gregory. The Tribunal obviously has a powerful appeal to the Third World—i.e., to those nations and individuals who decline to be leaned on by Moscow or Washington. Sartre is unable to attend, but Bertrand Russell puts in an appearance to read a prepared statement. He moves with a terrible fragility, like an ancient wading bird, and the piping, rasping precision of his voice turns the conference into a Cambridge University tutorial, circa 1900. "I have lived through the Dreyfus case"—in seven words, he whisks us back through as many decades. He accuses the U. S. of mounting "a war of annihilation," expresses "admiration and passion" for the people of Vietnam, and departs. (Age and ill health prevented the sage from traveling to Stockholm for the Tribunal's first session. Dean Rusk, who had been invited to nominate a spokesman for the American Government, told a group of journalists that he had no intention of "playing games with a 94-year-old Briton." Sartre promptly issued a crisp rebuff. "Mr. Rusk," he said, "might have replied: 'I do not recognize the legitimacy of the Tribunal, and I will not send anyone to represent the American Government's point of view.' Or else: 'I recognize it as legitimate, and we are so certain that we are right that I will at once send a spokesman to Stockholm.' Or he might have answered: 'I do not recognize the legitimacy of these judges, but we possess such strong arguments and overwhelming evidence that I am not afraid to set before them the reasons for our policies.' But he said none of these things. Instead, he chose an ignominious way out. He sought to ridicule a great old man.")

Months pass. Postponement follows postponement. Harold Wilson won't have the Tribunal in London; with freezing courtesy, De Gaulle slams the door on it in Paris. For a while it looks as if Algeria may be the place, but this plan is unaccountably frustrated, and it's in Stockholm, for a chilly week in May 1967, that the tribunes, witnesses, newsmen and private observers finally forgather. The venue is the *Folkets Hus* (People's House), a Swedish-modern conference hall with a theater in the basement, where the neatly timed current attraction is the off-Broadway protest play *Viet Rock*.

The Tribunal members—grave faces clustered around green-baize tables—comprise a German dramatist (Peter Weiss, author of *Marat/Sade*), a British historian (Isaac Deutscher, biographer of Stalin and Trotsky), a French novelist (Simone de Beauvoir, disciple and companion of Sartre) and, of course, Sartre himself, a busy, bespectacled gnome, exuding intellectual energy. There are also eminent jurists from France, Italy, Japan, Pakistan and Turkey, and two Americans—a pacifist and a minor playwright. The scowling chairman, who looks like a heavyweight bouncer, is the Yugoslav historian Vladimir Dedijer—a highly sympathetic figure, I later discover, who championed the cause of Milovan Djilas when the latter was imprisoned for criticizing Tito. In Stockholm (Dedijer announces) the Tribunal will confine itself to two questions: Is the U. S. guilty of aggression in Vietnam, and to what extent have civilian targets been attacked? Other charges—concerning chemical weapons, inhuman treatment of prisoners, and genocide—will be held over until subsequent sessions.

So the quiet recital of evidence begins, a litany of pain inflicted with nobly paternal motives (after all, the Vietnamese must be protected from themselves), a story—growing monotonous with iteration—of homes and schools, churches and hospitals destroyed for the greater good of those who lived, learned, worshiped and were healed in them. Only thus, it seems, can the people of Vietnam be taught the wisdom of the American way of life. Better this than the heresy of neutralism or the living death of communism. There's no room for a middle course now. The bombs fall on the just and the unjust—first a wave of high explosive, then a wave of napalm, then a wave of fragmentation bombs (the procedure never varies)—until the survivors come to their senses, realizing at last that they must either welcome the sincere white bombardiers or be branded enemies of freedom. Those who are not for the U. S. are against liberty, and must not marvel if they are hunted and destroyed.

A French lady journalist tells how she accompanied a North Vietnamese peasant to his home after a raid. Tea had been prepared and was hot on the table, but his wife and four children were dead. What end did these deaths serve? The Frenchwoman, who was tortured by the Germans in World War Two, claims to recognize the tactics. To make a member of the Resistance confess, the Gestapo would torture his next of kin; similarly, to make the Viet Cong capitulate, the Americans bomb their compatriots in the North. A Pakistani witness quotes from a conversation he had with a military official in Hanoi.

Question: If the U. S. stops bombing North Vietnam, will you take reciprocal steps of de-escalation? *Answer:* Certainly—we'll stop shooting down American bombers.

The catalog of homicide goes relentlessly on. Of people ravaged by napalm ("His ears just melted," says a witness who was present during a raid); of Northern villages carefully obliterated, despite being far removed from military targets. Film clips and photographs amply support the charges, together with tape recordings made by local citizens. As slide after slide of civilian corpses is projected onto the screen, we acquire a sort of immunity to horror. "*Autres corps des victimes. . . . Autres corps des victimes,*" repeats a Cambodian delegate, showing us pictures of Cambodian peasants who died when American bombers violated their territory. (Ostensibly by accident, but actually, he insists, to chastise Cambodia for its policy of neutralism.) In time it becomes difficult to distinguish a dead body from its background. It looks like something crumpled, spilled, rolled up, discarded—an unwieldy piece of garbage, melting into surroundings of domestic debris. This is the human form as Francis Bacon sees it in his paintings, caught writhing in some private turmoil, as if anticipating its own ultimate putrescence.

A special ghastliness ought to attach to dead lepers. In 1957 the North Vietnamese built a model leper colony to accommodate 4000 patients. They chose a secluded spot for it. Even in our enlightened age, tradition insists that lepers should be kept in isolated areas. American planes demolished the colony in 39 raids, and fired on the inmates as they were being evacuated to caves in the nearby hills. One hundred thirty-nine people were killed. Films and photos establish the loneliness of the site and the extent of the havoc; but I can't pretend that a slaughtered leper looks more moving than any other corpse. This is what French weapons expert Professor Jean-Pierre Vigier is later to define as "psychosocial bombing"—its essential target being civilian morale. The dead act as object lessons to the living. Why, indeed, should Rusk bother to play games with an aged Briton? Here, on the big board, is a far more fascinating game, and one for which he can invent his own rules.

By no means all the evidence goes unchallenged by the members of the Tribunal: These are combative intellectuals, in whom the impulse to argue is almost a reflex. Thus, when a witness describes the bombardment of dikes in the North, a massive Pakistani lawyer sternly demands how much of his account is based on personal experience and how much on official sources. Mostly the latter, the witness admits; and his testimony is brusquely disallowed. Again, a Japanese investigator produces a map taken from a captured American pilot on which (he maintains) hospitals chosen for attack are marked in red. Sartre will have none of

this. Perhaps, he suggests, they were marked in red as targets to be *avoided*? The Japanese equivocates; Sartre persists in his skepticism; and the evidence is quashed.

Is this technically a war of American aggression? Three dapper professors—Chesneaux of the Sorbonne, Douglas of Cornell and Kolko of the University of Pennsylvania—present their findings, which differ only in length and relative felicity of phrasing. All reject the conventional thesis, advanced by establishment liberals like Arthur Schlesinger, that this is a war into which America just happened to blunder. *Summary of Chesneaux:* American intervention in Vietnam started long before the Geneva Conference of 1954—Truman said in the previous year that the U.S. was paying half the cost of what was then a French colonial war. Those who believe that this was ever a civil war are kidding themselves: It was (and remains) a struggle between Vietnamese nationalism and foreign-backed puppet governments. "It is the U.S. that has committed subversion in Vietnam, not the N.L.F. [National Liberation Front]." *Summary of Douglas:* For at least 17 years, the U.S. has been financially and militarily committed to preventing the country from going neutral. American policy; according to this *nostra culpa* recital, combines "a glib rhetoric with a barbarous reality." (But Douglas could hardly have guessed how far the barbarity would go, or how glib the rhetoric would get. Since he addressed the Tribunal, it's become common form for U.S. commanders to advocate punitive invasions of North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. The closed world in which they think and plan is now a complete moral madhouse. They are moving the air war to the frontiers of China—perhaps in the hope of provoking Chinese retaliation. If this takes place, on however small a scale, they will be able, like Tod Holton's cronies, to bomb China's nuclear stations with a clear conscience.)

Gabriel Kolko, Associate Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania, comes up with the fullest and most clinching indictment of the Great American Aberration. From the beginning, he says, Vietnam has been a testing ground of America's ability to suppress wars of revolutionary nationalism. And the beginning was in 1950, when the success of communism in China first convinced the U.S. that self-determination in southeast Asia was something to be discouraged. Hence America's refusal to endorse the 1954 Geneva agreements, which guaranteed free elections in Vietnam. Between 1955 and 1959, the Diem regime executed more than 16,000 of its political opponents and received more than 70 percent of its budget from the U.S. A new resistance movement erupted among the peasants in 1959, and the N.L.F. was formed at the end of the following year. Soon afterward, the U.S. military build-up began. Excerpt from Kolko's peroration:

> First as a passive senior partner, and then as the primary party, the United States made Vietnam an international arena for the Cold War; and the war should never be considered as a civil conflict, or even secondarily as a by-product of one —for in that form it would hardly have lasted very long against a national and radical movement that the vast majority of the Vietnamese people always sustained.

Should the U.S. therefore pull out? On this question I fancy you'd go along with Schlesinger, who opposes the war but says (in his book on Vietnam) that America has "moral obligations to those South Vietnamese who, under our encouragement and with the expectation of our support, have said and done things which will assure their imprisonment or death if the Viet Cong should take over South Vietnam by force." This is the American liberal's stock case against American withdrawal. But it wouldn't be insuperably difficult, given U.S. good will and careful surveillance by the International Control Commission set up at Geneva, to make sure that free elections, not force, determined the composition of the government; and the I.C.C. could also supervise a general amnesty. Even if the worst happened, and reprisals occurred, could they really be more abominable than what the U.S. is already doing to Vietnam?

As the days pass, and the witnesses come and go, I detect a certain duality in the Tribunal's aims. It is trying to prove that America's military effort is at once effective (i.e., commits atrocities) and ineffective (i.e., cannot win the war). "The accused, your Honor, is not only a multiple ax slayer but harmless." But this is a forensic quibble. What dominates one's mind is wonder at the versatile violence of American war making. Napalm, for example—what a triumph of scientifically administered pain! One of the witnesses offers in evidence a fragment of a napalm bomb that has already exploded. He chips a tiny splinter into an ashtray and applies a match. It burns fiercely for ten minutes. The brain recoils, and the flesh cringes, from the thought of contact with this exquisitely researched product of Western know-how. (Not to mention such other marvels of expertise as the seven "chemical agents" —three of them potentially lethal gases —that the U.S. has now authorized for use in Vietnam. These, together with data relating to bacteriological weapons, will be discussed at the Tribunal's next series of sessions.)

On the fourth morning, the human evidence is shown. Cameramen converge, arc lamps flood the stage and we avidly peer, feeling like ghouls, at a pretty girl in blue, a serene small boy and two impassive men in dark, ill-fitting business suits. These are the first Vietnamese victims of American bombing ever to be seen outside their native country. (From this point onward, I wish you had been there: Hearsay is a great cushion against guilt.) The men come from the South. Thai Binh Dan, aged 18, is a peasant who was napalmed on May 21, 1966, suffering permanent injuries to his face, arms, hands and legs. Hoang Tan Hun is a 45-year-old rice grower, maimed by a phosphorus bomb earlier in the same month. His left ear has gone, he can't move his head and his left arm is glued to his body.

The girl and the boy are North Vietnamese. Ngo Thi Nga, who is 23, teaches school in a village of 500 homes. On the night of October 22, 1966, she and 15 of her pupils were asleep in the classroom when the American bombs fell. She felt a stabbing pain in the back of her neck, but took as many children to the shelters as she could before fainting. When she came to, she was in hospital. "My head hurt, I couldn't sleep, I vomited everything. Two of the children were dead. The diagnosis said I had a steel pellet lodged in my skull." It is still there. Her sight is getting weaker, and she has crippling headaches. A French doctor testifies that the damage to her brain is incurable. There was no military target—no factory, no power plant, no railroad, no highway, not even a bridge —within 20 kilometers of her village, and no troops had ever been stationed there.

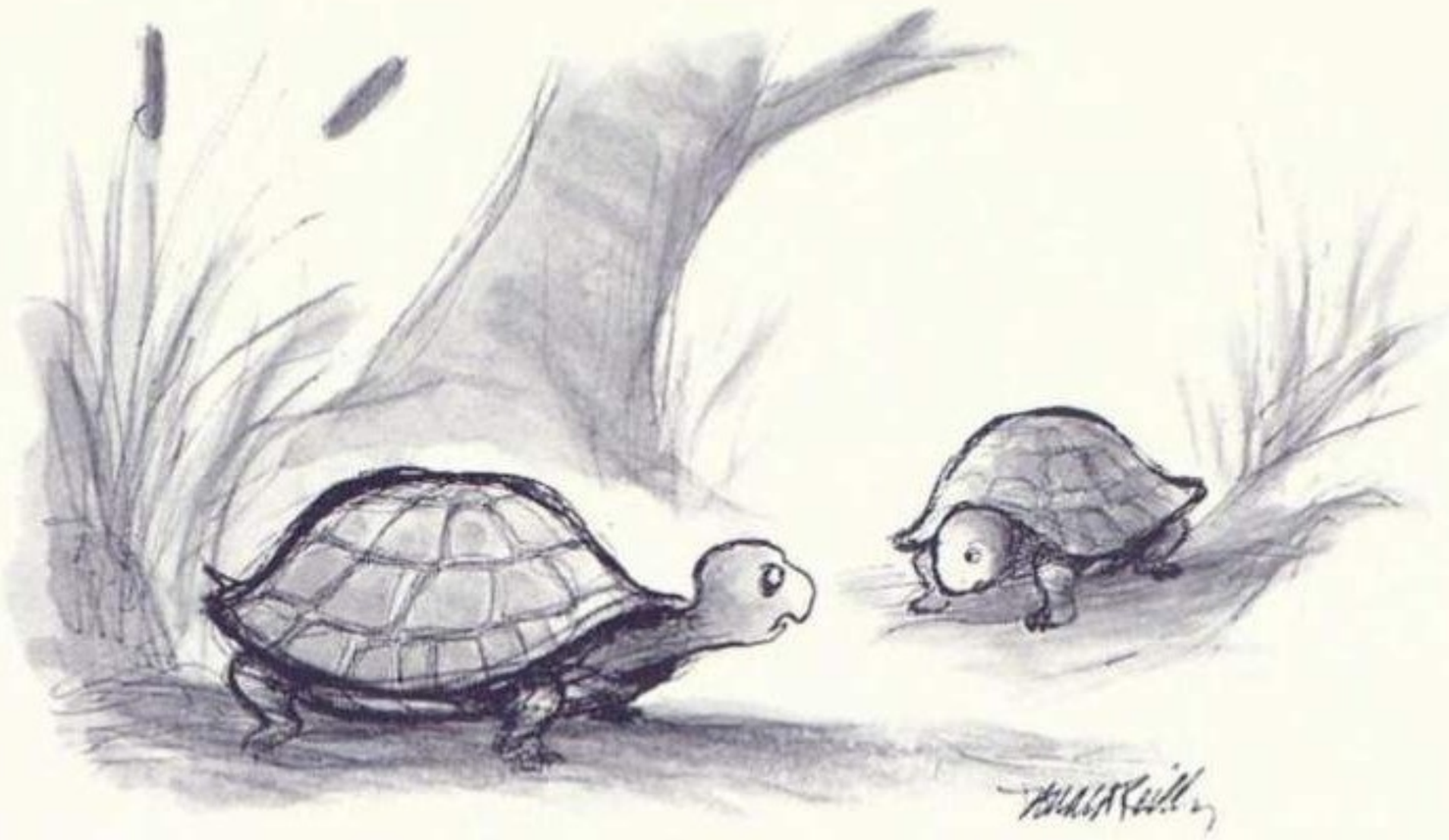
Do Van Ngoc is a moonfaced lad with a voice as shrill and sunny as Shirley Temple's in her prepolitical days. He is nine years old. In the mornings he goes to school and in the afternoons looks after his father's cattle. The afternoon of June 5, 1966, is the one we are concerned with. "I saw three planes coming in from the sea. One of them dropped two bombs. There were big flames, the cattle were on fire, and I jumped into the water of the rice fields because my body was burning. Later I called out to some people passing by and they took me to hospital. I stayed there three months. Then my parents brought me home and I got fat again and went back to school." He is politely asked if he is willing to show his wounds. The cameras move in closer, the audience rises. He strips off his jacket, shirt and pants, and is suddenly naked, in a blaze of light. Above the waist he's unmarked; but his belly, thighs and groin are burned to a deep-brown crisp, corrugated like the crackling on a roast of pork. (A Stockholm physician confirms that the scars could have been caused only by napalm.) Shock inscribes the image on my retina.

Mention Vietnam today, and that is what I see. If you dismiss it as a mere propaganda display, I can only agree with you, and pity you. It *was* propaganda; but it was propagating a symbolic and demonstrable truth. Tabloid simplifications are not always lies. I know we are taught to mistrust them; but the moment our skepticism becomes total, we play into the hands of authority, which rejoices whenever a potential rebel is seduced into apathy.

I suppose I am urging you to lose your cool. Can you face the prospect of living without it? About 30 years ago, another great military power intervened to impose a puppet government on another embattled country. You would surely have lined up against the Germans in Spain: Isn't there reason enough to take sides against the Americans in Vietnam? You'll probably argue that to do so would be an empty gesture, but I say the hell with such self-abasement. I know it pleases you to think yourself powerless, but numbers are extremely potent, and your allies are more numerous than you imagine.

So what to do? For one thing, how about setting up a War Crimes Tribunal in the U. S., with a panel of American jurists sitting in judgment on their own political leaders? Arraign your own country in accordance with the international laws it helped to formulate. If the Tribunal produced concrete evidence that the U. S. had acted in breach of these laws, it would not only attract enormous publicity but also open the way for a test case that might be taken before a Federal court—e.g., that of a man who refused the draft because he did not wish to aid and abet his country in committing war crimes. You may remind me of the case of Captain Howard Levy, the Brooklyn dermatologist who got a prison sentence for declining, on conscientious grounds, to give instruction to Green Beret medicos bound for Vietnam; but that sentence was passed by a military court, not a civil one, and Dr. Levy lacked the corroborating weight of witnesses and evidence that a Tribunal could provide.

My idea is to put the basic structure of American democracy to the test: Take the Executive branch to court and challenge the Judiciary to condemn it. And if you think I am being fanciful, let me boost your morale with a quote from Professor Louis Sohn of the Harvard Law School. "Certainly," the professor says, "a U. S. court could find its own Government in violation of international law—and do something about it." If the Judiciary evades its duty, one thing at least will have been made bitterly clear: that the separation of law from politics, on which your Constitution prides itself, is a discredited myth. Your legal system will have confessed its subservience to the political arm.



"Don't trust anyone over a hundred and ten."

If, like me, you belong to the 39-plus generation, you and your coevals could be indispensably helpful in the organizing (which must be speedy and well financed) of a juridically sound and politically respectable Tribunal. But what about the young? I'm convinced that most of them would be either radical enough to support the Tribunal or unprejudiced enough not to ignore it. If its findings cut no ice in the official courts, they might decide to opt out of the system, having been shown that it self-evidently did not work. As far as the political establishment is concerned, they would surely be right. But opting out need not mean giving up. Two courses of definite action would still be left to them. They could line up with the Third World I've mentioned and defined above by helping to form—inside America but outside the major parties—a political Third Force of tough-mindedly leftish character. (A solid and obdurate Popular Front would spell nightmares for L. B. J.) Alternatively, they could join the hippies. It's an easier choice, of course, but not to be underrated. Ten years ago I used to attack the Beats for being nonpolitical; I told them to stay in the boat and rock it. Since then, the boat has grown steadily more unrockable. Nowadays, it's a hell-bent war canoe that neither of the major parties can steer away from the rapids. Dropping out of the present setup can be an act of affirmation, more positive than staying in. "You and I, dear brothers, all of us who smoke a little pot and dig a little peace, we are high among the radicals and subversives L. B. J. would like to get rid of." (I'm quoting from a "love release" put out by a Digger community.) "Anything that criticizes the establishment and its asinine war-and-power game is political, subversive. . . . All the heads and hippies, all the black-power people, all the wild and futile Reds with their outmoded economic fantasies and incredibly lovely and naïve idealism, you and I, dear brothers—they're out to get us!"

And did you hear about the Digger who went to Michigan last summer and made a speech so challenging that it stunned the New Left into silence and self-reappraisal? The occasion was a conference held by the Students for a Democratic Society. The Digger said, in part:

> Marxism's a groove, but Russia's a drag, right? Look at us, we're out of it, drop out of it with us. We're going to make this country be what we want. It can be beautiful. We can all be beautiful. . . . Johnson doesn't want you to be beautiful. Resist! You can't *reform* this country. If the New Left took over, it would all be the same, man, because you're not free. You got to drop out, baby. *Free yourselves, and then free the country.* We're doing it. You can do it. We're your brothers. Are you with us?

In other words, defeat the military-industrial machine by noncooperation and passive resistance. Regard the Government as an occupying power, just as Gandhi regarded the British in India. Make bridges, all the time, between the Diggers and the New Left. If American youth would only learn from the patience of the Vietnamese, it could change the face of America within a decade.

No matter what choice it makes, you will be able to help—with advice, with prestige, with propaganda. And that will help all of us, including your friends in Europe. Don't think we like disliking America.

Yours at the barricades,
Kenneth Tynan

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 48)*

comes to light, they suddenly discover that they have available only part-time work—not one firm has been willing to place a "convicted sex criminal" on its full-time payroll. I have found temporary work with two major TV stations and have even, at times, been close to getting a full-time position; but I remain "always the bridesmaid, never the bride." At the last minute, somebody in the organization's higher echelons gets cold feet.

I am determined not to end my days on welfare. Somewhere there is a corporation president with the guts to hire people exclusively on the basis of their abilities; I am going to keep hunting until I find him. There was no hope in prison, but there is always hope on the outside.

Donn Caldwell
Cleveland, Ohio

FORNICATION-LAW CHALLENGE

As a cooperating attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, I represent a man and a woman charged with having sexual intercourse with each other, a violation of a New Jersey law that states: "Any person who commits fornication is guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than $50, or by imprisonment for not more than six months, or both." Many states have laws against fornication, enacted apparently when venereal disease and illegitimacy were social problems without ready medical solutions. Lately, with the increase in welfare benefits to unwed mothers, states have begun to use these ancient statutes against the poor. Most of our arguments in this case are directed against the discriminatory nature of the enforcement of this law.

The broader question, not yet answered by the U. S. Supreme Court, is whether any state can prohibit sexual intercourse between consenting unmarried adults in private. We contend that such private conduct does not significantly affect public welfare; therefore, the state may not invade our bedrooms and regulate our sexual behavior.

Our challenge of the New Jersey fornication statute has just begun and the results will not be immediately forthcoming; however, the prospect of legalizing what most of us have been enjoying all along gives us patience for our task.

R. Michael Gross
Attorney at Law
Hackensack, New Jersey

" 'Yoo-o-u tell me your-r-r dreams and I'll tell you mine. . . .' "

SEX-LAW VICTIMS

I used to regard the law as a device designed solely for the protection of the individual. Despite having read statements in *The Playboy Philosophy* and *The Playboy Forum* to the effect that certain sex laws might easily lend themselves to gross misapplication, I persisted in my belief. A recent experience, however, has demolished this naïveté. The whole story is so much like one of Kafka's nightmare novels that I am still somewhat shaken. Nevertheless, I will try to give an objective account.

While attending the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, I became friendly with a young lady of 21 who was trying desperately to break away from her overpossessive parents. Her mother and father, living in a nearby town, visited her weekly to police her behavior. Among other things, they tried to supervise her choice of friends and, on several occasions, threatened to remove her from school for refusing to comply with their wishes. In spite of this, I had no real conception of the extent of her problem until we began dating in the spring of 1967.

In June, she told her parents that she would prefer to live and work in Champaign rather than return home for the summer, hoping in this way to achieve a certain amount of independence. Her parents insisted that they would find her a position nearer home that would enable her to spend those months with them. One of the reasons they opposed her remaining in Champaign was their openly declared suspicion that she and I had become sexually involved. The girl herself decided that the only way to escape her domineering parents was to do as she had announced, so she moved to an apartment in Champaign. Unable to find her, they turned their wrath on me.

By this time, I had graduated and had taken a job in my field of industrial design. One day, I was requested to appear in the personnel office where I worked. There I was greeted by a policeman who arrested me on a charge of fornication. That night I was held in the Champaign county jail, like a common criminal. The next day, I was arraigned and then released on bond. The girl, who was also named in the fornication charge, left Champaign to take a job in Chicago. During the following five weeks, I was continually harassed by her parents, their relatives and a private detective. My roommate and several of my other friends were also pressured, as the parents spared no effort to find their daughter and take her home.

On July 21, having learned that her parents had promised to drop the fornication charge if she would return to Champaign and talk the situation over with them, the girl returned. She was immediately arrested on the fornication

charge. At the arraignment, a friend of ours, who was a faculty member of the university, offered to post her bond; but he was told that she could not be released, because her parents had signed a petition to commit her to a mental institution for examination to determine sanity. When our friend later asked the parents, "How can you do this to your own daughter?" the father replied, "I'd rather see her in jail than debauched."

After spending the night in jail, the frightened girl was transferred to the psychiatric ward of Urbana's Mercy Hospital. At this point, the proceedings had been dragging on for weeks, which worked precisely in favor of the girl's parents. They had absolutely no evidence to support their charge; but as long as they could delay taking the case to court, they could continue to use the charge as a means of harassment, with the aim of enforcing their will on their daughter. In the meantime, the girl had been released from the hospital, after the doctors had found no symptoms of psychosis—but we were both becoming nervous wrecks. Realizing that matters had to be brought to a head, I contacted the Playboy Foundation and explained the situation. The people at PLAYBOY were sympathetic and they offered immediate aid.

Being confronted with the know-how of a powerful legal-defense foundation, the parents quickly reconsidered their position. Illinois law demands that fornication be "open and notorious" before it becomes a crime and, in this case, not even secret and covert fornication could be proved in a court of law. They capitulated—offering to drop charges against both of us, if we agreed not to press countercharges. The parents were compelled to pay the court costs.

I now believe that our sex laws are as bad as Hefner has stated and I am very grateful that the Playboy Foundation exists to give aid to the victims of those laws.

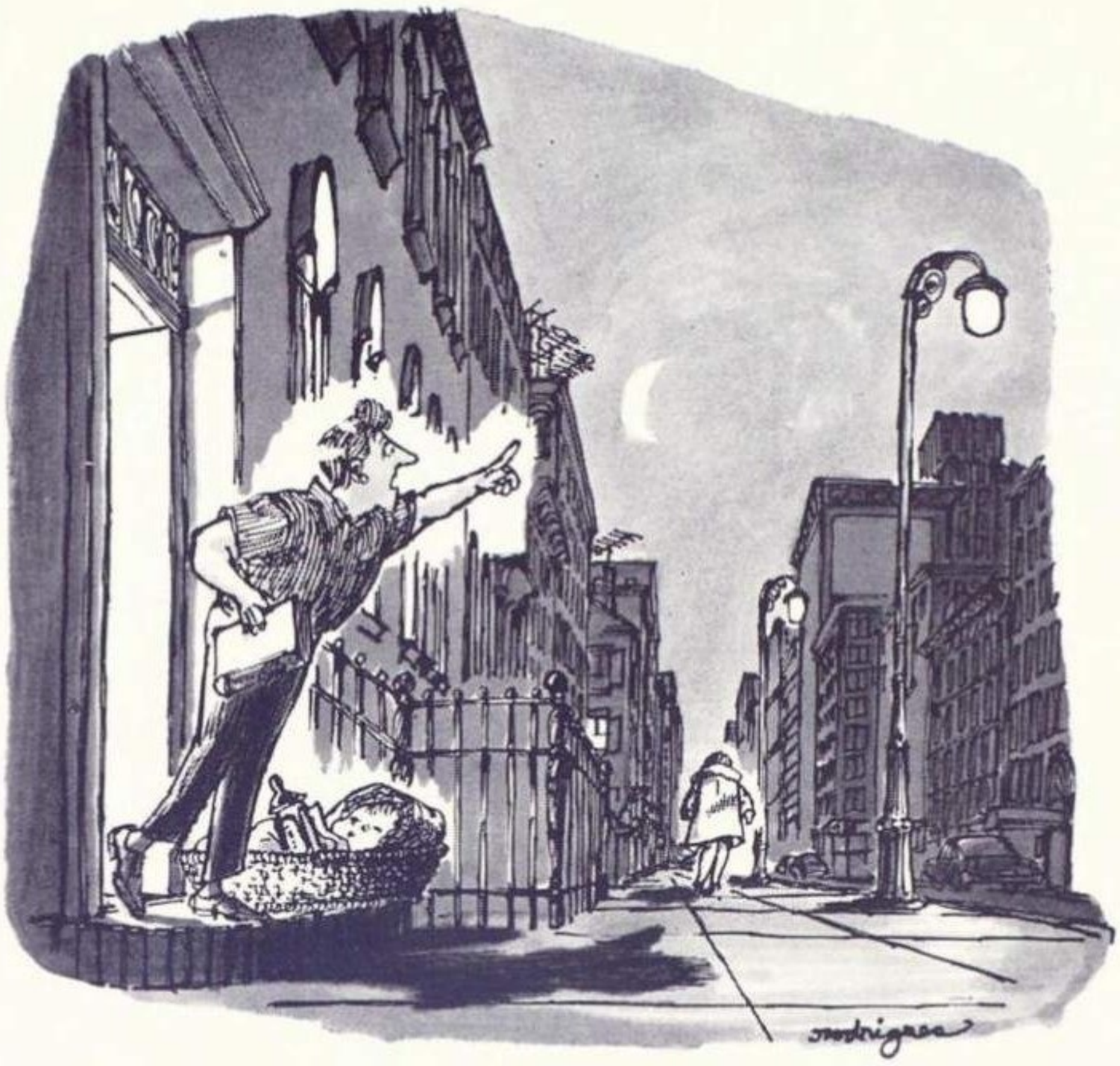
Leon Garcia
Champaign, Illinois

We were happy to be able to help Mr. Garcia and we appreciate his writing this account of the persecution he and his girlfriend endured. The most eloquent editorial indictment of irrational and inhuman U.S. sex laws that we could conceive would still lack the emotional impact of a single experience of this sort. The special irony of this case is that the Illinois fornication statute was considered a model of liberalization when it was enacted in 1961. As Mr. Garcia points out, sexual intercourse per se is illegal between unmarried persons in many other states, but it is illegal in Illinois only when it is "open and notorious." Professor Charles H. Bowman, chairman of the Drafting Subcommittee that helped revise the Illinois criminal code, explained this phrase in a letter that appeared in the September 1964 "Playboy Forum": "It was the philosophy of the drafters of the Illinois statutes to prohibit only conduct that openly and notoriously flouts the commonly accepted moral standards of the community or the institution of marriage and not to make criminal any sexual activities in private between consenting adults."

As Mr. Garcia's experience illustrates, even a modernized fornication law remains a source of malicious misapplication. The Illinois statute was based on an early draft of the Model Penal Code of the American Law Institute. The final approved draft of the Code contains no fornication law at all. This is precisely what Hefner has recommended in "The Playboy Philosophy." Discussing the fornication and adultery laws, he commented:

> *The arbitrary and often capricious manner in which these laws are enforced constitutes a serious problem for the nation. By making the sexual behavior of the majority of adults illegal, these laws breed contempt for all law, and the fact of their being so widely unenforced induces disrespect for all law enforcement, in much the same way that Prohibition did in the Twenties. In addition, their existence permits them to be used by the unscrupulous for purposes of intimidation and blackmail. . . . Finally, these sex statutes stand as mute evidence of the extent to which we have failed to live up to the ideal of a free and separate church and state in America.*

The Playboy Foundation will continue to aid unfortunate victims of the unjust statutes governing the private sexual conduct of consenting adults.



". . . Eileen? Doris? Lorraine? Judy? Barbara? Norma? Ann? Mary? Veronica? Nola? Margo? Tina? Gertrude? Vickie? Noreen? Liz? . . ."

"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.

AGE OF DESCENT

(continued from page 103)

penetrated her sweater and slacks. "I'm crazy about wood fires. I wish I never had to go back to the city. It's anal!"

Slightly shocked, he replied, "I hate it, too. But how can you make a decent living in the country?"

"Why don't you go back to flying?"

"Too late."

"Don't be silly—my father's a pilot."

"What kind?" Was it square of him to be bothered by her use of the word "anal"? She looked so young and fresh. Very fresh.

"Air cargo. I'm getting a license, too."

"Good for you. Can I buy you a drink?"

"Sure."

They went back to the bar and the girl asked for a stinger. He wondered for an instant what the bartender was thinking; then she turned toward him and smiled, putting the drink to her lips. "My father has a mustache, too," she said. At once he understood that the difference in their ages didn't have to be a problem. The knowledge made him feel a little like a spider; not altogether an unpleasant sensation. He had begun to plan his next move when he heard her say:

"Don't think I have a father complex or anything."

"It never crossed my mind."

Funny, he thought, how these kids know all the words and think they are inoculated against the disease. He felt a nice little pang of pity to prove he wasn't all spider. Also, it was good to know that he was in no apparent danger of an ego-bruising rebuff, if he proceeded tenderly. The fact that he *was* proceeding, he realized, was his disease; and in nature's jokebook, it was nicely complemental to hers. Somehow it was all arranged; who was to say whether it was for better or for worse? The bartender, maybe. But not himself. Instinctively, he seemed to know what line to take next.

"I had a little jolt at the airport this morning. Kind of amusing."

The girl smiled knowingly. "You landed the airplane ten feet off the ground."

"A different kind of jolt. Let's move over by the fire." (The bartender had a daughter the same age as this girl—he was sure of it.) He took her stinger and led her to a high-winged bench of dark wood that faced the hot flames. He took a position with his back toward the bar. That and the music would make matters private.

"Isn't this better?"

"Cool."

The word hadn't struck her as inapt. She snuggled into a corner of the bench with her knees up under her chin. Part of the effect was a flamboyant plumping out of the jersey-sheathed hips, transforming her into a woman—or at least something more in the nature of legitimate prey. And yet there was an assertive innocence, too. Strange creatures.

He said, "You want to hear about my jolt?"

"I'd love to."

"It's quite a story."

"I love stories."

He looked at her drink; it was only half gone. Harry lighted a cigarette and began.

"You see, when I was a little boy"—irresistible imagery, he knew—"I was crazy about flying. We lived on Riverside Drive—it was different then. I could watch the seaplanes landing on the river and I made models out of balsa and silk: Spads, Fokkers—all the World War One planes, I guess. The whole apartment smelled like wing dope. And I read all the pulp magazines; they had gorgeous pictures of dogfights on the covers, and I knew all the beautiful maneuvers like *chandelles* and Immelmanns. You know what an Immelmann is?"

"No."

"Like this." He described it on the air with his hands. "You roll it out on top." He could tell by her eyes that his boyish enthusiasm was working; it was becoming real to him, even. A little rum. A little female.

Who was he fooling?

"You are a romantic," she said.

"Like Daddy?"

"No," she drained her glass, "but it's nice."

Somebody was fooling herself, anyway. It was necessary.

"Good," he said. "Another stinger?"

He took their glasses to the bar and ordered himself a rum and soda. "The wine of warriors." Only two drinks ago he had been a spider. He looked at the old flier's chronograph on his wrist. Nine thirty-eight. She *must* have had dinner. Food would not be good for the mood right now. While the bartender was making the drinks, Harry went to the men's room and examined his mustache: One wild gray hair, curled like a piglet's tail, dismayed him. He snatched it out.

The girl was sitting cross-legged, putting a comb back into her pocketbook. The hair was black, combed down over one eye—probably she had never heard of Veronica Lake.

"I want to hear the rest of the story."

"Truly?"

She nodded vigorously; the hair bounced as it does in the TV commercials.

"Well, it happened that my parents brought a man home to dinner one night. He was something. British—gentleman, I think. Tall. Lean. Beautiful clothes. Sort of Ronald Colman——"

"He's dead. But he was cool."

"This fellow was cool, too: He was a pilot. Or he had been, in the Great War—a fighter pilot in the R. A. F. Of course, my parents wouldn't let me ask him questions. They said men who had been in the War didn't like to talk about it. But the next time he came, I showed him my models and he said he'd bring me his old flying helmet—which he did. It was gorgeous, with a cape that came down over the shoulders. I tried to wear it, but I couldn't keep it on for more than a few minutes. The *itchiest* wool inside."

"I can't stand wool next to my skin," she said.

He wondered what the jersey pants were made of. You were never quite sure of what anything was made of these days—except little girls. But that had changed, too. He thought of the itchy helmet as something gone and honest.

"What happened to the cool guy?"

"The last I heard, he had the rowboat concession in Central Park. I suppose he's really old now—if he's alive. Of course, he seemed old to me then. But still very glamorous; or maybe because of it. A veteran. An Old Pilot. It became my sole ambition to be an Old Pilot, too. I walked with a slight limp, like him. I squinted into the sun and I drank flat ginger ale out of a brandy snifter when I got up for the dawn patrol—about seven-thirty."

"Cute."

"Not cool?"

"Of course not. Anyway, I use that word too much. It's a hangover from my youth." She laughed and then stretched, arching to thrust out her bosom; proof positive, presumably, that she had left immaturity behind.

The question of who was seducing whom came to him. But clearly, any distinction between predator and prey was an abstraction. This concept tended to quash his small residue of conscience. At the same time, he sensed that it was too soon to attempt bodily contact. The ritual must continue, inevitable as the mating dance of wild swans.

"So when you grew up, you had to be a pilot," she said.

"It wasn't exactly the way I imagined it; I did Immelmanns and *chandelles* alone in the sky. That was great. But one thing seemed to be missing, something I must have assumed would be there——"

"Like someone to share it with?"

"That's right—you're very perceptive—an audience. You know, 'Look, Ma, I'm dancin'!' "

"Your wife didn't like to fly."

"You *are* perceptive."

"It's obvious," the girl said.

They were silent for a moment while he wondered if it mattered to her that he was married. Probably not; didn't her daddy have a wife? She might even prefer it. A wife would be no more than another unworthy rival.

"Anyway," he went on, "I flew for a while after the War—on the GI Bill. I had some idea of becoming an instruc-

tor; that way, you always have an audience who thinks you're great. One weekend I decided to rent a plane and fly down to the end of Long Island for a swim in the ocean. My wife finally agreed to go along; we took off early in the morning from an airport in Jersey. High over Central Park, we hit a downdraft and dropped about four hundred feet. It was a bit sudden; and all those cement teeth and dark shadows down there, like the jaws of death.

"That was the end. She made me turn back. I was angry; it seemed like a vote of no confidence in me. Damn foolish, I suppose, but I didn't fly much after that. I imagine there were other reasons."

"I don't think it was foolish," the girl said earnestly.

Which was what he wanted to hear.

"In any case"—his voice conveyed the right degree of sadness—"I stayed away from airplanes for a long time. I wouldn't even fly on business—like the alcoholic."

"How could a woman do that to a man?" the girl said.

"I couldn't really blame her; she was willing to let me fly alone."

"Very big!"

"Anyway, I didn't. Then last week, the bug bit me again. I came across my Old Pilot's helmet in the bottom of the cedar closet. The lining was as itchy as ever. That night I went to see *The Blue Max*, a picture about World War One flying, and here I am."

"And here *we* are." Her glass was empty again. "Like fate."

"Perhaps." He felt himself smiling. "I'll get you a refill."

"I want to hear about the jolt first."

"It's a little silly, I guess."

"I don't care."

"It is something like fate, in a way—the completion of a cycle."

"I *like* fate," the girl said.

"Sometimes," he said. "So I rented a Piper Comanche this afternoon. Naturally, they had to send a pilot up with me—I've only got thousands of hours in real airplanes. I was a little sloppy at first, but it came back fast. This IBM clerk they sent with me was jittery for a while—until I did a couple of 360s without losing or gaining any altitude to speak of. Then he took courage and told me to land it. I managed to grease it in. There was a stiff cross wind."

"Naturally," the girl said. "And the jolt?"

"It came in the little administration building, later. I was filling in this new logbook they gave me. I overheard the IBM clerk talking to the airport owner:

"'How'd it go with that fella in the jacket, Gus?'

"'Not bad, Walter. Those *old pilots* are pretty smooth.'"

The girl smiled at Harry, but he couldn't be sure what the smile signified. That's one of the troubles with new faces. Finally she said, "I want another drink."

He went to the bar and stood, waiting, staring at the little sign about motel units, almost sorry he had told her the story. Wasn't a man a fool to dramatize his age? He felt all alone, suspended in some limbo between the man behind the bar and the girl at the table. He had lost it: a feeling of his own glamor that had sustained him through the telling of his story. But then, as he was handed the drinks, it started coming back in a strange way. Something familiar, romantic, coming into consciousness: the theme song from an old film. He walked back to the table at an easy, slow-rolling pace. Feeling tall.

The meaning of the girl's smile was plain now. "Remember—*The High and the Mighty*. I can see the ending now: John Wayne walking slowly away from the airplane, into the night, whistling this tune—lonely." She began to whistle sweetly, accompanying the music that came out of the walls.

"Of course," he said. "And Robert Stack was the young pilot who blew his cool."

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Spies on campus *(continued from page 118)*

a self-censorship far more damaging to freedom and learning than most of the restraints against individual liberty currently on the statute books. If a student or a teacher has reason to suspect that Big Brother—or anyone, for that matter—is surreptitiously listening to or recording what he says, he will surely be more circumspect than he would be in complete privacy. Firmly committed students tend to accept political sleuthing as a predictable risk and often use it to support their alienation from society. But it is measurably daunting to the large number of timid, uncommitted but curious students—the samplers, sippers and tasters of the various causes offered on campus. These are the students who most need the opportunity to experiment and examine, an opportunity that our Bill of Rights—and our concept of academic freedom—was designed to protect. As the Brockport student paper asked editorially last March: "How may academic freedom thrive in a classroom in which the instructor may be the patriotic, right-winged informer to the FBI and the CIA? The students are not so naïve as to believe that liberal or left-wing sentiments go unnoticed by the FBI." The result is that snooping yields maximum returns of control for a minimum investment of official power; it drastically curbs dissent and, in so doing, it evades judicial review in an area for which the courts have shown a special and commendable concern.

The surveillance-informing system is marvelously efficient because life in American society—particularly on the campus—makes the average "subject" extremely vulnerable to fear when he learns his politics are under scrutiny by the Government, especially by the FBI. The undercover character of the surveillance, the benighted standards of the investigators, the assumed guilt of the subject, the denial of an opportunity to face charges or to offer a defense and the inability to understand the reasons for the investigation can be shatteringly Kafkaesque. Reputations, brittle as glass, are easily smashed beyond repair. "Of what crime was Ernst Wiener guilty," inquired the Brockport campus paper, "to allow the smearing of his name in a local newspaper as 'under investigation'? This is just more evidence of implying guilt by innuendo, while the investigators and smearers are well covered under a muffling cloak of silence."

Critics of campus spying—and they are legion—claim not only that collegiate surveillance is ethically questionable but that there's little legal justification for it as well. Neither the CIA nor any of the state and local vigilante groups described below can cite a single law permitting the sort of political snooping they engage in as a matter of routine. Even the legality of the FBI's activities in this area is suspiciously ambiguous. In 1956, Don Whitehead, J. Edgar Hoover's Boswell, published in *The FBI Story* a private directive—sort of a "Dear Edgar" letter—sent to Hoover by President Roosevelt in 1939. This letter—which was *not* an Executive Order—authorized the FBI to engage in "intelligence activities" incidental to its newly acquired domestic spy-catching authority. This informal and obscure note—at best intended as a stopgap measure in an atmosphere of impending war—has become the tail that wags the enormous dog of a permanent FBI surveillance apparatus. Hoover seems to have expanded the vague terms of the directive to confer upon the FBI the power, in Hoover's language, "to identify individuals working against the United States, determine their objectives and nullify their effectiveness." These "individuals," Hoover would say, are those whose activities involve "subversion and related internal security problems." With this murky justification, the FBI has assumed the power to police not acts but opinions, speech and association—and not for the purpose of preparing evidence for presentation at a trial but merely to keep track of nonconformists.

No act of Congress has ever authorized the FBI to exercise these powers. In fact, an act permitting the FBI to trail campus radicals, take their photographs, open their mail, record their license-plate numbers, bug their conversations, penetrate their meetings and associations through decoys and informers and assemble extensive dossiers that include tips and complaints supplied by private (and frequently anonymous) individuals would be about as constitutional as a law creating a hereditary monarchy.

Only since 1960 or so has the security establishment zoomed in on the college campus. According to the snoopers' logic, this new focus makes eminent sense. In the 1960s, the campus has emerged as the spawning ground of the most vigorous—and the most radical—antiwar and political movements. The campus is where the action is. As a group, college teachers now dominate the New Left intellectual community. In faculties and student bodies alike, the young, the restless and the militant abound, openly activist and publicly disdaining what they see as the hang-ups and the subterfuges of their elders. These activists can provoke the messianic instincts in the snoopers themselves, many of whom believe they have a patriotic obligation to "save" students from "mistakes they might regret later on." This protective reasoning expresses the quasi-Freudian thesis that political preferences and attitudes are irrevocably fixed before the age of 20 and that unless a youthful subject subsequently defects or informs, he'll bear watching the rest of his life. On a more practical level, the university has also moved up in the intelligence pecking order because of its increasing financial involvement with the Federal Government, particularly in the area of security-related research projects.

Since 1960, the House Un-American Activities Committee, at least in its public and semipublic endeavors, has been inordinately preoccupied with youth and the college scene. The California Burns Committee—HUAC's Golden State equivalent—has "protected" California by issuing four extensive reports (the first based on files apparently stolen from the offices of a New Left student group at Berkeley) on the activities of California's young. But the most ambitious campaign to unearth subversion in collegiate militancy has been mounted by Hoover and the FBI. Since 1963, Hoover has vainly tried to ban Communist speakers from college campuses, justifying his concern on grounds that even some FBI sympathizers found offensive: that seductive Communist propaganda is too treacherous for naïve student ears. Hoover's campaign reached a high pitch of passion in his annual report for 1966: "In its cynical bid to gain an image of respectability, the Party is directing an aggressive campaign at American youth, claiming to perceive a new upsurge of 'leftist' thinking among the young people."

So it's not surprising that when an admitted Communist visits a college campus, the FBI photographs not only him but his host—and keeps careful watch over anyone who visits either of them. An avowed Communist is presumed to be a conspirator, so anyone who breaks bread with him bears scrutiny, too. All too often, even more tenuous relationships attract the FBI. In 1963, for instance, John McAuliff, then a junior at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota, was investigated after he had sent a check to Dan Rubin, a Communist youth leader who had visited Carleton to speak on a program organized by a campus group (organized for the purpose of presenting controversial speakers of every political stripe) that McAuliff happened to head. The path of this investigation led an FBI agent to one of McAuliff's friends in Indianapolis. The friend was questioned about McAuliff's politics and then urged to keep quiet about the investigation. Nonetheless, *The Minneapolis Tribune* eventually found out about it, published all the facts and wondered editorially how the FBI knew that McAuliff had sent a check to Rubin—unless it had opened Rubin's mail.

In view of the FBI's overpowering obsession with protecting innocent youth from being duped by the wily Communists, it's also not surprising that FBI agents are now familiar figures in the

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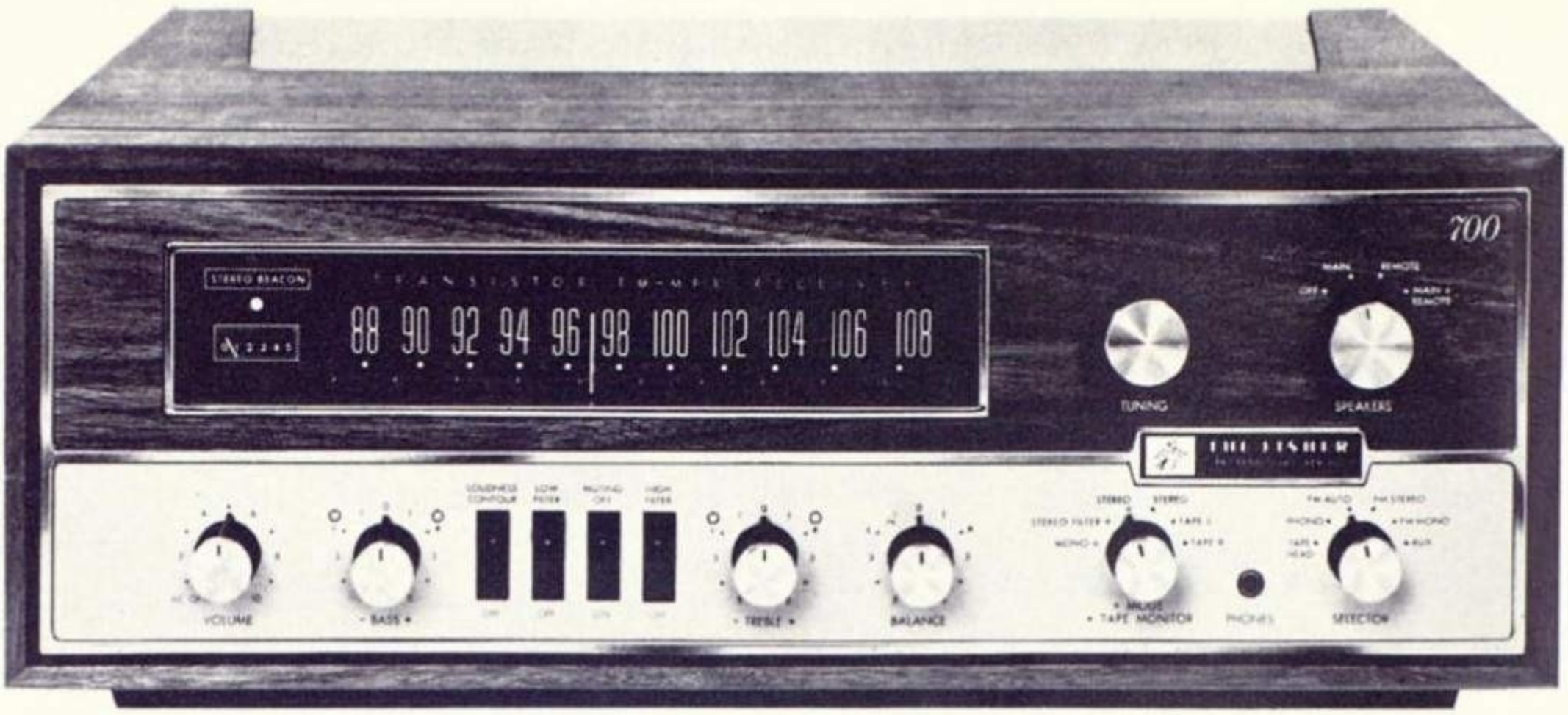

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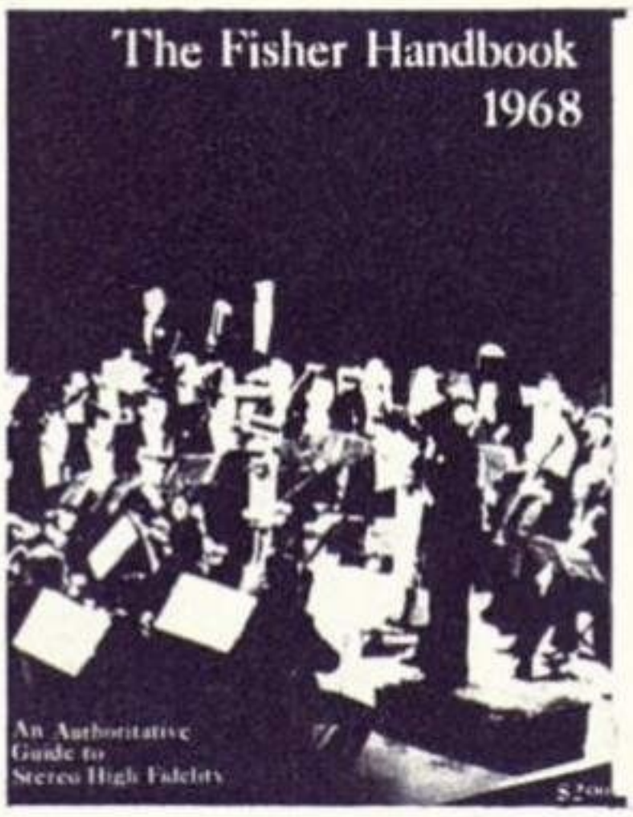

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halls of academe. In their legitimate functions—probes to which the student presumably consents, such as to clear him for Federal employment or to support his conscientious-objector claim—FBI agents have routine access to student transcripts (which are not always confined to grades) and also to personal files that may contain political or psychological data. Much of the material in these files is quite unrelated to security matters, but increasingly, colleges keep data on a student's political activities, associations and opinions—because administrators have learned in the past few years that they probably will be asked about these matters.

The presumably legitimate FBI investigations of students and former students have institutionalized the relationship between the Bureau and the universities. The intelligence agent who majors in campus spying develops a soft, friendly relationship with the college staff members with whom he works. The deans, registrars and their assistants know that the agent has "chosen policework as his career" because it is so "challenging." They know that the agent is as concerned as the next man with academic freedom. Didn't he attend college himself, sometimes the very college at which he now spends most of his time? Doesn't he have college-bound youngsters of his own? And, after all, isn't he "only doing his job"?

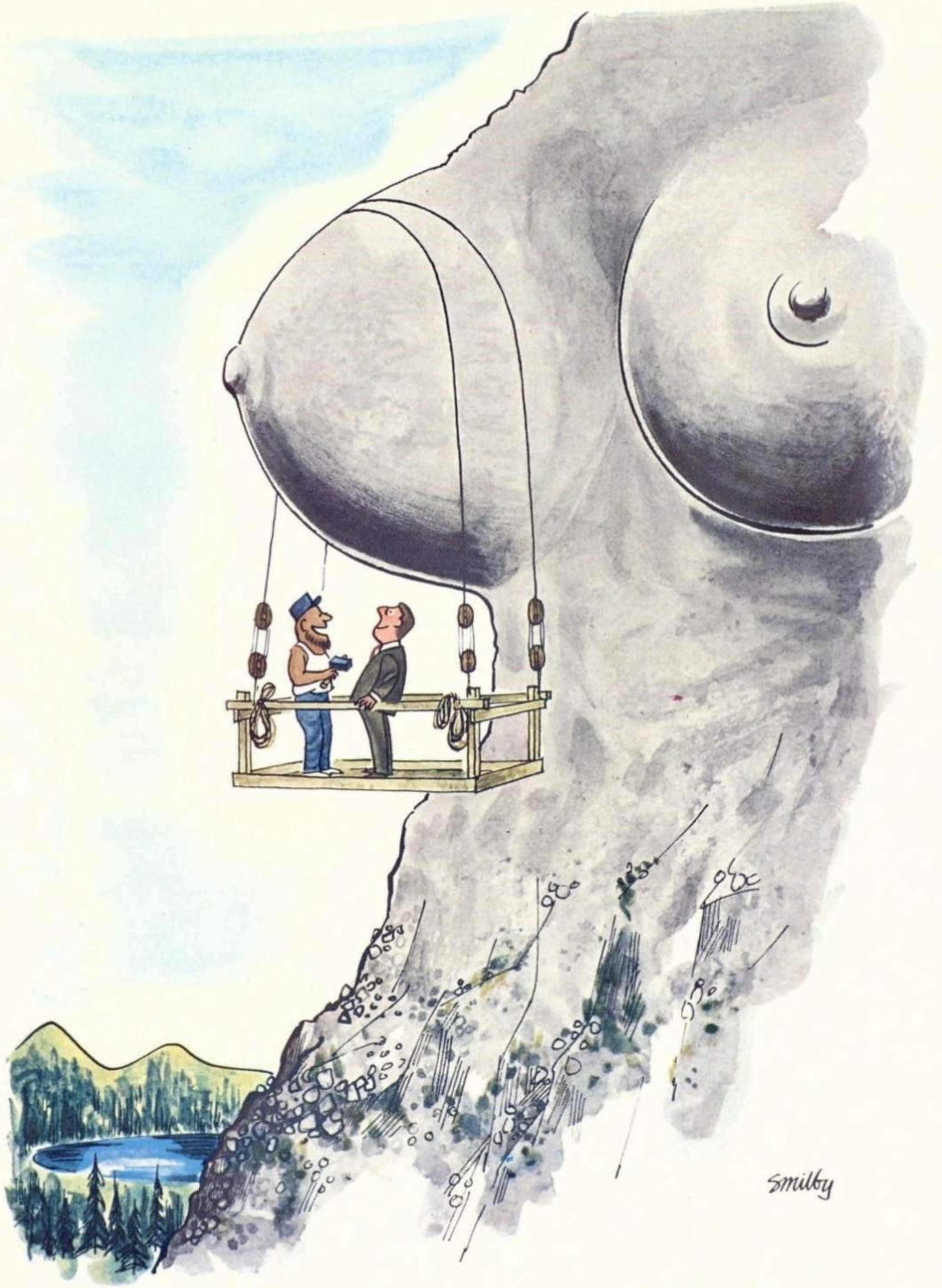
But when the investigating agents are on a sympathetic, first-name basis with those who keep the records, the shadowy line between legitimate and illegitimate surveillance is not always observed. Early in 1967, Berkeley's admissions officer, David Stewart, admitted that in "three or four cases in the last few months," student records were given to the FBI. These were records of students who had not applied for any Government position, students who had manifestly *not* consented to a *sub rosa* examination of their personal histories and political preferences. And even at universities that strive to maintain the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate investigations, the agent's explanation of the reasons for his investigation is almost invariably taken at face value—on trust.

Since the Government itself now keeps dossiers on literally millions of individuals, information from a student's college files frequently finds its way into the Government's master file. Unhappily, the accuracy of the resultant hodgepodge of facts and observations is far from unimpeachable. At a time when the Government is the nation's largest employer and when some sort of security clearance is practically *de rigueur* for many of the most interesting jobs, the dossier system develops a formidable economic influence. An inaccurate or slanted report of an individual's campus activities—political or otherwise—recorded indelibly in a file the Government consults but that the student can never see, can haunt him with preternatural persistence throughout his life.

As a small but perhaps revealing example: Joseph Tieger, who graduated near the top of his class at Duke in 1963, was denied conscientious-objector status by his New Jersey draft board. The board, it turned out, had referred to a 5000-word biography of Tieger, anonymously written but apparently prepared by the FBI, mostly from information compiled on Tieger while he was at Duke. This revealing document, which Tieger subsequently had the unique good fortune of obtaining from his draft board, does not record that a Duke religion professor had signed a statement asserting that Tieger deserved C. O. status "beyond question." It does mention, however, that Tieger in high school "failed to participate in extracurricular activities which is required to make a well-rounded personality"; that he once showed up at a tea party at Duke "in shorts with his shirttail out and wearing tennis shoes"; and that the university library once "addressed a postcard to the registrant indicating that a book concerning the writings of Trotsky was overdue." As we go to press, Tieger, now a law student, has just received a deferment for one year.

Although the once-invisible CIA is confined by statute to intelligence operations outside the United States, its activities, too, spill over into the groves of academe. Students and professors who receive grants for foreign travel or study are frequently approached by CIA representatives, who request that the prospective travelers do a little moonlighting as unofficial intelligence agents during their sojourn abroad. Returning students are also interviewed and often invited to report or answer questions of interest to the CIA; if they have taken photographs, they might be asked for copies. The CIA stimulates such voluntary contributions by offering a generous "consultation fee"—as well as the prospect of a new grant. Some veterans of these sessions have taken to voluntarily stopping by the CIA office for a "debriefing" after sojourns to such places as Africa, Indonesia or India.

This might seem harmless enough, as long as the moonlighting scholars don't take their role as spies too seriously. But foreign-study grants are also used more directly, as a cover for regular CIA agents with legitimate or fraudulent academic credentials. While such a gambit is undoubtedly very useful to the CIA, its effects on the academic discipline involved are somewhat less salubrious. A weighty report recently published by the American Anthropological Association states that in many parts of the world American anthropologists are suspected



"I tell you, by the time I've finished, Mount Rushmore will be forgotten."

of being spies. "There is some basis for these suspicions and beliefs," the report notes, adding that as a result, legitimate anthropological research has been severely handicapped. Some anthropologists, the report continues, after failing to get research grants for projects they view as worth while, "have been approached by obscure foundations or have been offered supplementary support from such sources, only to discover later that they were expected to provide intelligence information usually to the Central Intelligence Agency."

A rather similar example involved an instructor at an Eastern university, who in 1963 was turned down for a Fulbright grant for study overseas. The CIA, which seems to keep good track not only of those who get such grants but of those who don't, approached the disappointed instructor and asked him if he'd like to study abroad anyway. He'd receive the same stipend as a Fulbright fellow and, in return, he would only have to report details about the host country and about the activities of the actual Fulbright scholars there. The instructor reluctantly agreed; but before the deal was closed, he attended an antiwar demonstration, where a student was seen taking pictures of him. The instructor subsequently learned that the CIA had assigned the student to check on the instructor's feelings about the war in Vietnam. The instructor apparently failed his CIA entrance exam, because he never did receive his pseudo Fulbright grant.

Others have been luckier, if you want to call it that. A former Ivy League student who is now a journalist parlayed his impeccable credentials in the Young Republican Organization—which the CIA seems to regard as "safe"—into a jaunt to Europe and then into a free trip around the world. He didn't realize the first trip was at the CIA's expense—until after he returned and was quizzed about it. He reported that all was safe overseas, which must have pleased the CIA, because it sent him back again. After his second return, the CIA never contacted him, so he didn't bother to report at all.

This may be nice work if you can get it, but many of those who succumb to the lure of free travel are not quite as cynical as this chap. Junketeers typically feel they ought to report *something*, if only to justify the CIA's expense. Many also feel that the juicier the information they give, the more likely they are to receive another "foundation grant" in the future. There are no facts to support this assumption, but it's not beyond belief that some of these part-time agents have filed fabricated or greatly exaggerated reports—perhaps to the disadvantage of whatever individuals and groups about which they were reporting.

Besides the CIA and the FBI, there is a surprising number of local surveillance agencies. These are called "Red Squads" or "Bomb Squads" and most of them sprang up in the early years of this century to keep track of Bolsheviks, anarchists, wobblies and the like. While these particular foes are nowadays hardly more than names out of the history books, the forces that once engaged them in battle are still emphatically alive. In fact, campus demonstrations, student antiwar activities and big-city racial disturbances have made them more robust than ever. On campuses in Berkeley, Chicago and New York City—to name a few—political-surveillance bureaus, directly or indirectly related to local police bodies, have taken it upon themselves to watch leftist opinions and associations.

As an example: On the eve of the 1966 National Student Association Convention, a St. John's (New York) University coed, Gloria Kuzmyak, was visited by detectives from New York City's Bureau of Special Services, known as BOSS. Miss Kuzmyak, then an officer in the N. S. A., was planning to attend the convention to be held at the University of Illinois, and the BOSS men solicited her help "to keep a check on demonstrations that were going to take place." Her help in this instance would be confined to giving BOSS the names of all New York N.S.A. students and representatives "associated with the liberal caucus." Miss Kuzmyak declined. After she returned from the convention, she was visited twice, first by the same detectives with a similar plea and subsequently by another of their number, with the request that she "forget all about" the earlier attempts to extract names from her.

Some local Red Squad agents are so well known that they inspire an emotion similar to camaraderie among those they're paid to spy on. Not too long ago, a student "undercover" agent at the University of Texas, whose affiliation with the Texas Department of Public Safety was an ill-kept secret, was elected honorary chairman of the local chapter of Students for a Democratic Society—in recognition of his exemplary attendance record and the attentiveness with which he followed the proceedings.

The dean of all campus Red Squad operatives, until his recent retirement, was an inspector at Berkeley who has become something like Mr. Chips to a generation of Berkeley radicals. "This affable, balding gentleman," recalls one nostalgic Berkeley grad, "was so familiar to us that he would come up on the platform ahead of a meeting and ask for a list of speakers." The inspector claimed to have the authority to attend whatever Berkeley meetings he wished, but according to our informant, he usually left when asked to —"in order not to make a scene."

But indulgent sentiment for operatives such as this one, coupled with student notions of the ultimate harmlessness of the activities they engage in, sometimes conceals the fact that the Red Squad wings of local police forces are particularly useful to the higher security establishment, if only because of the ease with which they disregard state curbs on wire tapping and bugging. The authorities have allowed FBI agents to "tune in" only when national security is at stake (though the FBI tends to see national security threatened more frequently than most of us might); but local police tap phones routinely, without recourse to any high-sounding justifications. When discovered engaging in political bugging, they frequently explain their actions in terms of some conventional police function. In recent years, they have magically transformed what objective observers would construe as out-and-out political surveillance into investigations of such nonpolitical offenses as drug or morals violations.

Completing our roster of agencies that engage in campus snooping are the Army and Navy counterintelligence crews (who probe draft-connected security risks) and the R. O. T. C. For years, the Berkeley Navy R. O. T. C. has conducted systematic surveillance of New Left campus groups. Whether such work earns academic credits isn't clear; but Berkeley undoubtedly provides enough radicals and anarchists to keep the N. R. O. T. C. busy. Much of their work involves compiling dossiers and maintaining files of leftish handbills, which are kept in folders marked CONFIDENTIAL—NAVAL INTELLIGENCE—TWELFTH NAVAL DISTRICT.

Recently the Army R. O. T. C. tried to extend the intelligence operation to encompass the eight Western states in the Sixth Army area. R. O. T. C. instructors at each school in the area were provided with "confidential" educational training kits, which made it easy for cadets to sniff out the bad guys. When a group of professors at the University of Washington learned about the kits, R. O. T. C. officials admitted that the kits had been distributed—but denied that cadets were instructed to snoop. Any spying that had occurred, said the officials, had been done by cadets on their own initiative. But the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors, which perhaps has learned the hard way that students don't usually undertake spare-time projects if they don't count toward the final grade, commended the university for its action against "political propagandizing" and charged the Army with "serious intrusions into academic life."

As both the R. O. T. C. groups and the CIA seem to have perceived, the best people to do spying work on campus are students themselves. If the student agent keeps his cool, the risks of exposure are

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minimal. He has perfect protective coloring, because, unlike the more conventional agent, his background, life style and appearance are just like everyone else's. And the role is much less demanding than being a decoy for drug pushers or homosexuals, or other after-school jobs for which students have been recruited. Students whose politics lean to the right tend to regard informing as a civic duty, like giving blood to the Red Cross.

Students who cannot be induced to spy on their cohorts by appeals to patriotism or the lure of free travel will often succumb to the more tangible blandishment of hard cash. Not too long ago, testimony in a court trial revealed that Charles Benson Childs, a student at the University of North Carolina, earned $100 a month, plus expenses—and he received a draft deferment as well.

Today the pay is not as niggardly. When the tiny Advance Youth Organization was on trial in 1963 and 1964 (the Government was trying to compel the group to register as a Communist-front organization), 11 youthful informers testified they had received a total of over $45,000 for brief periods of undercover work. The highest-paid was one Aaron Cohen, whose take from the FBI totaled $6371.65. The sum presumably reflected his extra value as an officer of the organization. Officers, especially secretaries, keep the membership lists, and thus are prime targets for intelligence sleuths. During the 1965 passport-violation trial of three young people who were part of a student delegation that had visited Cuba, several informers—recruited from campuses as far-ranging as San Francisco State and Columbia—surfaced long enough to testify for the prosecution. All admitted they were well paid. One student testified the FBI had given him a $300 bonus for going to Cuba. Another of the informers wasn't even Government sponsored: He turned out to be in the employ of anti-Communist lecturer Gordon Hall, who had planted him in the delegation in order to arm himself with fresh material for the luncheon circuit.

Almost as good a recruit as an actual member is a student who joins a target organization and then leaves it for ideological reasons. As soon as the FBI learns of his defection, he is often offered the opportunity to avenge himself, usually at the expense of his former colleagues. A few defectors become chronic Government witnesses, zealously denouncing their former beliefs and associates. Others, who might be less willing witnesses, are induced to inform more out of a feeling of panic. One day they impulsively join an organization and after weeks of sober reflection, they're stricken with profound regrets. A

visit from the FBI at the right moment —or a telephone call by the student himself to the local FBI office—results in a get-together. The experienced FBI agent is predictably adept at manipulating hesitant subjects. He overcomes reluctance to inform by a promise that the information will be kept secret, by patriotic appeals ("Don't you want to help your country?"), by the assurance that "all the kids are doing it," by hints that the agent already possesses compromising information and by expressing sympathy for the humanitarian impulses that led the student into his political lapse. The agent scrupulously avoids the term "informer"; his plea is for "cooperation." The usual result is that the hesitant defector finally identifies other members of his group or pledges to stay on as an informer.

If the soft sell fails, agents do not scorn cruder methods—especially if the potential stoolie seems a worthwhile recruit. If the subject has a job, an agent has been known to confront him there—and threaten to report a refusal to cooperate to the subject's employer. With law and prelaw students, a threat to report them to the bar association's character committee—which must approve all admissions to the bar—can sometimes turn the trick. A similar ploy can be used with students who plan teaching careers. And when all else fails, there's always the possibility of appealing to the subject's parents, to warn them that their offspring is associating with the wrong people on campus.

The recruiter's life is no bed of roses, however: Even though he concentrates on likely prospects, he is often indignantly rebuffed. To the continuing dismay of security types, most students regard informing as betrayal and they regard the invitation to engage in it as a personal insult. Furthermore, student groups persistently refuse to react in ways the security agents are most familiar with. Students, for instance, are unwilling to adopt the closed, Communist-cell-like political associations that agents are so adept at penetrating. Openness is the key to the students' political style. Students feel they have nothing to hide and—especially in their political associations—are largely repelled by secrecy. But the security establishment finds this attitude both perplexing and disconcerting, since it expects its targets to be guiltily concealing everything they do. After all, secret political machinations—loosely interpreted as "conspiracies"—are a key justification for the surveillance system.

The colleges themselves have responded to snooping activities in a variety of ways. A disturbing number of universities have been tacitly cooperative—in ways that greatly transcend the cozy personal relationships that often grow up between Federal agents and the college administrative staffs. Documented evidence supports the charge that some universities—Duke, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan State, Ohio State and Texas, for instance—have actively collaborated with the FBI. In these institutions, a highly security-conscious bureaucracy compiles data about their students' politics from such sources as deans, faculty, staff, faculty advisors of campus organizations, fraternity officers, judicial boards, housemothers, housemasters, maids, the press and the police—both campus and local. Often this information is not only compiled but interpreted. At Duke, for example, Dean Robert Cox keeps an extensive set of dossiers that have been called "potentially the most explosive of all" by a special university committee headed by Professor John Curtiss, president of the Duke chapter of the American Association of University Professors.

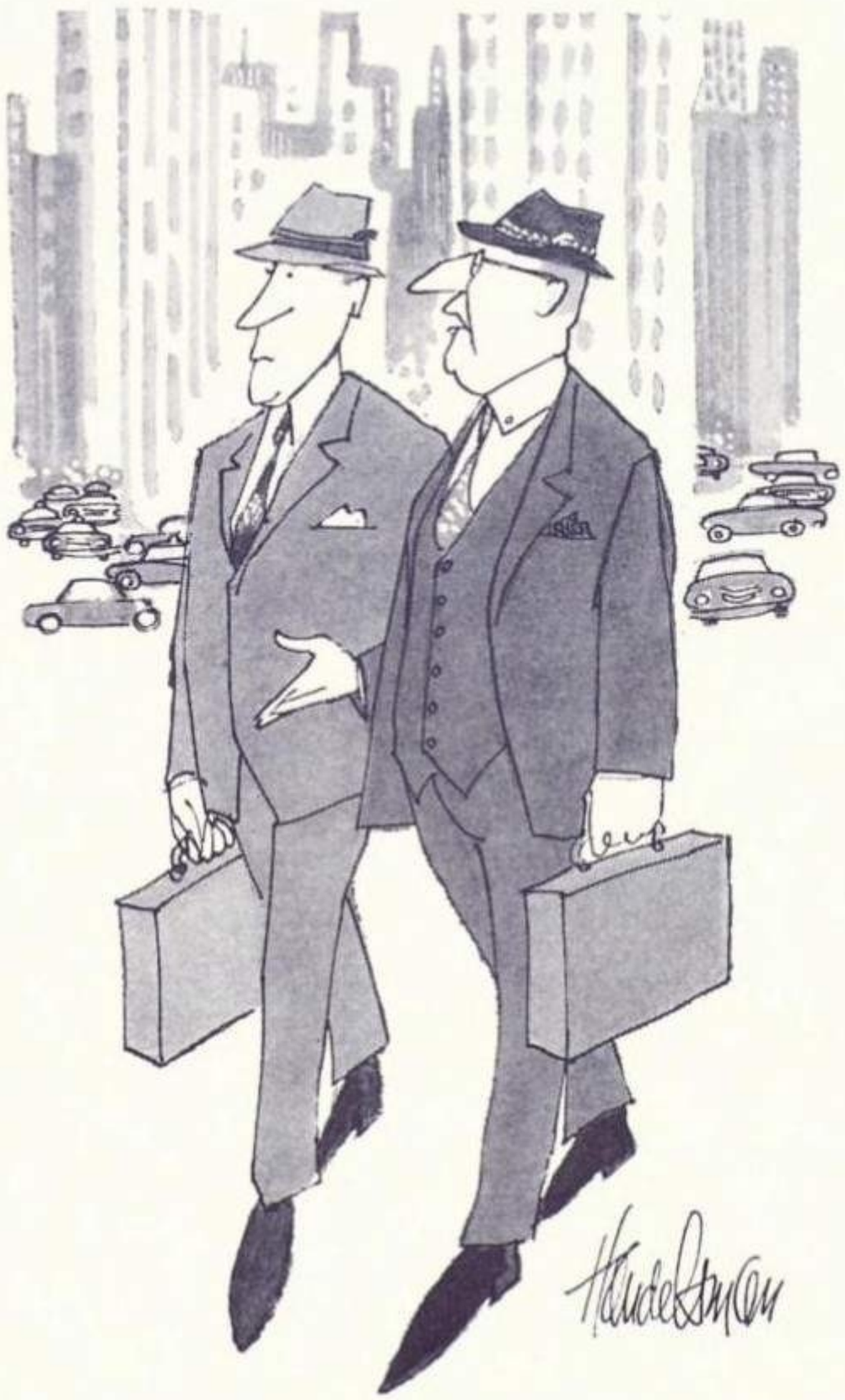
Fortunately, most colleges aren't quite this zealous in lending aid and comfort to the surveillance establishment. But even sins of omission can be grievous enough. Two summers ago, the House Un-American Activities Committee sent subpoenas to Michigan and Stanford universities, requesting lists of officers of campus groups that had criticized the U.S. Vietnam policy. (Many universities require organizations to file membership lists to qualify for registration as an official campus body.) Both schools complied with these subpoenas—though many critics of HUAC, both within the schools and outside, thought that the HUAC action could be challenged as unconstitutional. Similar attempts to secure membership lists from the NAACP had been rebuffed by the Supreme Court, which had held that such enforced disclosures may "constitute as effective a restraint of freedom of association" as more direct forms of interference. The "inviolability of privacy," the Court had said, is "indispensable to the preservation of the freedom of association, particularly where a group espouses dissident beliefs." Despite what seemed a perfect precedent for refusal, or at least challenge, neither of the universities even protested or in any way questioned HUAC's mandate. And neither of the universities seemed to realize that they were collaborating in what amounted to a punitive exposure of the individuals on the lists. Whether or not those listed were summoned as witnesses (some were), all the names were permanently dossiered in the Committee's "file and reference service"—available to security bloodhounds and even to the constituents of any Congressman who might ask for them.

To be sure, a few colleges have courageously resisted the intrusions of the surveillance establishment. And with several sorry exceptions—such as California until 1963 and North Carolina and Ohio State until 1965—they successfully resisted the snoopers' attempts to bar Communist speakers from campus. The general response to these two challenges left room for hope that painful memory of the abuses done to dissenting professors in the Fifties would quicken a determination not to collaborate in intimidating the burgeoning student protest movements of the Sixties. But only a handful have lived up to this promise. Following an S. D. S. peace demonstration at Wesleyan University (Connecticut) in the spring of 1966, an FBI agent appeared and asked that college authorities hand over the S. D. S. membership list. College Dean Stanley J. Idzerda refused, saying, "We keep no such lists of any organizations." He added, "We consider the student's activity his own affair. At the same time, it's unfortunate that a climate of suspicion can be created by such activities that might lead some students to be more circumspect than the situation requires. Things like this can be a danger to a free and open community if men change their behavior because of it." The resultant furor brought the FBI agent back to the campus, where he told the dean that there had been a "misunderstanding." No probe of the S. D. S. had been contemplated, but only of "possible infiltration of the S. D. S. chapter by Communist influence." Another agent involved in the case thoughtfully added that the FBI "makes inquiries every day on campuses throughout the country—we investigate 175 types of violations, security as well as criminal." When a Wesleyan student committee subsequently wrote J. Edgar Hoover that the investigation constituted a gross infringement of academic freedom, Hoover replied that the charge was "not only utterly false but also is so irresponsible as to cast serious doubt on the quality of academic reasoning or the motivation behind it."

When the director of the FBI can hint, without too much subtlety, that uncooperative colleges are themselves flirting with subversion or conspiracy, it's not too surprising that the colleges try to avoid such conflicts—even when their vital interests are at stake. Reluctant to act unless absolutely forced to do so, most colleges unwittingly invite the very pressures they seek to avoid—and then respond to these with more evasion and more compromise. Their caution is reinforced by the inbred conformity that seems common to all bureaucracies—collegiate or otherwise—a conformity that assures not only that accommodation to the demands of the security establishment will be mindless and irresponsible but that it will be uniform. As one student correspondent—who must remain anonymous, since he's still in school—puts it:

"Most university administrators operate on the principle of inertia—it's easier to go along with inquiries than to refuse. Why run the risk of being labeled a Commie-hippie school? Most of them cheerfully give out some information, although not all, without ever thinking they may be creating a serious problem. Once they are made aware that they also have a prerogative to refuse, many agree it would be fine if all universities refused, but why should one university risk being labeled 'oddball'?"

But unless it is willing to take this risk, the university will soon find itself on a collision course with "national security." It will not be enough for the university to make informing or secret political surveillance—by faculty or students alike—grounds for immediate censure, discharge or expulsion, though this would certainly be a good beginning. In the long run, it is fatuous, or at least diversionary, to attempt to reconcile academic freedom with national security. They simply cannot be reconciled. The university must reconstruct, on the foundation of academic freedom, an ethos that—no matter what the risks or temporary costs—rejects surveillance altogether. If the university is disturbed by nonstudent attempts to gain a voice in its affairs (as in the Berkeley outbreak), then it should feel all the more threatened by the actions of Big Brother. At a time when the life and values of the university are being subjected to unprecedented stress by "security" pressures, the university, if it is to survive at all, must simply learn to say no —to the FBI, the CIA, the R.O.T.C., the Red Squads, the Congressional committees and the tribe of spies, spooks, snoops, surveillants and subpoena servers they have spawned. In the last analysis, the only real threat to our national security is the mutilation of academic freedom that will inevitably result if the security establishment continues to flourish on our nation's campuses.



"I'm affluent. You're affluent. The whole damned society is affluent. That's why nobody can make ends meet."

BEATING INFLATION

(continued from page 106)

in such growth stocks as IBM, Polaroid and Xerox, as a tangible asset of equal or greater importance. The profit prospects of future-oriented companies like these, the reasoning goes, are almost limitless—not only for what they are currently producing but for discoveries they have yet to make; in the event of inflation, these companies simply adjust their prices and continue to grow. Considering past performance, it is difficult to fault this thinking. There is also some precedent: In the inflationary period that followed World War One, among the best performers were the growth industries of that era—autos, aircraft and chemicals. But as old-timers who once invested in such promising companies as Auburn Motors can attest, growth stocks may not keep growing indefinitely. And if the price level of today's growth shares continues to reflect unmade discoveries, declines will be inevitable should these discoveries prove undiscoverable. There's also something about bigness itself—perhaps the bureaucratic process—that is often hostile to major scientific breakthroughs. The vast resources of the Eastman Kodak Company —one of the most research-minded of all corporations—were incapable of producing either the Polaroid camera (which Edwin Land invented while he was an undergraduate at Harvard) or the Xerox process (which was devised by a patent attorney who was annoyed with the difficulties involved in copying sketches).

Yet, Kodak did produce the Instamatic camera—an important technological breakthrough. And today's fast-changing world does seem to favor technology over simple assets in the ground. A limitless deposit of anthracite coal, for instance, is hardly a good hedge against inflation if its use is rendered obsolete by oil or atomic power. As long as technology continues to provide us with new and desirable items, the unknown will continue to be more glamorous than the known.

A very reasonable compromise would be to place one investment foot in each camp; and, fortunately, there are a number of companies combining technological prowess with vast holdings of natural resources. Their innovative skill can be counted on to provide them with ever-growing product outlets—and even if it doesn't, they can always fall back on their assets. A few examples, all listed on the New York Stock Exchange, are Standard Oil of New Jersey, Kerr-McGee Corporation (which also dabbles in uranium), International Paper and Georgia-Pacific (both own huge timber reserves), American Metal Climax (the world's largest producer of molybdenum, essential in manufacturing carbon steel), Phillips Petroleum (also big in synthetics) and

Standard Oil of California. None of these companies has the growth potential of an IBM or a Xerox; but all can be expected to keep abreast of change, which, considering their other virtues, is quite enough for the inflation hedger.

Most of these companies, especially the oils, have the added advantage of labor costs that are relatively low compared with sales. The wage-earning public is uniquely sensitive to inflationary pressures. When the purchasing power of the dollar diminishes, workers know it just as soon as economists. Workers quickly demand, and generally receive, compensatory pay increases. Firms with an unusually high ratio of labor costs to sales—those in the aerospace, airline, office-equipment, railroad, steel or telephone businesses, for example—can be expected to suffer proportionately as wage rates increase. As we have seen, airlines, railroads and telephones might suffer all the more, since they probably won't be able to raise their rates quickly enough to cover higher costs. Industries with relatively low labor costs (in addition to oil, these would include firms in distilling, drugs, food processing, gas and tobacco, to name a few) can be expected to prosper. The technology-oriented major oil companies—considering the comparatively low prices for which their shares now sell, and projecting what they stand to gain from inflation—seem just about the best common-stock hedge.

If inflation is to remain a fact for the next few years, then it might appear logical to borrow money and invest it in stocks such as oils or in whatever other good inflation hedges the investor might locate on his own. But this is really not a good policy, because inflation itself is less than a certainty and, more important, because lenders have already adjusted their interest rates to account for what they guess the near-term effects of inflation will be. You can purchase common stocks on margin (you put up 70 percent of the purchase price and your broker lends you the rest, at interest, keeping the shares as collateral), but the relatively steep interest cost makes margin purchases unadvisable for a long-term hedging commitment. Unless you have an impeccable connection with a bank willing to give you a long-term loan at a very low rate, you'd be safer confining yourself to your own cash.

Within this stricture, you ought also to spread your money around. Diversification is a time-honored investment principle and, like most time-honored principles, it deserves consideration. The idea is that a deep plunge in any one stock, no matter how well selected, might not work out. The chances of total disaster are considerably reduced if you hedge in a dozen equally well-chosen stocks. Ideally, these should represent not just different companies but different industries as well. One drawback to this is that you pay more in commissions when you buy in smaller dollar amounts —sometimes much more. Brokers' commissions are based not on your total purchase but on how much you spend in each company. Commissions on small purchases (under $100) are around six percent; at current inflation rates (heroically assuming that no other factors will affect the price of the stock you buy), it would take 18 months to regain the commission loss on such a purchase and another 18 months to cover the fees on its sale. Brokers' charges drop to around three percent for a $300 purchase and diminish irregularly from there.

Another drawback to diversification is that by spreading your money around, you miss the big pay-off that would accrue if you were lucky or prescient enough to sink all your funds into one big winner. But this is like going to Monte Carlo to ride one number for one spin. It may be exhilarating and it could be dazzlingly rewarding, but it is certainly not the course of prudence, which should dominate the emotions of a prospective inflation hedger. The man with $1000 to invest in stocks would be well advised to divide his money equally among two or three attractive companies —perhaps in the oil, food and tobacco industries. If he were to spread his cash any thinner, he would give up too much in commissions. A chap with $2500 might buy four companies in as many promising industries, and so on. As a general rule, stock transactions under $250 a shot are not advisable; the commissions are just too steep.

Mutual funds give you the chance to set up a broadly diversified portfolio without much hard thought or heartache. As almost everyone knows, a mutual fund buys shares in a wide spectrum of companies; anyone who purchases shares in the fund is actually buying a fraction of all the shares the fund owns. But the man who would use mutual funds to hedge against inflation faces some grave problems. Though in the long run a good mutual fund can provide exemplary protection from inflation, no fund is set up solely to beat the declining dollar, and none of the funds confine their investing to those companies and industries that stand to profit most from inflation. Most funds—especially the larger ones—pursue a wide variety of investment goals. They have to or they couldn't sell their shares to a wide array of investors. So even if good fortune and diligence were to unearth a fund whose holdings seemed largely devoted to inflation-hedging stocks, you would have no guarantee that the fund had any intention of keeping them for the long pull.

To the extent that all stocks are good hedges against inflation, so are all mutual funds. For the investor who has neither the patience nor the predisposition to do his own dirty work, an intelligent commitment in mutual funds might be a painless and worthwhile hedge against inflation. For the investor who likes to select his own stocks but is still realistic enough to admit the possibility of his botching the job, a partial investment in funds, augmenting his personal hedging program, would seem just as worth while.

But the independent investor who decides to buy mutual funds to cover the possibility of his own investment mistakes may change his mind when he sees what's involved in selecting a fund. Mutual funds are like orchids. To the outsider, they all look pretty much alike. But within, you'll find yourself surrounded by a profusion of genera and subgenera, species and subspecies, types and subtypes, all discussed in a language that seems to make sense only to those who speak it themselves. To attempt a comparison of the value offered by several different funds is like trying to nail jelly to the wall. The usually commendable objectivity of a stockbroker—through whom you purchase fund shares —tends to break down when he is asked to appraise or recommend a particular fund, because he has greater commission interest in some funds than in others. (This is not to fault stockbrokers but simply to relate a predictable human trait.) Privately compiled, factual comparisons of the best-known funds are regularly advertised in the financial papers, and many investment magazines (*Forbes*, for instance) periodically reappraise the whole industry. But even the best of these comparisons is difficult to interpret. And though there are some funds that don't charge steep commissions, the price of admission to most is quite high; 8.5 percent commissions are typical. Hedgers should scrupulously avoid any deal (usually set up through fund salesmen) committing them to buying more shares in the future. Such a purchase contract would sacrifice well-needed flexibility.

Only a few of the arcane subcategories of mutual funds deserve the special consideration of those whose primary concern is beating inflation. "Closed-end investment companies"—funds with a fixed number of shares outstanding—circumvent the commission barrier, since they neither issue new shares nor buy back old ones. The shares in these companies are traded like stocks, with normal stock-market fees. Because the market sets the price of these shares, they sometimes sell at a discount from the actual value of their holdings. Frequently, a share representing $25 in assets will sell for around $20. Such profits are illusory because the discounts remain fairly persistent, and when the time comes to sell, you might find yourself giving up a comparable amount. If you have a limitless bank roll, a relatively ambitious means of getting full asset value would

be to gain control of the fund and then sell its holdings. But even short of liquidation, the closed-end investment companies selling at a discount seem to offer the best buy for hedgers who want to place some of their chips in mutual funds. *The Wall Street Journal* thoughtfully publishes a list of the popular closed-end funds each Monday, giving their market value, their actual asset value and the percentage difference. For those who want to avoid study altogether (never an advisable road to riches), the following six closed-end funds are all sold on the New York Stock Exchange. All have assets over $90,000,000, all have been in business since 1929 or earlier, all have at least doubled in market value in the past decade and all sell at a discount from their actual asset value: Adams Express Company, General Public Service Company, Lehman Corporation, Niagara Share Corporation, Tri-Continental Corporation and U.S. & Foreign Securities Corporation. The last two usually sell at discounts around 20 percent.

Tri-Continental is an especially interesting fund, because its holdings are mostly in real estate and high-powered stocks. As such, it is replete with what market analysts fondly call "leverage." If inflation or anything else should cause the value of its holdings to take off, the price of Tri-Continental shares themselves—since they sell at a discount from their real value—would move up even more rapidly. This leverage can be compounded through a purchase of Tri-Continental warrants. Each warrant represents the right to buy 2.54 shares of Tri-Continental common, whenever the warrant holder cares to, at $8.88 a share. Thus, each dollar increase in a share of common will mean a $2.54 increase in the value of each warrant. A heavily margined purchase of Tri-Continental warrants—financed with borrowed funds—should represent a sort of ultimate hedge against inflation. The only drawback would be that a minor downward price adjustment in Tri-Continental stock, caused by the evaporation of inflation or by anything else, would conceivably wipe you out.

A special subspecies of closed-end investment companies pays dividends that are largely tax-free. This is a complicated situation growing from their having made a distressing number of bad investments in the past; on the face of it, not an attractive recommendation, but the companies have converted it to the investor's advantage. Since these funds still own stocks in which substantial losses have piled up, each year they sell enough losers to offset their current profits. The funds still pay dividends, but the dividends are tax-free until their total equals the amount of your original purchase. After that, dividends are taxed at the favorable capital-gains rate: no more than 25 percent. Some of these funds boast diversified holdings that promise to grow as our economy grows, thus qualifying them as reasonable inflation hedges. Obviously, you'll want to think twice before sinking your money into an investment company with a past history of bad choices; but if your tax bracket is very high, the tax-free rewards may justify the risk. The best known of these tax-sheltered inflation hedges are Abacus Fund, Standard Shares and United Corporation. Standard Shares sells on the American Stock Exchange and the others trade on the big board.

Many types of mutual funds, including all those mentioned, let you reinvest your profits. This is an important point in beating inflation. Investors in securities, especially in bonds, often fail to recognize that part of the income they receive is actually a return of their original investment. For tax purposes, the Government doesn't see it this way, but it's still a fact. The chap who today lends a company $1000 at six- or seven-percent interest a year is actually being paid two or three percent as "real" interest and another three or four percent to compensate for the inroads inflation will make on the $1000 he lends. Unless he reinvests the inflation-related proportion of his interest, the real value of his $1000, in terms of its buying power, is declining. In practice, dividends on stocks and bonds, generally paid quarterly or semi-annually, are too small to justify reinvesting. All too often, they'll hardly buy a respectable dinner. But cumulatively, they can make the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful inflation-hedging program. Most mutual funds solve this problem nicely by automatically reinvesting any dividends, no matter how small, at very reasonable commission rates—sometimes for nothing. Many will reinvest capital gains as well. Hedgers who elect to shun the funds should scrupulously emulate their reinvestment policies. Without reinvestment, even the best of dividend-paying hedges may not stand up under inflation.

One investment that over the years has demonstrated an *inability* to beat the declining dollar is United States Savings Bonds. Virtually everyone who has had any experience with them, and that probably includes the majority of investing Americans, will attest that they are a very bad hedge against inflation. (As an example: $18.75 invested in Savings Bonds in February 1941 would have fetched you $25 ten years later; but in 1951 that $25, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, had a purchasing power, in terms of 1941 dollars, of $13.75. The net loss after ten long years was around 27 percent, not counting taxes on the $6.25 "interest.") The entire Savings Bond program has been a sorry chapter in our nation's financial history. It is all the more poignant because those who suffer most by "investing" in such bonds are generally the ones who can least afford it. In times of potential inflation, the Government invariably beats the patriotic drums for Savings Bonds, because they're the only Government borrowing device that directly reduces individual purchasing power. Thus, they work to counteract inflation. But amid all the fanfare, the Government, for reasons best known to itself, is reluctant to take the one course that might make the bonds genuinely attractive: raise their interest rates. If the Federal Government were to offer big investors the same paltry rate it pays on Savings Bonds, the pharisees would laugh it right out of the temple. On its high-priced bonds for big investors, the Government now pays close to six percent; but Series "E" Savings Bonds pay a lower rate than most bank accounts—4.15 percent, even less if you turn them in early. At the current four-percent rate of inflation, anyone in a tax bracket low enough to profit by purchasing an "E" bond probably wouldn't have the money to buy it.

Solid corporate bonds now offer the highest interest rates in 100 years, but—as with all fixed-income securities, where the investor puts himself in the precarious position of a lender—there's no reason to believe that regular corporate bonds are a good means of beating inflation. Convertible corporate bonds, however, are another story. These are bonds, usually sold in $1000 increments, that, in addition to fixed interest rates of up to six percent, can be exchanged, whenever the bondholder cares to, for a fixed number of shares of the issuing company's common stock. The holder of a convertible bond has the security of a fixed income: He knows, year after year, just how much interest he will receive. He also has the prospect of profits, should the price of the company's common stock increase.

A good example is the 4½-percent convertible bond issued by R.C.A. last summer. Holders of each $1000 bond receive $45 a year until 1992, the distant date on which they get their $1000 back. Holders of this bond may also exchange it, whenever they wish, for 17 shares of R.C.A. common. At the time the bonds were issued, R.C.A. common was selling at around $52 a share, so conversion wouldn't have been profitable (17x$52 =$884). But even then, the bonds began changing hands on the New York Bond Exchange at around $1050 each—showing that investors valued the conversion factor enough to pay hard cash for it. Subsequently, R.C.A. common increased and the bonds moved up even more rapidly, since for each dollar R.C.A. increases, the bond, convertible into 17 shares, will go up $17. Last fall, the bond sold for as high as $1235, though it subsequently declined, as the value of R.C.A. common decreased. If for some reason R.C.A. should

"Anyone care to hear a personal plea from the President for us to come back?"

fall on very hard times, holders of its convertible bonds would still be relatively well off. If R.C.A. common were to plummet from its current level to, say, two dollars a share—a highly unlikely event—the conversion value of the bonds would be negligible. But the convertibles would still pay a steady $45-a-year interest and they'd still return $1000 in 1992. Thus, even though the conversion factor would be worthless, they would still have considerable value as straight bonds. At current interest rates, a straight bond in a stable company such as R.C.A., paying $45 a year and returning $1000 in 1992, would be worth about $700. The chap who purchased this bond at $1000 would lose $300 if he elected to sell out, but he would be a lot better off than the investor who had simply sunk $1000 into an equivalent amount of R.C.A. common and then—in this hypothetical situation—watched it diminish to $34.

Convertible bonds, in other words, are a hedge against many economic possibilities. If you can find an attractively priced convertible in a company that seems a good bet to prosper from inflation, then you're hedged not only against inflation but against the stock-market setback that could occur at any time and against the unlikely prospect of deflation as well (since *all* bond values increase whenever the value of the dollar increases or whenever the interest rate falls).

Considering the unique combination of profits and protection that convertible bonds offer, it's really surprising that more small investors don't buy them. Perhaps they're intimidated by the steep purchase price, or perhaps the convertibles just seem too complicated. But in reality, they're no more complicated than stocks. The popular convertible bonds are sold on the New York and American Stock Exchanges. You buy them through your broker just like stocks. The broker's commission on each $1000 bond is a flat $2.50—another nice plus. Bonds don't necessarily sell at $1000 each, of course, since they are traded in an open market and bring whatever the traffic will bear. As with stocks, bond prices are quoted in the financial pages of any good daily paper. But, unlike stocks, prices are given as a percentage of the face value of the bond. If the quoted price for a convertible bond is over 110 or so (that is, if each $1000 bond is selling for $1100 or more), you can be fairly certain that the common stock into which the bond is convertible has risen above the conversion point. The man who buys a bond whose price primarily reflects the value of the common stock itself obviously faces the possibility of a loss, should the price of the common decline. Often it's worth the risk, because the bond might pay better interest than an equivalent amount of common and because of the extra protection it provides. But a better bet, especially for the long pull, is a convertible bond whose common stock is selling below the bond's conversion point. Such bonds sell at a discount—sometimes a substantial one—from their face value. If they are in one of the industries that stand to profit from inflation, then they will be exemplary hedges—with the added incentive of solid protection (or even solid profits), should inflation end. A number of investment services offer more data than anyone would want on all the important convertible bonds. Moody's loose-leaf *Bond Survey*, which you can thumb through at any brokerage house, gives weekly bond news and a monthly statistical comparison of the major convertibles. This study is brief and, relatively speaking, easy to read.

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Real estate is often touted as an ideal hedge against inflation; but those doing the touting, you'll find, are usually real-estate salesmen. The ownership of real estate has so many drawbacks that for many inflation hedgers, especially younger men who value mobility, it's just not worth the effort. This is not to say that real estate doesn't offer tremendous potential—it does, either as a straight investment or as an inflation hedge, or as a combination of the two. But in most cases, investment in real estate, especially in productive real estate, entails considerably more involvement than most hedgers are willing to tolerate.

This is because real-estate ownership is fraught with problems that the investor doesn't face in dividend-paying hedges such as stocks, convertible bonds or mutual funds. Comparative statistics—the sort of information that's readily available to any would-be purchaser of stocks or bonds—are simply unavailable for real estate. Buying real estate and—more important—selling it are both time-consuming and difficult, especially in just those times of stress when circumstances might force a sale. And, of course, undeveloped land pays no dividends at all. Often it pays negative "dividends" in the form of taxes—money the owner must cough up year after year, in proportion to the value of the property. If the land is yielding rent, well and good—except that a long-term lease, in a period of steep inflation, is as undesirable from the landlord's point of view as any fixed-income security. Short-term leases, while they bring the freedom to raise rents to keep pace with inflation, may also keep the landlord scrambling for new tenants.

According to Dr. Leo Barnes, an economist and investment advisor who knows about such things (his fact-filled *Your Investments*, at $4.95, is one of the best purchases the inflation hedger can make), only waterfront and resort properties are first-class hedges against creeping inflation—presumably because they are scarce and always desirable. Barnes rates farmland, timberland and industrial and commercial properties as "good" hedges. Home or residential properties are only fair.

Productive land—property that yields an income—has proved in past inflationary periods to be a better hedge than unproductive land. But the owner of productive land, unless he is willing to give up some of his profits to a manager, faces all the problems mentioned above. Past experience also indicates that while property taxes tend to rise with prices, rents do not rise as quickly, because they are tied to long leases or because, in times of extreme inflation, Government acts to control rents—as happened in the U. S. during World War Two. Perhaps for these reasons, productive agricultural land has proved a better bet than urban or suburban real estate; though in the U. S., agricultural land, especially if it's within driving distance of a big city, is highly subject to speculative fluctuations. Of course, undeveloped land closer to cities is even more volatile. It can cause visions of shopping centers, superhighways and stucco bungalows to dance in the head of even the most unimaginative real-estate speculator.

To give real estate its due, there are a number of persuasive arguments in its favor. Not the least of these are the tax advantages, which permit the wily property owner to write off much of what he does to his holdings, deduct whatever interest he pays, depreciate the rest, perhaps even take a depletion allowance, and generally make our tax laws stand up and whistle *The Star-Spangled Banner*. For this reason, intelligent property investing on anything beyond a modest scale requires not only the services of a good real-estate lawyer but those of a good tax accountant as well. Such advice comes high and further militates against the purchase of real estate solely as an inflation hedge.

Even at the uncomplicated level of home ownership, anyone who buys residential property just to beat inflation is probably ill advised. In the relatively uninflationary years between 1960 and 1967, the average cost of landsites covered by Federal Housing Administration mortgages, mostly in suburbia, rose from $2470 to $3725. Superficially, one might guess that if the value of such land rises in periods of little inflation, it stands to do even better when inflation is steep. Unfortunately, this is sometimes not the case. In times of steep inflation, the value of an undeveloped homesite is less than certain. Inflation makes banks less and less willing to lend long-term mortgage money, which may ultimately be repaid in much cheaper dollars. Bankers first raise the interest rate on mortgage loans to make up for what they think inflation will cost them. If inflation continues to increase, so will bankers' expectations of it. Eventually, the interest rate on mortgage loans will reach a prohibi-

tively high level—a situation we're precariously close to now. Beyond this point, bankers and borrowers alike will simply avoid making mortgage loans, preferring to sit on their hands and wait for the inflationary dust to clear. A little over a year ago, new-home construction in the U.S. had fallen sharply, to its lowest level since World War Two. Subsequently, the housing market revived somewhat, but it's still far from robust. And if interest rates go much higher, home building may effectively cease. Obviously, in times when it's impossible to finance or build a new home, the value of a homesite, no matter how attractive, is at least subject to debate.

An admirable theoretical argument in favor of land as an inflation hedge appears in the opening pages of almost any college economics textbook. The supply of land is fixed, while demand for it increases with the population. This means that the real value of land *must* increase in the long run. But, as Keynes was fond of pointing out, in the long run we are all dead. And in the short run, the demand for land is notoriously fickle. It moves one generation out to the suburbs, the next to the exurbs, the next back to the city. It creates a market many times more volatile than the stock market, without published statistics to guide the uninitiated. In sum, while the investment potential of real estate is well known, there are no persuasive arguments to support the notion that a plunge in real estate is the best way to hedge against inflation. Especially for the younger man, who simply wants to preserve (or increase) the real value of his capital during a period of creeping inflation, securities offer a much less bothersome route.

However, if you are determined to invest in real estate, you can, without all the concomitant fuss, by purchasing shares in real-estate investment trusts. These are to real estate what mutual funds are to common stocks. They are unincorporated associations that sell shares to investors and use the money to purchase real estate, usually rent-producing property. Profits (or losses) are passed on to the shareholders, who thus partake of the myriad tax benefits that generally accrue to property owners. Like the closed-end investment trusts, REITs do not redeem their own shares, because the assets involved are entirely in real-estate holdings and there's no way to get accurate daily (or even annual) estimates of the shares' actual value. Thus, shares in REITs are sold in the open market. You purchase them, like stocks, through your broker. A few of the largest, such as the Continental Mortgage Investment Company, are traded on the major stock exchanges.

There are two basic types of real-estate investment trusts: those that buy real property and those that buy mortgages on property. The latter are safer investments, especially if the mortgages are guaranteed by Federal agencies such as the FHA. But in periods of inflation, the real value of fixed-income mortgages, especially longer ones, would suffer seriously, like any other fixed-income security. REITs that buy rent-producing properties, even though they're riskier, would be a better hedge against inflation. But, as with mutual funds, they are investing to pursue a wide variety of goals, to which inflation hedging might be peripheral. A few of the larger REITs that invest in property itself, rather than in mortgages, are American Realty Trust, Denver Real Estate Investment Association, Park Avenue Realty and Trust and U.S. Realty Investments. Your broker can buy all of these and many others on the over-the-counter market. Obviously, as with any investment—but all the more so in a wheeler-dealer card game like real estate—the prospective hedger should closely examine what he's buying before he does so. Real-estate ventures such as syndicates, condominiums and high-rise cooperatives offer the prospect of tidy profits or breath-taking losses (through speculation, mismanagement or outright fraud); but, in any event, they are not primarily inflation hedges.

Nor are commodity futures. The buying and selling of agricultural and mining goods for delivery some time in the future, which is what commodity trading is all about, is much too speculative and ephemeral to qualify as a sound hedge against inflation. Those who are interested in the staggering profit potential of commodities should read this writer's *Playboy Plays the Commodities Market*, which appeared in these pages in August 1967. The rest can content themselves with the knowledge that commodity prices seem to drift downward during periods of inflation. The average price of 30 sensitive commodities indexed by the New York *Journal of Commerce* has been moving steadily downward for over a year. Recently, this index stood at its lowest point since 1947, when the

figures were first compiled. In fact, if you looked only at basic food prices (the banshee wail of housewives notwithstanding), you would hardly guess that we're having inflation at all.

Speculating in metals, which are also traded on the commodity futures markets, could conceivably be a better hedge. The value of copper, zinc and tin all more than tripled during World War One, partly because of inflation and partly because of their unavailability during the disruptions of war. But nowadays, supply sources are more dispersed and total war, and the rampant inflation that usually accompanies it, seems less likely. On a more prosaic level, contracts in the futures market are too short to take advantage of long-term swings (though you can maintain a position if you're willing to give up more commissions periodically) and the action is much too hectic. It's possible to contract to receive a technologically oriented metal you think might increase during inflation—silver, platinum, copper or zinc, for example—and then actually take possession of the goods. But such a course is hardly recommendable for the ordinary hedger, because it involves considerable cash (receiving a standard 10,000-ounce silver contract, for example, would cost you over $20,000) and imposes the extra headaches of insurance and storage. Among sophisticated investors, platinum has recently become a very popular hedging medium. There is a pressing world shortage of the metal and demand (mostly from electronics firms) is constantly increasing. The price of platinum is now around $250 a troy ounce, up $100 an ounce in the past year. The metal is sold in ultraportable 50-ounce bars, so the investor with $12,000 or so can easily take delivery of a bar and stash it in his safe-deposit box.

As was mentioned earlier, most people who hold precious metals (silver, platinum and, especially, gold) do so to hedge not against creeping inflation but against official devaluation of the dollar, comparable to what was done in November to the British pound. Devaluation of the dollar would occur if our Government decided it would no longer redeem foreign holdings of dollars at the rate of one troy ounce of gold for each $35 in U.S. currency offered it. Because foreign governments can redeem their dollars in gold, the dollar—being more portable—is used as a substitute for gold in international transactions the world over. Those who own gold point to America's persistent international trade deficit (we spend more overseas than foreigners spend here), which has resulted, in the past decade or so, in a mass exodus of gold from our national coffers. If this trend keeps up, the reasoning goes, we'll ultimately be forced to devalue our dollars (in effect, raising the price of gold); otherwise we won't have enough gold with which to redeem them. This is all well and good, but, unlike most countries and certainly unlike England, our balance-of-trade deficit is largely a matter of national will. Since the 1890s, we have *always* sold more to foreigners than we've bought from them. Our current trade deficit is caused almost exclusively by nonmercantile expenses: costly overseas wars, foreign aid and tourism. If the dollar were seriously threatened, all three could be curtailed by Government decree. These would be extreme measures, but so is devaluation. And at this point, the trade balance would shift dramatically in our favor and our technological exports would keep it there.

Moreover, the ownership of gold—"hoarding," as it's less charitably called—is illegal for Americans, except those, such as dentists and jewelers, who have a legitimate use for it. Since 1961, Americans have been prohibited even from storing gold overseas. It may seem unfair that our Government will trade gold for the dollars of qualified foreigners but won't even let us near the stuff, but this juggling act does seem to keep the international money market functioning. The law does permit Americans to maintain a "collection" of gold coins, but this loophole, plus the coins' value to collectors, has created such a premium for gold coins that they can hardly qualify as good inflation hedges. (A U.S. $20 gold piece contains $33.84 worth of gold; you would be lucky to purchase one for under $50.) The Treasury Department also acknowledges, somewhat reluctantly, that it's perfectly legal for Americans to own gold in its "natural" state—unrefined dust or nuggets.

Since the devaluation of the British pound and the resultant pressure on the U.S. dollar, illegal gold operations on the part of American citizens have reached epic proportions. A Treasury spokesman now rates gold smuggling as "more urgent for us than the marijuana problem." Anyone familiar with the Treasury's zeal in

"I suppose I'll have to be satisfied, but I was hoping to find a taller honest man."

ferreting out pot smugglers will recognize from this statement that gold smuggling nowadays must be Brobdingnagian. In fact, it's estimated that between one third and one half of the recent wave of European gold buying—which reduced U. S. gold reserves by over $500,000,000—represented clandestine purchases by American citizens, people willing to risk a contretemps with the law to hold onto what they consider is rightfully theirs. The law seems to look the other way when facing gold smugglers of the non-*Mafioso* variety. Many people caught with small amounts of the metal profess ignorance of the law—and apparently get away with it. Professional smugglers occasionally wind up in jail; but for ordinary citizens, the law calls for confiscation of the gold and a fine of twice its value. Even this is rarely enforced, because gold hordes have a habit of coming to light only after their owner has passed on to his last audit. In such instances, the Government is faced with the unpleasant prospect of penalizing widows and orphans for the sins of their late-lamented. Frequently, the Feds allow the heirs to sell the gold back to the Treasury—at $35 an ounce. Needless to say, such a transaction hardly qualifies as an inflation hedge.

"What time did the game break up last night?"

Those willing to risk the penalties have located several devious ways to buy gold. The most straightforward is to fly to Canada, get a hotel room, buy a bar of gold (giving the hotel address), secure the gold in a Canadian safe-deposit box and return home. Gold purchases can also be made *in absentia* if the buyer has a foreign-currency account in any of the countries where gold ownership is legal —Argentina, Belgium, Canada, England, France, Mexico, Panama and Switzerland, to name a few. Many bankers in these nations do not feel it their role to point out to American customers that gold ownership violates U. S. law. In the matter of preserving capital, bankers often believe that limited civil disobedience is quite justifiable.

But even the largest of gold hordes doesn't pay quarterly dividends. It just lies there, year after year, tying up capital that might otherwise be put to productive purposes. There's also another difficulty that hoarders of gold don't usually anticipate. The current world shortage of gold isn't simply a matter of our having taken it all out of the ground. The main problem is that at current prices it's not profitable to mine, because gold mining is a time-consuming process greatly dependent on manual labor. If the gold-brickers' dream were ever to come true and the U. S. lifted its "ceiling" on the value of gold to let the metal seek its own free-market price, we would probably see a massive reopening of the world's gold mines. A conceivable result would be the sudden appearance of a superabundance of gold and, ultimately, a glut of gold on the market—and a drop in its price. This is all very iffy, but so is gold hoarding. To be sure, if the dollar ever *is* devalued—as last happened in 1933, at the depths of an unprecedented Depression and a world-wide financial crisis—then the value of gold would instantly increase. But so would the value of most other well-placed inflation hedges. And though a devaluation of the dollar is all but certain at some point in the future, political realists view it as an impossibility before the November elections and as an unlikelihood in the next few years. In the meantime, while other hedges can perform admirably in the creeping inflation that now exists, gold is a dubious hedge. Even when devaluation is imminent (if you're astute enough to spot it), the best way to hedge will be not through gold but directly—by short-selling dollars on the European currency futures markets. Short sellers borrow something and sell it, in hope of a price decline, at which time they profit by replacing what they owe at cheaper levels. A few months back, before the devaluation of the British pound, a short sale of £10,000 (at $2.77 a pound) on a six-month contract required an investment margin of only $2500. The profit, when the short sale was covered with pounds worth only $2.40, was well over $3000. Shrewd short sellers appear to have made millions on the devaluation of the pound.

As long as the dollar remains redeemable in gold to foreigners—and it's difficult to imagine world trade surviving without it—Americans are largely preempted from another traditional inflation hedge: foreign currencies and foreign speculations in general. Even today, it's quite natural for Europeans to maintain bank accounts in two or three currencies in as many nations. If something goes wrong with their own money, they still have their Swiss francs or their Deutsche marks—and perhaps their investments in Swiss and German companies—to fall back on. But generally, whenever the U. S. dollar suffers, virtually all other currencies do worse. In the decade between 1956 and 1966, according to an extensive study conducted by the First National City Bank of New York, the dollar lost less in purchasing power than any other major currency in the world. Of the 45 currencies surveyed, the only ones that did better were the Guatemalan quetzal, the Venezuelan bolivar and the Honduran lempira. Since South American nations led the bottom of the list as well as the top (the Brazilian cruzeiro was dead last, losing an average of 31 percent a year for ten years), investors would want to think carefully before rushing south of the border to buy quetzales or lempiras.

This also makes one wonder whether investment in foreign companies is worth the effort. Once again, European investors have frequently found exemplary inflation hedges in growth or earth-asset companies in neighboring nations with stabler currencies. But an American might be legitimately doubtful about buying shares in a promising company in Guatemala. In addition, four years ago our Congress, in a vain attempt to shore up the U. S. balance-of-payments deficit, imposed a tax of 15 percent on American investments in stocks or bonds issued by companies in any of the more stable

nations of the world. There are ways around this law (you're exempt from the tax if you buy the shares from another American or if you buy Canadian shares), but by and large, it's hardly worth circumventing. You can more easily get a piece of the foreign action buying stock in the many American companies (Standard Oil of California, for instance) with vast overseas holdings. The best U.S. growth companies—IBM and Xerox, for instance—also have huge foreign operations. Hedgers who still insist on buying un-American might investigate the prospects of such sound inflation shelters as Nestlé's (the huge Swiss chocolate maker); Unilever (world-wide British soap cartel); and Philips Lamp and Royal Dutch Shell (vast Netherlands "growth" firms). Some of these are even available on the New York Stock Exchange. One factor supporting the purchase of foreign shares is that stock prices on most of the Old World markets are at five-year lows and many insiders think they are preparing to move higher.

Very infrequently, you can find a foreign bond that pays dividends in a reasonably hard, non-dollar currency such as Swiss or Belgian francs (both backed by solid gold) and is convertible into common shares of a good foreign growth company. But the problems here are intimidating—not only because of the foreign-exchange headaches but because overseas companies refuse to publish the detailed financial statements to which U.S. investors are accustomed. Foreign hedges such as this would give you a questionable measure of protection against devaluation of the dollar and some defense against the more palpable prospect of creeping inflation. But for most investors, they're a doubtful commitment. Also, they're subject to the overseas-investment tax, though for bond investments it's generally less than 15 percent.

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At this point, the world of straight investment hedges evaporates and we enter a nether world of techniques and gimmicks that may or may not prove worth while in a period of inflation. Insurance, for instance, is a nice thing to have if you own something valuable and would like cash compensation in the event of unpredictable misfortune. It's also comforting, though the rewards are entirely cerebral, if you have people depending on you who might suffer if you died. But the preponderance of insurance programs, no matter how convoluted, are simply not good hedges against inflation. Both buyers and sellers of insurance are by now quite aware of this. Twenty years ago, insurance absorbed 52 percent of U.S. savers' dollars; today, it takes only 19 percent. Many major insurance companies are about to start their own mutual funds, ignoring the fact that insurance salesmen for decades have been emphasizing the frightful riskiness of such investments. The insurance companies are also experimenting with variable-income annuities—policies that promise a guaranteed cash income that will increase as the purchasing power of the dollar declines. For those who are primarily concerned with life rather than with whatever follows it, this is the most promising program the insurance industry has offered in 200 years. Unfortunately, most of these annuities are available only on a group basis, and it's too early to assess their value.

There are probably very few people who are willing or able to channel their careers into pursuits that by themselves will help them hedge against inflation; but in the interest of comprehensiveness, we must note that persons in the professions, from lawyers to prostitutes, are obviously more capable of controlling the wages they receive than are those, such as teachers and Government workers, who are tied to contracts, fixed salaries or political considerations. Other non-investment ways of beating inflation are to avoid contact with just these professionals (because their rates tend to advance even more rapidly than inflation) and to pay bills as slowly as possible—especially long-term college loans, which are usually granted at very low rates and generally impose no penalties on overdue accounts. But anyone who would adjust his whole life style solely to accommodate inflation would probably be flirting with paranoia.

Somewhat less paranoid, though still a trifle eccentric, are the collectors. These good souls have uncovered a whole spectrum of non-dividend-paying investments that seem adequate inflation hedges for those who know something about them; but they are less than desirable for the rest of us, who couldn't care less. In almost every case, the people who have beaten inflation by buying rare stamps, rare coins, rare books, antiques, art objects, autographs, paintings, vintage autos and the like, have collected simply for the pleasure of collecting. They have assembled their holdings not to beat inflation but because they get a kick out of them. Their expertise makes them very difficult to compete with, and noncollectors are urged not to risk it. Noncollectors are also advised to discount heavily whatever a given collector says about the investment or hedging advantages of his particular pursuit. In their hearts, most serious collectors, whether they're infatuated with French Impressionists or Coca-Cola bottles, tend to suspect that others think they're a bit loony. They weave an intricate fabric of economic rationalizations—a few of them valid but most of them mythical—to justify what is really only a hobby.

Few people collect diamonds, but they, too, fall into this category. An investment rationale is a handy way of explaining the purchase of a bijou that otherwise would constitute a colossal extravagance. Diamonds and other rare gems are frequently touted as excellent hedges against inflation, but it's mostly jewelers and diamond owners who are doing the drumbeating. The only stones that have the vaguest claim to investment value are the legitimate gems: diamonds, emeralds, rubies and sapphires—and then only if they are relatively large (over a carat or two) and unmounted (in a mounted stone, 25 percent of your "investment" may be in labor). Even rare gems that meet these prerequisites, while they are relatively easy to buy, are difficult to sell quickly at a fair price. There's also some doubt about just how rare they are. A world-wide syndicate (which even the Russians, when they recently discovered diamonds, quickly joined) controls virtually all the mines where the stones are unearthed. Each year the syndicate mines gems enough to all but satisfy world demand; and the extra increment of unfilled demand, year after year, supports the gems' price level. Another doubt is that sooner or later a way will be found to manufacture them artificially, as has already been done modestly with industrial diamonds and some other stones. (Those who "invested" in pearls in the 1920s subsequently lost up to 90 percent of their money, due to the combined forces of world-wide depression and the discovery of pearl culture.) The prospective hedger in gems would probably be better off in gold, for whatever that's worth. As the alchemists eventually discovered, gold is one of the basic elements. Unless someone upsets the atomic tables, its wholesale manufacture is not immediately forthcoming. Gems, on the other hand, are compressed forms of fairly cheap substances. Generally, their investment potential is one of those areas in which no one can make a definitive pronouncement. But until the final returns are in, would-be hedgers—while they may well want to give their lady fair a dazzling token of their everlasting devotion—should best look elsewhere in the less-romantic matter of beating inflation.

Of all the non-dividend payers, only valuable paintings and truly rare postage stamps deserve our special consideration. Fine paintings, whose value has been clearly established over the years, have traditionally been excellent hedges against inflation. Many of the best are fine investments in their own right, gaining value as rapidly as the faster-moving growth stocks. But it takes both a collector's instincts (backed by the advice of a good art dealer) and a hefty bank roll to make sound investments in fine art. Intangibles such as the quality of the painting itself must be weighed against that most protean of all variables, public taste. The old masters, bearing the imprimatur of generations of critical and popular approval, are probably the safest

art investment, but not too many of us can afford them. It's difficult to generalize about prices, but one reliable auction study indicates the value of old masters rose around 15 percent in 1966 and a comparable amount in 1967. Occasionally, the trained eye can detect a real bargain—as did J. Paul Getty with what he describes as an "unprepossessing" canvas "in somewhat poor condition" that he purchased for $200 at a London auction in 1938. After restoration, it proved to be Raphael's long-lost *Madonna of Loreto*—worth over $2,000,000. French Impressionists have also proved excellent investments in the past few decades, though the boom seems to be slowing down a bit. The prices of American paintings have been relatively stagnant since 1965, but there are early indications of improvement. Pop, op and nonobjective works are still question marks. Only time will tell whether they'll produce fortunes or disappointment.

Truly rare postage stamps—the sort that not one stamp collector in a million would ever think of buying—are in a class by themselves. Pound for pound, rare postage stamps are the most valuable substance known. The rarest of all stamps, the famous one-cent British Guiana of 1856, would probably sell for well over $100,000 if it were to come onto the market today. A million dollars could be tied up in 40 or 50 rare stamps of this ilk, tucked in an envelope the size of a business card. The same value in gold would weigh well over a ton. Even in diamonds, it would be too big to hide easily. Rare postage stamps thus have a particular appeal to wealthy residents of unstable countries. These people enjoy the prospect of reducing huge sums of money into light and ultraportable bits of paper, in case they ever have to disguise themselves as beggars and sneak across a border. For good reason, stamp collecting at this high level is still "the hobby of kings." The impetus of big-time stamp buying, which usually increases when the value of solid currencies such as the dollar begins to decline, makes truly rare postage stamps supersensitive to inflation. Auction prices of some of the more elusive items have quite literally doubled in the past three years.

But unless you are an exceedingly wealthy stamp collector yourself, or a Latin-American dictator hedging not against inflation but against revolution, such evasive tactics are largely futile. Rare stamps—and almost all the other big-time collecting hedges—are difficult to buy and just as difficult to sell. Intelligent purchase is complicated by a lack of frequent sales and published prices, and selling is best done at auction, at a commission cost between 10 and 20 percent. In fact, all the collecting hedges are subject to the vagaries of markets more fickle and volatile than the stock exchanges. Most people aren't aware of the violent price fluctuations, because they don't often see the figures at which these objects change hands. And like all the offbeat hedges, they don't pay cash dividends.

The hedger against inflation, especially if his collecting instincts lean toward hard cash, is well advised to confine himself to dividend-paying investments—and he should be careful to reinvest a reasonable proportion of what he receives. If he's confident of his investing expertise, he's probably best off putting his hedging capital in well-chosen common stocks. If he's less confident, he may want to place some of his money in a mutual fund that will make the investment decisions for him. And in either event, he should certainly consider the unique hedging advantages of convertible bonds. If he confines himself to a combination of thoughtfully selected investments in these three general areas, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is solidly protected, even if inflation should disappear. And assuming our currency continues to erode, he will receive occasional reminders, in the form of checks whose value should increase as the purchasing power of the dollars of others diminishes, that he has succeeded in beating inflation.

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wouldn't answer any questions: "I know my rights! You get a lawyer here this minute!" That's a true story, believe it or not; and aside from its humorous aspects, it holds a sinister message: From now on, no prisoner is going to confess to any crime with a lawyer in the room, because no lawyer worth his salt will *allow* a prisoner to confess, even if he wants to. As a result, the number of convictions law-enforcement agencies will obtain is going to be considerably reduced; you don't have eyewitnesses at every crime, and frequently a confession is the only way a criminal's guilt will stand up in court. But as a result of the *Miranda* ruling, the police are hamstrung. I don't think this is fair either to the police or to the public at large.

PLAYBOY: Even if the *Miranda* decision does restrict police power to some extent, isn't it true that for years, suspects in criminal cases have been coerced into signing confessions by police strong-arm techniques? And isn't it more important to protect the civil liberties of the defendant than to ensure a 100-percent conviction rate?

CAPOTE: I'm well acquainted with this argument, but I think it applies to only an infinitesimal percentage of criminal cases. Of course, there are occasionally bad situations where the police use third-degree tactics, but I think that is being corrected by the police forces themselves, which are growing more enlightened every day. But I would still prefer the occasional situation where police exceed their authority to the situation we have today as a result of the *Miranda* ruling. The Supreme Court has handcuffed the police and thus bears a share of responsibility for the vast increase of crime in our society.

PLAYBOY: You don't agree, then, with the adage that it's better for a dozen guilty men to go free than for one innocent man to be unjustly convicted?

CAPOTE: It's a charming sentiment, but more apropos in the halcyon days of yore, when our cities had not yet been turned into jungles and a citizen could still stroll the streets in safety. I'm afraid that today, for the very self-protection of our society, it's better that one innocent man be *punished* than that a dozen guilty men go free. It's unfortunate, but that's the harsh reality we face.

PLAYBOY: You have consistently defended the police against their critics, but you've never addressed yourself to the problem of police brutality—and corruption—across the country. Why?

CAPOTE: I know it's become fashionable to depict the police as sadistic Cossacks riding down innocent citizens, but I've become well enough acquainted with law-enforcement agencies across the country to know that's just not the case. Of course, a certain small percentage of policemen are irresponsible, just as a certain percentage of lawyers and doctors and insurance salesmen are irresponsible, but that doesn't justify the current unjust barrage of propaganda against a tribe of men who are hard-working, underpaid and daily risking their lives to protect *us*. I'm sure there are isolated instances of police brutality, but the rising crime rate and urban violence constitute a far, far more pressing problem.

PLAYBOY: Are you opposed to civilian review boards to supervise the police?

CAPOTE: Not on principle, but I do think that any such board is unworkable in practice and really little more than a piece of propaganda.

PLAYBOY: Crimes of sexual violence have been rising in recent years. Do you feel, as some proponents of censorship contend, that there is a discernible relationship between the reading of pornographic material and the commission of sex offenses?

CAPOTE: Pornography doesn't drive a man out into the streets to rape; if anything, it has the opposite effect. After all, the major purpose of pornography is to activate masturbation; thus, it serves to release sexual tensions, not to exacerbate them. The people who commit rape or other sexual assaults are suffering from a pathological condition, a kind of claustrophobic compulsion to burst out of their sexual frustrations by the commission of a violent act. They have been stimulated by interior drives that can find an outlet only in violence, and a salacious book would have as much effect on their behavior as a copy of *The Christian Science Monitor*. Pornography literally has no meaning for them; if it did, they would buy it and stay in their rooms, peacefully masturbating. But for those people who are less disturbed but still have sexual problems, pornography can be a quite healthy form of release and serve as a tranquilizer for the libido.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe it is possible to establish any objective legal guidelines for censorship?

CAPOTE: Of course not, for the very simple reason that nobody can even define what pornography is. It's all in the eye of the beholder, and what seems pornographic to one person may appear as benign as December snow to somebody else. I'm sure that there are people who consider the *Song of Songs* in the Bible pornographic. So if it's impossible to even establish a valid definition of something, how can you legislate against it? But even if you could define it, I'd be against censorship: I've never been able to understand the whole obsession with the "evils" of pornography. What possible harm can pornography do? I know some people argue that it falls into the hands of young people and corrupts them, but that's nonsense; any child who reaches the age of 14 is already knowledgeable sexually, even if the only thing he's ever read is *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

PLAYBOY: Though the Supreme Court has considerably liberalized censorship laws in recent years, the Court departed from its tolerant stance in 1966 and upheld the obscenity conviction of publisher Ralph Ginzburg on the grounds that his advertising material—not the contents of his publications—was "titillating." What do you think of the *Ginzburg* ruling?

CAPOTE: The only obscene thing about it was the Court's own decision. But then, nothing this particular Supreme Court does surprises me. Not that I want anybody impeached—except, perhaps, Justice Douglas.

PLAYBOY: Why Douglas?

CAPOTE: I decline to answer, on the grounds that I prefer to be enigmatic.

PLAYBOY: Censorship, of course, is not the only area in which our sexual mores have evolved. In recent years, wife-swapping clubs and correspondence societies catering to offbeat erotic tastes have burgeoned across the country, and some consider this an unhealthy social phenomenon. Do you?

CAPOTE: It's always been going on beneath the surface, and now, with the loosening of censorship regulations, it just appears more obvious. What's new about orgies? The only original development is that people have now begun to select their sexual partners in the most convenient way—by putting an ad in the paper.

PLAYBOY: Those who place such ads sometimes get an unexpected response—from the U.S. Post Office. In recent years, the postal authorities have adopted a policy of opening first-class mail in search of pornography and turning over the offenders for prosecution. How do you feel about this policy?

CAPOTE: It's disgraceful. The Post Office's sole function, after all, is to ensure the delivery of mail—not to interfere with its contents. But they have arrogated this right to themselves and, as a result, have caused intense personal suffering for countless people. To give a case in point, a very good friend of mine was the late Professor Newton Arvin of Smith College, who was one of the foremost distinguished American literary critics of the century and has been cited as such by Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling and many others. One of Professor Arvin's hobbies was the collecting of pornography, which he frequently ordered through the mail—a perfectly harmless pursuit, as far as I'm concerned. But the defenders of public morality who run the Northampton, Massachusetts, Post Office began opening his first-class mail—in violation of the law—and then resealing it and sending it on to him. Finally, after a few months of this

surveillance, they went to his home with a search warrant, turned the premises upside down, impounded Professor Arvin's collection of pornography and arrested him. Though he could have been sent to jail for several years for the "crime" of possessing pornography, he pleaded guilty and was allowed to go free on probation. But the episode ruined his life and his career; Smith College tried to be decent, but they had to release him because of the publicity surrounding his arrest, and no other university would give him a position. So this charming, brilliant, civilized individual, one of America's four or five finest critics, died in shadow. And I'm afraid this kind of thing is going on every day. Only two things can correct it: the passage of legislation allowing a person to possess pornography if he so desires and the institution of measures preventing the Post Office from snooping into the mail of private citizens.

PLAYBOY: As you know, the Post Office isn't alone in invading the citizen's privacy. Vance Packard and other social critics, joined recently by Senator Edward Long, have warned that similar privacy invasions—by electronic eavesdropping, Internal Revenue Service investigations, Government "security" checks, intensive psychometric testing for job placement, etc.—are subtly ushering us into the age of Big Brother. Do you agree?

CAPOTE: I couldn't agree more. I think this systematic invasion of privacy is one of the most dangerous developments of the past 15 years, and I wish the public would become more exercised about it. There's no reason why we should meekly submit to this kind of creeping totalitarianism. But as it stands right now, Big Brother is having a field day.

PLAYBOY: The Post Office's attempts to sanitize the mail, as well as the *Ginzburg* decision, appear to constitute the rearguard stand of traditionalism in its campaign against the so-called new morality, midwifed by the pill and the re-examination of sexual mores that began with the Kinsey Report. Do you consider this new morality a positive development?

CAPOTE: I certainly do. Anything that frees people of fear and makes them less inhibited is a damn good thing. Of course, I've read recently about various researchers who have polled college students across the country and discovered that today's girls aren't really any more lenient than girls 30 years ago, but I just don't believe it. There *is* a new morality; it was bound to happen, and I'm delighted it did.

PLAYBOY: One of the early fictional precursors of this trend was your own Holly Golightly, the heroine of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Would you elaborate on your comment that Holly was the prototype of today's liberated female and representative of "a whole breed of girls who live off men but are not prostitutes. They're our version of the geisha girl."?

CAPOTE: Holly Golightly was not precisely a callgirl. She had no job, but accompanied expense-account men to the best restaurants and night clubs, with the understanding that her escort was obligated to give her some sort of gift, perhaps jewelry or a check. Holly was always running to the girl's room and asking her date, "May I have a little powder-room change?" And the man would give her $50. Usually, her escort was a married man from out of town who was lonely, and she would flatter him and make a good impression on his associates, but there was no emotional involvement on either side; the girl expected nothing but a present and the man nothing but some good company and ego bolstering—although if she felt like it, she might take her escort home for the night. So these girls are the authentic American geishas, and they're much more prevalent now than in 1943 or 1944, which was Holly's era. Every year, New York is flooded with these girls; and two or three, usually models, always become prominent and get their names in the gossip columns and are seen in all the prominent places with all the Beautiful People. And then they fade away and marry some accountant or dentist, and a new crop of girls arrives from Michigan or South Carolina and the process starts all over again. The main reason I wrote about Holly, outside of the fact that I liked her so much, was that she was such a symbol of all these girls who come to New York and spin in the sun for a moment like May flies and then disappear. I wanted to rescue one girl from that anonymity and preserve her for posterity.

PLAYBOY: Shortly after publication of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, a writer named Bonnie Golightly sued you for $800,000, on the grounds that she was the real-life inspiration for your fictional heroine. At least four other New York girls about town countered with the claim that *they* were the prototype of Holly. Was the

"Get lost!"

characterization of Holly based on a real person?

CAPOTE: Yes, but not on any of the people you refer to. The real Holly Golightly was a girl exactly like the girl in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, with the single exception that in the book she comes from Texas, whereas the real Holly was a German refugee who arrived in New York at the beginning of the War, when she was 17 years old. Very few people were aware of this, however, because she spoke English without any trace of an accent. She had an apartment in the brownstone where I lived and we became great friends. Everything I wrote about her is literally true—not about her friendship with a gangster called Sally Tomato and all that, but everything about her personality and her approach to life, even the most apparently preposterous parts of the book. For instance, do you remember, in the beginning, where a man comes into a bar with photographs of an African wood carving of a girl's head he had found in the jungle and the girl could only be Holly? Well, my real-life Holly did disappear into Portuguese Africa and was never heard from again. But after the War, a man named John La Touche, a well-known song lyricist and writer, traveled to the Belgian Congo to make a documentary film; and in a jungle village he discovered this wooden head carving of Holly. It's all the evidence of her existence that remains.

PLAYBOY: Holly Golightly alludes to her onetime Lesbian roommate and obliquely expresses a sexual interest in other women. Was Holly a Lesbian?

CAPOTE: Let's leave Holly out of it. It's a well-known fact that *most* prostitutes are Lesbians—at least 80 percent of them, in any case. And so are a great many of the models and showgirls in New York; just off the top of my head, I can think of three top professional models who are Lesbians. Of course, there's a Lesbian component in every woman, but what intrigues me is the heterosexual male's fascination with Lesbians. I find it extraordinary that so many men I know consider Lesbian women exciting and attractive; among their most treasured erotic dreams is the idea of going to bed with two Lesbians. These men seem to find the role of voyeur in that kind of *ménage à trois* irresistible. It's a curious phenomenon. I don't know precisely what accounts for it, but it's certainly one of the most widespread male erotic fantasies I've encountered.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the livelihood of Manhattan's Holly Golightlys being threatened by the increasing influx of "amateur" bachelor girls who come to New York in search of fun and games as well as careers and husbands?

CAPOTE: Oh, yes. All these bars along Second and Third avenues, with names like The Little Jolly Brown Jug, are packed with airline stewardesses and miniskirted secretaries waiting to be picked up by some guy. And when *they* ask for change for the powder room, they only expect a quarter.

PLAYBOY: Do you think prostitution should be legalized?

CAPOTE: Why not? It goes on all the time anyway, and the laws we have on the books certainly do nothing to restrict it. There are more prostitutes in New York today than there have ever been; you can hardly walk down Broadway without being propositioned. If it were legalized, there would be hygienic centers where the girls could be inspected to check the spread of venereal disease, and perhaps prostitutes could be localized in certain designated areas of the city where they could be supervised by the authorities. What's more, the Government would have an additional source of tax revenue. But as it stands today, it's like Prohibition; people will go on drinking bad whiskey, so why not remove the restrictions and let them drink *good* whiskey? It's all so hypocritical. The last stand of puritanism is in our lawbooks; a considerable percentage of the population has freed itself of the old taboos, but laws always lag behind reality. So let's change the laws.

PLAYBOY: Your position on such questions as capital punishment, censorship and prostitution would seem to fall under the traditional liberal classification; but on other issues, such as the Supreme Court rulings on the rights of suspects in criminal cases, you adopt an essentially conservative stance. Where would you place yourself on the political spectrum —right, left or center?

CAPOTE: Nowhere. I have never considered myself right, left or center. On some issues, such as law enforcement, I do sound like a Birchite; and on others, more like Fidel Castro after two quarts of Appleton's rum. I never label myself; I decide how I feel about a specific political issue on its own merits, without evaluating everything from a rigid ideological position. As a result, my opinions don't always add up to a harmonious whole, but I've never known anybody altogether consistent who wasn't either a psychopath or a cretin—or both. To take a case in point, I have never been able to understand a group like the John Birch Society. I know three or four admitted Birchites and have discussed politics with them, and I find their position totally unrealistic; anybody who is so rigidly consistent about such a complex question as communism, say, is just a fanatic. I don't believe there can be any genuinely intelligent approach to a given issue unless one has a great mental flexibility, and the trouble with all these far-right and far-left mentalities is that they can encompass only one side of an argument and are congenitally incapable of holding two opinions in their heads at the same time. Of course, the middle-of-the-roader isn't always correct, either, because sometimes an extreme left- or right-wing opinion happens to be correct; you have to pick and choose. Anybody who is consistently middle-of-the-road is just another type of extremist; you can't always straddle the fence.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that a writer should be *l'homme engagé*, as Sartre put it, deeply committed to the social and political issues of his time? Or should he write only about what he subjectively perceives and not become involved in political controversy?

CAPOTE: I prefer not to become involved in politics. But there are certain writer-intellectuals—words that don't necessarily cohabit—whose sole distinction is their treatment of political and sociological subjects. Usually, these are men who can brilliantly perceive abstractions—and usually they are *not* artists. The essay is their natural medium, not poetry or narrative prose. Camus did manage to combine artistry with the *homme engagé* concept, with some success; also Malraux. But not Sartre. He's an interesting philosophical theoretician, but he is definitely *not* an artist. His novels are on a par with those of Simone de Beauvoir; together they constitute the dullest of intellectual vaudeville teams.

PLAYBOY: One of your few ventures into politics occurred in 1961, when you became a sponsor of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and signed a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* exhorting Washington to adopt a more conciliatory attitude toward the Castro regime. Do you regret your association with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee?

CAPOTE: Yes, I do. I'm sorry I signed that advertisement. But at the time, I honestly thought Castro was an admirable young insurgent who was being unjustly abused in the American press. So when I was asked to sign this Fair Play for Cuba advertisement, I agreed, although only on the condition that the committee assure me they were paying for the space themselves, without any assistance from the Castro government. They swore they were just a legitimate organization with no ties to Havana, so I lent them my name. But some time afterward, I discovered that the advertisement *had* been paid for by the Cuban government; the money was passed in cash to the Fair Play organizers by Raulito Roa, the son of Cuba's foreign minister. Naturally, I felt that the officers of the committee had been deceitful and unscrupulous, and I regret ever getting involved with them.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the duplicity of the advertisement's sponsors, do you now also disagree with the opinions expressed in the ad? Or do you still feel that the hostile American attitude toward Castro forced him into the arms of Russia?

CAPOTE: I suppose that may be true to

"Hey, big daddy—remember that crazy Happening you had a few months ago . . . ?"

some extent, but I now believe that Castro was a Communist from the very beginning and was lying when he styled himself a democratic agrarian reformer. I'm just sorry I believed him; I even believed Che Guevara's disavowals. There's little doubt that sooner or later, whatever Washington's attitude, Castro would have declared his government Communist and at that point would have had no alternative but to turn to Russia and the Communist bloc for support. But it is possible that if both sides had shown more forbearance, we might never have gotten trapped into such a bitterly hostile relationship. After all, there are nationalistic variants of communism, and it's much better to coexist with a country like Yugoslavia than live in a state of antagonism, as we do today with Cuba.

PLAYBOY: Senator Fulbright contends that the Cold War has frozen us into an unrealistically rigid attitude toward world communism and has conditioned the public to view every Communist state as our mortal enemy, thus inhibiting the flexibility of our foreign policy and increasing the likelihood of war. Do you feel that's true?

CAPOTE: Yes, but I think that in recent years the United States Government has improved relations with Russia considerably and now *does* have a much more flexible attitude toward the Communist states. We are now peacefully coexisting with Russia to a degree that would have seemed impossible to most people ten years ago. And I think the central reason is China; both Washington and Moscow understand the threat posed by China, Russia even more than the United States. If we have mended our fences, it's primarily because both countries fear China more than each other. That's the main thing that keeps the thaw going.

PLAYBOY: Critics of American involvement in the war in Vietnam fear it will escalate into a confrontation with China that could precipitate World War Three. For this and other reasons, they urge an immediate cessation of hostilities and withdrawal of U.S. troops, unilaterally, if necessary. Do you agree?

CAPOTE: I can't give you a pat dove-hawk answer, because my preoccupations with the war are primarily emotional, not political. I think both sides, Hanoi and Washington, are terribly, tragically wrong. And the mistakes of statesmen are always written in young men's blood.

PLAYBOY: Many artists and writers, including Robert Lowell and Arthur Miller, have boycotted White House cultural events to express their abhorrence of the war. Do you believe an artist should demonstrate his opposition to Government policy in such a manner?

CAPOTE: No. The issuance of an invitation is a private matter and its acceptance or rejection should also be private. Robert Lowell is a friend of mine and I have the greatest respect for him as a man and as an artist, but I think he was mistaken to publicly announce what by any standard of good manners should have been a privately conveyed regret. This has nothing to do with dissent, mind you, just good manners. But let me add that if Lowell really felt deeply that this was the best way to dramatize his opposition to the war, then that is his right, his freedom, his manhood—and to hell with etiquette. I just would have handled it differently.

PLAYBOY: Opponents of the Vietnam conflict, from Bertrand Russell to Senator Eugene McCarthy, are united in their condemnation of Lyndon Johnson and his conduct of the war. Do you share their estimation of the President?

CAPOTE: I think the attitude of the press and the intelligentsia toward him is unfair. He's the most maligned man since Lincoln. The President is confronting and dealing with situations on the basis of information to which the rest of us have no access; it's always easy to condemn a course of action when you're unaware of the hard facts on which it's based. Of course, it can be argued that our very lack of inside information is in itself an indictment of this man's Administration, but that is to totally ignore the tactics of our political opponents. President Johnson is a pragmatist who handles our interests without subtlety—but with a realism that requires a certain emotional control that I respect.

PLAYBOY: President Johnson's critics contend that he has deliberately misled the public, particularly in regard to the war in Vietnam, and has thus created a serious credibility gap. Do you agree?

CAPOTE: It's true that the Administration has made promises about Vietnam that haven't been fulfilled, but that doesn't mean there's any conscious deceit involved. For example, McNamara predicted that U.S. troops would be out of Vietnam by the end of 1965; but did it ever occur to you that at the time he made the statement he really thought those troops *would* be leaving? Just because things don't happen doesn't necessarily mean they weren't said in good faith the first time round; you can promise something and have every reason to believe it's true when you say it and place all your faith in it and then find that new developments change the

"Takes some of the incentive out of being a virgin, doesn't it?"

whole situation and dictate a new course of action. President Johnson may be mistaken in some of his policies, but I don't believe he has been deliberately lying.

PLAYBOY: To cite a specific instance, *Newsweek*'s White House correspondent Charles Roberts and former Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Roger Hillsman have both reported that Johnson made the decision to escalate the war and bomb North Vietnam as early as December 1963 but withheld this information from the public until after the election so that he could counter Goldwater's hawkish campaign appeals with a promise to limit the war "and not go north." Isn't this an example of the so-called credibility gap?

CAPOTE: If it's true, yes.

PLAYBOY: Recent Presidential preference polls have shown both New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller and California Governor Ronald Reagan running close to President Johnson. What do you think of the two men as possible candidates?

CAPOTE: Well, Rockefeller is definitely back in contention for the 1968 Republican Presidential nomination. And I hope he gets it, too. He certainly deserves it. Without a doubt, he's the ablest man the Republicans could offer. As for Ronald Reagan, I met him recently for the first time and he's really a disarming fellow, not just the California aberration all the *cognoscenti* seem to think. He's a modest man with a genuine sense of self-deprecating humor and he talks easily, with a certain relaxed alertness, on quite a wide range of subjects. While he may not be my own choice politically, I can certainly understand why he appeals to the California voter. Don't underestimate him.

PLAYBOY: President Johnson's main rival within the Democratic Party is Senator Robert F. Kennedy, a personal friend of yours. How would you answer the charges of such political commentators as Victor Lasky and Ralph de Toledano that Senator Kennedy is ruthless and power hungry?

CAPOTE: Have you ever met a politician who wasn't? Actually, I think this particular Senator is quite considerate of other people's feelings and, on certain occasions, is even more loyal to those feelings than to the pursuit of his own ambition.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe Kennedy intends to run for the Presidency in either 1968 or 1972?

CAPOTE: 1972. But who really knows?

PLAYBOY: Do you think he'd make a good President?

CAPOTE: If Bob Kennedy were elected President, it would be rather like a career diplomat who starts out in the Foreign Service as a clerk and is finally appointed an ambassador; it's a post he's been trained for all his life, just as Bob Kennedy has been trained for the Presidency. Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean he'll ever get it, but he is certainly fully equipped for the job.

"He can't see you now—we're playing doctor."

PLAYBOY: R. F. K.'s critics warn that his past actions—including his work for Joe McCarthy and his hounding of Jimmy Hoffa—would make him a dangerously authoritarian President likely to run roughshod over the civil liberties of his opponents. Do you feel that this is a valid apprehension?

CAPOTE: No, because Bob Kennedy would certainly be no worse in this respect than any of the other likely contenders for the Presidency. If he were to become President, I think his sense of responsibility would rise to the altitude of his position. That's what happens to most people who are elected to high office; they become acutely aware of their own power and the responsibilities it entails and they learn how to gauge and apply it. I don't think Bob Kennedy is a ruthless or malicious person at all. He is human and, when he gets riled, he wants to go after his enemies; who doesn't?

PLAYBOY: One former associate of Kennedy's who is unlikely to agree with your evaluation of him is William Manchester. What did you think of his book *The Death of a President*?

CAPOTE: This has nothing to do with my friendship for the Kennedys, but the book is a literary and historic disaster.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the literary merits of Manchester's book, do you feel that Robert Kennedy behaved properly throughout the affair?

CAPOTE: I certainly do. What else could he have done? The Kennedy family commissioned the book; they requested certain conditions and Manchester signed a statement promising to respect those conditions—and then turned around and broke the agreement. Manchester could never have done the book without the assistance of the Kennedys and he was honor bound to abide by his word and respect their feelings. Of course, I don't think Bob Kennedy would ever have gotten involved in the whole mess except for Mrs. Kennedy; he was, in effect, coming to her defense. But I think that he behaved as a good brother-in-law and as a man standing up for his own rights. I have never been able to understand the attitude of the press toward the controversy. Manchester made an agreement and then didn't live up to it. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: Even if Manchester did fail to honor his agreement, do you think the Kennedys had any right to exact such conditions? Weren't they, in effect, demanding censorship of history?

CAPOTE: No, they weren't. Bob Kennedy had every right to insist on certain conditions, since the Kennedy family was supplying the relevant material to Manchester, speaking freely to him and ensuring that others spoke freely to him. The Kennedys *gave* the book to him, in return for his word that he would grant them a measure of editorial control. Manchester had the right to accept or reject those conditions at the outset; but he had *no* right, ethically or legally, to accept them when it was convenient and then reject them after he had gotten all he needed from the Kennedys. This all boils down to a simple question of contract. If a publisher negotiates a contract with me, he has every right to say, "Now, Truman, I want 60 percent of this material in the book and 40 percent of that." If I sign such a contract, I have to fulfill my obligations. If I don't fulfill them and my publisher insists that I stick to the terms of our contract, I certainly would have no right to holler that my muse was being violated.

PLAYBOY: But this book was an examination of the circumstances surrounding

the assassination of the President of the United States—and the facts of that tragedy belong to the public. Some feel that Manchester had a higher obligation to the truth than to his agreement with the Kennedy family. Do you disagree?

CAPOTE: Manchester had a higher obligation, all right—to the Book-of-the-Month Club, *Look* magazine and his accountants. But the most important point here is that the Kennedys were never thinking in such terms about Manchester's book; they didn't envision him doing a definitive, deathless study of the Kennedy assassination that would be pored over by scholars 300 years from now. They just didn't consider it a historical project; that task they left to Arthur Schlesinger, a highly competent historian who is compiling a comprehensive examination of the assassination for the Kennedy Library, to be released some years from now. The Kennedys asked Manchester to do a popular book on the subject because a slew of third-rate journalists had expressed their intentions to do the literary equivalent of those ghoulish J. F. K. memorabilia gimcracks that blossomed on the market after the assassination. To head off an onslaught of such commercial trash, the Kennedys contacted Manchester and provided him with information that was denied all other journalists. Bob Kennedy and Jacqueline Kennedy hoped that by cooperating with Manchester, they would prevent a lot of people from making money out of their brother and husband's death. Instead, they lost their privacy and made him rich.

PLAYBOY: Manchester generally confirmed the conclusions of the Warren Report, but its findings have been under heavy fire recently from best-selling author Mark Lane and New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, among others. What's your opinion of the Warren Report and the current controversy raging over it?

CAPOTE: The Warren Report is correct. Oswald, acting alone, killed the President. And that's it.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, a whole body of literature has sprung up challenging the Warren Commission's conclusions on the assassination. In addition to Lane, such authors as Edward Epstein, Sylvia Meagher, Leo Sauvage, Josiah Thompson and Harold Weisberg have examined in depth the Commission's own evidence and discovered many contradictions and discrepancies. Don't you think these critics have scored some valid points against the Warren Commission?

CAPOTE: Of course they've scored some points. Obviously, there are many mistakes in the Warren Report, generally minor technical errors and omissions. The Report isn't Holy Writ, after all. But I've read three or four of the most prominent books critical of the Commission, and I've also read the Warren Report, and by every rule of logic and sanity I believe the Report is correct in all its essentials. I'm unable to understand why any intelligent and objective person cannot clearly see the basic correctness of the Warren Report. But I *do* understand very well all this nit-picking and speculation that's going on, because most of it is monetary; a bunch of vultures has discovered that pecking at the carrion of a dead President is an easy way to make a living.

PLAYBOY: If the authors of books critical of the Warren Commission are just "nit-picking," what about Garrison's claim to have discovered a well-organized assassination plot? Do you exclude the possibility that he's on to something?

CAPOTE: Mr. Garrison is on to something, all right—a good press agent. As far as I'm concerned, Garrison is a man on the make politically who's seized hold of this alleged conspiracy as a method of advancing his career. But I think he bit off more than he can chew and is now forced to ride the thing to the dirty end. I'll bet Garrison is sorry he ever started his so-called investigation.

PLAYBOY: Garrison answers the charge that he is politically motivated by arguing that an ambitious man would never crawl out on such a limb unless he had the facts to back him up. If Garrison doesn't have a case, why would he have started something that could only discredit him and scuttle his career?

CAPOTE: Well, if he really does have some cards up his sleeve, why doesn't he show them to us? I'm convinced his whole "case" is a lot of hot air. If Garrison really does have anything at all to back up his charges, it will be a great surprise to me. I think he's a faker.

PLAYBOY: Garrison contends that it's not his job to show his cards in public but to prove his case in a court of law. By not allowing his charges to stand or fall in court, aren't you prejudging the case?

CAPOTE: Of course I'm prejudging the case, for the simple reason that I don't believe he *has* any case. The man has behaved with outrageous irresponsibility, caused great emotional damage to a number of innocent people and, in general, conducted himself in a manner that makes Huey Long look like Orphan Annie. I'm not going to suspend my critical faculties just because the jury hasn't rendered a verdict. And if the jury *did* find Shaw guilty, I would still refuse to believe Garrison has a case. I was born in New Orleans and I know how the courts operate down there. I have about as much faith in New Orleans jurisprudence as I would in a moral-uplift campaign conducted by the local Mafia.

PLAYBOY: Has Robert Kennedy or any other member of the Kennedy family ever expressed to you their feelings about the assassination and the controversy over the Warren Report?

CAPOTE: They never discuss anything to do with the assassination. The feeling of Senator Kennedy and Jacqueline Kennedy is that their brother and husband was murdered and nothing is ever going to change that. The one central fact that matters is that he's gone. Why it happened, how it happened and who did it doesn't concern them.

PLAYBOY: Then Robert Kennedy really knows no more about the assassination and the controversy surrounding it than the average man on the street?

CAPOTE: He doesn't pretend to.

PLAYBOY: The only figure on the right with political sex appeal comparable with that of Bobby Kennedy is William Buckley, who is reported to be considering a crack at the Republican nomination for the New York Senate seat currently held by Jacob Javits. How would you evaluate the "new conservatism" articulated by Buckley and his *National Review*?

CAPOTE: I prefer Buckley to his politics. I see *National Review* only occasionally, but I would say that the four best-edited commercial magazines extant are (1) *The New Yorker*, (2) *Time*, (3) *Vogue* and (4) *National Review*, in that order.

PLAYBOY: Thank you.

CAPOTE: This has nothing to do with the content; it's simply that each has an identifiable editorial approach that is like a signature. Buckley has the hardest row to hoe, but he is one smooth article—clever, logical, witty, almost excessively articulate, with a vocabulary as baroque as an 18th Century Austrian palace. If Buckley were a political candidate, he wouldn't get my vote, but he's certainly one of the live ones—and Forest Lawn has a real franchise on 90 percent of the rest.

PLAYBOY: Although both Buckley and Kennedy number many young political activists among their most ardent admirers, a growing percentage of the so-called under-25 generation that will soon dominate the country's population is refusing to buy its traditional values. Do you share their disenchantment?

CAPOTE: No, but I like today's younger generation. I think they have great verve and creativity and I particularly like their music, as exemplified by such groups as The Doors and the Jefferson Airplane. It's extraordinary and far better than most of the so-called serious music being produced either here or in Europe. Just the other day, I was passing one of those little stores where you buy pop posters and I saw this poster of me together with all the Beatles and a lot of other youngsters. I was delighted; I've never been more flattered.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Timothy Leary and the psychedelic subculture that has sprung up across the country?

CAPOTE: I think Dr. Leary is a thoroughly delightful, harmless do-gooder—a true innocent. His heart is in the right place. But I don't think his theory of understanding oneself and expanding consciousness through psychedelic drugs is

at all valid. Out of my boundless curiosity, I've experimented with LSD myself once or twice, but I haven't derived much benefit from it. My own imagination is psychedelic enough.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with Dr. Leary's contention that the American middle class is hag-ridden by ethical and spiritual hang-ups stemming from the pursuit of mediocrity?

CAPOTE: Well, of course, they're hag-ridden, but not by the *pursuit* of mediocrity; they *are* mediocre. You don't pursue the essence of your being.

PLAYBOY: Would you share the views of those social critics who argue that the mediocrity and materialism of the middle class account for the rising tide of drug-taking, juvenile delinquency and hippie dropouts?

CAPOTE: What society *isn't* totally concerned with materialism? It's not a question of economic systems, either, because Russia is the most materialistic country in the world; everybody, from the Politburo member on down to the street cleaner, is obsessed with consumer commodities and acquisitions. And what else is materialism? Does all this account for the younger generation's rejection of its parents' values? Well, it's a truism that youth revolts against the older generation in one form or another, but a youngster doesn't become a juvenile delinquent just because his parents are bourgeois. The reasons are more intimate. And many things account for the growing use of drugs. In my youth, drugs were just in the offing, a harbinger of the future, and now they're beginning to come into their own. It's inevitable that drugs will play a significant role in life. Alcohol is very *démodé*. Regarding middle-class responsibility for hippie dropouts, my one real criticism of the hippies is that they themselves are so middle-class in their values and so invincibly conformist; they conform about different things, but their insistence on adherence to their own rigid behavioral code, in everything from dress to language, is a form of middle-classism in itself. Of course, almost all of these kids do come from middle-to-upper-class homes, and there would probably never be a hippie if there weren't an Oak Road in Cleveland with a nice white frame house and a neatly pruned garden. Eighty percent of these kids will eventually settle down and there will be a rebellious wave of another kind. Each generation spawns its rebels, but eventually they wander back into the fold and are absorbed. Alas!

PLAYBOY: Some political activists of the New Left are critical of the hippies' turn on, tune in, drop out philosophy, on the grounds that it benefits the power structure by diverting potentially rebellious youths into a harmless Soma world. As Rap Brown put it recently, "When the Federal troops march on Harlem, the hippies will be standing on the corner of 125th Street, handing them daffodils." Do you feel that in a sense the hippie subculture is subtly serving the interests of the establishment?

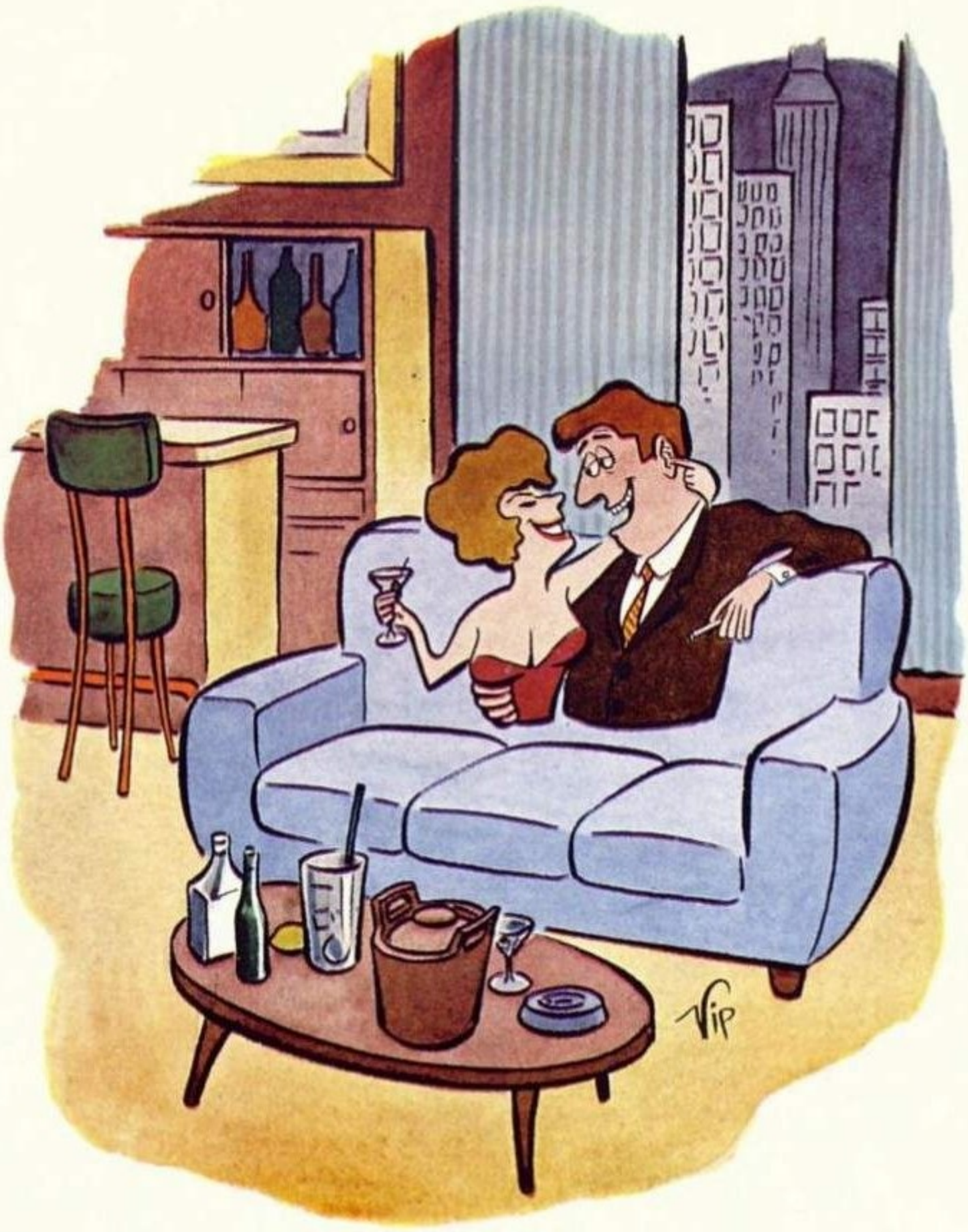
CAPOTE: I can well understand the argument of some radicals that they're contributing nothing whatsoever to a legitimate political rebellion, but that's not what they're all about. They're after something quite different. Theirs is a so-called aesthetic movement, isn't it? Politicians belong in their own union hall, not with the Jefferson Airplane! As far as Rap Brown goes, I'm sure he would rather have people hurling hand grenades than passing out daffodils; he is so incredibly irresponsible in his tactics and utterances as to subvert one's confidence in his capacity for responsible action and thus render him worthless as a leader. It's a pity, too, because both he and Stokely Carmichael are very intelligent. But how can anybody, black or white, rationally back such extremists?

PLAYBOY: Are there any Negro leaders whom you respect?

CAPOTE: There is no leader on the Negro left of any real ability; in fact, there is no leader at all, just a handful of neurotic notoriety seekers who've appointed themselves spokesmen for a few shattered splinter groups and follow the television cameras across the country. There has been only one man of our generation who could have led a united and constructive radical Negro movement: Malcolm X. I always admired Malcolm and I think his assassination was a tragedy. He was an extremely intelligent man and, in the long run, I believe he was quite sensible in his outlook. He could have been a real leader and of great value.

PLAYBOY: Does your dislike of Brown and Carmichael extend to the philosophy of black power they articulate?

CAPOTE: There are only three kinds of real power in our society: economic power, political power and military power. When the phrase "black power" was originally coined, I understood it to



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mean that Negroes would press for the kind of economic power that would automatically generate political power and I considered that a constructive goal. Unfortunately, the very people who first launched the term have perverted it to mean *military* power—the power to kill and burn to achieve one's aims. So if black power means black armies racing through the streets, creating havoc, that certainly does nothing to advance the legitimate political and economic aspirations of the black community. Just the opposite, in fact.

PLAYBOY: Negro militants answer that objection by saying that racism is so endemic in our social structure and so institutionalized in our economy that they have been driven to violence as the only means of dramatizing their demands. Do you think there's any truth in this?

CAPOTE: Well, if they think a few Molotov cocktails are going to bring down the whole system and build something new, I'm afraid they're just indulging in wishful thinking. In any case, I have to deny their basic premise: I don't believe America *is* a hopelessly racist society, despite the awful abuses of the past. Racism is not a problem you find only in America. Look at India, where the caste system determines every person's role in society. The Brahmans at the top are pale-skinned; the untouchables at the bottom are black and it's gradation of color that determines the destiny of the intermediate castes. Take England, which now has an explosive racial situation stemming from the huge colored immigration from the Commonwealth; England has ghettos as bad as Harlem, and Negroes are discriminated against socially and economically. Even Africa has its own intertribal racism. And in those countries where race isn't a pressing problem, you have rigid class divisions, as in Russia. Of course, none of this in any way justifies our own situation, but I think it does demonstrate that racism and exploitation are not a peculiarly American phenomenon but a universal human phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you, yourself, are entirely free of racism?

CAPOTE: Well, I think I am, but who really knows? Emotionally, I *feel* I am, because I have always had the closest personal relationship with Negroes. When I was a child, all the people I cared about, with two exceptions, were Negroes; and I felt an intense pain whenever they were slighted or abused. Of course, most of the white–Negro relationships I witnessed were relatively humane, but then I would walk down the street and see Negroes stepping into the gutter to let white people pass by and I just couldn't comprehend it. Throughout my life I have never had any feeling other than complete identification with colored people who were on any kind of wave length at all with me. It's something that I've stopped thinking about, really. I fully realize, of course, that this is not true of most white people, but I think the argument that *no* whites are free of racism is quite erroneous. But then, on another level, does it really matter if anybody is free of *any* negative feeling about *anything*? No matter how much you love somebody, you know, there's some part of him you don't like.

PLAYBOY: Are you impressed with the work of any of the new Negro writers?

CAPOTE: No. LeRoi Jones, who is a sort of avatar of this trend, is a total fraud, both artistically and politically. I was particularly amused to note that he was recently awarded a Guggenheim fellowship; well, a Guggenheim is something an artist applies for—*begs* for, actually—and if LeRoi Jones so violently hates the white race and all its works, why is he down on his knees pleading for several thousand of Guggenheim's filthy white capitalist dollars? You can't raise riots at the front door and then run around to the back door with an alms cup. He's just another hypocrite.

PLAYBOY: What about James Baldwin?

CAPOTE: He's another story entirely. When I first met him in Paris, he was a literary critic and essayist, and a first-rate one, although it was his fiction that saved him from starvation. But I think it is as an essayist that he will survive. You know, you've got to remember one thing whenever you discuss writers, white or black: Most people assume that because a man is a writer, he must, a priori, be intelligent. Not at all. It's possible to be greatly gifted and grievously stupid. For example, two of America's four leading playwrights are exceedingly dumb. But Jimmy Baldwin is one writer who is also a deeply intelligent man.

PLAYBOY: Who are the two "exceedingly dumb" playwrights you refer to?

CAPOTE: No comment. I want to have a few friends left after this interview!

PLAYBOY: Irrespective of their I.Q. ratings, whom do you consider the most able contemporary American playwrights?

CAPOTE: Tennessee Williams and Edward Albee.

PLAYBOY: Are there any authors on the current literary scene whom you consider truly great?

CAPOTE: Yes. Truman Capote. There are a number of others who, while not quite in this exalted orbit, are still commendable: Norman Mailer and Bill Styron and Katherine Anne Porter and my friends Glenway Wescott and Jack Dunphy and Donald Windham and Harper Lee, and writers like Jimmy Baldwin and Jane Bowles and the late Flannery O'Connor and Carson McCullers. I also think John Updike is a gifted fellow. Norman Mailer says he can't write, but in fact he can, and beautifully, although he doesn't write *about* anything; reading Updike is like trying to grab a piece of smoke.

PLAYBOY: For many years, American let-

ters seemed dominated by Southern writers, but, as you have said, "during the last ten years the large percentage of the more talented American writers are urban Jewish intellectuals." How do you feel about this shift in ethnic, geographic and literary emphasis?

CAPOTE: Well, it has brought about the rise of what I call the Jewish Mafia in American letters. This is a clique of New York–oriented writers and critics who control much of the literary scene through the influence of the quarterlies and intellectual magazines. All these publications are Jewish-dominated and this particular coterie employs them to make or break writers by advancing or withholding attention. I don't think there's any conscious, sinister conspiracy on their part—just a determination to see that members of their particular clique rise to the top. Bernard Malamud and Saul Bellow and Philip Roth and Isaac Bashevis Singer and Norman Mailer are all fine writers, but they're not the *only* writers in the country, as the Jewish literary Mafia would have us believe. I could give you a list of excellent writers, such as John Knowles and Vance Bourjaily and James Purdy and Donald Windham and Reynolds Price and James Leo Herlihy and Calder Willingham and John Hawkes and William Goyen; the odds are you haven't heard of most of them, for the simple reason that the Jewish Mafia has systematically frozen them out of the literary scene. Now, mind you, I'm not against any particular group adhering to its own literary values and advancing its own favored authors; such cliques have always existed in American letters. I only object when any one particular group—and it could just as well be Southern, or Roman Catholic, or Marxist, or vegetarian—gets a strangle hold on American criticism and squeezes out anybody who doesn't conform to its own standards. It's fine to write about specifically Jewish problems, and it often makes valid and exciting literature—but the people who have other messages to convey, other styles and other backgrounds should also be given a chance. Today, because of the predominance of the Jewish Mafia, they're not being given that opportunity. This is something everyone in the literary world knows but never writes about.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you opening yourself up to a charge of anti-Semitism?

CAPOTE: No, because anti-Semitism has nothing to do with it. As I've already indicated, I would be just as opposed to a clique of white Anglo-Saxon Protestant authors and critics exercising exclusive control over American letters and excluding talented Jewish writers. I'm against ghettoization from *any* source. And let me point out that this Jewish Mafia is based more on a state of mind than on race; gentile writers such as Dwight MacDonald who toe the line are made honorary members, while gifted Jewish writers are read out of the club for nonconformity. Irwin Shaw, for example, an excellent writer of Jewish origin, has been damaged by the Jewish Mafia, which has studiously ignored him, despite the fact that his early short stories are superior to any of the contemporary idols. Almost as many Jewish writers as gentiles have suffered at their hands. The ax falls, ecumenically, on the head of anybody, Jew or gentile, who doesn't share this group's parochial preoccupations. The regrettable aspect of all this is that there is so much room for diversity, plenty of space for everybody, if the Jewish Mafia could only accept that other people exist.

PLAYBOY: Mary McCarthy has said that American letters, Jewish and gentile alike, represent "the mirror on the whorehouse ceiling." Do you think that the current literary preoccupation with violence, sexual perversion, mental illness and death is a sign of decadence?

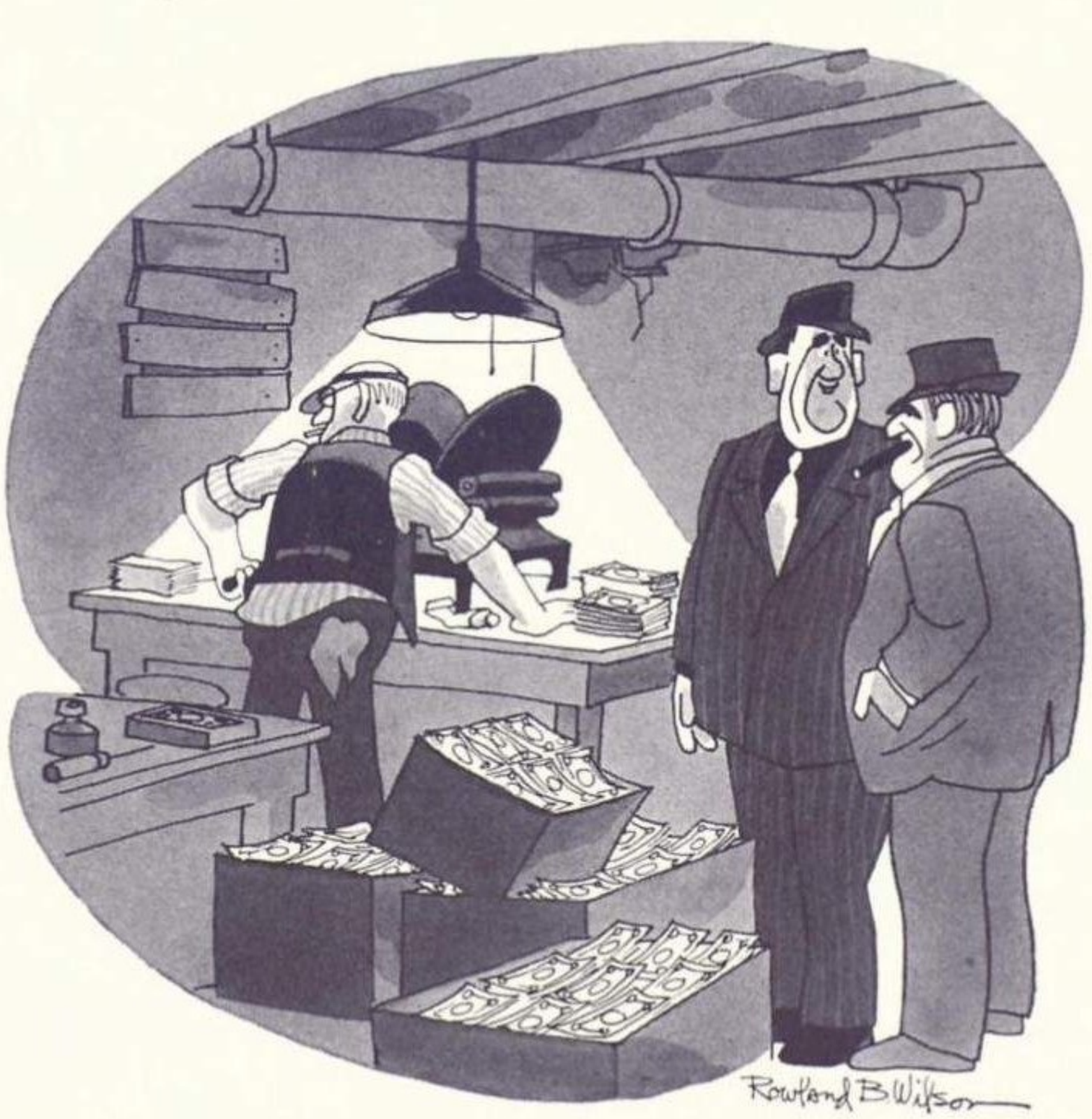
CAPOTE: Can you tell me of any age that hasn't been preoccupied with violence, sex and death? Was Shakespeare decadent? Society today is greatly more relaxed, especially sexually, and at least in that one area shows encouraging progress. Progress, of course, is often misinterpreted as decadence.

PLAYBOY: This process of relaxation has been particularly pronounced in Hollywood, which in the past few years has dealt candidly with such hitherto taboo subjects as incest, homosexuality and nymphomania. But the old Production Code still prevailed in 1961, when your novelette *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was adapted for the screen, and its heroine was transmogrified from a pseudo prostitute to a flighty but inwardly untrammeled ingénue. Were you disturbed by this cinematic bowdlerizing?

CAPOTE: Of course. The book was really rather bitter, and Holly Golightly was *real*—a tough character, not an Audrey Hepburn type at all. The film became a mawkish valentine to New York City and Holly and, as a result, was thin and pretty, whereas it should have been rich and ugly. It bore as much resemblance to my work as the Rockettes do to Ulanova.

PLAYBOY: Is the film version of *In Cold Blood* more faithful to the original?

CAPOTE: Yes, it's as accurate a rendering of the book as I could have hoped, with the single exception that if it were done the way I would *really* have liked, it would have had to be at least nine hours long. As it stands, it runs about two



"He's a man of whom it may truly be said, 'He left the world a richer place.'"

hours; but those two hours are verbatim from the book and brilliantly done. I cooperated fully with Richard Brooks, who directed the film and did the screenplay, and we never had the slightest disagreement. The actors who play Perry Smith and Dick Hickock, by the way, turn in remarkable performances. Even the physical resemblance is uncanny; when I first saw the boy selected to play Smith, it was as if Perry had come back from the grave.

PLAYBOY: In addition to novel and short-story writing, you have also sidelined as a television playwright and adapted two of your works, *House of Flowers* and *The Grass Harp*, for the Broadway stage. Do your writing habits vary with each project or remain essentially uniform?

CAPOTE: They vary, but according to my personal habits rather than the medium in which I'm working. I used to write from midnight until five or six in the morning, but now I write only during the day. For the past ten years, my schedule has been to work eight months out of the year, separated into four-month periods, with a two-month interlude between each stretch. I still work during these "vacations," of course, but not with the same intensity. During my work bouts, I run a very tight ship; an artist, in my opinion, has to be as healthy and disciplined as a champion athlete. I go to bed at ten in the evening, get up at five, start work at six, stop at ten or eleven and attend to my correspondence—a heavy burden, yet I feel guilty not answering a letter, even though I can manage only one out of ten—have lunch at one, take a nap, then read or take a stroll, work again from five to seven, have several drinks, dinner, go to bed and start the cycle all over again.

PLAYBOY: How do you outline and organize your books?

CAPOTE: I've always had the illusion that a story or a novel springs into my mind *in toto*—plot, characters, scenes, dialog, everything—all in one long rush. Whether this is really true or not I don't know, but it certainly *seems* as if this is what happens. I suppose all good writing involves a tapping of the subconscious, and perhaps in my case, the process is a bit more instantaneous. But once I start to write a story or a novel, I have it very thoroughly outlined in my mind and often down on paper in considerable detail, too. I occasionally deviate from these outlines when I see a means of improving on them, but I generally follow them quite closely. Frequently, before I even write the opening words of a book, I will have written bits and pieces that fall one third of the way through, or halfway through, or at the very end; and as I write, I fit all these segments together into a kind of mosaic. The most important question in my mind is always: How does it end? I try to have the concluding two or three pages written before I start the book, because that's what I'm driving toward from the very beginning and I always want to keep the book's central point clear. But the writing of a novel is such a complex and intimate process that you can't really recite it like a formula.

PLAYBOY: You're reported to be working on a new novel called *Answered Prayers*, with a theme revolving around a statement by Saint Theresa that "More tears are shed over answered prayers than unanswered ones." Does this indicate a return from the nonfiction novel to more traditional literary forms?

CAPOTE: Well, this book is rather a *roman à clef*, drawn from life yet suffused with fictional elements and partaking of both my reportorial abilities and imaginative gifts. However, this doesn't mean that I've abandoned the nonfiction novel in its purest form. In fact, I have one in the works right now. The subject matter is very ordinary and the color tone is gray-pastel; but if I can bring it off, I think I will have proved once and for all the point that journalism, regardless of its subject matter, is capable of reaching an artistic level equal to the most superior fiction. Not *better*, but equal.

PLAYBOY: When you're not working, you enjoy a highly publicized social life that crescendoed with that masked ball you held late in 1966 at New York's Plaza Hotel. But there were those who frowned on the opulence of the affair. Drew Pearson, for example, criticized the ball for being in poor taste when Americans were dying in Vietnam and racial violence was wracking the nation's ghettos. Pearson wrote, "If a fraction of the money spent on the fantastic New York party were spent on curing juvenile delinquency, there would have been no Perry Smith or Dick Hickock to commit one of the most cold-blooded murders in Midwest history." How would you reply to Pearson?

CAPOTE: The gentleman guilty of "poor taste" is Mr. Pearson. To supply the background, my party was given in honor of Mrs. Katharine Graham, a close friend of mine who publishes the *Washington Post*. I asked Mrs. Graham whom she wanted invited from Washington, and she supplied a list of 20 or so people, including Mr. Drew Pearson. So here you have a person attending a private dance because he is acquainted with the guest of honor and who then hurries to his typewriter and produces a column acutely critical of both his host and his fellow guests. If that's not dubious taste, I don't know what is. As to the substance of his criticism—what there is of it—is someone automatically blind to social injustice just because he chooses to have a private party for his friends? If so, we might as well declare a moratorium on all social events until the millennium. And remember, although this particular party was accorded an inordinate amount of attention, there are parties given every day of the week that are many times more extravagant, and nobody bothers to comment on them. As far as I'm concerned, this was a private occasion and nobody's business but mine.

PLAYBOY: In the aftermath of your masked ball, one critic commented that your busy social life actually derives from your own essential loneliness. Many of the characters in your earlier fiction, which you have indicated was subconsciously autobiographical, have a great tenderness and capacity to love and an almost commensurate inability to express that love. Do you feel you may have the same problem?

CAPOTE: Oh, no! I've always been able to communicate my feelings to anybody I care about. I'm really a very warm person, although you might have trouble believing it from some of my answers to your questions. But for those who have my affection, I sing a different tune altogether. If I really like somebody, they *know* it.

PLAYBOY: Has your personal happiness matched your professional success?

CAPOTE: Well, I'll only say I'm not an *un*happy person. I don't know *anybody* whom I could honestly say I considered happy. Anybody who is totally happy would have to be incredibly stupid. Only imbeciles and sweet idiots wandering around in the sunshine of a spring day are happy.

PLAYBOY: If you had the power to live your life over again, would you still select writing as your profession?

CAPOTE: Quite frankly, I think I could have done well at anything I set my mind to. I would have made a first-rate lawyer and I certainly could have done extremely well in business; if my concern had been to make money, I'd be one of the richest men in the world. The reason is that I have the ability to concentrate completely on one thing at a time and I also have discipline and a unique memory. It just so happened that from my childhood on, the thing that was always riding the top of my mind and dominating my inner self was art and creativity and writing. So I became an artist. But I believe that I could have accomplished anything I wanted to.

PLAYBOY: Somerset Maugham once called you "the hope of modern literature." Looking back on the past 20 years of your career, do you think you've realized your full creative potential?

CAPOTE: Of course not. I've always been too preoccupied with technique and the acquisition of a virtuoso apparatus; that's the principal reason the fields I've worked in have been so varied. And the result is that I've exposed far too few layers of my actual knowledge and perception. I'm 43, so perhaps, if luck allows and discipline holds, I will have time to arrive at higher altitudes, where the air is thin but the view exhilarating.

CABLE FROM MR. MENZIES

(continued from page 78)

then he added: "Are you married, Dr. Dickinson?"

"Yes," I said. "One wife, one child."

The humor of the one wife was lost on Mr. Menzies, who had three. But his voice was tender when he said, "They are with you in Paris, of course?"

I explained, rather apologetically, that they were in Washington, and why. "But, good God, Dr. Dickinson, you must have them *join* you," said Mr. Menzies; and if his voice had been tender when he had *first* broached the subject of my family life, it was positively melting with concern now. "You must cable them *immediately*." He thought this over for a moment and decided it was by no means enough. With wrinkled forehead, he walked to the telephone, lifted the receiver and spoke firmly in English: "Take a cable, please."

A humbler traveler, less experienced in the habit of command, might well have wondered whether the switchboard operator understood English or would accept a cable that was not delivered to her in writing. Mr. Menzies knew better. "The cable is for Dickinson," he said with authority, and then he added in a softly voiced aside: "What's your wife's first name, Dr. Dickinson?"

"Ruth," I said, taken aback.

"Mrs. Ruth Dickinson," he said. "The address is—— What's the address, Dr. Dickinson?"

"467 N Street NW," I said, "Washington, D. C."

Mr. Menzies repeated the address and proceeded to dictate:

" 'DARLING I AM WRITING A MOTION PICTURE FOR BOGNOR MENZIES AND WANT YOU TO JOIN ME IMMEDIATELY ROME LOVE. . . .' What's your first name, Dr. Dickinson?"

"Robert," I said.

"Signed 'LOVE—ROBERT,' " said Mr. Menzies. "Will you read that back to me?" He held out the receiver to me so that I could check the text.

"Why Rome?" I asked when the switchboard girl reached the last sentence.

"Beg pardon, sir?" she said.

"Sh," said Mr. Menzies. "I will explain."

"What about my son?" I asked. "We can't leave him behind in Washington."

" 'WHAT ABOUT MY SON,' " the girl repeated. " 'WE CAN'T——' "

"No, no," I said. I was beginning to get panicky. "This doesn't go into the cable."

Mr. Menzies took back the receiver. I was relieved. It was a hot day, but I was perspiring more than the weather warranted. "What's your son's name?" he asked.

"Mike," I said. "Michael David Dickinson."

"Insert after the word 'YOU' the words 'AND MICHAEL,' " said Mr. Menzies. "Then read back the whole text, please." He listened patiently while she complied. Then he added, in answer to some unheard question: "No, not deferred. Not night letter. Send it ordinary. In fact, send it urgent and preferred. Charge my account." He rang off and turned to me. His face was deeply moved. "Dr. Dickinson, one thing one learns in this hurried, miserable and disorganized life which is the film man's burden—to keep one's family together while one can. You must come with me to Madrid tomorrow so that we can talk, and when I start the Bantu film, you must go back to my house in the Alban Hills and do the script on the Moors of Spain in all the peace and comfort which your family and my servants can give you."

He had gone back to the telephone while he was speaking. "Get me another seat on the plane to Madrid tomorrow morning," he said. "For Dr. Robert Dickinson." He hung up without waiting for a reply.

"I have no visa for Spain," I said. "And I can't pack my bags in a few hours . . . and I've got too much baggage for an air journey . . . and, anyway, I've got to wait a few days to hear if the French government will extend my fellowship . . . and I've got no money."

The last was the worst. I had not wanted to admit it, because I had been told that movie people only paid you if they thought you needed no money. If you did need money, you were obviously a man of no talent and therefore not worthy of their attention.

But Mr. Menzies laughed and said: "Don't ever worry about money. All your expenses will be paid. Go home now, pack one suitcase lightly with summer clothes, leave the rest at the hotel, leave your passport with me and meet me here again for breakfast tomorrow morning. My office in Rome will look after your family's passage. Today is the third Sunday in June. I am starting the Bantu film on the first of July. Your wife should arrive in Naples round about the sixth of July. You can meet her there and my chauffeur will drive you back to the house in Rome. The script should take you about six weeks. By mid-August, I'll have finished the location sequence in Kumasi and we can start shooting the first scenes of *The Moors in Spain*. By October we should finish the interiors and in November we should have a first test print. All right?"

"Well . . . yes. . . ." I said. The French fellowship was forgotten. I was dazed. There was something paralyzing about the scope, speed and decision of

"Uh, in your opinion, Mrs. Johnson, which of these two sheets looks whiter?"

Mr. Menzies' operations. And what in the world was the Bantu film that kept cropping up in Mr. Menzies' conversation? If he expected me to supply him with academic advice on the history of Kumasi, he had the wrong man and I would never be able to earn my pay.

"About the Bantu film. . . ." I said.

"Don't worry about that," said Mr. Menzies. "You are our authority on the Moors in Spain. Now run along and be back here tomorrow morning for breakfast."

• • •

Back at breakfast I was, and that afternoon we were in Madrid; and for three of the most exciting weeks of my life, Mr. Menzies and I drove and walked and rode all over Spain in the track of the vanished civilization that had provided me with 15 years' food for thought and study. Without Mr. Menzies, I would never have been able to see all I wanted to see: Doors opened to him as if by magic, and where my academic introductions failed me, a word from Mr. Menzies to a government official here or a church functionary there always did the trick.

We were not always alone. Mr. Menzies' secretary, the lady with the indefinable accent who had telephoned me in Paris one night at three o'clock, joined us in Toledo. The Armenian gentleman who had welcomed me in a dressing gown at the Hotel George-V in Paris joined us in Seville. And a charming young lady, who had just won a beauty contest in Paris, began to take care of Mr. Menzies by the time we reached Barcelona. Nominally, she had joined us to play a part in one of the countless films that Mr. Menzies seemed to be preparing simultaneously, but the film was left unscheduled and since the lady's living expenses were well and amply taken care of, she did not dare ask too many questions about duration of contract, dates of production and other matters that Mr. Menzies found distasteful. Being a European gentleman and a man of sensibility, Mr. Menzies rightly resented his emotional life's being burdened with questions of business; and when it came to discussing financial matters, an expression of such agony usually spread over his boyish face that stronger people than the beauty-contest winner had dropped the subject in shame at their own vulgarity.

If there was one other matter that was as distasteful to Mr. Menzies as money, it was the mechanics of everyday life: He never packed his own bags, never answered the telephone, never picked up his mail and never walked anywhere. Like Queen Victoria, who was in the admirable habit of sitting down without looking whether there was a chair or not (knowing full well that there'd better be one or else), Mr. Menzies had the habit of walking out of hotel rooms without even looking at his baggage, having insured it so heavily that the hotel manager himself would pack it and mail it to distant spots of the globe if Mr. Menzies' own minions weren't around to look after it. There had been so many scenes with furious insurance inspectors that the rumor of Mr. Menzies' foible had spread through the hotels of the world like a spell.

As for the telephone, I came to appreciate that the cable he had phoned through to Ruth from Paris had been altogether exceptional: As a rule, Mr. Menzies treated the telephone like a wild beast that was to be avoided at all costs. Even in his own room, he never lifted the receiver. When it rang, he called for his staff. They would repeat everything the other party said, then Mr. Menzies would give his reply and they would repeat that to the other person.

All this, of course, made life quite difficult at times for Mme. Fernandez, the lady of the accent, and Mr. Rhamajurian, the gentleman of the bathrobe. Charged with taking care of Mr. Menzies' business affairs and yet unable to pierce the curtain of Mr. Menzies' thoughts, they often found themselves in somewhat precarious situations.

One such situation occurred during the last week of our stay in Seville. It was one of Mr. Menzies' favorite practices to engage me in discussion around dinnertime and keep me talking with well-placed and often truly searching questions till about three or four in the morning. Frequently, he was up again at seven or eight for breakfast; from nine to eleven he dictated letters, cables and filmscripts; from eleven to five he worked in his room on future projects; from five to sunset we mapped the town for location scenes; from sunset to about three in the morning we talked; and often he would start dictating again after I had gone to bed.

The extraordinary spectacle of a man conducting a complex and vigorous business on less than four hours' sleep per night used to fascinate me, until I found out by mere accident that Mr. Menzies spent all his time in his room sleeping and that it was almost impossible for him to do any kind of work if he did not have at least the usual eight hours' sleep on which lesser mortals manage to do their day's labors.

There was really nothing shameful in this, but the careful myth that had been built around Mr. Menzies' "working" hours made me wonder for the first time how many of Mr. Menzies' accomplishments were actually his own.

On the day of which I speak, we had been discussing the impact of Moorish music on the folk music of modern Spain. Mr. Menzies had talked most entertainingly, taking the dry points of my discourse and quoting them back at me with so much charm of paraphrase that I hardly recognized the ugly ducklings of my academic learning when they came strutting back across the table decked out like peacocks in Mr. Menzies' imagery. All this time, he had kept Mme. Fernandez and Mr. Rhamajurian waiting to give them dictation; but when we finished talking, he decided that he was too tired after all to start dictating letters at four in the morning, because he had to get up again at six to catch the first plane for Madrid, where he had to make a deposition in a suit of plagiarism brought against him by an American author who claimed that the story of Mr. Menzies' first and most memorable film had been lifted from one of the author's early books. Mme. Fernandez was delegated to wake him (he did not trust alarm clocks or hotel clerks) and with a feeling of infinite luxury, I went to bed that night knowing that, for once, I would be able to sleep as long as I liked.

I was wrong. Mr. Menzies, deciding that six o'clock was too early, after all, refused to get up when Mme. Fernandez woke him, slept through till eleven and then called me, of all people, to ask where he might charter a plane to take him to Madrid. Why I was asked instead of Mme. Fernandez or Mr. Rhamajurian I shall never know, but I was being so grossly overpaid for work that was mere play to me that I could not have refused in decency to render Mr. Menzies any reasonable service for which he asked me. By lunchtime, therefore, I had packed Mr. Menzies off in a hired two-seater with an ex–R.A.F. pilot; and for the next 18 hours, a heavenly calm descended upon Seville.

It was broken with a bang at nine the next morning, when Mme. Fernandez woke me to present a telegram from Mr. Menzies. It was addressed to "DICKINSON FERNANDEZ RHAMAJURIAN" and it read: "STARTING NEW FILM TOMORROW PARIS PLEASE MEET ME SEVILLE AIRPORT NOON WITH CAR AND PAPERS." There was no signature.

What did it mean? Mr. R. and Mme. F. were unable to decode it. Should they pack Mr. Menzies' baggage? Should they take it to the airport? Was he going straight on to Paris? If so, why by car from the airport? Why not by plane? And why papers? What papers?

We decided to play safe. We packed all of Mr. Menzies' baggage and hired two cars—one to take him from the airport straight to Paris, if that was what he wanted, the other one to take us either back to the hotel or on to Paris in his wake. The idea was Mme. Fernandez'. It was a Solomonic decision, I thought.

Mr. Menzies arrived in the hired plane. He was alone. He had dropped the ex–R.A.F. pilot in Madrid and had flown back to Seville on his own. It was the first time any of us had learned that he had a pilot's license and somehow, puny as the incident was, it added to the

"He paints what he feels . . . and vice versa."

Menzies myth. Looking boyish, tousled and sunburned, he stepped out of the plane and said, "I'm hungry; let's eat."

So we drove back to the hotel—two cars, four people, baggage and all—and after one of the most leisurely and expansive lunches we ever had, Mr. Menzies said casually to Mme. Fernandez: "You have packed the papers, of course?"

"I have packed everything," Mme. Fernandez said proudly.

"I don't want everything," said Mr. Menzies with gentle sadness. "All I want is the papers. I am not going to drive across the Pyrenees with a cabin trunk and twelve suitcases."

That seemed fair enough, but it still left one question open. "Why don't you go by train?" I asked. "Or if you want to go by plane, we can bring the baggage the next day on the transcontinental train."

There was a breathless silence. It was the first time, I learned later from Mme. Fernandez, that anyone in her hearing had ever asked Mr. Menzies for an explanation of anything he did, had done or wanted to do.

Mr. Menzies looked at me with the affectionate respect of a man who had just discovered that his favorite pet dog had learned to talk. "Why," he said, "if New World Pictures wants to pay for a car, I might just as well take a car." And with a nod at Mme. Fernandez, he said: "Please unpack my baggage and bring it to my room."

We did not dare tell Mr. Menzies that he no longer had a room, but with a series of well-placed bribes, we managed to get him back into the room we had canceled that morning when his telegram had arrived. There he went to sleep and was not heard from till late that night, when he woke briefly, asked for Turkish coffee and went back to sleep again. Altogether, Mr. Menzies slept for 23 hours without causing further trouble for anyone except New World Pictures, who telephoned from Madrid toward midnight to find out why Mr. Menzies still had not availed himself of the car that they had kept waiting for him since early morning.

It turned out that Mr. Menzies, refusing to talk to New World on the phone, had misunderstood everything. The car was to take him from Madrid to Seville and not from Seville to Paris. The film was to start today and not tomorrow. Mr. Menzies was to play the lead, not to direct it. He was to be paid in francs, not in dollars. And if he was not in time, every lost hour would be deducted from his salary.

We tossed coins to see who would have the sad duty of waking Mr. Menzies to face him with the news. I won. Mr. Menzies was wonderful. He said: "Get me my toilet kit and see if that little plane is still at the airport."

I called the airport. They said they had been wondering for 27 hours what to do with the plane and would be delighted if we took it off their hands. Mr. Menzies nodded.

Less than an hour later, we saw him taking off from the airport. Less than a day later, I had a telegram that said: "DICKINSON PROCEED ROME AS ARRANGED CONTACT MY OFFICE HOTEL EXCELSIOR RE PASSAGE YOUR FAMILY." There was no signature, but less than three days later I was on my way.

I arrived on July 4 and Ruth was supposed to arrive in Naples on July 6. I had no money, because Mr. Menzies had expected to pay me out of the money he was to receive from New World for playing the lead in their film, and since the production had been temporarily delayed, my first salary, too, had been delayed a week or two.

Still, tomorrow I was going to be richer than I had ever been in my life, and so I spent my last francs cheerfully on the plane fare for Rome, made my way straight to the Hotel Excelsior and was delighted to find Mme. Fernandez waiting for me at the Bognor Menzies Office on the fifth floor.

"How-won-der-ful," she said in her incredible accent, "that-you-are-here. Now-I-won't-have-to-go-to-Naples-to-meet-your-wife. Downstairs-the-car-is-waiting. Better-take-it-quick." She ran all her syllables together, but it did not set my teeth quite as much on edge as it had in Spain, because I was grateful beyond words to find that there was such a thing as a Bognor Menzies Office in Rome, that it was actually working, that it had a real, live motorcar and that it had received news from Ruth.

When I arrived at the pier next morning, I found I was late. The boat had come in way ahead of time and Ruth, one of the first to disembark, was standing in a circle of customs and immigration men. I located her by following the sound of Michael's howls. When she saw me, she just handed the noisy bundle over the Customs barrier, confounding the entire discipline of the Italian immigration service.

Two hours later, we had worn down the resistance of the Neapolitans, had paid off the porters, the police, the Customs, the immigration, the military and the beggars, and were being driven to San Gabriele, Mr. Menzies' fabulous house in the hills above Rome.

Fabulous it was. We had been driving for four hours on a winding mountain road that went through Albano, Castel Gandolfo and Frascati, past the Pope's summerhouse, past the vineyards and olive orchards where the Roman gentry had built their country homes for the past 2000 years, when suddenly the car swerved off the highway, turned into a sandy hill road and proceeded to climb.

Up we went, past stone troughs with peasant women busy at the wash, past roadside shrines and apple-cheeked priests on bicycles, and then suddenly into an archway that carried a tolling bell. Smiling faces showed briefly at the door of the gatehouse and again we were climbing, this time on a graveled driveway shaded by sweet-smelling jasmine bushes and linden trees, bordered by a coach house on the left, a tennis court on the right, then a loggia framed in wild roses, a swimming pool cast in the smooth blue stonework that the Italians call terrazzo and, at long last, on the

"Roger—I think there's something you should know. I'm a female impersonator."

crest of a hill that looked at distant Rome across blue vineyards and umbrella pines, the house itself—San Gabriele.

A row of servants graded in size stood expectantly at the carved entrance door. Dwarfed by the mass of the house and its retainers, Ruth drew back for a moment into the dark recess of the car. Then Giovanni, the chauffeur, flung open the door and the row of servants began to bow and curtsy with the precision of a variety act: We had arrived.

While the cheerful bustle of unloading and unpacking went on, we made our first tour of the house. Built on the foundations of an antique summer home, it had preserved the fundamental dignity of the region's peasant architecture. Despite its enormous size, it blended well into the landscape, and its three stories seemed no more boastful than the one-storied homes of its tenant farmers. But inside there were five bathrooms tiled in different colors, six bedrooms painted and carpeted in a matching scheme, a paneled library, a drawing room with a beamed ceiling and a vast dining room with 12 carved chairs saluting a carved refectory table, pewter mugs on a medieval sideboard and rows of oaken benches that framed the walls like church pews. The master bedroom, upstairs, had the biggest bed I had ever seen, covered in green sheets, and two of its three doors opened out onto a terrace that overlooked not only Rome in front but the walled town of San Gabriele in back of the house.

That night, undisturbed by the memories of the departed, we dined by candlelight while a white-coated butler served us with three kinds of wine out of our own cellars, wonderful octopus followed by scaloppine with mangoes and zucchini, huge peaches on ice for dessert, four kinds of cheese and, in the end, on the terrace, the best coffee I had ever drunk in my life.

The next morning, we had breakfast among the roses on the loggia, lunch by the swimming pool, tea on the lawn and dinner out on the terrace. The weather was wonderful, the servants were kind and well trained; everything was there except a writing desk, but I found a plywood drawing board, a garden chair with horizontal armrests and a parasol on an adjustable stand and, equipped with these three commodities, I settled down under the lindens and the jasmines on an eight-hour-a-day schedule, hammering out the first draft of *The Moors in Spain* while Mike went tumbling through the landscape, pampered by the countless servants and tenant farmers, picking up odd toys, scratches and mosquito bites here and odd pieces of bruised fruit, Italian idiom and dirty language there. Ruth gradually went through all stages, from the frightened mother, the lady of the manor and the screenwriter's wife to the student of the region, the confidante of the servants and the foreign lady going native. Altogether, these were the most relaxed and pleasant ten days of my life.

Ten days, I said. Then the blow fell. It fell on a lovely Sunday afternoon, when Mme. Fernandez, who had come out for lunch with a small intimate group of 12 friends, took me aside to explain that Mr. Menzies was temporarily incapacitated—financially, that was—and would have to rent out the house as of next week.

I was a little shaken by the news, but I did not want to show my feelings; and, in any case, I was too much taken aback to think of all the implications right away. So all I managed to say was, "Well, I'll need a little money, I guess, if I'm going to live in a hotel."

"Oh-that's-all-right," said Mme. Fernandez. "I'm-sure-we'll-find-you-enough-to-live-for-a-month-or-so."

It was said quite kindly, but all at once I had a cold feeling in my spine and I knew: This must be fear. The night before, Ruth had told me she had spent all our combined savings on her transatlantic passage, since the Menzies Office in Rome had cabled her they had only lire and no dollars on hand at the time; and now, suddenly, I realized that I was penniless. Worse, I was in the red: I had given up my fellowship in France, I had made Ruth give up her job in Washington, I had made her give up our apartment there, I had paid some $500 to have my furniture moved and stored, I would have to spend another $1000 or more to take the three of us back, I would have to find money to keep my parents alive, I would have to find a job —which would take time. Quickly, between two sentences, I tried to calculate what Mr. Menzies owed me. The total was just about $4500 for everything.

"How much," I said, and I think my voice was still quite steady at this time, "how much do you think you will be able to let me have?"

"Oh, about-a-hundred-thousand-lire," she said, not unkindly, but in that matter-of-fact tone that excluded automatically all thoughts of our broken hopes.

"Why," I said, "that's less than a hundred and seventy dollars! That's not even a twenty-fifth of what he owes me."

"I-think-you-forgot-that-Mr.-Menzies-is-temporarily-out-of-funds," said Mme. Fernandez; and for the first time, there was an edge to her voice—not angry, but a little disturbed at my obstinacy and lack of comprehension.

"Under those circumstances," I said, "I should probably have the house for another month in lieu of notice. It was as much part of my contract as my salary or my wife's passage to and from Rome. The same rules should apply to it."

"But-you-*have*-no-contract," said Mme.

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Fernandez impatiently. "*Nobody*-has-a-contract. Mr.-Menzies-never-*signs*-contracts."

This was true, it suddenly occurred to me. One night in Toledo we had talked things over, reaffirming the terms that Mr. Menzies had proposed in Paris; and that night, Mr. Menzies had closed the conversation with the words, "Ah, well, Mme. Fernandez here will look after all the details." And he had looked at her tenderly and that was the end of it. And here, now, was Mme. Fernandez, the only person aside from Mr. Menzies and myself who had been a witness to our conversation, and all she had to say on the subject was that Mr. Menzies *never* signed contracts.

"But I have some cables," I said. "Cables from Mr. Menzies."

"Do-they-quote-figures?" Mme. Fernandez asked on a note of triumph. "Do-they-state-your-salary, the-duration-of-your-employment, the-ceiling-price-on-your-family's-transatlantic-passage, the-rent-of-the-house?"

"He simply said he was lending me the house while I was working on the film. I was to work on it till November."

"The-house!" Mme. Fernandez, usually a reserved and businesslike lady, had begun to glow with an unearthly light of revelation. "Then-who-pays-for-the-light, gas-and-telephone? Who-pays-the-servants? Who-bribes-the-mayor-so-that-he-doesn't-cut-off-your-water-when-the-drought-begins? Who-pays-for-*food*?"

She shot out that last question like a bullet. I was appalled and yet fascinated. There could no longer be any doubt that Mme. Fernandez' concern in Mr. Menzies' affairs went way beyond that of an ordinary secretary. But why? I decided to ask. "About the telegram . . ." I began.

"Yes," she said. "No-figures, I-bet-you. And-no-signature." She glowed with triumph.

That was true enough, but why should it delight her so much? Mme. Fernandez was a tall, ungainly woman in her middle 30s. It was inconceivable that she should be in love with Mr. Menzies, or Mr. Menzies with her. But there were a great many persons in Mr. Menzies' chain, and the locket that linked them all had not become visible to me until I had seen his house up here in the hills: Mr. Menzies had modeled his life on a Renaissance ideal—his ambition to be actor, director, producer and writer all at the same time was as surely borrowed from Leonardo's ideal of the Universal Man as his business ambitions were borrowed from Machiavelli's ideal of the scheming Prince. Mme. Fernandez, as a secretary, was profoundly bored by Mr. Menzies' artistic ambitions; but his business skulduggery made her admire him with a passion that came close to love. And if he practiced his skulduggery on her—charming her, bullying her and diddling her out of her salary—she loved and admired him only the more, for thus he proved that he was really her master and worthy of her love.

All this, of course, was merely a guess, but I thought I would test it by leading her on. "That's odd," I said. "But there really never was a signature on any of those cables except the first. Why should that be?"

"Why? Because-Mr.-Menzies-is-an-*artist*. Because-he-can't-always-remember-the-dreary-details-of-business-routine. And," she added with sudden mischief in her eyes, "because-he-can-always-say, if-it-isn't-signed, that-his-secretary-sent-it-without-his-knowledge."

That ended it for the night. We said goodbye to each other like the civilized human beings we thought we were, and the next morning I went to the embassy, where I was told that I'd been a fool to accept Mr. Menzies' word about anything; that he was too deeply in debt to pay me a nickel, even if I should succeed in suing him; and that the one thing to do was to sit tight at his house until I had word from him personally.

I telephoned Ruth and gave her the verdict. What happened after that I shall never know. The two versions I heard, one from Ruth and the other from Mme. Fernandez, differed so widely that it was almost impossible to arrive at a common denominator. All I could gather was that Mme. Fernandez had brought a prospective tenant to the house that afternoon and that Ruth had told the prospective tenant with Churchillian clarity that she had not come to Italy in order to preside over the dissolution of her new household; that she considered the house her own until she had heard something to the contrary from her husband; that her husband couldn't tell her anything until he had heard from Mr. Menzies himself. And, anyway, the kitchen range had no oven, there was a drought to be expected next week, you had to bribe the mayor if you wanted water, the toilets smelled, you couldn't get a bath in any of the five pastel-colored bathrooms, and only this morning the servants had found a dead rat in the cistern.

"My feet are killing me!"

Mme. Fernandez, more bewildered than hurt, had walked off with the shocked surprise of a pet-loving lady who had just been bitten by a hydrophobic dog. Only much later did her surprise turn to anger, and even then it was anger at herself—anger at allowing herself to be outdone in her own game of pushing people around. Whatever her emotions might have been, her attitude from now on became coldly formal. She held all the cards in her hand and she decided to use them. I was broke and she was the only one who could dole out money.

I sat in her office, sometimes for eight hours at a stretch, watching her paying out diminutive sums to creditors who asked for anything from ten to a hundred times what they were given. Being offered a 25th of what I was owed, I seemed to be fairly well treated. The only trouble was that I had not received even this promised pittance yet.

All this came to a head the day that Mr. Rhamajurian arrived in Rome. Ruth discovered this fact by chance when she bumped into an English film producer for whom she had once worked as a secretary when he was traveling in the U. S. A. She came up to see me at the Menzies Office, where I was still sitting, waiting for my pittance to materialize. "Why didn't you tell me that Mr. Menzies' production manager was in town?" she asked before she was through the door.

It was news to me. Mme. Fernandez, by then, had disappeared from the office. I asked the typist where she had gone and was told to a conference in Mr. Rhamajurian's room. I called the room and was told the phone was busy. I called again and again, for two hours or so, and got the same answer. Finally, I sent the typist up with a note asking him to call me back when he was through. He did not call.

I sat there for another hour, humiliated beyond anything I'd ever felt in my life before. Then I saw red. I walked upstairs in a blind rage, entered without knocking and sat down.

There were six chairs in the room. On the other five sat Mr. Rhamajurian, Mme. Fernandez and three people I did not know.

Mr. Rhamajurian, polite and urbane as always, got up delightedly, shook my hand and then said with a sad, all-encompassing glance, "Trouble, trouble, trouble—nothing but trouble."

I agreed—saying so for approximately 20 minutes. When I had talked myself out of my rage, Mr. Rhamajurian said gently, "My dear boy, Mr. Menzies has long left France. That's, of course, why he hasn't replied to you. As for money, I am authorized to pay you two hundred and fifty thousand francs. After that, we will see."

I asked Mr. Rhamajurian with renewed distaste, "And why francs? Aren't we in Italy? And, in any case, why not in dollars? That's what I was supposed to get."

Mr. Rhamajurian explained with patience that Mr. Menzies had been paid by New World out of the blocked francs they had received from the distribution of their films in France. "We never *had* any dollars," he said pleasantly.

"And where *is* Mr. Menzies now?" I asked at last with an icy politeness that almost matched his own urbanity.

"Oh, in Kumasi," he said, blowing dust from his lapel. "That's West Africa, you know. He's shooting his new picture there."

"And *The Moors in Spain?*"

"Oh, my God," said Mr. Rhamajurian absently. "We shelved that *months* ago. Didn't you know?"

I walked out of that room in a daze, and it was not until three hours later that I managed to draw up a coherent cable to Mr. Menzies, asking him, in effect, whether he would at least be able to let me have enough money to get back to America with my family so that I might try to salvage the remnants of my shattered existence and start all over again—a humbler but wiser man.

Then I went back to the hotel to get my 250,000 francs from Mr. Rhamajurian.

Mr. Rhamajurian, I was told, had checked out. What was his forwarding address? Paris.

I wired Paris that night as well as Kumasi, using Ruth's last savings to pay for the cables.

There was no reply from Mr. Menzies,

"The folks have seen me on the sixth-hour news, among the audience at the Bob Hope show and twice on Walter Cronkite."

but Mr. Rhamajurian replied as follows:

Dear Dr. Dickinson,

Thank you for your cable of the 28th inst.

In accordance with your request, I enclose the form which you will kindly sign undated against payment by Mr. Menzies of 250,000 francs, but I must make it very clear that I do not at all guarantee that I shall have this amount available in a very few days' time. The present balance is extremely low, and Mr. Menzies has asked me only today to cable him a considerable amount of the balance to Kumasi.

Yours sincerely,
K. Rhamajurian.

The form that was attached to the letter had the savage elegance of Mr. Rhamajurian's Eastern mind:

I, Robert Dickinson, hereby acknowledge receiving the sum of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND FRANCS (Frs. 250,000.-) paid to me by check No.____dated____on____.

This payment is accepted in full and complete settlement of any and all sums that may be due or may become due to me by Mr. Bognor Menzies, his heirs or assigns forever as the result of any relations or transactions whatsoever and/or any contracts or agreements, verbal or in writing, entered into between Mr. Bognor Menzies and myself.

Signed in____the____day of____.

I talked things over with Ruth that

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night, telling her that I was surrendering my chance of ever receiving my full due from Mr. Menzies if I signed Mr. Rhamajurian's quitclaim form. After a night of weighing arguments, we decided not to sign.

The next month was hell.

We sold Ruth's jewelry, my camera, my watch, her watch and, finally, about half of our clothes. The servants left us, one by one. We learned to our interested but rather academic satisfaction that none of them had been paid for more than three months prior to Mr. Menzies' official crisis. Food shrank from four courses per meal to one and from three meals a day to two and, finally, to a single one, taken at midday. Then the gas and the electricity were cut off because Mr. Menzies had not paid his bills for three months. We cooked on charcoal and advanced our day by three hours—get up at sunrise, eat at noon, retire at sunset. Then the water was cut off and we began to wash from the cistern. Then the telephone was cut off and we were on our own.

Our decline could be measured by our means of locomotion. In the early days, we had been taken to Rome and back in style by the office car. Later, when the crisis had begun but about two or three days before it had been officially announced to us, we went one way by car and the other by taxi. Then, for two days, we went both ways by taxi. Then we went by taxi to Frascati and took the bus from there to Rome. Then we forgot about the taxi and walked to Frascati—40 minutes twice a day in the broiling sun; then we forgot about the bus from Frascati and took the streetcar instead.

Meanwhile, we were waiting for a cable from Mr. Menzies. Perhaps, we thought, he had a heart after all. Perhaps, instead of spending $500 for five minutes' shooting, he would send it to us so that we could get back to America and start earning a living again. True, we might succeed in earning a living even here in Italy; that was the reason we went to Rome each day—Ruth to check the employment agencies for a job as English-speaking typist or secretary, I to make the rounds of the museums and universities for some kind of job commensurate with all those years of higher education.

Neither of us was successful. The scarcity of food, the heat of Rome in July, the absence of a telephone and the agony of daily two-hour streetcar rides helped make us look rather unpromising. Employers *do* notice failure.

We had never slept well in that house after our first days of luxury, but now sleep ceased entirely. Ever since we had become squatters, we had woken up at every sound of every car on the highway: Was it coming up our driveway? Was it the bailiff to throw us out? Was it Mme. Fernandez intent on practicing new tricks of her Machiavellian mind on us? Or was it, perhaps, Mr. Menzies himself, returning at long last from darkest Africa to drive the intruders out of the promised land? Our nerves were frayed to a thin edge. We had forgotten that it was Mr. Menzies who had placed us in this untenable situation where we could neither go home nor stay at our own expense. All we knew was that we lived on stolen time, penniless, in another man's house.

One night, I went downstairs and almost secretively signed Mr. Rhamajurian's quitclaim form. The next morning, I took the letter down to Frascati myself to send it off.

Two days later, we had a letter from Mme. Fernandez, giving us a detailed account of our household expenses—rent, electricity, gas, telephone, servants' wages since the day that she had brought us the news of Mr. Menzies' default. All of it was accurate. No electricity, no gas, no telephone was charged after it had been cut off. The total expenses were $568.17 or 278,403 francs. Of this, Mr. Menzies owed me 250,000 francs. This left a balance of 28,403 francs in Mr. Menzies' favor, and Mr. Menzies would appreciate it very much if Dr. Dickinson could settle this amount at his earliest convenience, since Mr. Menzies was slightly short of cash.

This broke the nightmarish spell in which we'd been living. At first we stared and then we laughed. Yes, our nerves were a little strained that day and perhaps our laughter was tinged with a bit of hysteria, but we laughed. And every time I looked at Ruth or she at me, we started all over again.

What next? Well, Ruth found a job as relief typist at the American Consulate and I found a job teaching English at the Berlitz school. We left Mr. Menzies' palace and went to live in a one-room apartment in one of those poor districts of Rome that Mr. Menzies would have shunned like the plague. Yes, Ruth still looks a bit drawn, if not haggard, and I have lost a little weight, and we still haven't made quite enough money to go back to America, but then, we haven't any debts, either.

Oh, yes, we did get a cable from Mr. Menzies at long last. It was brief and to the point. We had asked him, you will recall, what we should do to make ends meet. He replied in two words, but he made up for his taciturnity by reverting to the full opening and closing phrases with which he had adorned the first cable he had ever sent me:

DEAR DOCTOR DICKINSON
LIVE SIMPLY
AFFECTIONATE REGARDS
BOGNOR MENZIES

ORIGIN OF EVERYTHING

(continued from page 82)

and her lost at that very moment, and us mourning her loss.

GAMES WITHOUT END

When the galaxies become more remote, the rarefaction of the universe is compensated for by the formation of further galaxies composed of newly created matter. To maintain a stable median density of the universe, it is sufficient to create a hydrogen atom every 250,000,000 years for 10 cubic centimeters of expanding space. (This steady-state theory, as it is known, has been opposed to the other hypothesis, that the universe was born at a precise moment as the result of a gigantic explosion.)

I was only a child, but I was already aware of it—*Qfwfq narrated*—I was acquainted with all the hydrogen atoms, one by one; and when a new atom cropped up, I noticed it right away. When I was a kid, the only playthings we had in the whole universe were the hydrogen atoms, and we played with them all the time, me and another youngster my age named Pfwfp.

What sort of games? That's simple enough to explain. Since space was curved, we sent the atoms rolling along its curve, like so many marbles, and the kid whose atom went farthest won the game. When you made your shot, you had to be careful, to calculate the effects, the trajectories; you had to know how to exploit the magnetic fields and the fields of gravity; otherwise, the ball left the track and was eliminated from the contest.

The rules were the usual thing: With one atom you could hit another of your atoms and send it farther ahead, or else you could knock your opponent's atom out of the way. Of course, we were careful not to throw them too hard, because when a hydrogen atom and a neutron knocked together, click!—a deuterium atom might be formed, or even a helium atom; and for the purposes of the game, such atoms were out: What's more, if one of the two belonged to your opponent, you had to give him an atom of your own to pay him back.

You know how the curve of space is shaped: A little ball would go spinning along and then one fine moment it would start off down the slope and you couldn't catch it. So, as we went on playing, the number of atoms in the game kept getting smaller, and the first to run out of atoms was the loser.

Then, right at the crucial moment, these new atoms started cropping up. Obviously, there's quite a difference between a new atom and a used one: The new atoms were shiny, bright, fresh and moist, as if with dew. We made new rules: One new was worth three old; and the new ones, as they were formed, were to be shared between us, 50-50.

In this way, our game never ended and it never became boring, either; because every time we found new atoms, it seemed as if the game were new as well, as if we were playing it for the first time.

Then, what with one thing and another, as the days went by, the game grew less exciting. There were no more new atoms to be seen: The ones we lost couldn't be replaced; our shots became weak and hesitant, because we were afraid to lose the few pieces still in the game, in that barren, even space.

Pfwfp was changed, too: He became absent-minded, wandered off and couldn't be found when it was his turn to shoot; I would call him, but there was never an answer, and then he would turn up half an hour later.

"Go on, it's your turn. Aren't you in the game anymore?"

"Of course I'm in the game. Don't rush me. I'm going to shoot now."

"Well, if you keep going off on your own, we might as well stop playing!"

"Hmph! You're only making all this fuss because you're losing."

This was true: I hadn't any atoms left, whereas Pfwfp, somehow or other, always had one in reserve. If some new atoms didn't turn up for us to share, I hadn't a hope of catching up with him.

The next time Pfwfp went off, I followed him, on tiptoe. As long as I was present, he seemed to be strolling about aimlessly, whistling; but once he was out of my sight, he started trotting through space, intent, like somebody who has a definite purpose in mind. And what this purpose of his was—this treachery, as you shall see—I soon discovered: Pfwfp knew all the places where new atoms were formed and every now and then he would take a walk, to collect them on the spot the minute they were dished up, then he would hide them. This was why he was never short of atoms to play with!

But before putting them in the game,

"Well, if we're still not permitted to marry, at least maybe we'll be allowed to go out on dates."

incorrigible cheat that he was, he set about disguising them as old atoms, rubbing the film of the electrons until it was worn and dull, to make me believe this was an old atom he had had all along and had just happened to find in his pocket.

And that wasn't the whole story: I made a quick calculation of the atoms played and I realized they were only a small part of those he had stolen and hid. Was he piling up a store of hydrogen? What would he do with it? What did he have in mind? I suddenly had a suspicion: Pfwfp wanted to build a universe of his own, a brand-new universe.

From that moment on, I couldn't rest easy; I had to get even with him. I could have followed his example: Now that I knew the places, I could have gone there a little ahead of him and grabbed the new atoms the moment they were born, before he could get his hands on them! But that would have been too simple. I wanted to catch him in a trap worthy of his own perfidy. First of all, I started making fake atoms. While he was occupied with his treacherous raids, I was in a secret storeroom of mine, pounding and mixing and kneading all the material I had at my disposal. To tell you the truth, this material didn't amount to much: photoelectric radiations, scrapings from magnetic fields, a few neutrons collected in the road; but by rolling it into balls and wetting it with saliva, I managed to make it stick together. In other words, I prepared some little corpuscles that, on close inspection, were obviously not made of hydrogen or any other identifiable element, but for somebody in a hurry, like Pfwfp, who rushed past and stuck them furtively into his pocket, they looked like real hydrogen and spanking new.

So while he still didn't suspect a thing, I preceded him in his rounds. I had made a mental note of all the places.

Space is curved everywhere, but in some places it's more curved than in others: like pockets or bottlenecks or niches, where the void is crumpled up. These niches are where, every 250,000,000 years, there is a slight tinkling sound and a shiny hydrogen atom is formed like a pearl between the valves of an oyster. I walked past, pocketed the atom and set the fake atom in its place. Pfwfp didn't notice a thing: Predatory, greedy, he filled his pockets with that rubbish, as I was accumulating all the treasures that the universe cherished in its bosom.

The fortunes of our games underwent a change: I always had new atoms to shoot, while Pfwfp's regularly missed fire. Three times he tried a roll and three times the atom crumbled to bits as if crushed in space. Now Pfwfp found one excuse after another, trying to call off the game.

"Go on," I insisted, "if you don't shoot, the game's mine."

And he said: "It doesn't count. When an atom is ruined, the game's null and void and you start over again." This was a rule he had invented at that very moment.

I didn't give him any peace; I danced around him, leaped on his back and chanted:

"Throw it throw it throw it,
If not, you lose, you know it.
For every turn that you don't take
An extra throw for me to make."

"That's enough of that," Pfwfp said. "Let's change games."

"Aha!" I said. "Why don't we play at flying galaxies?"

"Galaxies?" Pfwfp suddenly brightened with pleasure. "Suits me. But you . . . you don't have a galaxy!"

"Yes, I do."

"So do I."

"Come on! Let's see who can send his highest!"

And I took all the new atoms I was hiding and flung them into space. At first they seemed to scatter, then they thickened together into a kind of light cloud, and the cloud swelled and swelled, and inside it some incandescent condensations were formed, and they whirled and whirled and at a certain point became a spiral of constellations never seen before, a spiral that poised, opening in a gust, then sped away as I held onto its tail and ran after it. But now I wasn't the one who made the galaxy fly, it was the galaxy that was lifting me aloft, clinging to its tail; I mean, there wasn't any height or depth now, but only space, widening, and the galaxy in its midst, also opening wide, and me hanging there, making faces at Pfwfp, who was already thousands of light-years away.

Pfwfp, at my first move, had promptly dug out all his hoard, hurling it with a balanced movement, as if he expected to see the coils of an endless galaxy open in the sky. But, instead, nothing happened. There was a sizzling sound of radiations, a messy flash, then everything died out.

"Is that the best you can do?" I shouted at Pfwfp, who was yelling curses at me, green with rage.

"I'll show you, Qfwfq, you pig!"

But in the meantime, my galaxy and I were flying among thousands of other galaxies and mine was the newest, the envy of the whole firmament, blazing as it was with young hydrogen and the youngest beryllium and newborn carbon. The old galaxies fled us, filled with jealousy, and we, prancing and haughty, avoided them, so antiquated and ponderous to look at. As that reciprocal flight developed, we sailed across spaces that became more and more rarefied and empty; and then I saw something appear in the midst of the void, like uncertain bursts of light. These were new galaxies, formed by matter just born, galaxies even newer than mine. Soon space became filled again and dense, like a vineyard just before vintage time, and we flew on, escaping from one another, my galaxy fleeing the younger ones as it had the older, and young and old fleeing us. And we advanced to fly through empty skies and these skies also became peopled, and so on and on.

In one of these propagations, I heard: "Qfwfq, you'll pay for this now, you traitor!" and I saw a brand-new galaxy flying on our trail, and there leaning forward from the very tip of the spiral, yelling threats and insults at me, was my old playmate Pfwfp.

The chase began. Where space rose, Pfwfp's galaxy, young and agile, gained ground; but on the descents, my heavier galaxy plunged ahead again.

In any kind of race, there's a secret: It's all in how you take the curves. Pfwfp's galaxy tended to narrow them; mine, to swing out. And as it kept broadening the curves, we were finally flung beyond the edge of space, with Pfwfp after us. We kept up the pursuit, using the system one always uses in such circumstances; that is, creating space before us as we went forward.

So there I was, with nothingness in front of me and that nasty-faced Pfwfp after me—an unpleasant sight either way. In any case, I preferred to look ahead, and what did I see? Pfwfp, whom my eyes had just left behind me, was speeding on his galaxy directly in front of me. "Ah!" I cried, "now it's my turn to chase you!"

"What?" Pfwfp said, from before me or behind me, I'm not really sure which. "I'm the one who's chasing you!"

I turned around: There was Pfwfp, still at my heels. I looked ahead again: And he was there, racing off with his back turned to me. But as I looked more closely, I saw that in front of this galaxy of his that was preceding me there was another, and that other galaxy was mine, because there I was on it, unmistakable even though seen from behind. And I turned toward the Pfwfp following me and narrowed my eyes: I saw that his galaxy was being chased by another, mine, with me on top of it, turning at that same time to look back.

And so after every Qfwfq there was a Pfwfp, and after every Pfwfp, a Qfwfq, and every Pfwfp was chasing a Qfwfq, who was pursuing him, and vice versa. Our distances grew a bit shorter or a bit longer, but now it was clear that one would never overtake the other nor the other overtake one. We had lost all pleasure in this game of chase and we weren't children anymore, for that matter, but now there was nothing else we could do.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

THE GOOD BOOK SAYS "GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS . . ." SO DO THE CRUISE-SHIP COMPANIES. AND SO WE FIND OUR ANNIE AND HER ROOMMATE RUTHIE ENJOYING A LEISURELY OCEAN VOYAGE ON A TYPICAL LUXURY LINER, SHARING MEMORABLE, INTIMATE EXPERIENCES WITH A RICH ASSORTMENT OF PASSENGERS — WATCHING THE ENDLESS ROLLING OF THE VAST PULSING OCEAN FOR FIVE FULL DAYS AS THEY PONDER BASIC QUESTIONS OF LIFE, SUCH AS "WHY DIDN'T WE TAKE A PLANE?"

YOU ARE HERE

ARE CRUISE SHIPS SO ROMANTIC, RUTHIE. ISN'T THIS JUST LIKE A STORYBOOK?

"SHIP OF FOOLS"? YES!

THE CUNNY

ADMITTED I'M AN ILLITERATE EX-ROLLER DERBY STAR WHILE YOU'RE THE FORMER PRINCESS ANASTASIA OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA... BUT I ONLY HAVE ONE HOUR TO LIVE. PLEASE COME TO MY CABIN AND HELP ME DIE HAPPY.

HE'S NOW IN HIS FIFTH DAY OF ONE HOUR TO LIVE.

ARE YOU THE MR. MIKE POWERS MAGOONY THAT CALLS ALL THOSE BIG STRIKES?

THE VERY SAME. AND WHEN I GET BACK, I PLAN TO UNIONIZE THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, THE NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR AND ALL THE EYE-GLASS WEARERS IN PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY. IT'S UNSPEAKABLE, THE THINGS A WORKINGMAN HAS TO DO IN THIS DAY AND AGE. WHEN I THINK OF THOSE LONG LINES OF POOR LABORERS TRUDGING DOWN A HOT ROAD UNDER THE BROILING SUN, POURING SWEAT ... THEIR FEET BLISTERED —

NOW YOU ARE HERE

In this Style

DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE A LABOR DAY PARADE?

YOU SAY YOUR CABIN-MATE MAKES YOU NERVOUS, SIR?

HE'S WITH THE U.S. WEATHER DEPT. AND HE SAYS HE'S NAMING NEXT YEAR'S FIRST THREE HURRICANES ARTHUR, BRUCE AND CLIFFORD.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING A DEDICATED NONCONFORMIST PAINTER. I HAVE THINGS TO SAY ON MY CANVASES. I WILL NOT GO ALONG WITH PREVAILING OPINION! I WILL NOT BOW DOWN TO CONFORMITY!

ALL RIGHT. YOU MADE YOUR POINT. NOW LEAN TO THE RIGHT LIKE THE REST OF US.

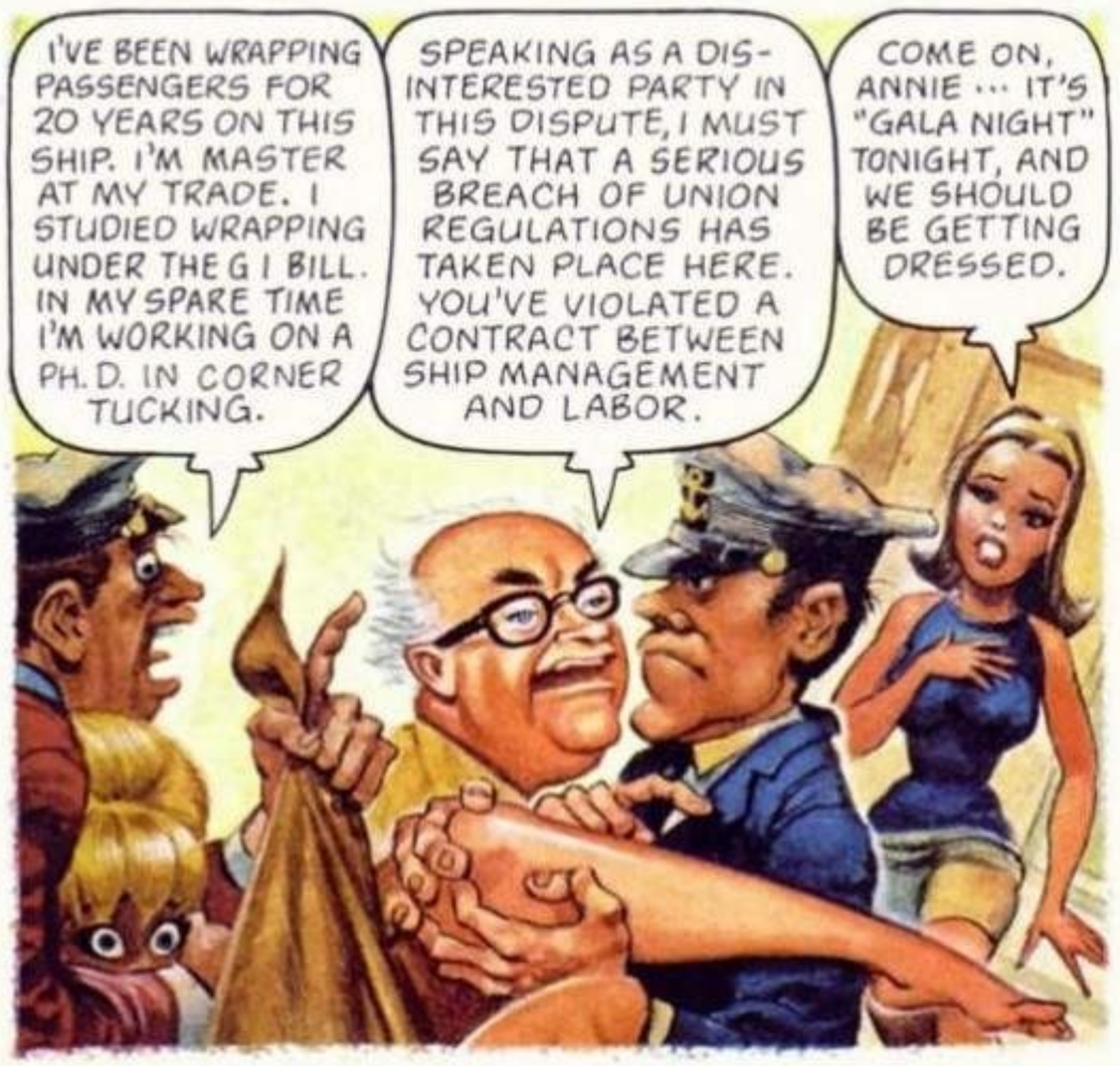
WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN, MR. MAGOONY?

I'M ROOMING WITH AN ESCAPED HOMICIDAL MANIAC!
YOU LUCKY DOG! I'M WITH AN INSURANCE SALESMAN.
HI, FIRST OFFICER CASEY. WEREN'T YOU GOING TO SHOW ME THE SUN DECK? ··· JUST GIVE ME TIME TO GO DOWN TO MY CABIN AND CHANGE.
YES, INDEED, MISS FANNY. I'LL MEET YOU ON DECK IN TEN MINUTES.
TEN MINUTES! WHO ARE YOU TO BE SETTING UP ARBITRARY TIME LIMITS WITHOUT MEDIATION?
UNION APPLICATION

GOLLY, GEE··· THIS VOYAGE HAS BEEN SUCH A FUN THING···
? IS THAT YOU, RUTHIE?
EEK!
I SWEAR! YOU ROOM STEWARDS! THIS IS THE FIFTEENTH TIME YOU'VE BURST IN HERE WHILE I'M IN MY UNDIES –
WHOOPS! SORRY, MISS! CAME IN AT THE WRONG TIME AGAIN!
SS HOPE
USS WASP

MISS FANNY. COME LIE DOWN WHILE I WRAP YOU IN A BLANKET.
WRAP ME IN A BLANKET? IT MUST BE 90 DEGREES TODAY.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS. I'M SWELTERING IN HERE!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WRAPPING HER IN A BLANKET? I'M THE DECK STEWARD, AND I DO THE WRAPPING! YOU'RE STEALING MY JOB!
SHE'S MINE! I WRAPPED HER FIRST!


I'VE BEEN WRAPPING PASSENGERS FOR 20 YEARS ON THIS SHIP. I'M MASTER AT MY TRADE. I STUDIED WRAPPING UNDER THE G I BILL. IN MY SPARE TIME I'M WORKING ON A PH. D. IN CORNER TUCKING.
SPEAKING AS A DISINTERESTED PARTY IN THIS DISPUTE, I MUST SAY THAT A SERIOUS BREACH OF UNION REGULATIONS HAS TAKEN PLACE HERE. YOU'VE VIOLATED A CONTRACT BETWEEN SHIP MANAGEMENT AND LABOR.
COME ON, ANNIE ··· IT'S "GALA NIGHT" TONIGHT, AND WE SHOULD BE GETTING DRESSED.

GALA NIGHT··· THE LAST AND BEST AFFAIR ON THE SHIP. IT SHOULD BE FUN!
EEK!
YOU AGAIN! AND NOW I DON'T EVEN HAVE ON MY UNDIES!
AT LAST! I FINALLY CAME AT THE RIGHT TIME!

ISN'T IT STORMY OUT, RUTHIE? I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER MAKE IT ACROSS THE DECK THE WAY THE SHIP IS ROCKING, AND – OH, DEAR, IT LOOKS LIKE GALA NIGHT'S ALREADY STARTED.

HAVING FUN, FOLKS? WELL, THE FUN IS **JUST** BEGINNING.

GROAN.

OH, GOD, I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE FUN.

BZZz.

THE ONLY OTHER NIGHT I HAD MORE FUN THAN THIS WAS THE NIGHT I GOT SEASICK.

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY… READY TO PLAY MUSICAL PEOPLE? NOW THIS GAME IS PLAYED LIKE MUSICAL CHAIRS, ONLY WHEN THE MUSIC STOPS, MEN GRAB GIRLS INSTEAD OF CHAIRS.

READY! HERE WE GO!

NEXT WEEK SENATOR EVERETT DIRKSEN SINGS

PLUNKTY PLUNKTY PLUNKETTY PLUNK-

PLUNKTY PLU-

ME! GRAB ME!

HOW ABOUT ME?

GRAB ME!

NOW, GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE IGNORING THE OTHER GIRLS AND GRABBING **BEFORE** THE MUSIC STOPS! I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO END THE GAME.

IT STOPPED! IT STOPPED!

I'M TELLING YOU IT DIDN'T STOP. WHO ARE YOU TO TELL ME THAT IT STOPPED?

I'M THE PIANIST!

AND NOW, FOLKS, WE'RE GOING TO CLOSE GALA NIGHT WITH A DISPLAY OF THE WONDERFUL GOOD SPIRITS, LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP THAT HAS DEVELOPED DURING THIS FUN CRUISE. AND THE WAY WE'LL DO IT IS TO PELT AND SPRAY EACH OTHER WITH HARMLESS PAPIER-MÂCHÉ BALLS AND SELTZER.

LOOK AT MY DRESS!

I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL TRIP FOR THIS MOMENT!

PAPIER-MÂCHÉ BALLS, HAROLD, NOT ASHTRAYS!

KILL! KILL! I MUST KILL THOSE INSUFFERABLE BORES AT MY TABLE – OOPS! SORRY, MR. SPARKS. IT SEEMS I KNOCKED OUT ONE OF YOUR TEETH.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I HAVE 62 MORE.

THIS IS TURNING INTO AN ORGY.

ARE YOU UNION ORGIASTS?

FIRST OFFICER CASEY! HELP! MY DRESS!

MISS FANNY! QUICK, LET ME WRAP YOU IN A BLANKET!

HEY! ARE YOU WRAPPING HER AGAIN?!

UNION-BUSTER, I TOLD YOU BEFORE, **I'M** THE DECK STEWARD! I DO ALL THE WRAPPING ON THIS SHIP. YOU WANT WRAPPING, YOU CALL THE DECK STEWARD, YOU WANT THE CABIN STRAIGHTENED, YOU CALL THE CABIN STEWARD-

BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. SHE COULD CATCH HER DEATH OF COLD!

IN THAT CASE, YOU CALL THE PNEUMONIA STEWARD.

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW. SHIP'S MANAGEMENT HAS GONE TOO FAR!

YOU'VE USURPED A UNION MAN'S DUTIES FOR THE LAST TIME! I'M GOING TO CALL THE MEN OUT ON STRIKE! **WE'LL TAKE A STRIKE VOTE!**

HEY! ISN'T THIS **WILD!** LOOK AT THE FLOOR! SELTZER UP TO OUR **KNEES!**

IT MUST BE PART OF THE GRAND FINALE OF GALA NIGHT.

WHAT A BUNCH OF CRAZY GUYS! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW **WHAT** THEY'LL THINK OF NEXT.

YOU SHIP OF FOOLS! DON'T YOU REALIZE THE SHIP'S BROACHING! EVERYBODY INTO LIFE JACKETS!

I'M THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN! LET ME THROUGH! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BRIDGE!

SORRY, CAPTAIN. THE STEWARDS HAVE VOTED TO GO AHEAD WITH A WILDCAT STRIKE. WORKING CONDITIONS ON THIS SHIP ARE INTOLERABLE! NO BREAKING THROUGH THE PICKET LINE!

BUT IF YOU'RE ON STRIKE, WHY ARE YOU CARRYING BLANK SIGNS?

THE SIGN-PAINTING STEWARDS ARE ON STRIKE, ALSO.

PATRONIZE UNION LIFEBOATS.

PASS THESE BOATS BY.

WHERE ARE THE UNION LIFE-BOATS?

ON THE QUEEN MARY.

WE MUST BE NEAR JAPAN.

HELP STEWARDS WIN DECENT WORKING CONDITIONS.

HELP STEWARDS MAINTAIN THEIR DIGNITY.

SUPPORT THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPER TYPOGRAPHERS UNION.

THE NEW YORK TYPOG-RAPHERS UNION?

THEY'RE **BOUND** TO BE GOING ON STRIKE AGAIN SOON, AND A LITTLE ADVANCE PUB-LICITY WON'T HURT.

THEN IT'S AGREED, CAPTAIN, NO MORE VIOLATING A STEWARD'S DUTIES BY SHIP MANAGEMENT-

NO MORE WRAPPING BY NON-UNION WRAPPERS-

AGREED

AND NO CABIN CLEANING, NO WINE POURING, NO FOOD SERVING BY NONUNION CABIN CLEANERS, WINE POURERS AND FOOD SERVERS.

AGREED

AGREED

U.S. POWER SQUADRONS

3 cases of Dramamine

MEN, WE'VE SCORED A FANTASTIC VICTORY! WE WON THE STRIKE!

WE WON THE STRIKE!

WHAT WONDERFUL NEWS!

JUST THINK... NOBODY WILL EVER AGAIN USURP MY DUTIES! I CAN WRAP AND WRAP WITH HUNDREDS OF BLANKETS ON HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE ON HUNDREDS OF DECK CHAIRS ON THE SHIP!

THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

HAVE A SIP, ANNIE. WE MAY BE DRIFTING FOR DAYS.

NO! NOT YOU! ME! I POUR WATER. I'M THE WATER STEWARD!!

RIP! RIP! RIP! RIP!

THE NEW CONTRACT IS VOID! GRAB YOUR PICKET SIGNS, MEN. WE SWIM AROUND THE LIFEBOATS IN FOUR-HOUR SHIFTS!

NOW IF I ONLY HAD BLANKETS AND DECK CHAIRS AND A SHIP.

3RD CLASS

3RD CLASS

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END

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THE WILL

CINEMA SEX

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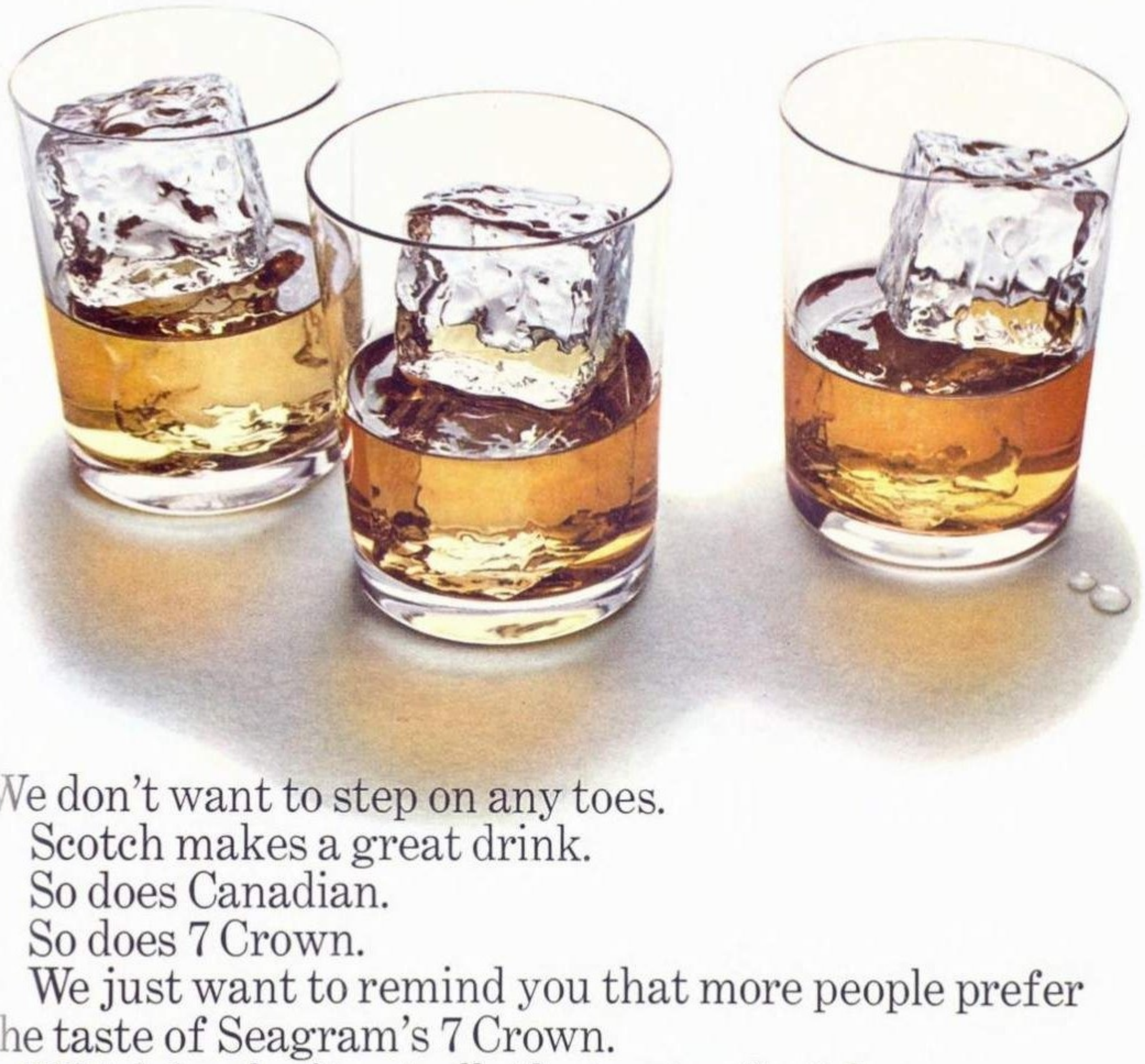
Scotch vs. Canadian vs. 7 Crown.



We don't want to step on any toes.

Scotch makes a great drink.

So does Canadian.

So does 7 Crown.

We just want to remind you that more people prefer the taste of Seagram's 7 Crown.

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The top twenty-two Canadians combined.

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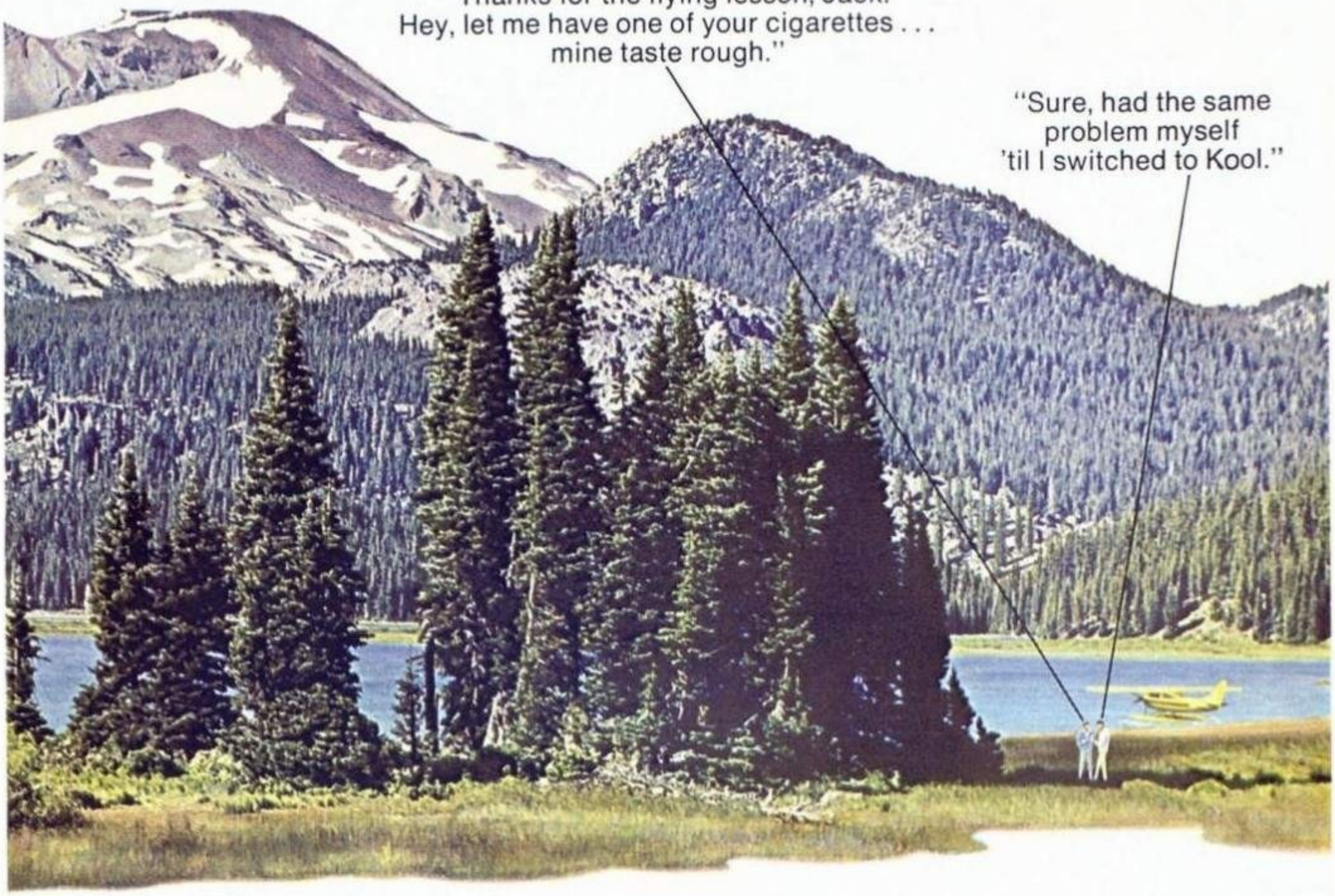
"Thanks for the flying lesson, Jack.
Hey, let me have one of your cigarettes . . .
mine taste rough."

"Sure, had the same
problem myself
'til I switched to Kool."



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Taste extra coolness
every time you smoke.**

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