LIFE

PLOT TO GET 'WHITEY'

Red-hot young Negroes plan a ghetto war

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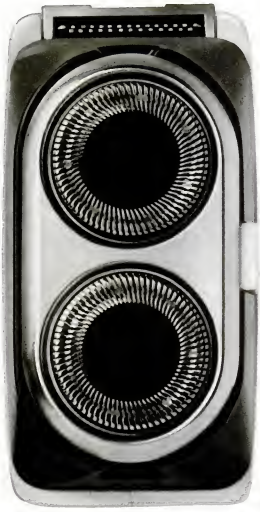

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Vol. 60, No. 23 June 10, 1966

LIFE

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EDITORS' NOTE

'Whitey' in the Negro Underground

Like many members of our staff, Associate Editor Russell Sackett has been involved with the racial crisis ever since the 1954 Supreme Court decision set matters on their present course. "The incident I recall most vividly was in Pine Bluff, Ark.," he says. "I watched one little 6-year-old girl run a gantlet of town toughs to 'integrate' the school. It's all come a long way since that time."

Sackett's study of the Negro extremist movement on pages 100-112 of this issue reports the latest phase of that crisis—a story of hatred and massive, planned violence that few people except the police and the extremists themselves know. To piece it together, he worked for six months, traveled from New York's Harlem to California's Watts, painstakingly winning the confidence of members of a dozen underground movements, all of them dedicated to overthrowing "Whitey's" oppression no matter what the cost in blood. Most of the conversations took place late into the night, because "the action in the ghettos doesn't begin to change until some time after midnight, when the cops have eased up and the night people begin to come out."

RUSSELL SACKETT

The sense of tension and hostility never really eased up, nor did the surprises. "I suppose it's always a shock for a white man to discover he's hated just because he's white," Sackett says, "but, of course, the reverse is something Negroes have been accustomed to all their lives." Once he and Marc Crawford, a Negro reporter working with him, found themselves surrounded by a ring of jeering youths. "When Marc tried to turn the ringleader off—he was 17—we found he was carrying a .38."

On another occasion Sackett was waiting in a Harlem bar for an interview "when the man with me said, 'Feel anything different?' I looked around and here was this man standing over me with his arms outstretched. He was putting a curse on me."

For the most part, Sackett was impressed with the revolutionaries. "Somewhere along the line they'd just stopped believing what they were being told. And yet there was this terrible ambivalence in everything they said and did. There seemed to be almost a sporting desire among some of them to warn us what was coming."

Although few backgrounds could prepare a white man for this kind of assignment, Sackett's could hardly have been farther from it. He grew up in the farming, lumbering Oregon community of Sheridan (pop. 1,763), "where to the best of my recollection the only minority we had were Republicans, and an extremist was a guy who wrote letters to the editor condemning the sewer assessment." Now 43, Sackett is a graduate of Northwestern's Medill School of Journalism, a veteran of the U.S. Air Force and 5½ years on the *Oregon Journal* in Portland. He has been on our staff since 1955. Of this week's article he says, "No matter how honest your motivations, and no matter how *you* feel about racial matters, you have to ask yourself whether a patently frightening story serves a constructive purpose. It doesn't do any good to feel affronted or angry about Negro racism—Negroes didn't invent it. The only answer is to be realistic about the problem."

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT,
Managing Editor

Campaign Money Needs a Law

In the past 20 years Congress has rejected 17 different programs designed to bring order to the financial chaos of election campaigns. President Johnson has just tossed suggestion number 18 into the hopper. It may not get very far either, but it should. One impetus for a new look at the subject is all the swirl around Connecticut Senator Thomas Dodd, who had his own idea on what were campaign funds and what were personal finances.

The Corrupt Practices Act of 1925—the law that still regulates campaign spending—was aptly named. If ever a law was designed to promote corrupt practices, this is it. For instance, it provides that a congressman can spend only $5,000 in a bid for election and a senator $25,000. But it sets no limit on the number of outside committees that can help by spending an equal amount. Thus, a senatorial candidate has to maintain the fiction that the dozen or more committees set up to accept donations for his cause do so without his "knowledge or consent."

The extent of this and other shenanigans can be gauged by the fact that all parties reported total expenses across the country in the '64 election as $47.8 million. A reliable estimate of the amount actually spent, starting with the primaries, puts it at $200 million.

Much of the other $150 million did not have to be reported to the Clerk of the House of Representatives or the Secretary of the Senate. And even the transactions that should have been reported—but weren't—will never be investigated. Justice Department policy is "not to institute investigations . . . in the absence of a request from the Clerk of the House of Representatives or Secretary of the Senate." Since both of those men are elected by the houses they serve, it is not surprising that neither has ever asked for an investigation of any member's election.

Claiming that the present measures are "more loophole than law," President Johnson submitted a bill that would:

▸ Encourage the small contributor by allowing him to deduct up to $100 in campaign contributions from his income tax.

▸ Do away with the unrealistic limit on the amount a candidate can accept, replacing it with a strict limit of $5,000 as the top amount that any one person can contribute to one candidate.

▸ Tighten up the disclosure rules so that details of any contribution over $100 would be recorded.

President Johnson should be commended for submitting an essentially fair and workable bill—particularly in light of a report on the '64 election recently published by the Citizens' Research Foundation which accused the Democrats of a "credibility gap" in their campaign funds reports. Citing examples of income that did not match outgo, the report held that the Democrats' action "led to a climate that could hardly foster confidence in the law or in political finance management."

If President Johnson's party is the first to suffer under a reformed law, then more power to him for having suggested it. And if the Congress has the guts to pass the Johnson bill, then it should also be strong enough to rewrite its weakest provision—the continued use of the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate as watchdogs. They shouldn't be expected to police the men who gave them their jobs.

The New Negro Mood

One lively sector of Negro opinion was not invited to last week's White House Conference on Civil Rights: the Revolutionary Action Movement described on page 100—the "red hots" who are actually reh arsing for a race war. Was this a serious omission? How important are they in the civil rights scene as a whole?

Perhaps most Negroes are readier to use force than they used to be; they have less stake than whites in the status quo. But they do have a stake in democracy. The vast majority probably still believe that equality can be won by peaceful means and that force would be self-defeating. This majority includes not only the successful bourgeois Negroes but most of the ghetto poor. Dr. Kenneth B. Clark points out that nearly 90% of the young people of Harlem do *not* get in trouble with the law. The truest cliché about the Negro remains the one that terms him an "exaggerated American"—just like everyone else, only more so. As Ralph Ellison put it, "The values of my people are neither white nor black; they are American."

But, that said, it must also be said that the desperation of the red hots, if not their methods, is symptomatic of a widespread Negro mood in the U.S. today. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., who is no great asset to the Negro cause but is a pretty good bellwether of its mood, told the graduating class at Howard University last month that "the era of compromise is gone." He urged them to abandon the conference table and "to seek black power . . . audacious power" instead. The new Negro mood is at once more militant and more race-conscious.

If this makes many whites uncomfortable, they should remember one thing about the price of being a Negro in America. Dr. Clark puts it thus: "Given the chronic debasement and assaults on his ego, probably the most difficult feeling for any American Negro to maintain toward himself or any other Negro is that of stable and unqualified respect." Since he hates the role imposed on him, it is all too natural for him also to hate either the white man or himself. The Muslims, and especially the late Malcolm X, began to cure this self-hatred with their brand of reverse racism. The cure is now spreading in a saner, non-Muslim form among many, or perhaps most, Negroes.

Says Dr. J. Alfred Cannon, a distinguished Negro psychiatrist in Los Angeles, "The apathy and despair that used to be dissipated in anger at each other by the Negroes is being partially replaced by pride. . . . The old hedonism is absent from the nationalist movement. There's a sense of importance, apartness and destiny. . . . Real self-help must be preceded by pride of some sort."

John Brown once told the great slave leader Frederick Douglass that "No people could have self-respect, or be respected, who would not fight for their freedom." Common sense and mutual dependence can prevent the fight from turning into interracial violence. A new Negro readiness to fight will be evident, however, not just in the red-hot fringe but in a more general assertiveness and even arrogance. Whites should be prepared for this. A great deal of mutual hurt may be the price of the candid confrontation that is rending the old veil of caste. Let none bemoan the fact that Negroes no longer "know their place." The reason they don't is that they are in the course of occupying a new place—and about time, too.

Foreground: 1966 Hardtop Sedan de Ville. Background: 1964 De Ville Convertible.

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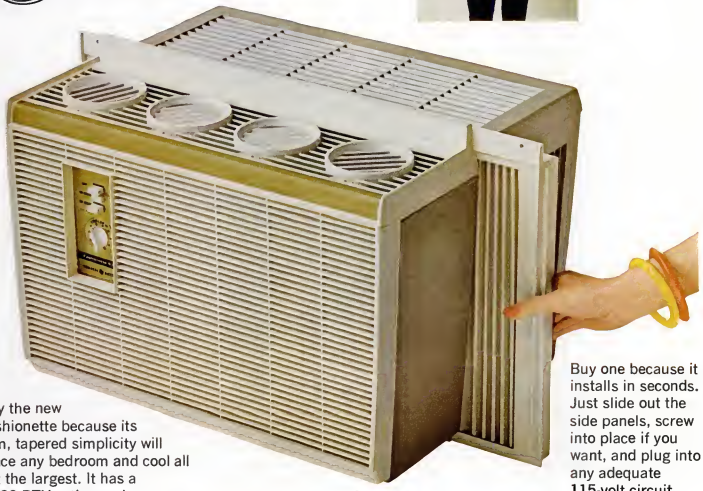

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Tough, Young World by an Old Pro

A YOUNG WORLD
directed by Vittorio da Sica

Vittorio de Sica, the director who once led the cinematic avant-garde, is now running hard to keep up with it. It is discomforting to see the man whose postwar experiments in neo-realism (*Shoeshine, The Bicycle Thief, Umberto D.*) did more than anything to remind us that movies *could* be art, deliberately imitating the styles and attitudes of the younger men who followed him. It is especially so when his latest film, *A Young World*, reveals that his technical skills and his powers of social and psychological observation are still very much intact.

To dispose of *A Young World*'s disappointments first, it is yet another story of young love blighted by the necessity of having to exist in the uncomprehending world. Its lovers and their plight are reminiscent of a hundred first novels and, more to the point, such recent movies as *The Leather Boys* and the ridiculously overpraised *The Girl-Getters*, to name just two in the burgeoning youth-misunderstood genre.

He is a young photographer, she is a first-year medical student. They meet and make love at a costume ball and, swept away on the unlikely wings of modern—or guilty—hedonism, they neglect to exchange names and addresses. But they are basically decent kids; he goes looking for her, finds her pining and together they discover real love. Which is a good thing, because she is pregnant. If you have seen *The L-Shaped Room* or *Love with the Proper Stranger* you know what the next question is. That's right. She finally agrees with him that their relationship cannot stand the strain imposed by the patter of tiny responsibilities and off she goes to the illicit doctors.

She is actually on the operating table before she realizes that, loving life as she does, she cannot be a party to its destruction. The film ends ambiguously, with boy and girl searching one another's face for the meaning of her decision. The audience is left searching for the movie-makers who will de-romanticize this whole subject and actually show some people going through with an abortion. As the movie itself reminds us, the abortion rate in France now about equals the birth rate, making such a resolution neither unlikely nor as morally repellent as many of us like to pretend.

Appropriately, this familiar material comes wrapped up in a familiar style, which might be called neo-neo-realism. The camera swoops and sweeps incessantly and the careful transitions of conventional editing are dispensed with, the better to approximate the jerky rhythms of modern life. This mode, so fresh when it was borne in by the New Wave a few years ago, is now as much a cliché as the style it replaced. Accompanied here by the inevitable cool jazz score, it is plain headachey.

Yet, for all its derivativeness, I found myself responding to *A Young World* more positively than I have so far indicated. For one thing, Christine Delaroche and Nino Castelnuovo are very attractive as the lovers, capable of conveying both the gravity and the grace of their situation. For another, De Sica is still De Sica, one of the great lonely directors. He captures the meaningless bustle of a city, the sterility of the girl's dormitory and the factory-like quality of her university with an unmistakeable precision that gives motive to her passion and contrast to her modesty. Her encounter with a pair of genteel lady abortionists is a perfectly realized moment of chilling creepiness.

Finally, the simple fact that De Sica and his long-time script-writer, Cesare Zavattini, are both 63 years old adds an important dimension to the film. One gathers that they have experienced the corruptions of the commercial world far more deeply (or at least longer) than the young men who are usually responsible for this kind of movie. When their hero goes forth to make a lira with the *paparazzi*, as a fashion photographer's assistant, as an entrapper of whores, finally as a gigolo, one gets the feeling that he is being savaged by experts in the art of moral karate. They have seen it all and know it all and their work has immense authority.

It remains a disappointment, as any self-consciously imitative film must be, but it is never a total lie. About the young world De Sica and Zavattini know mainly what they have seen at the movies, but about the old world of the fast and filthy buck and the still older one of individual alienation, they know a great deal at first hand and this gives their film the power to rise intermittently above those compromises which may be, along with wearied wisdom, the inevitable result of being 60 in the '60s.

by Richard Schickel

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Anger at a God That Failed

THE GATES OF THE FOREST
by ELIE WIESEL
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston) $4.95

Elie Wiesel dreams fire. "I write only when the pillow burns." He drives off the nightmares with the purgative of creation—a memoir and four novels now. To read Wiesel is to burn with him. The crimes that rupture his sleep heap coals of guilt on humanity. Because he is a Jew reared in Orthodoxy and the occult practices of Hasidism, Wiesel accuses the mystic source. God is a criminal. He must be rehabilitated.

A million Jewish children perished in Nazi murder factories. Miraculously, Wiesel himself survived death education at Auschwitz, Birkenau, Buchenwald. He saw his father on his deathbed smashed in the head with a truncheon. He watched children his own age thrown alive into crematoria, and he lived with the smell of burning flesh. At Auschwitz he witnessed the slow strangulation of a tortured Dutch boy too light for the gallows. A skeleton behind Wiesel asked, "Where is God now?" To himself Elie said, "He is hanging there." It was the end of faith, but not belief.

The Gates of the Forest is a metaphor for escape from blackness and search for light. Gregor, a Hungarian Jew like Wiesel, is 17 and hiding in a Transylvanian cave when we meet him. The other Jews of his village have been transformed into clouds floating above the forest. His father has disappeared into a world "where numbers kill" and "promises enclose emptiness." God has vacated the universe.

To Gregor's cave comes a nameless, laughing Jew who calls himself "the last survivor." He may be a phantom, a devil or an angel, and Gregor names him Gavriel. He ministers to the boy with Yiddish tales, weaving them into a sacrilegious coat of mail. Articulating Gregor's unspoken accusations, Gavriel links his God to drunkenness, desolation, ashes. He claims immortality and substitutes himself for Gregor when the Hungarian military killers close in.

Depths of suffering and loss raise *The Gates of the Forest* above logic, rationalism. Wiesel chooses to try, and to convict, God. He needs all the coincidences, characters out of nowhere, inexplicable impulses he can manufacture. A touch of Dostoevsky's genius would help. In its absence he invents situations. Thus Gregor joins a group of Jewish Hungarian partisans and persuades them to liberate Gavriel. It is futile, and the partisan leader is killed in the attempt. God denies his people again. To widen Wiesel's study of betrayal and guilt, Gregor takes over the leader's mistress and we follow them to New York. Drained and near breakdown, Gregor tortures their lives there with cries against God's crucifixion of the Jews.

The Gates of the Forest exceeds fiction. It is the emotional playback of a "universal eclipse." Oracular kids, specters, scissored flashbacks fade into the black of Wiesel's parable. "Beyond sorrow, beyond justice," anguish splits open the novel. We see the enormity of the sin committed against a race. Total insanity smashed a people's protective myths, destroying a system of belief and hope that had sustained Jews through 5,000 years of trial.

Gregor buries God because the Talmud lied. Israel kept its name but the Jews were not delivered. The power of prophecy was not given to children: the children were given to ravenous dogs. No new Maccabees fought the enemy: they slew their brethren for rotten scraps of bread.

Ancient Jews closed their eyes and saw God. Gregor closes his and sees assassinated schoolboys. His angel Gavriel arrives for the last time in a New York synagogue, still with no divine messages, only laughter and a grim pronouncement: "I don't like victories."

Wiesel would have us believe Gregor resurrects God. "As long as there are men there will be a Messiah . . . he's all men." This is Faulkner's Nobel speech on man's prevailing translated into ultrareformed Judaism, and Gregor supports it with grit and strange affection for a woman who imagines a corpse when she makes love to him.

I don't believe it. Hope sprung eternal from such ashes is beyond Wiesel's literary capacities. His claim that Gregor has reconstructed a new God for all men goes unsupported by convincing action. The last of his terrible revelations may be inadvertent: that a just man condemned by his past to renovate a god that failed is unable to do it.

Webster Schott frequently reviews books for LIFE.

—by Webster Schott

I was on my way up to the top—227 pounds—when this picture was taken. Every time I went shopping for a dress, I knew I'd have to buy it bigger. When I hit size 22½, I knew it was time to come down.

Here I am at 130. My husband never thought I could lose so much weight. But I did. And I feel great!

I stopped crash dieting and lost 97 pounds

By Edith Henderson—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

I never thought when I went to work in the bakery that I'd turn into a 227-pound cream puff. But that's exactly what happened. Of course, it didn't happen overnight. For fifteen years, I'd been overeating. My job, however, was what tipped the scales. From nine to three, I lived in a world of Danish rolls, sugar-coated doughnuts and plump apple turnovers. The temptation was terrific. And I had little will power. When I wasn't selling, I ate. And when I went home, I didn't stop. In fact, I ate even more.

My husband is a baker. He and I and our three children live on a small farm in Rice Lake, Wisconsin. We have ten acres. On six, we grow corn and oats. On the rest, we have livestock. There's always plenty to do, but the exercise I got doing chores only helped to build up my appetite more.

Our evening meal was the big one. And I really mean big. Meat. Heaps of potatoes, smothered in gravy. Sometimes macaroni and cheese or spaghetti. And plenty of pastry—prune kolachy, berry pie or my favorite, homemade chocolate layer cake.

You can see what made me fat. It wasn't heredity. My six sisters are all slim. It wasn't glandular. It wasn't lack of exercise. It was simply my own oversized appetite that was to blame for the shape I was in.

What made me decide to do something about my weight? Strangely enough, my job, the very job that was helping to make me fatter. You see, at the bakery I was "out in public." I was no longer seeing just chickens and rabbits and calves every day. I was seeing people. And they were seeing me. That's when I began to see myself. There I was—Edith Henderson, in my early thirties, wearing a size 22½ dress. The other girls I worked with were all slim. The contrast was enough to move me to action.

I'd tried dieting before, but never with much success. Once, many years ago, I took a drug. It wasn't for me. Later, I tried crash dieting. Eggs and grapefruit . . . day after day after day after day until I couldn't stand it anymore. I was so ugly with my family, even they encouraged me to go back to my chocolate layer cake.

This time, however, I was determined to take off the weight gradually and sensibly. I knew, though, that I'd need help. That's when I turned to a vitamin and mineral reducing-plan candy to curb my appetite. I'd read in a magazine about movie stars using it. And our local druggist thought it would help me. Oh yes, one thing more. Misery loves company. So I called a few of my overweight friends to ask if they wouldn't be interested in trying to reduce along with me. They were. So we formed the "Chub Club." Some took reducing drugs. Others tried liquid diet drinks. Still others used will power alone. I was the only one to take the candy, Ayds. And I was the only one to achieve a major weight loss.

What did I have to do on the Ayds Plan? It was really quite simple. The candy contains no drugs. There's nothing in it that made me nervous. I just followed directions — took one or two Ayds before meals, with a hot drink. For me, that was usually a cup of coffee or tea. Fifteen minutes later, I was able to sit down at the table with the rest of my family and eat what they ate. Only I ate less, because my appetite had been curbed and I wanted less.

Where cake and coffee used to be routine when we watched television in the evening, I now take a cup of coffee and an Ayds. It comes in two flavors, you know. There's the caramel kind. And there's the chocolate fudgy kind. I like the caramel kind best, because it's chewier. I *have* to have something to chew when I'm reducing. I just can't drink a meal.

How much weight did I lose in all? 97 pounds! And I've maintained the weight loss, too. My husband told me later that he never thought I could do it. But I did! And I feel great. I felt good-natured, too, all the time I was on the Ayds Plan. Not irritable like the other times when I dieted.

My whole family is just delighted with the new "me." And so am I. I seem to be more popular and have more friends than I ever did. My new figure has caused quite a lot of talk in the town where I was raised, too. A few months ago, I went back for a visit. Someone who'd known me for years stopped me on the street. Only she thought I was my sister. My "skinny" sister. What a compliment that was for me! And so it would be for you, if you'd gone from a size 22½ to a size 12! Thank you, Ayds.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

Before		After
5'4"	Height	5'4"
227 pounds	Weight	130 pounds
40"	Bust	36"
38"	Waist	29"
40"	Hips	36"
22½	Dress Size	12

AYDS® CAMPANA CORP.

Dial a polished adam's apple

A new shaving invention. The REMINGTON® 300 *Selectro* Shaver turns the bumpy ride over your adam's apple into a smooth glide. It gets you over the hump without snagging, pulling, scraping or burning—no matter how sensitive your skin is. Because it's got a dial—a dial to adjust the thinnest shaving heads ever to each part of your face and beard.

Dial S-1 for your neck, adam's apple and all. Guard combs protect your skin, so you get a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave.

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When you turn the dial to the Trim position, the biggest pop-up trimmer goes to work. It clips barber-straight sideburns. Cleaning is easy, too. Just another twist of the dial to the setting Clean, a *pffft* from you, and it's done. It's a new shaving invention for a whole new way of shaving.

REMINGTON makes a complete line of cordless shavers, too. Either way, you'll get your face off to a smoother start.

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Selectro Shaver

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Ford Authorized Leasing System Dealers...we're auto experts!

When you lease a car be sure you lease that car from people who are car experts, too. Like Ford Authorized Leasing System Dealers. We're auto dealers... and we know our cars from top to bottom. We can get you the new car you want... have factory-trained mechanics on hand to keep that car in top-running condition. As car dealers, we're "pros" at buying and selling cars . . . will get you the best trade-in on your present car. When you're finished with your leased car, merely bring it back to us. Whether you need a car for yourself or 100 for your business . . . give us a try. You'll find out why we're No. 1 in car leasing. And you'll like our reasonable rates... even with maintenance included.

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Don't pay for your family's summer vacation!
You may have already won it.

We've reserved 25 free family vacations to anywhere in the U.S.A. via American Airlines.

Or you can win one of 1500 other vacation prizes offered in the Bristol-Myers Family Vacation Sweepstakes.

25 GRAND PRIZES:

Discover America via American Airlines Each grand prize includes round trip fare for you and your immediate family via American Airlines to the vacation site of your choice in the Continental U.S.A.—plus one week's accommodations and all meals!

750 SECOND PRIZES:
American Tourister Luggage A two-piece set for your summer vacation, or whenever you want to travel in style. Includes a lady's roomy weekend case plus a man-sized 2-suiter suitcase.

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American Tourister Tote Bags Handy and attractive with spacious interiors. Great for families on the go.

This may be a winning entry—clip out and take to your store. (Or see rule #3.)

 Quick	 Effective	SCORE Invisible
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Have a happy, healthy summer with these top quality Bristol-Myers products.

Nothing to buy—no skill required!
Here's all you do to find out if you've won:

1. Clip out this complete entry illustrating six of Bristol-Myers' family of fine products and take it to your store (or send for the facsimile sheet as per rule #3).
2. Compare the words printed underneath each product pictured with the fronts of the actual packages in your store (only outside packages count—product fronts inside cartons do not count); or with the facsimile sheet.
3. Facsimile package fronts containing the winning words appearing on each product package may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Bristol-Myers Family Sweepstakes, Box 483, New York, N.Y. 10046.
4. If you find **three** package fronts that include the words shown under their pictures, you win one of the 25 Grand Prizes. If you find **two** package fronts that include the words shown, you win one of the second prizes; if you find **one** package front that includes the word shown, you win one of the third prizes. All packages of any product are alike so it is only necessary to check one front of each product (or the facsimile sheet) to see if you are a winner.
5. If you have a winning entry, circle the winning words, and mail the entry, via registered mail, along with your name and address to the judging organization: D. L. Blair Corporation, 25 East 26th Street, New York, New York 10010. Judges' decisions are final on all matters concerning this offer.
6. Grand Prizes will be awarded to parents and their children residing in the same household. No substitution will be made for any prize offered.
7. Winning entries must be postmarked no later than September 30, 1966 and be received by the judges no later than October 7, 1966.
8. Sweepstakes not open to employees (or their families) of Bristol-Myers Company, its advertising agencies, magazines publishing this advertisement and their respective production and sweepstakes agents. Offer void in Florida, Nebraska and wherever else prohibited by law.

NEW 33"
197 lb. freezer,
13.4 cu. ft. refrigerator

35¾"
259 lb. freezer,
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324 lb. freezer,
15.1 cu. ft. refrigerator

48¼"
395 lb. freezer,
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Now...four sizes of Admiral Duplex!

Brand new! Admiral Duplex 19 Freezer/Refrigerator now only 33" wide! Fits your space, needs and budget!

Admiral Thin-Wall Insulation and engineering skill make this new Duplex 19 possible . . . 19 cubic feet of fresh and frozen food storage, *now only 33 inches wide!*

On the left, a 197 pound upright no-frost freezer has more *usable* space than bottom-freezer models of even higher rated capacity! On the right is a 13.4 cubic foot upright no-frost refrigerator! Perfect for the big family with a small kitchen, everything's handy, no stooping, bending or reaching!

New Admiral Automatic Ice-Maker is available on all sizes of Admiral Duplex, keeps a party-size supply of ice cubes always on hand, giant basket holds up to 180 ice cubes. No filling, no slopping, no mess.

See new Admiral Duplex 19. See all four new Duplex models: 33" wide (19.0 cu. ft.), 35¾" wide (20.8 cu. ft.), 41" wide, (24.4 cu. ft.), 48¼" wide (29.2 cu. ft.). In white, four decorator colors and brushed chrome. Choose the *largest* Duplex to fit your needs!

Admiral Duplex

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Good Housekeeping GUARANTY

Shown above, new Admiral Duplex 19, Model ND1903, 33" wide, 5'4½" tall, 24½" deep. Admiral, Chicago. Admiral Canada, Ontario.

The Passing of a Fine Front Page

THE NEW LONDON 'TIMES'

For really vintage front-page stuff, it has been hard, for 181 years and 56,620 issues, to beat *The Times* of London. "Marjorie dear, please come home or phone: 'L' very ill. All our luve" ran a lead item a few weeks ago. A few days later there appeared a cryptic note that read: "Nude Henry VI—a plea to the top people—especially dukes and duchesses; any suits of armour (preferably empty), old coronation robes or ancestral garments; please help clothe our play." Right alongside this plea ran another agonized one from Dr. Jonathan Miller, the gangling man from *Beyond the Fringe*, seeking "an enormous corridor—at least 100 feet long" and "one very sinister, cranky indoor swimming pool, very old and very peculiar."

Very peculiar indeed, you might say, for front page material for a great newspaper. But for *The Times*, this was its entire daily front page menu—ads and personal notices, along with what has been celebrated as the "Hatch, Match and Dispatch" column (of births, marriages and deaths, of course). On only a few occasions in its history has *The Times* deigned to place news on its front page—of such epic events as the Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Sir Winston Churchill.

That is all past. As of May 3, the front page began to carry news like any other newspaper. Relegated to the inside pages are such delights as "12 Early Chrysanths, 3/-; 25 Rose-like hedgings, 9/6; Fragrant Village Pinks, 12/- the dozen" or such comeons as "Draw not your sword to the dragon, but a cork from a bottle of our perfect NUTTS ST. GEORGE 1961!" In future we in London will be faced at our early morning tea in bed with a front page shaking us out of sleep with rude announcements of crises, elections and the war in Vietnam. What a pity. How much more tasteful to open one's eyes and read, "Anouchka, this summer will be very long and lonely without one—D."

Of course when the long-awaited "new" front page appeared (with a lead story announcing London as the new headquarters for NATO) the paper hastened in an editorial to assure us that all was really well. "Change is the law of life," it sternly remarked. "If things do not evolve they die. . . . Uniqueness is not a virtue if it becomes mere eccentricity." Then, in the journalistic understatement of the century, it harrumphed: "Placing news on the front page of *The Times* is one more step along a road this paper has been treading for 181 years," adding, "There is no future for any newspaper as a museum piece."

Quite right, if *The Times* was in danger of becoming an old curiosity rather than a stimulating newspaper something had to be done. If London today is the swinging city, *The Times* dare not stop the pendulum. Besides, the paper promised that "There is no intention of altering the essential character."

Browsing through the 32 pages of the new *Times*, however, the connoisseur can see subtle signs that, like dukes and earls opening their stately homes to the paying public, *The Times* has bowed to commercialism. It hopes to boost circulation from 254,000 to 500,000 and its character is broadening. Women, who were allowed a page a week, are now awarded a full page every day (designed by a tall brunette who shattered the calm of Printing House Square by coming to work in a miniskirt and white Courrèges boots). The paper may even become a little more human. Already it has begun to acknowledge that athletes have Christian names. No longer is it C. Clay, but Cassius, and racing driver J. Clark is matily called Jim.

But the changes have been grafted onto the strong main stock without altering the fine political reporting, the wide sweep of its arts page (where the music critic once wrote by far the best analysis of Beatle music ever penned—he liked their "submediant switches from C Major to A flat"), its traditionally superlative business coverage, or a letters column in which political controversy has almost the impact of a debate in Parliament.

Any criticism of *The Times*' revolution should be limited to a swiftly stifled sigh that one more aspect of traditional England has died. There was, of course, the lament of a hunker in the city who complained to me, "What I liked about *The Times* with adverts on the front page, was that on rainy mornings when the paperboy threw it down on the front step, the main news pages inside remained perfectly dry for me to read." No more.

Mr. Green, formerly LIFE's *bureau chief in London, was recently editor of the* Illustrated London News.

by Timothy Green

POWERFUL NEW PITTSBURGH PAINTS

Finally, a semi-gloss enamel you can wash off your brush —but not off your walls.

It's Pittsburgh's new Satinhide® Latex Lo-Lustre Enamel. It doesn't smell, goes on easily, dries fast, and washes out of your brush with soap and water. Yet it's as tough and washable as any semi-gloss enamel ever made. Obviously, it's going to make painting things like bathrooms, kitchens, woodwork trim and kids' rooms a lot less of a pain.

If we keep coming up with ideas like our Satinhide Latex Lo-Lustre Enamel, painting could become a sport. Another new powerful paint from Pittsburgh. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest Pittsburgh Paints Dealer.

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When he graduates from high school, give him something that'll help him graduate from college.

In the next 4 years of learning he may hear a trillion words. Give him something to help him remember them. A G.E. Memorizer—it's a tape recorder he can take to class. Push a button and it remembers everything his teachers say. And so will he. Bonus: The Memorizer will put him through foreign language drills and he can use it for dictating term papers. Help him through college. Give him a G.E. Memorizer—no extra charge for capstan drive and Ultra Balance sound.

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Now here's a gift any man will really get a charge out of...

No, not because it's electric. But because it's amazing.

He'll never wind the Electric Timex. There's nothing to wind. No winding stem. No mainspring.

Instead, a tiny energy cell provides a whole year of steady electric power. Then? He simply puts in a new cell. It costs a dollar. Takes a few moments. And he's all set for another year of steady electric accuracy.

More? Much more. The Electric Timex is waterproof*. Dustproof*. Shock-resistant. And its second hand jumps, second-to-second, for precise timing.

More? Only the price. And that's a lot less than you'd expect. There are four handsome models for just $39.95. And two new calendar models for only $45.

*As long as crystal, crown and case remain intact.

THE ELECTRIC TIMEX®
This is the energy cell actual size.

As a prelude to our Golden Anniversary of service to Lutheran Families of all Synods we're introducing a variety of insurance plans!

Our 50th year of service to *all* Lutherans will be celebrated in 1967. However, we're starting early with plans to mark a half century of answering the life insurance and (more recently) the health insurance requirements of Lutheran families in the United States and Canada.

Special Insurance Plans, covering a wide variety of needs, objectives and requirements will be offered. As in the past, all of these plans will be available to Lutherans of every synod:

1. The new "Executive Special" policy, which starts a man out with *full protection* at *half* the initial premium cost. Designed for men "on the way up." This policy is available in amounts of $25,000 or more.

2. The "Retirement Special" plan, which can provide worry-free security in future years.

3. The "College Special" plan, which guarantees money for your child's education, and provides life insurance protection.

4. The "Grandparent Special" which permits grandparents to provide a *lasting gift* of *growing* value to their grandchildren.

If you'd like advance information, please call your local Lutheran Brotherhood agent, or complete and mail coupon today.

Mail to: Carl F. Granrud, Chairman of the Board L66
Lutheran Brotherhood Insurance
Home Office: Minneapolis, Minn. 55402

Please rush me information on: ☐ "Retirement Special" plan ☐ "Executive Special" plan
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Lutheran Brotherhood Insurance
Life and Health Insurance for *all* Lutherans

Ugly is only skin-deep.

It may not be much to look at. But beneath that humble exterior beats an air-cooled engine. It won't boil over and ruin your piston rings. It won't freeze over and ruin yourlife. It's in the back of the car, where the weight on the rear wheels makes the traction very good in snow and sand. And it will give you about 29 miles to a gallon of gas.

After a while you get to like so much about the VW, you even get to like what it looks like.

You find that there's enough legroom for almost anybody's legs. Enough headroom for almost anybody's head. With a hat on it. Snug-fitting bucket seats. Doors that close so well you can hardly close them. (They're so airtight, it's better to open the window a crack first.)

Those plain, unglamorous wheels are each suspended independently. So when a bump makes one wheel bounce, the bounce doesn't make the other wheel bump. It's things like that you pay the $1585* for, when you buy a VW. The ugliness doesn't add a thing to the cost of the car.

That's the beauty of it.

Sooner or later
you're going to expect
more from a Scotch.
Why not try the
Scotch that started it all?

Tonight. "Black & White"

There are two "Black & White" Scotches, and one is Extra Light.

If Rose's is made for gimlets, what's it doing in a whiskey sour?

The gimlet recipe is on every Rose's Lime Juice bottle. Displayed proudly, like a family crest. One part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Beautifully stated.

Yet, we understand a goodly number are using our Rose's in their whiskey sours. Why?

Is it because they feel there is no lime juice like Rose's? Anywhere? They are quite right.

Rose's is made of limes grown in Dominica, a lush, tropical West Indian island. These are tropical yellow limes. Superbly tart-sweet. Not too sour like untropical green limes. Not too sweet like ordinary bottled lime. Better. Much.

It has been said that Rose's adds a calypso beat to a drink. Play some in a whiskey sour: 4 parts whiskey (or scotch), 1 part Rose's. Shake with ice. Strain. Pour.

Dance.

Live next door to the King. $12.12 a day, meals included.

You're looking at Fredensborg Castle, summer residence of the Royal Family of Denmark. You're looking at it from an attic window of the Hotel Frederik IV where you get three meals and a room with bath (no, not in the attic) for $12.12 a day.

Our point is, you won't lose sleep over the cost of sleep in Scandinavia. And you won't have trouble finding interesting places to sleep.

When you tire of having a King for a neighbor, pack up and travel the fairytale countryside of Denmark. A night or two in a roadside inn right out of Hans Christian Andersen is not only memorable, it's downright unforgettable. So is the bill. About $4.00 a night.

When you feel like stretching, head for the fjord country of Norway. The fjords are awesome. The prices are restful. A room and three feasts at a mountainside lodge will run you $5.00 a day, give or take a nickel or two.

For an on-the-spot lesson in medieval history, visit the walled city of Visby on the Isle of Gotland, off the coast of Sweden. Time has stood still in this fortress known as "the city of ruins and roses." And so has the fare. $7.00 a night with bath.

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Rape in India—Real and Allegorical

THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN
by PAUL SCOTT (Morrow) $5.95

"This is the story of a rape," British novelist Paul Scott baldly explains as *The Jewel in the Crown* begins. Happily, except for a few hints and guesses to encourage curiosity, Scott does not get round to the specific unpleasantness in question until nearly three quarters of his tale is told. By then the author, far from merely unfolding an account of an isolated act of violence, has woven out of many voices and many contiguous lives a chronicle of the long, sometimes hopeful, often hateful relationship between Englishmen and Indians in what was British India.

No British writer since Kipling has doubted that this historic affair resembled rape far more than love. But far more even than E. M. Forster, in whose long literary shadow he has to work, Paul Scott is successful in exploring the provinces of the human heart. For it is there, after the failure of any marriage, between states, or men and women, that subtle memories of past damage and delight bloom and be brooded over.

The jewel in the crown, naturally, is the India over which Benjamin Disraeli quixotically decided to make Queen Victoria a queen-empress. The flaw in the gem, according to Scott, was not so much colonial exploitation as raw race prejudice. For an American reader it comes as a shock to find that the British in India habitually referred to the Indians as "blacks." To Scott's credit as a novelist, the pigments he uses in recreating their world and the grievances of the Indians, are rarely all black or all white.

The precise political moment is August, 1942. The Japanese have just defeated the British army in Burma and are threatening India. Mahatma Gandhi's anti-British "Quit India" campaign has just been endorsed by the Indian Parliament, and in the riots which follow, British and Indian army troops intervene "in aid" of local police, a tragic confrontation which Americans are today well-equipped by experience to understand. Racist extremists on both sides in Scott's imaginary city of Mayapore do their best to destroy such slight fabric of trust as exists. Any Indian who tried to protect lives and maintain order was branded by Indian nationalists as "Lickspittle of the British Raj"—a colonial Uncle Tom.

All this emerges in a slow unwinding of the threads of human concern which link a half a dozen major characters involved in a minor incident during the riots—the rape of a thoroughly nice English girl by five Indian prowlers. The coils and counter coils of this event at times threaten to transform the book into a kind of transplanted, aged-in-the-miscegenation Southern plotboiler. To save her Indian lover who is one of the suspects, the girl—rather too much like the heroine of *Passage to India*—refuses to testify about her attackers. "For all I know," she says, outraging the British colony, "they could have been British soldiers with their faces blacked." But most of the book's characters, telling their versions in an astonishing range of different voices, bear witness to their own lives and to Scott's skill at pushing character up to, but not beyond, the yawning edge of caricature.

Like John O'Hara dwelling on the tribal rules of well-heeled aborigines in Pottstown, Pa., Scott minutely observes the social contortions created by such things as the fact that though Indians could not, in principle, belong to the club in Mayapore, Indian officers of the British Indian army could not be kept out—because "they held the king-emperor's commission." They joined, and by unwritten understanding, played tennis but never used the swimming pool.

In the abstract, especially compared to our own grim and more violent examples of interracial cruelty, such discriminations might seem frivolous, if Scott were not so adept at avoiding shrillness and at showing their cumulative impact throughout a man's lifetime. So swiftly does the rush of political change move these days that now, hardly more than a generation afterward, the India question of 1942 and the whole struggle for independence seem too remote to be of any pressing interest, yet too close in time to be taken seriously as background for an important historical novel. As a result, brilliant and multifaceted as it is, *The Jewel in the Crown*, like long delayed letters from a soldier whose death has already been announced by cable, sometimes seems touchingly irrelevant.

by Timothy Foote

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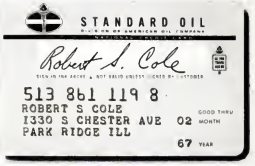

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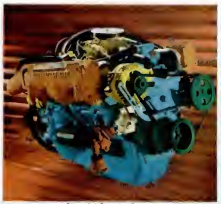

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

U.S. BATHROOMS

Sirs:

Oh come now! I happen to like my bathroom just as it is, thank you ("Indictment of U.S. Bathrooms," May 20).

They aren't places to hold cocktail parties. Leave my bathroom alone.

JEROME W. BAILEY

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Bathroom fixture manufacturers of America—STOP! The futuristic features are fine, except that silly, glorified "Potty Chair" only 9 inches high. This thing might be great for little kids and those designing doctors, but a great many Americans are not that athletic.

URSULA G. KOZAK

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Why is it that the G.O.P. must be so singularly devoid of any peripheral membership? ("Rowdies and Dowdies' of the Right," May 20) when the Democratic party clings to its ever growing and increasingly vocal members of the far left? Aren't the bearded protesters sometimes more frightening than a few misguided little old ladies worrying about L.B.J.'s position on polygamy?

OAKLEY K. DAVISON

Clarendon Hills, Ill.

Sirs:

I don't mind your slur that Federated Republican Women are "dowdy." However, I do take offense at the accusation that we are all followers of the Phyllis Schlafly line of attack. Hundreds of us find her to be a drag and fervently pray that she will take up golf, bridge or bird-watching.

JEAN BUFFALOW

Orinda, Calif.

Sirs:

If you took a serious look at our organization's principles and membership you would find us normal, patriotic, hard-working, God-fearing wives and mothers. You may disagree with us politically, but I challenge you to prove we are dowdy. I am 34-24-34 and not one bit dowdy!

MRS. L. WILLIAM MCNUTTY JR.

Corsicana, Texas

Sirs:

Your editorial was greeted by cheers across the country, nowhere louder than here. We have been appalled by the tactics of the California Young Republicans, at their "Let George do it" attitude toward such problems as Watts and at instances of blatant anti-Semitism.

If the Republican party is ever to regain its image as a dedicated group of intelligent citizens, it will have to divest itself of its current crop of kooks, and the greatest thing National Chairman Ray Bliss could do is spread that message loud and clear. The "gray-flanneled Hell's Angels" are more dangerous to our nation in their thinking than are their counterparts on wheels.

DAVE A. EPSTEIN

Hollywood, Calif.

ELECTRONIC SNOOPING

Sirs:

Your fine article, "The Big Snoop" (May 20) will help people become aware of the potential danger of these bugging devices, which are being circulated to every con artist and blackmailer in the country. The next time I drink a martini I'll bite the olive.

DENNIS MILECKI

Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

How cowardly of Bernard Spindel to hide behind the respectability of being an instructor for a fine organization such as the 4H, whose principles are most certainly not those of the questionable Spindel ("It's not what you do, it's what you get caught doing"), while actively undermining the work of the law enforcement agencies.

LOIS SUTTON

Mineola, N.Y.

Sirs:

Good luck to Mr. Spindel in his bugging business. Who knows, in time Americans may start to button up those great wagging tongues, and the rest of the world may reap the blessing of, at last, the Silent American.

Keep bugging away, Bernard.

DOUGLAS ADAMS

Winnipeg, Man., Can.

Sirs:

The picture on page 42 is described as a labyrinth of telephone lines converging on Las Vegas FBI headquarters. But this is an electric power plant and power lines in no way connected to any telephone equipment. If they were, the FBI would have the hottest phones in the entire world and we would be minus an FBI man each time one used the phone.

E. B. HUMPHREYS

New Jersey Bell Telephone Co.

Atlantic City, N.J.

BRITISH THEATER

Sirs:

The great step forward of the English theater is to stress the worst side of humanity and call it art and creativity ("Gale of Shock Rips Across the British Stage," May 20). The fact that people will pay to look at it tells more about the current status of culture than any play written.

GENE KELSAY

Arvada, Colo.

Sirs:

I sadly suspect that the "winds of excitement blowing across the English stage" are being fanned more vigorously by hungry till-watchers aware of shock value than by concerned social critics.

ANNE BROADWELL TAYLOR

Cresskill, N.J.

Sirs:

Your article was most provocative and informative. Not only did it give us a better understanding of current British theater but it also helped us to realize how much our American theater is lagging behind in its development.

EDMUND M. CHAVEZ
Professor of Dramatics

University of Idaho

Moscow, Idaho

SLEEP

Sirs:

We certainly do not need scientific experiments like those of Dr. William Dement to find out that a cat, if forced for months to get all his sleep perched precariously on an undersized brick in the middle of water, will become seriously disturbed ("A Good Unrestful Sleep," May 20). Plain muscular fatigue and anguish caused by unrelieved harassment are enough to break a cat—or a man under similar circumstances.

H. MICHELSON

St. Paul, Minn.

▶ Dr. Dement's cats get plenty of sleep each day in a comfortable recording box and are wakened only when they go into an REM phase. When not sleeping they are fed well, petted and exercised. Dr. Dement says, "The personality changes that result from lack of REM sleep—for instance increased impulsiveness—are not upsetting to cats whereas they would be to humans."—ED.

YALE LAW FRATERNITY

Sirs:

If you had waited another week, you could have circled another head in your 1940 picture of Yale Law School's Phi Delta Phi fraternity (May 20), that of Eugene Locke. The President named him May 24 as our ambassador to Pakistan.

POTTER STEWART

U.S. Supreme Court

Washington, D.C.

EUGENE LOCKE

Sirs:

You did not circle John Ecklund, top row, left, treasurer of Yale University. And Langdon Van Norden, president of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, is in the middle row, second from the left.

DANIEL V. MCNAMEE JR.

Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am in the third row, sixth from the right.

SENATOR MORGAN K. MCGUIRE

Connecticut State Senate

Hartford, Conn.

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THE FEMININE EYE / **Shana Alexander**

A civics lesson on homicide

When I first flipped on the television set to watch the inquest into the shooting of Leonard Deadwyler, I knew that Los Angeles was going to be in for quite a municipal civics lesson. An actual coroner's inquest had never before been televised, and most viewers, including me, had only the sketchiest notion of how such proceedings work.

Deadwyler, a Negro, had been driving his pregnant wife to the hospital when he was shot and killed by a white police officer after a wild auto chase through the city's Negro district. It later turned out that Mrs. Deadwyler was in false labor, that Mr. Deadwyler was drunk and that the officer who shot him leaned halfway into their car to do it.

There was a great deal more to the story than that. It took eight days and 49 witnesses to get it all told—the longest, most voluminous inquest ever held in Los Angeles County, and quite possibly anywhere else.

We got the civics lesson all right. Several times a day the TV announcer explained that a coroner's inquest was not a trial, but only a fact-finding procedure to determine the cause of death, and that the verdict of the jury was not binding upon the district attorney in his decision to prosecute or not. But it certainly looked like a trial, with its jury box and witness box and bailiffs and counsel table. We were repeatedly told too that the distinguished-looking man on the bench was not a judge but a coroner without any formal legal training, and that the man asking the questions was a deputy district attorney who would ask any questions that either side wished. Still, the impression that one was watching an actual trial by jury was pervasive and seemed to grow stronger as the inquiry progressed. Many professional attorneys were distressed by the appearance of a trial without any of the traditional safeguards such as cross examination or the presence of a judge on the bench. As a law professor remarked, "This isn't doing justice. This isn't even airing justice. This is just making a movie."

But the district attorney was not interested in moviemaking. Renewed violence had broken out in Watts immediately after the killing, and a rally by the hastily organized "committee to end legalized murder by cops" was followed by the beating of two white newsmen. Death threats were received by witnesses on both sides, and on the opening day of the inquest there were even threats of violence from the angry crowds thronging the county courthouse. In this atmosphere it was clear that not even public service but public safety was the reason the district attorney invited the TV cameras into his courtroom so that "all can see the investigation is being conducted in a fair and impartial manner."

As the marathon inquest wore on, the entire city watched, though with varying degrees of comprehension. Viewers began telephoning the TV station to demand that the announcer put certain questions to the witness on the stand. It eventually became important also to know whether a witness such as the doctor who had determined that Mrs. Deadwyler was not in active labor but was actually suffering kidney pains on the fatal night had in fact seen Mrs. Deadwyler's testimony on this same point on TV a week earlier. (He had.)

If it was a confusing civics lesson, it still made a whale of a TV show. Now that it has ended it occurs to me that we may have learned some things that nobody bargained for. The full-face camera close-ups on TV revealed tiny facial nuances—a bobbing Adam's apple, a shifty glance, a faintly tightening jaw—which could not have been noticeable in the actual courtroom, not even from the jury box. Soon the viewer began to feel like a member of the jury, surely just what the D.A. hoped would happen.

As a vicarious or proxy juror, I learned some strange things. The man who has already admitted he is lying can be the one you believe the most. You find yourself trusting some people and mistrusting others for no logical reason. You develop favorites. My own was an ambulance attendant named Walter Hoof, who wore a zippered jacket. I have no idea why I believed him; perhaps it was the jacket. In any case, he was completely convincing about what Mrs. Deadwyler had told him en route to the hospital—that she had urged her husband not to stop when they heard the sirens because she was sure the police were escorting them, and that when her husband toppled over in her lap, she was sure he was joking until she felt the blood on her legs.

The jury took two hours and 35 minutes to reach a verdict of accidental homicide. That official verdict was the same as my private one. No other conclusion seemed possible. The district attorney congratulated the nine citizens and said that as far as his office was concerned, the case was now closed. The coroner stated bleakly that death was due "to a gunshot wound of the chest, penetrating the lungs and heart with massive hemorrhaging. Other conditions: acute ethanol intoxication."

I found myself wanting to add a footnote. This death was also due to massive misunderstanding and acute mistrust on both sides. The Deadwylers came to Los Angeles from rural Georgia less than a year ago. I think they actually believed that the white handkerchief they tied to the aerial before taking off would be understood as a distress signal. "In my home we always do that for emergency," Barbara Deadwyler testified. I even think that Leonard Deadwyler may have at first misunderstood the chasing police cars as a police escort to the hospital.

The extent of police misunderstanding and mistrust was also obvious. I doubt if the same auto chase in a white neighborhood would have resulted in a police broadcast that the driver was wanted for "attack with a deadly weapon" (meaning the car), or that a half dozen police armed with revolvers and shotguns would have rushed the car of a man wanted only for traffic violations.

After the hearing the widow said she had felt that it was the Deadwylers and not the police who had been on trial. Despite the elaborate usage of "ma'am" throughout her interrogation, I had to agree.

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Where you save, borrow and build

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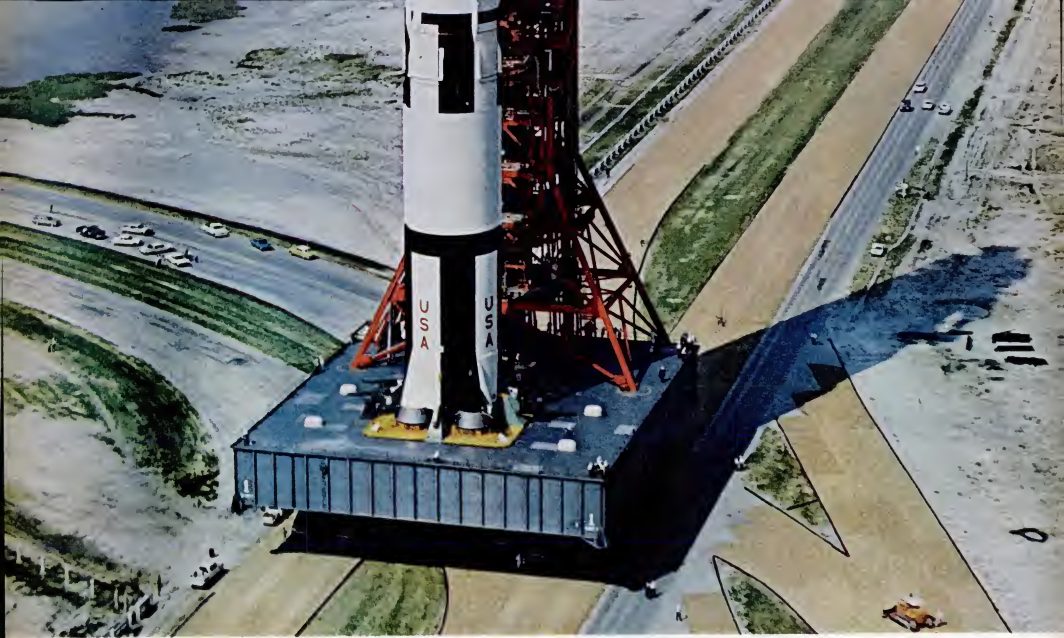
LIFE
Vol. 60, No. 23 June 10, 1966

MOON ROCKET ROLLS OUT



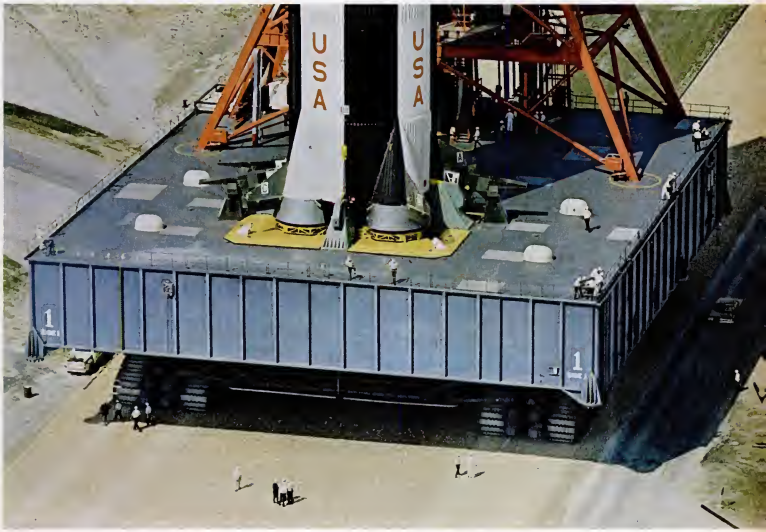
It was a week of giant steps in the U.S.'s space program. The first saw a mock-up of the world's biggest rocket—Saturn V, built to carry man to the moon by 1970—trundling across Cape Kennedy to its pad in the distance (*top left*). The second was the brilliant success of Surveyor, launched with a smaller rocket, to make its soft landing on lunar terrain. The third was the scheduled Gemini mission. Never had the space program produced so massively spectacular a sight as the earthbound voyage of Saturn V. Tall as a 36-story building, the rocket stood adjacent to a mobile launch tower that was even taller as the rig inched along on the world's biggest tractor. The purpose of the 3½-mile trip, which took over nine hours, was to try out a whole new generation of space-port facilities (*following pages*). Designed specifically for flights to the moon, they dwarf all equipment now in use,

ASSEMBLED IN ITS OWN SKYSCRAPER

The Saturn V is so huge and so complicated to put together that NASA had to scrap its old method of rocket construction and devise a radically new approach for the Apollo program. The new production line is housed in a hulking skyscraper (*right*) called the VAB (Vehicle Assembly Building) which is the largest building in the world—almost as big as Chicago's Merchandise Mart and the Pentagon combined. In the 52-story plant four Saturn rockets can be assembled simultaneously and checked out stage by stage before being hauled to the launching pad. Using the VAB keeps the pad free until the rocket is ready to fly. Under the old system the rocket and spacecraft were mated and checked out right on the pad. If anything went wrong with either of them, the pad was tied up for months.

The first Saturn test model, the one shown in this story, has no engines and was never meant to fly. But it is complete in every other respect, including fuel tanks, electrical circuits and an empty Apollo spacecraft perched on top. If all the work goes according to schedule, the first flying, but unmanned, Saturn V will emerge from the VAB ready for its journey into space by the end of this year.

The Vehicle Assembly Building (*above*) in which Saturn V moon rockets and their Apollo spacecraft are assembled is 525 feet high and covers eight acres. Components enter building through 96-foot-high doors. Picture on opposite page, taken inside looking up, shows concentric steel work platforms on which technicians stand to assemble rocket. Completed Saturn V model emerges from building through 456-foot-high doors (*right*), along with the mobile launch tower that accompanies rocket to the pad. Arms reaching out from the tower hold fuel and power connections. Mobile launch platform (*below*) almost hides giant treads of tractor.



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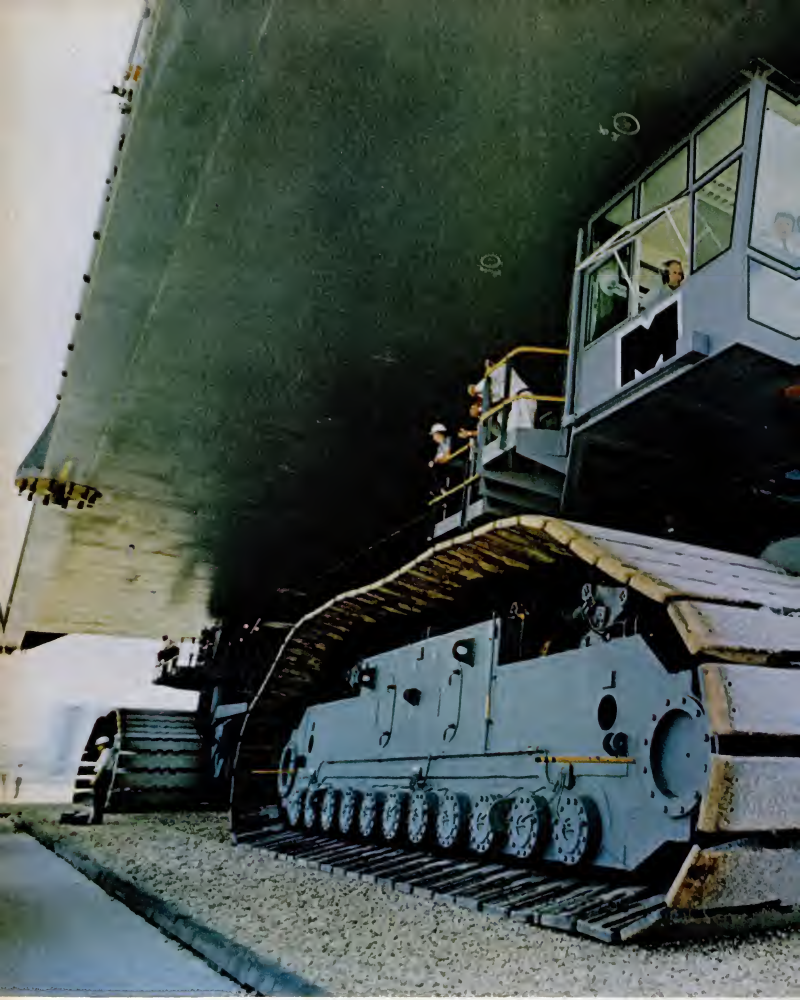
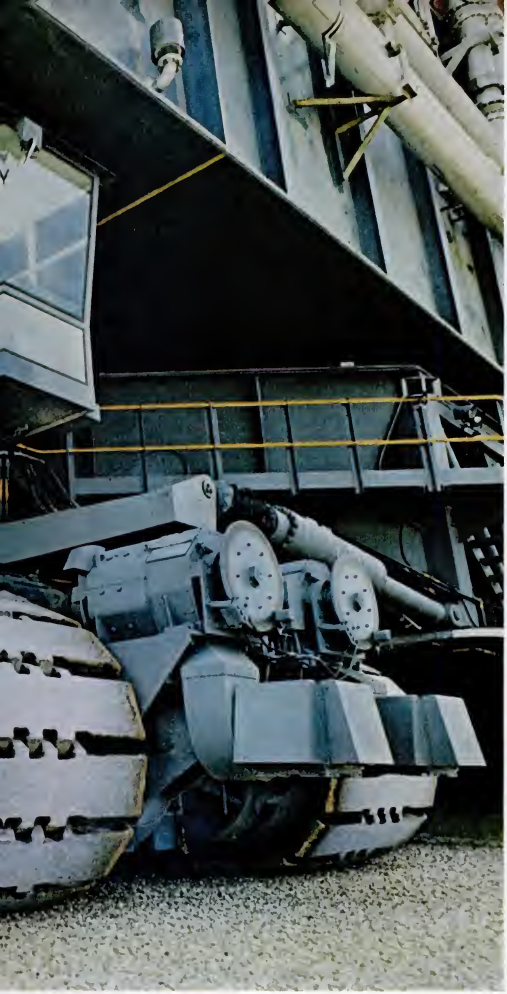
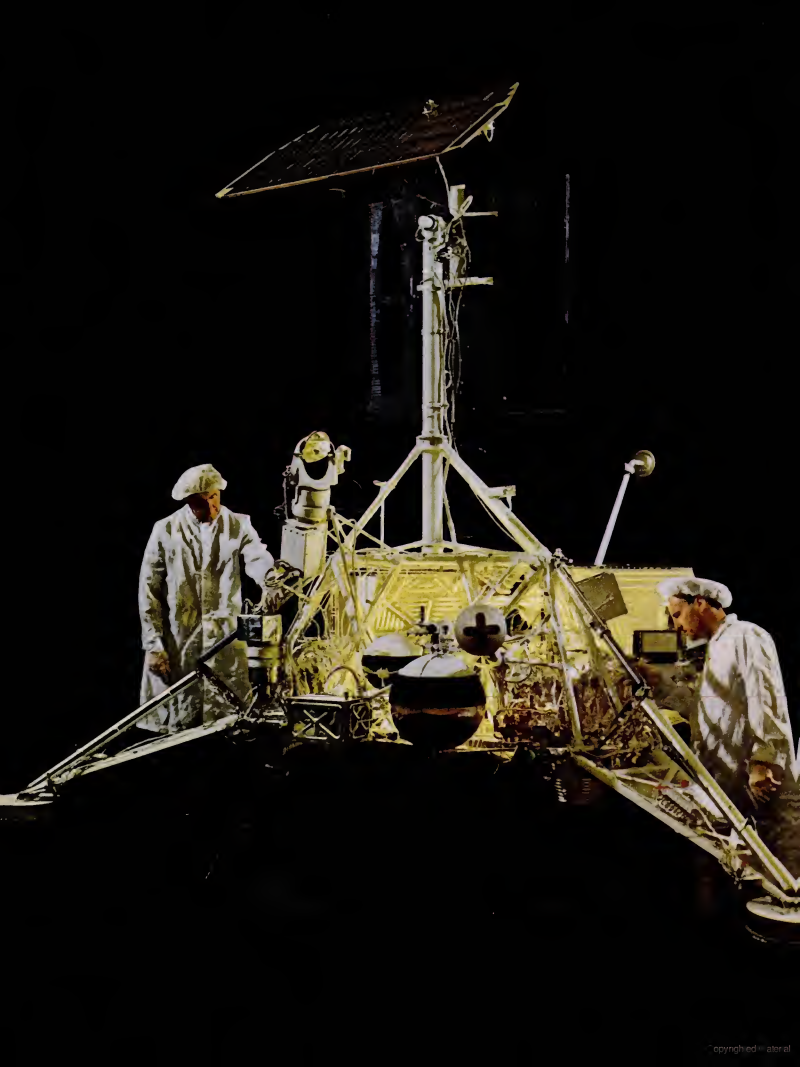


MOVED TO THE PAD ON A MONSTER



The giant traetor (*left*) which moves the Saturn to the pad is propelled by four sets of treads so huge that each steel shoe weighs a ton. The driver sits inside a cab that requires a 42-inch windshield wiper. This Saturn test model will remain on the pad (*above*) for several weeks while fuel and electrical connections are tested out for the flying Saturns to come.

CONTINUED



SURVEYOR SITS SOFTLY ON THE MOON

The odds were all against it. But as gently as a parachutist landing on earth, the three-legged Surveyor spacecraft—identical to the test model shown opposite—set down on the moon's surface. On their very first try, U.S. scientists had accomplished a tricky soft-landing which was textbook perfect. Almost immediately the spacecraft's cameras began transmitting pictures of the landing surface back to earth.

Surveyor's success brought closer the day when astronauts will board the Saturn rocket to attempt the first American man landing on the moon. Surveyor put down in a level, rubble-strewn section of the 1,700-mile strip which is considered feasible for manned landings. Its gentle touchdown—and the photographs and other data it is radioing back—have already given the scientists confidence in their design for the Lunar Excursion Module, the vehicle designed to put two men on the moon by 1970.

In landing, the 2,200-pound Surveyor had to slow its descent from 5,840 miles an hour to less than 10. Since there is no moon atmosphere to brake its speed, it used a system of retrorockets even more sophisticated than that employed by the Russian Luna 9, which soft-landed on the moon earlier this year (LIFE, Feb. 11), after at least five previous attempts had failed.

When Surveyor was approximately 50 miles from the lunar surface, radar devices fired the main retrorocket and three smaller ones. After the main retro burned out it was jettisoned, and the three smaller retros provided thrust until the moon was only 13 feet away. Then they shut down to avoid stirring up dust which some scientists believed might blanket the moon's surface. The slight shock of landing was absorbed by the spacecraft's legs and feet. The legs contained hydraulic shock absorbers like those in the landing gear of conventional aircraft. The feet, made of crushable aluminum pads, further cushioned the impact. The footpads made a visible, but shallow, dent in the lunar surface (*photograph at lower right*). Obviously Surveyor had not landed on solid rock but on soil that was relatively firm.

Sitting on moon, Surveyor took picture (*above*) of a six-inch rock casting a long, sharp shadow, and a number of smaller pebbles strewn over flat terrain. Below, camera peers downward along one of spacecraft's legs towards its footpad, which has sunk slightly into the lunar surface. Dark circles at lower right are reflections of camera in mirror. The camera does not move but takes pictures reflected in the mirror which turns and tilts in all directions. Bright circles at left in both pictures are reflections of the sun in the camera's optical system.

Model of Surveyor, identical to one that landed on moon, has mast with solar power panel (*top*) and a dark, rectangular antenna. Camera and mirror protrude above technician at left.

For the dead at Verdun, torches in memory of the bloody battle that saved France

Torches flickered over graves of Freneh soldiers and spotlights eerily outlined the monument to the dead at Douaumont last week as France observed the 50th anniversary of the battle of Verdun. The longest battle ever, Verdun lasted 10 months and surpassed in car-

nage and horror any other single campaign in history. Almost a million French and German soldiers died or were wounded. When the killing ended, the Germans had been pushed back only four miles but their thrust toward Paris was smashed. More than 20,000 aged veterans traveled to Verdun for the memorial ceremonies, including President De Gaulle, who had been wounded and captured there.

In Vietnam a suicide's pyre for a Buddhist nun

Her hands silhouetted against the flames that consumed her, a Buddhist nun committed suicide last week outside a pagoda in Hue. Nu Thanh Quang, 55, was one of five religious suicides committed by Buddhists recently in an attempt to bring down Premier Ky's government. Buddhist leaders stated that the suicides were unauthorized. The tragedy of their deaths was further heightened when moderate Buddhist officials reached a temporary political compromise with Ky after he agreed to add 10 civilians to his military directorate.

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

How Honeywell automation systems help Aubrey Garrett build a road without dips or bumps

(and earn twice the pay of 15 years ago)

Aubrey Garrett is 28 years old and he's been a roadbuilder ever since he was 19—like his father before him.

Two years ago he'd worked his way up to "screed" operator on a paving machine. By turning a huge pair of handwheels, he controlled the "screed" that levels the paving material.

Over the uneven ground, he had to guess at the right paving depth as the machine went along, and he'd measure the thickness of the hot asphalt every now and then by poking into it with a rod.

The result was either thin spots in the roadbed that called for costly repaving to bring the road back to the required thickness . . . or thick spots that were caused by the wasteful application of too much material.

"It just isn't humanly possible to see all those dips when you're eye-balling," Aubrey says.

Across the country, automation helps to double the speed

Today, Aubrey Garrett works with a highly skilled crew laying four lanes of Interstate 10—about 85 miles from Phoenix, Arizona. Now he operates the paving machine* and the levelling screed on his paver is automated by a Honeywell system.

After the screed man sets the correct road slope and grade on the command panel, sensors connected to servo-motors on either side of the levelling screed take over. One to compensate for pitch and roll of the paver itself; another to respond to a staked-out string line that determines the grade or depth of the asphalt layer being applied.

The result is a controlled road surface that's accurate to a fraction of an inch. No dips or bumps. No thin spots. No waste.

Aubrey Garrett's paver now has an appetite for asphalt that keeps a fleet of feeder trucks running at top speed.

In fact, road-paving advances by equipment manufacturers, including Honeywell's control, enable many contractors to lay a roadbed at double the speed of 15 years ago.

*Name of equipment manufacturer and contractor on request.

30% more people are laying twice as much pavement

With such new equipment, new skills, new efficiencies, America's progressive road-building industry is today working on a 10-year, $40 billion Federal Highway Program, and on state and local programs that will reach an estimated $14.9 billion this year alone.

They are meeting this giant need with a work force 30% larger than it was in 1950—a work force now laying twice as much pavement as it did just 15 years ago.

And this increased man-hour production has helped bring the average hourly pay up to double that of 1950.

More benefits are coming

The road building industry is just one example of how automation is continuing to create better, more productive jobs.

During the past 15 years, in fact, there has been an increase of 13,000,000 new jobs in business and industry. Automation has been a major factor in creating these jobs.

How many working people do you know who aren't better off today than they were 15 years ago?

Honeywell, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408.

Honeywell automation systems help make people more productive

Arrow Decton Perma-Iron. It doesn't need ironing. Not any. And it never heard of wrinkles. Give dad this "Sanforized-Plus" Dacron* polyester and cotton shirt. And give mother a break. From $5.00.

Arrow Dectolene Perma-Iron. This one is a shirt for fast movers. It gets washed in seconds. Dries, ready to wear, in two hours flat. No ironing, of course. In stripes or solids, it'll go solid with dad. $8.00.

Remember Mother on Father's Day.

Dectolene Perma-Iron Shirt Jac. With contour tailoring. A wash-and-wear that dries without the least hint of wrinkles. Disdains ironing. Now, you can tell father you think he's continental. This way. $9.00.

Arrow Decton Perma-Iron. In the ice blue shown and many other colors. It's a long-lasting Dacron* polyester and cotton. "Sanforized-Plus", too. Wrinkles won't like the permanent ironing. Mother will. $5.00.

Give Perma-Iron by ARROW

This 8-foot sofa is too big for standard vans...

room to spare in a SuperVan

King-size furniture, 14-ft. lengths of pipe, 4 by 8-ft. sheets of plywood laid flat—these and other awkward loads fit easily into a Ford SuperVan. And with the rear doors closed! New SuperVan is 1½ feet longer than the regular Econoline . . . far roomier than any other compact van around.

Loading new SuperVan is fast and easy, too. As many as eight big doors give access to every part of the load at every stop. Result: faster trips, larger loads, more deliveries per day with roomy new SuperVan!

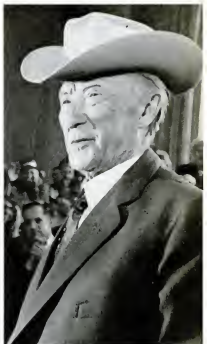
For '66, Ford offers two husky engines: a 170-cu. in. Six and a 240-cu. in. Six . . . biggest Six in any compact van. Choose also between fully synchronized 3-speed standard transmission or smooth 3-speed Cruise-O-Matic.

Find out for yourself the many other reasons why Econolines are America's most popular Vans. Your Ford Dealer has all the answers.

FORD ECONOLINE VAN AND SUPERVAN

After Cooper, a camel for Cassius

Visiting fellow Moslems in Egypt, Mohammad Ali, alias Cassius Clay, hopped a camel (*left*) for a trip to the Pyramids and found the going rougher than his recent fight with Henry Cooper. He also conferred with President Nasser and told cheering crowds: "Islam gave me the strength to defeat Cooper."



A 10-gallon grin from Der Alte

At 90, Konrad Adenauer remains West Germany's young and wily elder statesman. When 150 Americans touring Europe for Moral Re-Armament gave Der Alte a cowboy hat in Bonn, the diplomat clapped it on. Why the grin? He already had a 10-galloner, a 1961 gift from President Johnson.

At 78, Berlin gives 'Annie' a new showstopper—and is pleased with himself

The show already had everything—Ethel Merman, a pack of hit songs, a lavish new production for the revival at New York's Lincoln Center. So why did Irving Berlin want to write a new number for *Annie Get Your Gun*? How could he, at 78, improve on a 20-year-old show that was already the best he had ever written?

When the composer revealed what he was up to, a lot of theater people worried that such fussing might hurt *Annie*. I did too, especially when I heard the sticky-sounding title of the new number, *An Old-Fashioned Wedding*. I sat uneasily through the show. Just after *I've Got the Sun in the Morning*, the hero, played by Bruce Yarnell, launched into *Wedding*. In its first few notes it sounded even worse than I had feared: "We'll have an old-fashioned wedding / Blessed in the good old-fashioned way." It went on embarrassingly about orange blossoms, a little chapel. He had barely finished when Merman lashed into a frantic new melody, all in fierce opposition to what she had just heard: "I wanna wedding in a big church . . ." champagne, caviar and "a ceremony by a bishop." Then both singers began outshouting each other, their separate melodies meshing in a musical cat-and-dog fight. At the end, the audience began a nonstop barrage of applause which brought on three reprises. *Wedding* was the showstopper of the season; in fact, I haven't seen anything like it on Broadway since *The Rain in Spain* in *My Fair Lady*.

I went to call on Berlin in his office a couple of days later. I wanted to show him pictures we had taken (*right*) of him and Merman on stage—she sings *Wedding* in this white dress with all her sharpshooting medals pinned on. "I don't mind admitting," Berlin grinned, "I'm kind of pleased with myself. It's good to know you can reach up to find it and it's still there. I haven't felt such warmth and affection in an audience since *This Is the Army*."

I am an old admirer of Berlin, and he has sometimes tried out his new songs on me. I suggested presumptuously that we now might sing *Wedding* together. Berlin sang the Merman part. I croaked out the easier man's melody. After a few bars Berlin stopped abruptly and, talking as firmly as I've ever heard him, said, "That's no good."

I felt that Berlin was anxious to leave. Next day a friend told me why. He had hustled off to *Annie* to catch *An Old-Fashioned Wedding*, and see the audience go wild again.

TOM PRIDEAUX

by HUGH SIDEY

The bone weariness brought on by a driving boss and the 'sleep gap'

A reporter called on Lyndon B. Johnson the other day, and the talk came around to one of the current worries in Washington—the fatigue that weighs down so many high government officials.

L.B.J. fixed a baleful eye on the correspondent. He did not believe, he said sternly, that anyone in his Administration was any more tired than some of the editors who had been writing about it. That got something off the President's chest but hardly eased any fears or answered any questions. It did, however, illustrate a current frame of mind along the Potomac. Everybody thinks everybody else is just a little too weary to do good work. It is one of the many sharp little debates within the larger debate on American policy.

The truth is that a lot of people are very tired. Judging from the streams of pedestrians and automobiles which pour out of the federal buildings around 4 or 5 p.m., the vast bulk of bureaucracy is not depriving itself of rest and relaxation. The real strain is felt among the appointive servants at the top.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, who is to be seen climbing mountains, shooting rapids or otherwise communing with official United States nature, is obviously in excellent shape. The worry centers are in the area of the White House and those involved in national security affairs. In recent weeks Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara has displayed a rare waspishness toward persistent reporters and persistent questioners on congressional committees. Dean Rusk has complained of "bone weariness." Last week Under Secretary of State Thomas Mann resigned after 24 years in the foreign service. In a speech at DePauw University he declared: "It is no longer realistic to expect that any Secretary of State can personally manage our daily affairs with every country in the world." Left unsaid, but implied, was Mann's conviction that too much was also piled on the men close to Rusk. Mann is leaving because he has simply run out of gas and wants to rest. Sometime soon Under Secretary George Ball is expected to depart, followed by AID Director David Elliott Bell and others.

Some of the trouble lies in what has become known as the "sleep gap." A few months ago Ball hurried back from Europe after a series of exhausting high-level meetings, arrived in Washington in the evening and rushed to the podium of the Federal City Club to give a speech. "What this country needs," he told his audience, "is a good night's sleep." How prophetic he was. He had just got home, taken off his shoes and was happily anticipating some sleep when he was summoned to the White House. He stayed talking with Johnson until after 3 a.m., despite the fact that he was due to testify before Congress the next morning at 9.

When most people were reveling on the Memorial Day weekend, Dean Rusk went to Williamsburg, Va. for a speech, flew back to Washington next day through bad weather, was at his desk on Memorial Day morning and then reported to the White House for lunch with Johnson. Next day he left at 8 a.m. for Helsinki, Oslo, Brussels and Bonn.

Beyond this kind of physical strain is the wearying frustration of waging war. That burden is probably heaviest in the State Department, which is immersed in the almost insoluble politics of Asia. Kenny O'Donnell, one of John F. Kennedy's closest aides, who has listened to the deliberations of high policy under both Kennedy and Johnson, observed that a question to the military experts—how long it would take to move a division from the United States to Vietnam—could be answered in precise language of days and hours. But when the President turned to Rusk and his policy men with a question —would Red China come in with force if we bombed North Vietnam—how could they give a definitive answer?

Each President sets the pace of his administration. Kennedy, like Johnson, was an activist. He was a rich man who played politics and government as if it were a sport, ran full throttle until he was exhausted, then went off to his sumptuous resort homes to recuperate. While he sailed or swam, the workers on his staff and his Cabinet went back to neglected families and worked even harder balancing checkbooks, changing diapers and mowing lawns—the thousand things that men of lesser means must do in addition to their work.

Johnson, also a multimillionaire, commits most of the wearying sins Kennedy did and adds a few of his own. Instead of going off for games, he works more. Virtually his only activity is politics and government. Every Johnson physical want is handled by others. So are his family affairs. He has people to walk his dogs and to massage his tired muscles. His barber comes to him, and his communications and transportation are instant. Everyone in his orbit adjusts to his schedule. He has invented the two-shift day, which has no doubt contributed to the rapid turnover in his staff. He rises early, often works from his bed and his bedroom until late in the morning, when he goes to the Oval Office. He does not lunch until 3 or 4 in the afternoon, naps for an hour or two and is ready at the start of the evening for almost six or seven hours' more work. Weekends for Johnson blur into weekdays and the officials caught in his web must keep up.

Johnson's manner contributes to the enervation. The work might be more bearable if it were more fun, but unfortunately the face of the Great Society is not yet a happy face. Johnson's uplift is often doled out with the spiritual dourness of a fire-and-brimstone preacher. Last week, as he sat at his Cabinet table, he talked about our blessings: "The economy is good. The employment is good. The wages are good. The profits are good. The farm income is good. So, as a people we are doing well." But there couldn't have been a more unhappy-looking man than Lyndon B. Johnson.

Faces of fatigue on the President, his Secretaries of State and Defense.

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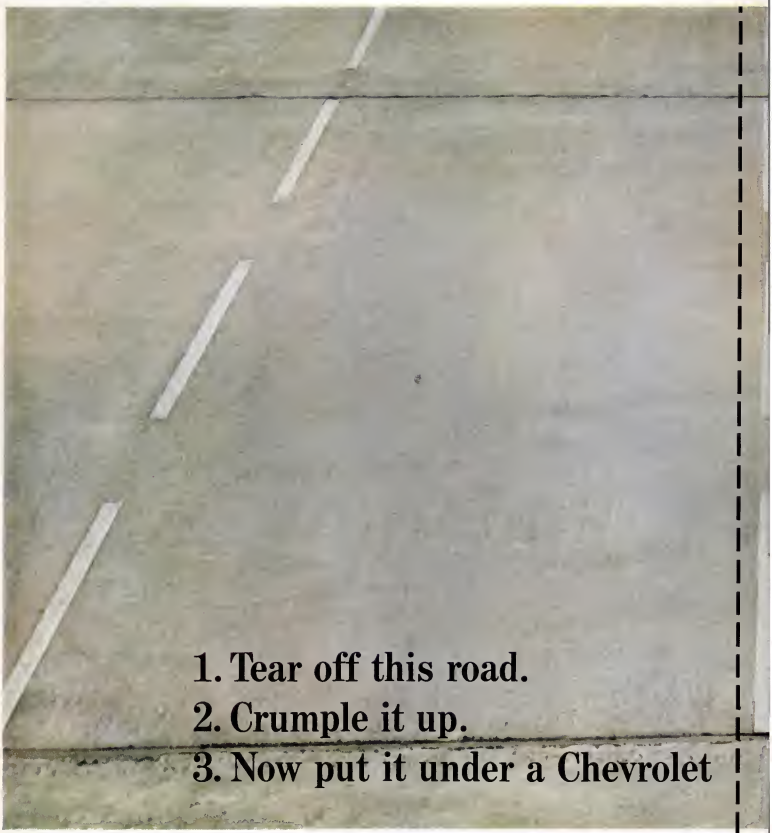

1. Tear off this road.
2. Crumple it up.
3. Now put it under a Chevrolet

All we went through to smooth Chevrolet's ride was no boondoggle.

We softened shock absorbers. Now they absorb bumps better. We softened bushings and rearranged body mounts. Now they isolate vibrations better.

We again matched the coil springs to the different weights of each body style.

Impala SS Convertible with 8 new features for your added safety, including an outside rear-view mirror. Use it always before passing

and watch it flatten out again.

We made available a Turbo-Jet V8 to give you as much as 425 smooth horsepower, an AM-FM Multiplex Stereo radio to entertain you, Tilt-telescopic steering to let you adjust the wheel up, down, in or out.

And we put Strato-bucket front seats in Super Sport models, so now you can relax and enjoy the ride completely.

CHEVROLET GM

Impala: Jet-smoother the Chevrolet Way

600 miles takes one hour up here,

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An hour's rest in a Boeing jet can take you as far as a long day's drive in your car.

Compared to driving, you gain a *day* for every hour you fly aboard a Boeing jet. Boeing jets give you extra time to spend *there*. They bring every part of America, and all the world, within easy reach.

And if you've never flown before, you'll enjoy an exhilarating new experience. You'll discover why even veteran air travelers find Boeing jet flight the most enjoyable part of their trips.

Boeing jets have carried more than 120 million passengers. They serve 301 cities in 121 countries, and average a takeoff or landing every 13 seconds, around the clock. Boeing jets have set more speed and distance records than all other jetliners combined.

Next trip, fly Boeing.

Fly Boeing with: *Air Congo, Air France, Air-India, Air Madagascar, All Nippon, American, Ansett-ANA, Aviaco, BOAC, BWIA, Braniff, Continental, Eastern, El Al, Ethiopian, Flying Tiger, Indian, Iran Air, Irish, JAL, Japan Domestic, Lufthansa, MEA, National, Northeast, Northwest, Olympic, PIA, PSA, Pacific Northern, Pan American, Qantas, Sabena, Saudi Arabian, South African, TAA, TAP, TWA, United, Varig, Wardair Canada, Western, World.* **In service later:** *Aerolineas Argentinas, Air Asia, Alaska, American Flyers, Braathens, Caledonian, Frontier, Mexicana, Northern Consolidated, Pacific, Piedmont, Southern Air Transport, Wien Air Alaska.*

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At the Dallas Open, Sanders expresses his displeasure at a putt that failed. At right he eyes the results of a tonsorial spree.

CLOSE-UP / *DOUG SANDERS WINS AT GOLF, GIRLS AND LIVING*

"Life is a party for me," says golfer Doug Sanders, addressing the face in his barber's mirror with professional scrutiny, "and I like to look my best for it. Besides, I play better that way." In a sport overpopulated with dead-panned young lookalikes and talkalikes, Sanders is a sartorial and conversational delight—in the *joie de vivre* tradition of Walter Hagen and Jimmy Demaret. Twice-divorced and an avowed hedonist at 32, Sanders rollicks through the nomadic life of a big-time touring pro with all the dedicated relish of a career sailor. In each golf port the lady fans adore him, and vice versa. Men fans recognize his awkwardly choppy swing as painfully like their own. But few people can hit a golf ball farther than Sanders and none straighter—with half the 1966 tour over and the U.S. Open approaching, he was leading everybody in the country in both tournaments and money won. "I need it," he says, "I'm a bank roll destroyer."

"*Looking well gives you a confident, superior feeling. If you go into a business meeting, say, you don't wonder if someone will notice a spot on your tie and think, 'look at that sloppy bum.*"

Dandiest Swinger on the Fairway

CONTINUED

'It's a great life if you don't get old or lose your cash'

In his Dallas home, Doug plays Chinese checkers with friend Anita Bergsman and his son Brad, 8.

"Sure, I'd love to marry again and settle down. Meantime I'm having a good time looking. It's a great life if you don't weaken, grow old, or lose your cash."

Sanders plays doctor with **Brad**, who lives with his mother and often visits his father on tour.

"I started to caddie when I was Brad's age, in Cedartown, Ga. Often I'd drop a ball and practice. I had to hit it straight so as not to lose my boss's ball in the bushes."

Sanders' tailor helps him into a $325 English mohair suit jacket lined with silk polka dots.

"Golfers set the styles. Fans ask, 'What's Doug Sanders wearing today?' I like a simple, clean-cut look. Dainty, continental tailoring is not masculine enough."

With nonclassic form—hands too low, weight on wrong foot—Sanders tees off in Dallas Open.

"I could never swing any more fully because I have rigid back muscles. Actually my short, tight swing is ideal for weekend golfers. There's less room for mistakes."

CONTINUED

It's enough to make a Father leave home.

When you give Dad this marvelously compact Gillette Vacation & Travel Kit:

1. Tell him it'll give him enough extra room in his suitcase to pack a pocket-size radio and a miniature chess set and a paperback novel and two more pairs of sox and three handkerchiefs and one more change of underwear.

2. Tell him it'll supply him with enough Gillette hair cream, spray deodorant, shaving cream, blades and after shave lotion (give or take a few shaves) to fly seven times around the world by jet.

3. Tell him it'll save him all the time it usually takes to switch his bathroom stuff from the medicine chest to the suitcase (and hunt around for missing caps from containers), so he'll probably be able to catch his plane without running for a change.

4. Tell him "Happy Father's Day."

Driving to Dallas Open with son Brad and Rico Reveron, his valet-cook-chauffeur and occasional caddie, Sanders places a call on his car phone.

'I just don't like to lose at anything'

In conversations with LIFE Reporter Dan Fales, who accompanied him on part of this year's P.G.A. tour, Sanders gave his views on golf, girls and his notion of a sweet life that combines the two.

▸ I'm a born winner. I don't like to lose at anything. Show me a real good loser and I'll show you a loser, period. Palmer would just as soon finish 10th as second. He'll gamble and so will I. Otherwise you got no belly. No guts. My favorite golf course is any one I can win on.

▸ I remember once when I was 14 I stood over a four-foot putt. It was for a quarter bet and I missed it. There were tears in my eyes. I made up my mind that was the last shot I would ever dog.

▸ Golfers used to be just golfers. Now they are businessmen with real estate, insurance companies, laundries and all. We all get mentally tired—everything goes through your mind out there. But if it weren't for the human element a machine could do it. A machine would take the sport out of it—the same way that making love by osmosis would take the joy out of it.

▸ Divorces and two-foot putts will give anybody gray hair. Or try tackling Mr. Palmer or Mr. Nicklaus in a playoff. That will give you gray hairs, too. So you can see why I'm getting a few.

▸ Palmer is known for those charging finishes—the dirty rat, he's done it to me a couple of times. Nicklaus is the real long hitter. And Player is the foreigner dressed in black. Then there's me—I've got the colors and the short swing.

▸ I once said that I've spilled more champagne than "Champagne" Tony Lema has drunk, but in fact I gave up serious drinking last New Year's. A few drinks is not going to be my excuse for not winning.

▸ Give me a guy with a long, beautiful swing and I'll show you a guy I can bust. There's only a one-shot difference in most tournaments today, and my compact swing will salvage that one stroke. One stroke saved a week for a guy like me can mean $60,000 to $100,000 a year.

▸ For every bucket of practice drives, a golfer should hit two buckets of chip shots. That's where most of the money shots are. They don't ask you *how* you got the par four.

▸ I spend between $9,000 and $13,000 a year on phone bills alone. I'm always on the phone. Business. And some guys offered me $1,000 for my little green book. Some nights I'll wake up remembering a phone number and I'll call it—just to see whose it is.

CONTINUED

"Try my new Pillsbury Swirls."

"The prettiest hot rolls that ever came to dinner."

"Poppin' Fresh," the Pillsbury Dough Boy, has a fondness for fresh, hot, home-baked dinner rolls.

But (being notoriously softhearted) he doesn't think they should be a lot of bother for you.

That's why he's so tickled over his new Swirls.

All you do is: (1) Pop open the Poppin' Fresh Dough. (2) Bake.

You get eight light, tender, golden, flaky, perfectly lovely, swirly-peaked rolls. In minutes. Fresh and hot from the oven.

The Dough Boy isn't one for making outlandish claims. But he says new Swirls make fresh home baking prettier and easier than ever.

Being a Dough Boy, he ought to know.

Poppin' Fresh Dough. In the dairy case.

'The schedule is tough—I go 80 weeks a year'

▸ I get letters from women saying things like "I'll be dressed in yellow. Look for me on the first tee." I nearly went crazy once—there were so many in yellow. I finally found her. Real nice!

▸ I wish someone would listen to my ideas on how to handle women spectators. They should put all married women on the right side, all unmarried ones on the left side and those who don't care right in the middle of the fairway. It would save lots of trouble looking at rings.

▸ Golf is the only sport where the spectator comes into bodily contact with the player. I like to kid with the fans, but sometimes they kid when I don't want to.

▸ A smile is cheap, and it will go a long way. A wink will make someone feel good and it costs me nothing. But I can't do it all the time. After I put one into the bushes and take a seven I hurt inside.

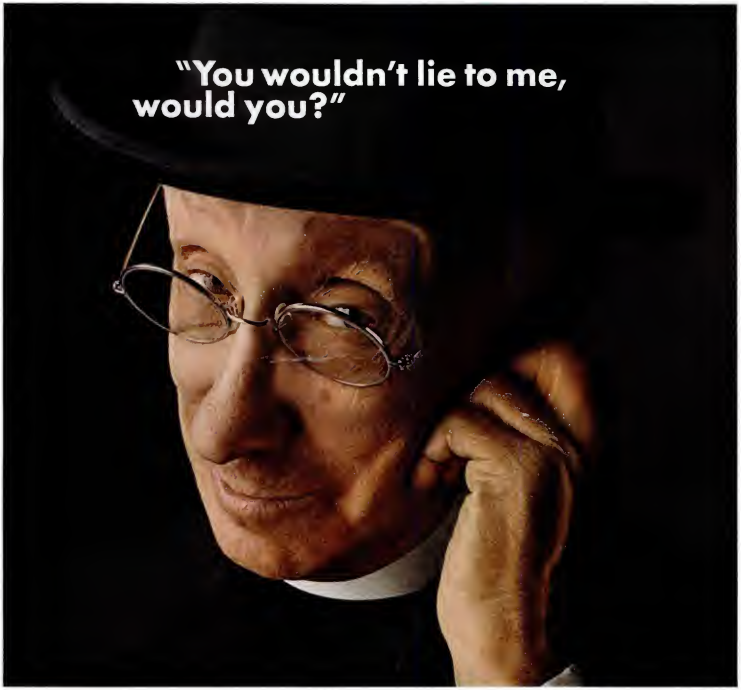
▸ I like to teach, but you usually spend an hour telling a student 40 ways to do something, then near the end of the hour he'll say, "Well, why didn't you say so?" Kids and women are the hardest.

▸ When I get nervous my blood circulation gets worse. If I crouch too long lining up a putt my feet go to sleep. I once had to stop playing because of a heart flutter. I guess I go too strong, but what the hell. I'm about as tired now as I've ever been. But I just can't afford to miss these $100,000 tournaments. Hell, a guy can kick the ball around the course and still make three or four thousand.

▸ After I go partying sometimes I have to go back on the tour for a rest. But the tournament schedule is tough. I'm going 80 weeks a year.

▸ Until I was disqualified at Pensacola this spring for not signing my scorecard I never dreamed it could happen. For years they have come to get the golfers if they didn't sign. I should get a testimonial from a fountain-pen maker. You know—Doug Sanders hasn't missed once since he's been using our ballpoint.

Nearly pooped after a long round, Sanders waits to putt on the 18th green. "Sometimes," he says, "I just want to go home and put my feet up in the bathtub."



Nooooo, Father. Heaven forbid.

Devoe Latex House Paint really does dry in 30 minutes.

And it really does hide a lot of sins. Covers up cracks and nailholes and all those things.

And it really is fade-resistant. Honest. Even in the strongest sun, the whites stay white and the blues stay blue.

And it'll hold up without chipping or chalking or cracking or peeling. Not for eternity, of course. But for years and years. Long after other house paints have met their doom.

And it's Latex. So you really can paint right after it rains.

And you don't even need a primer. If your surface is in sound condition, just one coat of Devoe will do

And it goes on fast. And it hardly splatters.

And it washes off with soap and water. And soap and water takes it right off you.

What's the matter? Don't you believe in miracles?

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MEDICINE / A motherly California swimming teacher's 'wet' psychotherapy

Back to the Womb in a Pool

Can a person remember his prenatal life? This man, floating in the fetal position, is trying to do so. He is the client of the woman at his side, a motherly 57-year-old Los Angeles swimming teacher named Lily Wiener who is the self-taught practitioner of something she calls hydropsychotherapy. Her treatments are based on her belief that floating in warm water induces a back-to-the-womb reverie in which life's beginnings may be recalled and the subconscious mind can be unblocked. She believes that a person's movements in the water are a clue to what's bothering him. Some psychiatrists feel Mrs. Wiener is on the right track and a few have even referred patients to her. Others think her work is, in a word, all wet. Her staunchest supporters are the 125 people she has treated, many of whom have come back again and again for memory-evoking float sessions, exercises and the chance to talk with Mrs. Wiener in the pool's shallow water—which she calls her "wet couch."

In heated pool, hydropsychotherapist Lily Wiener helps a 54-year-old client gain introspection in fetal position.

'The water environment

"The discovery of *self* is the most important thing," says Lily Wiener, who left school after the eighth grade and made her own discovery of self 10 years ago while bobbing around in her swimming pool. Having previously undergone psychiatric treatment as a result of an unhappy marriage, she sensed that she had achieved some kind of breakthrough. "I began to realize," she says, "that the water environment is basic and primitive, and that there is a direct route to the subconscious through it." She began trying to get her swimming pupils to make their own self-discoveries as a means of putting them at ease. One day a doctor friend happened by and asked what she was doing. "I'm teaching swimming," she said. He told her she was doing much more than that and urged her to jot down some of her findings. The paper she wrote was printed in a national psychiatric journal. Other articles followed and Mrs. Wiener started consulting hospitals and psychiatric clinics for guidance.

She gradually caught the eye of many prominent psychiatrists. Dr. S. R. Slavson, a pioneer in group therapy at Brooklyn State Hospital, called her "an extraordinarily perceptive and gifted person who deserves to be at the pinnacle of the therapeutic profession." Dr. Martin Grotjahn, clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California, said she is "a pioneer who is opening doors others will certainly go through."

There is no law in California requiring a hydropsychotherapist to have a degree. Mrs. Wiener, who has none, tailors her hour-long sessions to what she surmises to be the needs of a particular patient on a particular day. If he is passive, she will sit and chat and then let him float. If he is hostile she will urge him to pound the water. If a patient is unable to float—"there is no such thing as a natural sinker"—she is sure that the trouble runs deep.

Some psychiatrists have called Mrs. Wiener's work imprecise and lacking in scientific controls. Yet one doubting psychologist was interested enough to sign up for a session just to see what went on. Mrs. Wiener did her motherly best to relax him, but when he tried to float he sank like a stone.

is basic and primitive'

On her "wet couch," the shallow water at the pool's edge, Mrs. Wiener discusses dreams with a patient (*left*) who covers his face while groping for words.

Bursting dramatically from the water in a special exercise called the "Freedom Leap," a patient symbolically re-enacts the traumatic experience of being born.


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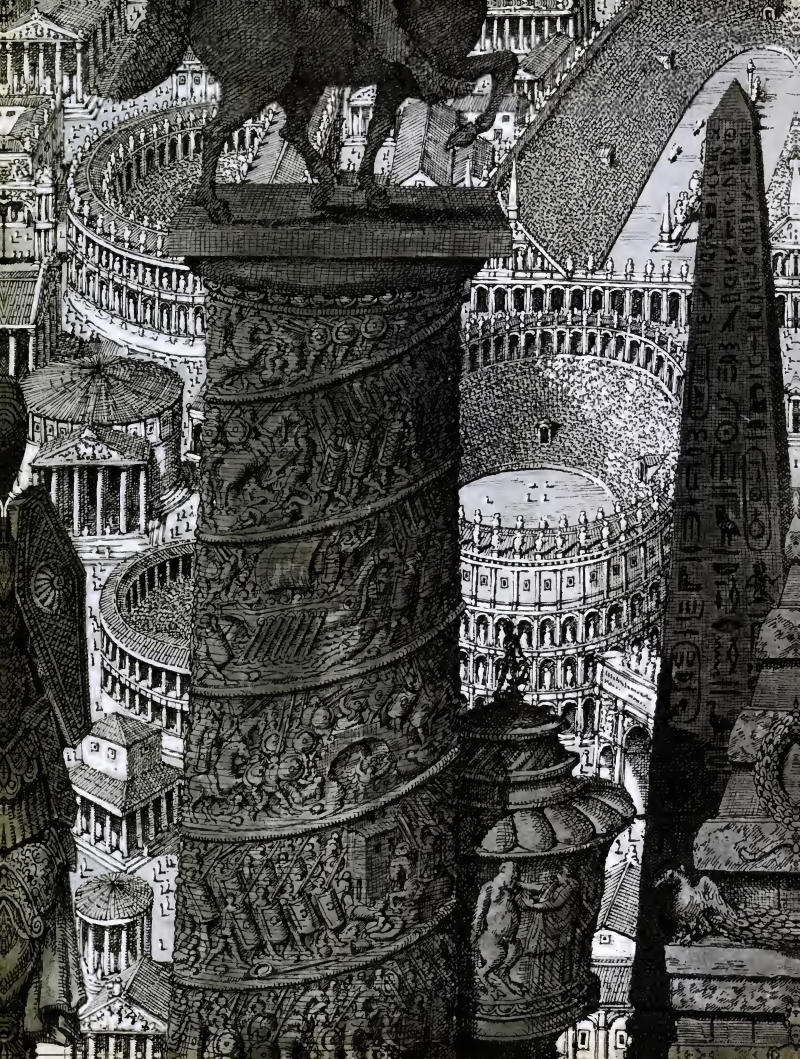


SWINGING HUB OF THE WORLD

The picture at left is a composite of scenes that wowed tourists in the capital. Like the other illustrations, it is fantasy. The article itself, about life in the big city, includes passages from great Roman satirists, exaggerated but full of acid truth. Among the many glories of Rome, in fact, were its satirists who painted a portrait of the city they loved, with its ills diagnosed and all its blemishes plainly showing.

by EDWARD KERN

"The City, the City," wrote Cicero to a friend, "stick to that and live in its full light! Residence elsewhere, as I made up my mind early in life, is mere eclipse and obscurity . . ." Cicero was expressing what every good Roman felt about the capital of the world.

There were several other cities —Alexandria and Antioch, for instance—almost as brilliant and splendid as the capital. But their citizens, however cultured, knew they were provincials. At the height of the Empire, Rome was the center of wealth, taste and fashion, and the only place on earth where a gentleman of leisure and style would have considered living. It was also the most spectacular tourist attraction in the ancient world. The pride of Republican statesmen and the benevolence of the emperors had filled it with noble buildings and monuments. From the Tiber to the Seven Hills, one spacious forum opened into the next, hedged by columned temples and stately basilicas. There were statues everywhere. A Fourth Century inventory lists 10,000 of them—a second population in stone and bronze.

On the steep sides of the Palatine and Capitoline hills an architectural phantasmagoria of terraced facades, colonnades and porticos climbed to the high-pillared palaces of the Caesars and the gilded eaves of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. The slopes of the other hills were draped with luxurious gardens and cypress groves and crowned with the imposing villas of the rich.

In the northwest district the Campus Martius, once a bare, marshy field for military drill, had become a sprawling complex of baths, stadia, fancy shopping centers and an impressive auditorium for the Popular Assembly. All this magnificence, linked by miles of covered, colonnaded walkways, gave ancient Rome the air of a permanent World's Fair. Among the attractions were two circuses, two amphitheaters, five lakes (for seafight spectacles), four gladiator schools, 11 imperial baths for the public, 18 squares and forums, 38 parks and public gardens, 290 warehouses, 1,790 palaces, eight bridges, 700 public pools and basins, 500 fountains, 36 marble arches and 37 monumental gates —enough to make any visitor—even an emperor—gasp.

CONTINUED

Drawings by DOMENICO GNOLI

Behind marble vistas the masses huddled in rickety firetraps

THE ROMANS
CONTINUED

In 357 A.D., the emperor Constantius made his first visit to Rome. By now the headquarters of the Empire had left the old capital and moved to Constantinople. "Wherever he looked," wrote the historian Ammianus Marcellinus, "Constantius was awed by the variety of impressive sights. As he gazed at the sections of the big city lying within the crests of the Seven Hills, whatever first caught his eye seemed larger than all the rest—the holy temple of Jupiter . . . baths as big as provinces; the great Colosseum . . . rising almost beyond human sight; the high and beautiful vault of the Pantheon. . . . When he saw the Forum of Trajan, which is unique under the heavens, Constantius stood amazed and stared at the gigantic complex, which is simply indescribable and will never again be imitated by mortal men."

In the Forum of Trajan, Ammianus continues, the emperor's eye was struck by a magnificent equestrian statue of the emperor Trajan himself; and he could not help exclaiming how much he wished he could have a statue of such a royal horse back home in Constantinople. "Ah, Sire," replied a Persian prince in his retinue, gesturing toward the surrounding colonnades, "but can you provide it with such a royal stable?"

Only a step away from all these splendors lay another Rome. Behind the fine facades and noble forums stretched acre after overcrowded acre of tenements where Romans lived in such fetid slums as the world had never seen, nor ever would again until the 16th Century.

For all their splendid public works, the emperors showed little interest in housing the masses. The poorest slept on steps or under bridges. Most of the rest were crowded into blocks of tenements—46,600 of them by the end of the Empire—which were privately built, privately owned, and leased by slum landlords who squeezed every penny they could from their occupants. There was no mercy for tenants in arrears. They were flung out into the street and their possessions seized by the landlords.

Side by side and block after block rose the tenements, their dingy apartments divided and subdivided into tiny cubicles, which were sometimes airless and windowless. Not that windows were such a blessing; glass was too costly for panes and the openings had either to be hung with cloths or skins, blown by wind and drenched by rain, or closed with solid shutters which kept out both bad weather and daylight.

There was plenty of running water, but the pressure from the aqueducts could supply it only to the first floor, making this the most desirable and expensive floor in the building (it is known to this day in Italian apartment houses as the "*piano nobile*"). People on the upper floors had to carry water up flight after flight of steep stairs or hire professional carriers. The effort and expense did not encourage cleanliness, and Roman apartments were usually foul-smelling, crawling with vermin and caked with filth and soot.

Cooking and heating all had to be done with small charcoal braziers and fires were constantly breaking out. There were fire brigades, but never enough to cope with the peril. One clever businessman, Crassus—Julius Caesar's onetime colleague—used to rush to every fire he heard about. There, in front of the burning building, he would pressure the landlord to sell out, lowering his offer as the fire raged, until the desperate owner, seeing his investment going up in smoke, finally gave in. Thereupon, he sent in his 500-man building crew to salvage the property. By these

forthright tactics Crassus became the biggest real estate owner in Rome.

Slum buildings were shoddily built of beams, bricks and clay, and the walls were far too flimsy for the weight pressing on them. As immigrants kept streaming to Rome and emperors reduced available residential space with additional showcase projects, real estate speculators, with no place to go but up, added more stories to their shaky buildings. Some were even as high as seven stories.

The poet Juvenal, one of Rome's wittiest satirists, who wrote early in the Second Century, painted an acid picture of slum living, Roman-style.

"We inhabit a city supported for the most part on slender props; for that is how landlords hold up their tottering houses, patch up gaping cracks in the old wall, bidding inmates sleep at ease under a roof ready to tumble about their ears. Smoke pours out of your third-floor attic, but you know nothing of it; for if the alarms begin on the ground floor, the last man to burn will be the one with nothing to shelter him from the rain except for the tiles, where the amorous doves lay their eggs.

"Codrus possessed a bed too small, a sideboard with six bowls, with a small drinking cup and a marble statuette of Chiron beneath it, and an old chest containing Greek books whose divine verses were gnawed by illiterate mice. Poor Codrus had nothing, it is true; but he lost that nothing which was his all; and the last straw in his heap of misery is that though he is destitute and begging for a bite, no one will help him with a meal, no one will offer him lodging or shelter.

"But if rich Asturicus' grand house is destroyed, matrons go disheveled, great men put on mourning, the judge adjourns his court; then indeed do we deplore the calamities of the city, and complain of its fires. Before the house has even finished burning, up comes one with a gift of marble or building materials, another offers shining nude statues. Persicus, in the same way, replaces what he has lost with more and better things, and with good reason incurs the suspicion of having lit the fire himself."

The great sewer, the Cloaca Maxima, was the oldest and one of the proudest monuments of engineering in Rome; it drained the old Forum and other public places. It and other sewage systems took care of the public lavatories and homes of the rich and middle class—but not the slums. There were no toilets in the tenements. People either had to run to the nearest public latrine—where both sexes sat unabashedly side by side in large communal stone privies (some at Ostia had altars to the goddess Fortune, invoked to prevent constipation)—or carry sewage to tanks at the bottom of stairwells, to be collected by nightsoil merchants for sale to truck farmers.

Always to be running up and down stairs, especially at night, was a nuisance; it was tempting simply to toss slops out of the window into the street, and this was constantly done despite strict laws against it. A number of streets had sewage trenches running down the middle. The stench and the flies of Rome's slums were hardly to be borne. In summer a redolent miasma must have overhung the whole city, not only from the slums, but also, at least in earlier days, from open waste pits that ringed the city. Garbage, animal and human carcasses from the arena, and perhaps even the corpses of the poor were flung indiscriminately into these pits. Seventy-five of them were discovered and excavated in 1876. They were square, 12 feet on a side and 30 feet deep, and filled, an archaeologist wrote, with a "uniform mass of black, viscid, unctuous matter," so foul-smelling that on the day he found the third pit he had to "relieve my gang of workmen from time to time because the stench from that putrid mound, turned up after a lapse of 20 centuries, was unbearable."

The streets running through the slum areas were nothing for the most part but dank and narrow alleys. They threaded their way through crumbling canyons of tenements past dingy rows of small stores and workshops which

CONTINUED

often disgorged their wares clear across the path. In all Rome there were few streets wide enough for carts to pass abreast; traffic jams were so bad under the Republic that one of Julius Caesar's first acts as Dictator had been to ban all vehicles from the center of the city until after dark. An exception was made for the wagons of contractors who had to be on call at all times to shore up sagging buildings.

"Hurry as we may," wrote Juvenal, "we are blocked by a surging crowd in front and by a dense mass of people pressing in upon us from behind; one man digs an elbow into me, another a hard sedan pole; one bangs a beam, another a winecask on my head. My legs are plastered with mud; soon huge feet trample on me from every side, and a soldier plants his hobnails firmly on my toe. . . . Up comes a huge fir log swaying on a wagon, and then a second cart carrying a whole pine tree; they tower threateningly aloft. For if that axle with its load of Ligurian marble breaks down and pours an overturned mountain onto the crowd, what is left of their bodies? Who can identify the limbs, who the bones? The poor man's crushed corpse wholly disappears, just like his soul."

After dark the waiting traffic rushed in and Rome turned into a nightmare of thundering wagon wheels. "Most sick people here in Rome perish for want of sleep," Juvenal complained. No sooner had the last wagon cleared the streets when the city groggily awoke to the din of day. "I cannot find a place in Rome where men as poor as I can sleep or rest," wrote the poet Martial:

At early dawn the schoolmasters begin.
By night the pastry-cooks no respite give,
Smiths make the daylight hideous with their din
Of clashing hammers. What o life to live!
Here is a money-changer, ringing coins
Upon his dirty counter—lazy chent—
Next door the Spanish goldsmith's shop adjoins,
All day the glittering mallets thump and beat . . .
A bandaged sailor begs.
Blear-eyed watch-peddlers shout and drive me wild.

Picking their way through this babel were crowds of schoolchildren on their way to class. Elementary schools, until fairly late in the Empire, were strictly freelance operations. A teacher would appropriate some handy nook—an empty alcove in a public building for instance—string blankets between the pillars for privacy, hang out his shingle and wait for customers.

Classes began at dawn or even before—to the annoyance of late sleepers like Martial, who complained about the "savage howls and blows, resounding like thunder," and offered to pay the teachers as much for silence as they got for bawling.

There was another crowd bound on a different errand through the dawn haze. These were "clients," who at this early hour were on their way to the houses of their "patrons" to pay their respects and to pick up handouts of food or money. Almost every man owed homage to some patron; and men of standing all had armies of clients.

The system had its start in the early Republic when immigrants to the city found themselves without legal rights and turned to any available patrician for protection. An aristocratic patron usually gave each of his clients a patch of land to live on, guarded him from violence, helped him raise money for dowries, represented him in court and gave him a decent burial when he died. In return, the client gave his patron political support and bound himself and his family to his master

Traffic jammed, crowds shoved and the streets

with something resembling medieval fealty. The relationship then was something almost sacred, and more binding, at least for clients, than family ties. In the Aeneid, Virgil, himself a client of the rich Maecenas, consigned any patron who defrauded a client to special punishment in Hades.

Under the emperors, the patron-client system became no more than a social ritual, often a status symbol for rich parvenus who loved to be seen surrounded by hordes of obsequious Roman citizens. It was a galling experience for a proud and penniless client like Juvenal to have to come crawling to an insolent patron and hope for a small gift, or an invitation to his lord's dinner, where he would sit well below the salt, rub elbows with menials and be obliged to express loud gratitude for his few scraps from the feast.

The daily ritual of morning attendance was the most galling of all. "Look now," says Juvenal, "at the meager dole set down upon the threshold for the toga-clad mob to scramble for! Yet the patron first peers into your face, fearing that you may be claiming it under someone else's name. But what shall we dependents do who out of the self-same dole have to keep ourselves in coats and shoes, in bread and smoke at home?"

The imperial forums—there were five besides the famous one at the foot of the Palatine—were favorite gathering places, jammed during peak hours between 11 and 1 with litters and sedan chairs, many of them equipped with the luxury of glass window panes. A number of the visitors were rich women, come either to tend to business matters—there were women who were as active in business as men—or simply to see and be seen.

They got plenty of attention from the young fops with oily hair and limbs rubbed smooth with pumice stone, who hung about in hopes that a languishing look would win them a mistress and an easy fortune. Martial aimed one of his deadly passages at this breed:

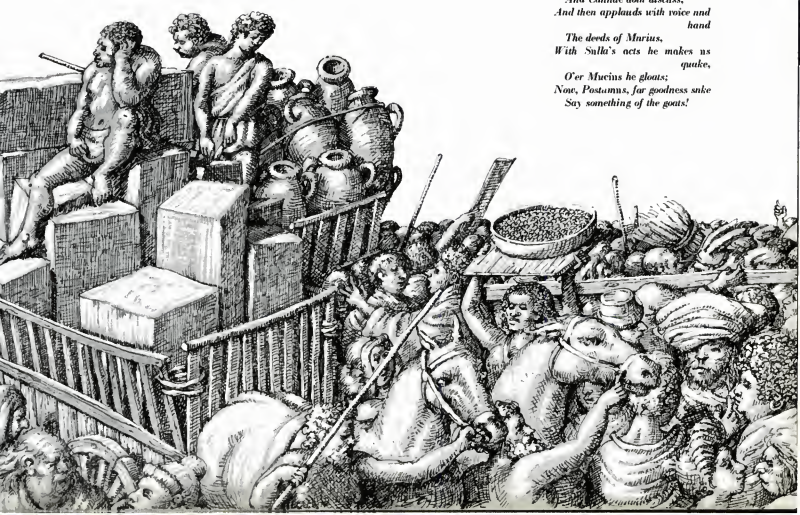
Just watch the fellow yonder
stroll along!
The costliest of clothes he loves
to wear.
And after him there comes a
motley throng
Of clients spruce and slaves
with curly hair.
His chair is gay and decked
with curtains fair;
Saw you the smartest dandy
in the town?
Just now, to buy a meal of
plainest fare,
He pawned his only ring for
half-a-crown.

At any moment a stir at one end of the forum might announce the arrival of some important attorney on his way to court, surrounded by an army of slaves, clients and chattering clerks. At every step somebody would have to be greeted by name—a special slave prompted him at every newcomer's approach.

The basilicas—the law courts—were oblong, one-room buildings with nave and aisles separated by rows of columns like a church, and usually open on the side facing the forum. Most basilicas were big enough to try several cases at once, although without dividing walls trials must often have turned into bellowing matches. Not that Roman lawyers needed any encouragement; most of them were happy for the chance to build up reputations as orators, and some of them even hired cliques to clap at prescribed moments, while water dripped away slowly in the water clocks which timed their speeches to two hours. Most Romans loved to listen to speeches. But to impatient litigants the long-winded speechmaking must sometimes have seemed as silly as it did to Martial:

'Tis not a poisoning case obscure,
Nor murder, nor assault;
Three goats are stolen, and I'm sure
My neighbor is at fault.
The judge has asked for evidence,
'Tis all we're waiting for;
But counsel paints with eloquence
The Mithradatic war.
He roars of Carthage—perjured
land,
And Cannae doth disease,
And then applauds with voice and
hand
The deeds of Marius,
With Sulla's acts he makes us
quake,
O'er Mucius he gloats;
Now, Postumus, for goodness sake
Say something of the goats!

rang with a boisterous uproar



At public baths citizens soaked in imperial splendor

About the middle of the afternoon the working day stopped; shopkeepers bolted down their shutters, judges emptied the courts, slaves dropped their loads, beggars stood up and stretched. It was time for the bath.

There is no institution in the modern world that compares with the Roman bath. In a city where bathrooms were scarce the public baths were the only place where people could get cleaned up. But cleanliness was only one of their functions. They were clubhouses for every man: open to everyone down to the wretchedest slave, they offered sociability, recreation, exercise and a multitude of different services all under one echoing roof. The sight of crowds of nude Romans, all soaking, steaming and pounding their flabby citified flesh must have been a test for strong stomachs. The din was appalling.

"Here I am in the middle of a roaring babel," wrote Seneca, a worldly philosopher and sensitive man. "My lodgings are right over a bath. Now imagine every sort of outcry that can revolt the ear. When the more energetic bathers do their dumbbell exercises, I hear their grunts as they strain—or pretend to strain—hissing and gasping raueously as they expel their breath. In the case of the more sedentary soul, content with a mere humble massage, I catch the smack of the hand as it meets his shoulders, with a different note depending on whether it lands flat or hollowed. Next add the quarrelsome rowdy and the thief caught in the act, and the man who loves the sound of his own voice while bathing, and after that, the people who leap into the plunge bath with a mighty splash.

"Besides the people whose voices, if nothing else, are the real unvarnished thing, you have to imagine the professional depilator, giving forth from time to time with a thin falsetto howl to advertise his presence, and never silent except when he is pulling hairs and making someone else do the howling instead.

"Then there is the cordial seller with a whole gamut of yells, and the sausage vendor, and the puffpastry man, and all the eatinghouse hawkers crying their wares, each with a distinctive melody of his own."

Rome had no fewer than 856 public baths, most of them hole-in-the-wall affairs. Some baths were for women only; in others women had their own hours. The most popular baths by far were the 11 great imperial baths, big as modern railway stations, which emperors raised from time to time in Rome to curry favor with the masses. ("What is worse than Nero?" sneered Martial: "What is better than Nero's baths?") The cavernous concrete structures, faced with brick and stucco, some sprawling over acres, have given modern Rome some of its most impressive ruins. In the Baths of Caracalla, summer opera is now performed on one of the biggest stages in the world, and the Baths of Diocletian, built, says a medieval legend, by the forced labor of 40,000 Christians, now house the National Museum of Rome and a church.

In ancient times the big baths contained not only separate hot-water, cold-water and sometimes lukewarm-water baths, steam rooms, private baths, medicinal baths with doctors in attendance, and locker rooms, but also gymnasiums, libraries, reading rooms and lecture halls, lounges and even art galleries.

The interiors of the big public baths, long since stripped, mounted what is surely the most extravagant display of public luxury the world has ever seen. The halls were paved wall-to-wall with acres of fitted marble. Hot and cold water gushed through massy silver mouths into sunken marble pools. The walls glittered with brilliant glass mosaics and multicolored marbles—the costly, exotic kinds that the Romans loved for their opulence and for their supposed properties of heat conduction—dark Lucullan marble from Melos, green-veined "eipollino" from Euboea, reddish-yellow marble with green veins from Numidia, deep red porphyry and honey-colored alabaster from the Arabian desert, violet-spotted Synnadian and snow-white Phoenician.

Ranged along the walls and screening one hall from another stood lofty columns and between them stood groups of colossal statuary. High overhead, crowning everything, stretched the immense curving vault of the ceiling whose gilded coffers glimmered through the haze.

The warmest spot in the building was the hot-water bath, the caldarium. In the Baths of Caracalla the caldarium was a circular chamber at the back of the building, 108 feet across, with a dome higher than the Pantheon and a stupendous porphyry tub in the center, filled with steaming hot water and splashing bathers. Other bathers lounged in marble seats in niches around the sides of the room, where slaves shieed them with hot water. Elsewhere in the baths, though this is less certain, the Romans may have rigged sheets of polished bronze high up near the ceiling, so as to reflect sunlight down onto the bathers below.

Under the bathers' feet the marble slabs were warmed by heated air that circulated under them from charcoal furnaces tended by sweating slaves toiling out of sight in the bowels of the building. Also out of sight and underground was a maze of vaulted corridors wide enough for wagons, and widening still further at intersections into regular traffic circles, along which attendants hurried with eartloads of clean and dirty linen.

The main building of Caracalla's baths was set in a park laid out with groves, gardens, statuary, and bordered with reading rooms and lecture halls, where the idle crowd could saunter, gossip or improve their minds. At the very end of the park was a sports stadium whose rising bleachers backed up against the sides of a 22-million-gallon cistern of water that supplied the baths. The whole complex—baths, park, lecture halls, stadium, cisterns and all—rested on a man-made plateau 20 feet high and 29 acres in area.

For all this the Romans paid a paltry quarter-cent entrance fee—but were well advised to spend extra pennies on tipping someone to watch their belongings. Towel-snatching was common.

The baths were a heady experience for out-of-towners. "Everywhere there is copious illumination and full indoor daylight," wrote one awestruck tourist; "moreover, they are beautified with every mark of thoughtfulness—two toilets, many exits, and two devices for telling time, a water clock that makes a bellowing sound, and a sundial." The customers liked to linger on as late as they could, strolling in the central promenade hall while the light of the sinking sun, streaming in through the stained-glass windows high up under the roof, shattered in blue and purple splendor over the rich incrustations of walls.

Toward the end of the afternoon the crowds in the baths thinned out and people straggled away to dinner, the one big meal of the Roman day. Romans are often pictured—and sometimes picture themselves—as gluttons, gorging themselves from dusk to dawn, vomiting to make room for more. But these were extremes. The average Roman was a moderate eater. Breakfast sometimes consisted of nothing more than a glass of water; lunch might be a cold sausage bought from a street vendor. Martial thought a two-course luncheon of meat, vegetable and fruit good enough to invite a guest to.

Dinner was elaborate and often lasted for hours—it was the time for friends to get together for conversation, poetry readings, pantomime performances and music. Guests reclined on cushioned couches—three guests to a couch—around a small table. The couches surrounded the table on three sides; the fourth was left open for serving. The number of guests was therefore limited ordinarily to nine, and if there were more, other sets of couches and tables were set up.

In the early years of the Republic, women, in view of their humbler position, sat at the feet of their husbands. Later, as their status rose, they took their places on the couches beside the men. To dine sitting up was, in fact, considered self-mortification; and Cato the Younger was admired for his austerity when he vowed to take all his meals sitting up for as long as Caesar's tyranny should last.

The everyday Roman diet does not seem very different from today's—salads, vegetables, meats, fish, poultry, bread, cheese, fruit, honey, nuts, milk and wine served in familiar courses. Here is the menu for one of Martial's dinners:

First course: a salad made of mint, leeks and mallows; chopped eggs with shellfish flavored with rue; middle-cut of tuna.

Second course: roast kid, ham, chicken, beans and sprouts.

Third course: apples.

Martial's guests may have expressed their appreciation by belching, the Roman custom. Since Romans did not have forks—only knives and spoons—there was a lot of eating with fingers, punctuated by frequent washings with slaves pouring scented water over the hands of the guests who wiped them dry on their napkins. The custom was for the guests to bring along their own napkins and use them for wrapping up leftovers to take home.

Dinner was washed down by a variety of wines, ranging from cheap Marseilles to costly Falernian. If the host was rich, he would serve wine poured through snow to cool it—snow carried down from the mountains by slaves. But if not snow, then water was added; for Romans almost never drank wine straight but always diluted it.

The Romans had butter, but they never ate it. They used it as an ointment. They had no sugar, and used honey for sweetening. Figs, apples, pears, grapes, plums, pomegranates and quinces were the basic fruits. Pork was the most popular meat, beef was too great a luxury. About the only time the ordinary Roman ate beef was when a heifer was slaughtered for sacrifice. For a treat, Romans enjoyed guinea pigs and dormice.

Perhaps because of the lack of refrigeration, the Romans habitually disguised their meat dishes with complicated and highly seasoned sauces. A pigeon dish, for instance, might come with sauce made of pepper, parsley, lovage, dried mint and saffron pounded into a paste and blended with wine, honey, vinegar, olive oil, crushed nuts, celery and catmint.

The real trenchermen, who gave the Romans their reputation for gluttony, were a band of rich gourmands whose gastronomic feats were recorded as gravely as the triumphs of generals. Few if any of them seem to have had a real taste for good cooking. Theirs was, rather, the sort of mindless gourmandise that battened on exotic rarities merely because they were rare. These men strove to outdo each other in the opulence of their banquets. The dinner parties of Lucullus, Caesar's contemporary, with all the fixings, seldom cost less than $5,000, and once, when he was to dine alone, he scolded his steward for serving him a simple meal that cost a mere $500. If anything, he thought, he should have been served more splendidly than ever, for this evening "Lucullus dines with Lucullus."

Cranes, peacocks and rare birds of all sorts were especially in demand. If a bird had some rare quality or skill, it automatically became so much the more delectable. Nothing impressed guests more than a pie filled with the tongues of parrots that had been taught to speak. Emperor Vitellius, in 69 A.D., sent out the Roman fleet to scour the Mediterranean for the ingredients of a single dish: flamingo tongues, mackerel livers, pheasant and peacock brains and lamprey milk.

To satisfy the craving of the mighty for the incredible, Italy

Big spenders ate flamingo tongues,

was turned into a hothouse for out-of-season vegetables. Delicate birds were raised on an immense scale—the little islands of the Italian coast became peacock farms. Exotic fish were raised in special tanks and fed, one scandal had it, with the flesh of slaves. The cooking and serving of food became an esoteric cult attended in a household by a specialized staff of slaves. There was a *focarius* who kept the kitchen fires going, a *coctor* in charge of braised dishes, a *plastor* who specialized in stuffings, and all sorts of stewards from wine cellarers to protocol specialists in charge of seating arrangements. The high priests were of course the chefs who, although slaves, earned fortunes. Marc Antony was so pleased with one of his that he made him a present of a whole city.

The famous epicures had their imitators in the *nouveaux riches*, many of them freed slaves, who could think of no other way to show off their raw new wealth than by marathons at the table.

The most notorious glutton of them all was the fictional freedman Trimalchio in the *Satyricon*, the scathing satire on Roman manners and morals written by the First Century poet Petronius. Here is an abridged account of Trimalchio's famous feast.

"Now that the guests were all in their places—Trimalchio himself was still absent—the hors d'oeuvres were served, and very sumptuous they were. On either side were dishes engraved with Trimalchio's name and the weight of the silver they were made of. Other dishes held dormice dipped in honey and rolled in poppy seed. There was a silver grill, piping hot and with small sausages on it, and beneath it, black damsons and red pomegranates, sliced up and arranged to look like flames playing over charcoal.

"We were nibbling at these splendid appetizers when suddenly trumpets blared and Trimalchio was carried in, propped up on piles of miniature pillows. His head, close-cropped like a slave's, protruded from a cloak of blazing scarlet. He was picking his teeth with a silver toothpick.

"Meanwhile a tray was set before us on which lay a hen carved from wood with wings outstretched as if it were sitting on its eggs. The slaves approached and to a loud flourish from the orchestra began rummaging through the straw and pulling peahen's eggs which they gave to the guests.

"Trimalchio gave the whole performance his closest attention. 'Friends,' he said, 'I ordered peahens' eggs to be set under the hen; but I'm afraid they've hatched already.' We were handed spoons weighing at least half a pound apiece, and cracked the eggshells —which turned out to consist of rich pastry. I overheard one of the guests—obviously a veteran of these dinners—say: 'I wonder what little surprise we've got in here.' So I cracked mine open and found a fine fat oriole inside, nicely seasoned with pepper.

"The orchestra blared again and the trays were snatched from the tables by warbling waiters. In the confusion, a silver side dish happened to fall to the floor. A waiter at once came pattering up with a broom and swept the silver dish out the door along with the rest of the garbage. We enthusiastically applauded this fine display of extravagance."

(The wine is flowing freely—it is old Falernian—when . . .) "servants came in and draped our couches with covers embroidered with hunting scenes. We were wondering what all this was leading up to, when suddenly into the room bounded some huge Spartan mastiffs followed by servants with a tray on which reposed a wild sow of absolutely enormous size. Two date-filled baskets of woven palm leaves hung from its tusks; little suckling pigs made of hard pastry clustered around her teats. A slave stepped up to carve—a huge fellow with a big beard, a coarse hunting cape thrown over his shoulders. He whipped out his knife and gave a savage slash at the sow's flanks. The flesh parted under the blow, the wound burst open and—with a whirr—out flew dozens of live thrushes!

"But bird-catchers were stand-

CONTINUED

orioles, dormouse rolled in honey

ing by with limed twigs, and before long they had snared all the birds.

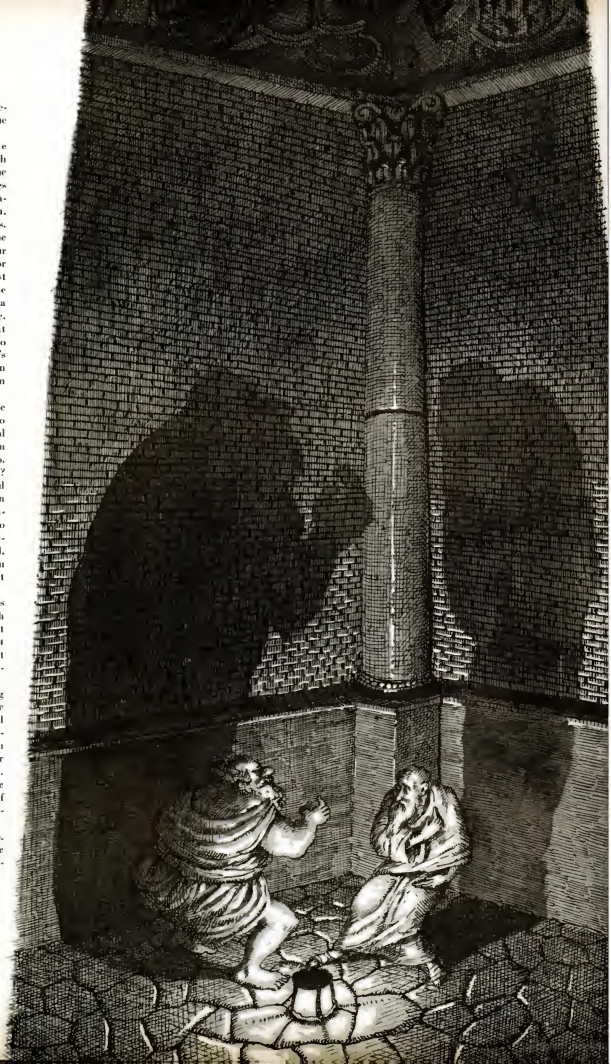
"We were unaware that we had slogged only halfway through this 'forest of refinements,' as the poets put it; but when the tables had been wiped—to the inevitable music—three hogs were led in, rigged out with muzzles and bells. Trimalchio asked: 'Which one would you like cooked for your dinner?' And without waiting for us to choose, ordered the oldest slaughtered. The servants came back with an immense hog on a tray almost the size of the table. We were of course astonished at the chef's speed. But Trimalchio suddenly roared: 'What! What's this? By God, this hog hasn't even been gutted! Get that cook in here—fast!'

"Looking very miserable, the poor cook came shuffling up to the table and admitted that he'd forgotten to gut the pig. 'You FORGOT?' bellowed Trimalchio. 'You FORGOT TO GUT A PIG? Strip that man!' The cook stood there naked and forlorn between two bodyguards. The guests interceded for him. But Trimalchio sat there with a great grin widening across his face and said: 'Well, since your memory's so bad, you can gut the pig right here in front of us all.'

"The cook was handed back his clothes, drew out his knife with a shaking hand, and slashed at the pig's belly. Suddenly, out poured—not the pig's guts—but link upon link of tumbling sausages and blood puddings!

"All at once the coffered ceiling began to rumble and the whole room started to shake. I jumped up in terror. Suddenly the paneling slid apart and down through the crack an immense circular hoop began slowly to descend. Dangling from the hoop were chaplets of gold and little jars of perfume—all, we were told, presents for us to take home."

Hours later, the feast winds up, afloat, in Trimalchio's private bath establishment, over a nightcap of heavy wine.



After the banquet was over—it might go on until late at night—a Roman still had to grope his way home through steep and noisome alleys of the city. To any citizen, even when sober, Rome after dark was a dangerous place. There was no street lighting, and there were not enough night watchmen. Rome had no public nightlife. The moment the sun set, families drew back behind closed shutters, leaving the black maze of streets outside to rumbling traffic, a million screaming cats, to murderers and thieves. Rich men had torch-bearing bodyguards to light their way and wait outside villa gates while they caroused. But the poor Roman picked his way home warily and alone, his heart in his mouth.

"And now consider the many perils of the night," wrote Juvenal. "See how high it is to that towering roof from which a pot comes crack upon my head every time some broken or leaky vessel is pitched out of the window! See with what a smash it lands and digs the pavement! There's death in every open window as you pass along at night: you may well be deemed a fool, improvident of sudden accident, if you go out to dinner without having made your will. You can only hope and raise a piteous prayer in your heart that they will be content to pour down on you—the contents of their slop basins!

"And now along comes your drunken bully who has by chance not slain his man and passes a night of torture—since some men can sleep only after a brawl. Yet however reckless the fellow may be, however hot with wine and young blood, he gives a wide berth to anyone whose scarlet cloak and long retinue of attendants with torches and brass lamps in their hands bid him keep his distance. But to me, who am usually escorted home by the moon or the scant light of a candle (whose wick I husband with due care), he pays no respect.

"Hear how the wretched fray begins—if you can call it a fray when he does all the thrashing and I get all the blows! The fellow plants himself in front of me and bids me halt; obey I must. What else can you do when you are attacked by a madman stronger than yourself? 'Where are you from?' he shouts; 'whose vinegar and beans have blown you out? What! No answer? Speak up or take that on your shins!'

"Whether you venture to say anything or try to get away silently, it's all one; he will thrash you just the same. Such is the liberty of a poor man: after being pounded and cuffed into a jelly, he begs and prays to be allowed to go home with a few teeth left in his head."

The Romans loved holidays and celebrated them by staging the most elaborate and lurid spectacles the world has ever seen: triumphs, imperial birthdays, feast days, dedications—any excuse would do. Little by little, reign after reign, they grew until there were over a hundred public festivals. On top of these were special holidays like Trajan's 123-day celebration when he beat the Dacians. One can only imagine how groggy the capital must have been after a four-month government-backed binge.

Ancient traditional festivals like the Lupercalia, in February, were still scrupulously observed with decorous dances and ceremonial games. But that was feeble fare for an audience accustomed to the sight of conquered kings and treasures being paraded down the Sacred Way. Such sights far overshadowed the legitimate theater, and Roman drama, after Plautus and Terence, petered out into girlie shows, pantomimes and dazzling circus acts.

"The people," complained Horace, "even when the actors are speaking the verses, call for a bear show or a wrestling match. Pleasure has moved away from the ear to the restless eye and to entertainment with no meaning. For four hours or more the curtain is up, while troops of horsemen fly past. Kings of fallen fortune are dragged in with hands tied behind their backs. War chariots hurry by, carts, carriages, ships, ivory is borne along and all the spoils of Corinth. A giraffe next catches the crowd's attention, or perhaps a white elephant. What actor's voice can rise above that din?"

After a while, even this pageantry began to be a bore: the people wanted action—violent, bloody action. Natives of the most distant territories were dragged to Rome to fight and die in the arena: painted savages from Britain, blond Germans from the Rhine, Moors from the Atlas mountains, Parthians, and later, Goths, Vandals, Franks, and Saxons. All of them brought their own weapons and style of fighting.

In 80 A.D. Rome got a setting worthy of its spectacles when, in a hundred days of continuous celebration, Emperor Titus dedicated the Colosseum. From 80 ponderous arches the amphitheater rose four stories to a height of 150 feet. Vast multiple passageways funneled crowds of 50,000 with efficient speed to their proper seats—the Senators, Vestal Virgins, top civil servants and other notables to the front rows, the emperor and his retinue to his box, the lower classes to the higher tiers, and the ragged proletariat to the top. High above, a web of cables stretched across the interior. On them, a company of sailors spread enormous colored awnings to protect the crowd from sun and rain.

Sunlight drenching through the canvas must have turned the immense bowl into a grotesque fairyland splashed with color. Here and there fragrant fountains tossed their jets high over the sand-strewn wooden floor. The music of horns and trumpets mingled with the screams of the wounded and dying.

There was elaborate stage machinery. Whole sections of the floor could be lowered to permit change of scenery. Ramps and elevators brought wild beasts up from subterranean cages. By ingenious contrivances the whole floor could be flooded in a jiffy for the re-enactment of historic naval battles. Before a hundred thousand fascinated eyes war galleys maneuvered in the narrow space or rammed each other. Companies of gladiators in marine costume fought savagely on the heaving decks; the water, lashed to foam, turned red and fouled the flailing oars with bobbing corpses.

For a change of pace there were the animal shows when beasts were sometimes pitted against each other in bizarre combinations, like a rhinoceros against wild bulls. The scale of the carnage could be appalling. Once, in Pompey's day, 17 elephants, 500 lions and 410 other African animals were slaughtered. In 248 A.D., at the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of Rome's legendary founding, the score was 32 elephants, 10 tigers, 60 lions, 30 leopards, 10 hyenas, 10 giraffes, 20 wild asses, 40 wild horses, 10 zebras and six hippos. At Trajan's triumph 11,000 animals were butchered in the arena. In the Third Century the Emperor Probus, after defeating the Germans, transformed the Circus Maximus into a forest filled with game—1,000 ostriches, 1,000 wild boars, 1,000 stags and 1,000 sheep—then let the people rush in to capture or kill whatever they could lay hands on.

Keeping the arenas of the empire adequately stocked was a full-time occupation for an army of game hunters. They operated with such efficiency that in time whole populations were exterminated; elephants vanished from Libya, lions from Thessaly, and hippos from the lower Nile.

Animals were executioners as often as victims. Humans were tied to stakes or bound to carts and wheeled into the path of onrushing animals. Sometimes they were turned loose to seek protection where they could. On such occasions the arena was transformed into a charming landscape of babbling brooks, miniature groves and rocky ravines. Here the victims tried to hide, while hungry lions stalked them and the fascinated onlookers made bets on which would survive the longest.

During the day-long spectacles there was usually a pause at noon during which spectators either scattered for lunch or were served by slaves staggering under baskets of food. At Emperor Domitian's festival in 88 A.D. a host of servants from the imperial household waited on the people with costly dishes and fine old wines. At one point during the morning, figs, plums, cheeses and pastry rained down upon the spec-

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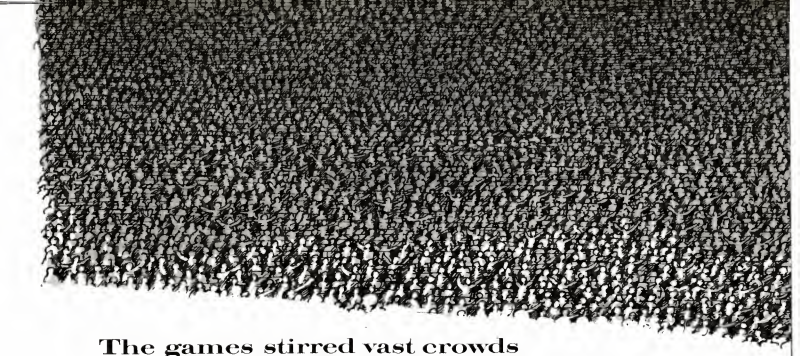
By night there was peril, by day wild extravaganzas



The games stirred vast crowds to cheer speed, blood and death

THE ROMANS
CONTINUED

tators from nets strung overhead.

Free tokens for door prizes were regularly scattered among the crowd. They might include furniture, food, clothing, jewelry, paintings, animals and even ships and country villas.

Rival to the Colosseum was the Circus Maximus where year-round chariot races were followed with passionate interest by every Roman, from the emperor on down. "There sits the Praetor in his triumphant state, the prey of horseflesh," wrote Juvenal, "and all Rome today is in the circus."

There lies the Circus Maximus, stretching nearly half a mile along the foot of the Palatine beneath the gorgeous palaces of the Caesars. Around the track in rising tiers sits the holiday crowd, 200,000 strong, in togas and parasol hats against the glare, all swaying and shouting. Through the choking dust the figures of the four charioteers can be made out, erect and masterful, helmets and short tunics marked with the color of their teams—White, Red, Blue and Green—reins tied to their waists, urging their foaming teams around the course for the standard seven-lap, five-mile race.

Here comes the turning post, the danger spot for pile-ups and collisions. A crash—the sound of shattering wood and squealing horses as two teams tangle. Before he can whip out his knife and slash the reins, one charioteer is thrown out of his cab and dragged along the sand like a helpless dummy, to be ridden down a second later by his rivals. The mangled body is carted off to the surgeon's table. Perhaps the boar's dung which he rubbed into his skin before the race will stave off massive infection and save his life.

The Roman mob hardly cared if a fallen charioteer lived or died. But if they had bet on his color, they were in despair. The Emperor Caligula had circus fever as badly as the rest. An all-out fan of the Greens, he once had the horses and charioteers of the Blues poisoned. Nero wore green to the circus and once had the entire floor strewn with green copper-oxide dust.

The strutting young charioteers were idols of the mob. Their arrogance was notorious—they could sometimes get away with assault and robbery in broad daylight. Monuments were raised to them everywhere. They had their pick of Rome's women; they earned fortunes in fees and gifts, and were sometimes raised by imperial favor to high posts in the government.

They were the elite of the athletic world, but the men who fascinated the people even more were the gladiators, who provided the hard core of the entertainment in the arenas. They were a desperate and dangerous breed. Most of them were prisoners of war, condemned criminals and slaves; but even free men sometimes joined the profession out of sheer love of danger and combat. In the big imperial gladiator schools they lived under the harshest discipline, and always under close military guard.

The Roman physician Galen has described them as massive and overfed, their battered bodies covered with frightful wounds. They lived under constant nervous strain and, according to ancient accounts, many reacted either with suicidal despair or hysterical tantrums. On the eve of every spectacle they were given a luxurious banquet which the public was invited to watch. Professional gladiators proudly honored their frightful oath "to suffer themselves to be whipped with rods, burned with fire and killed with steel" and on the appointed hour marched to their death with fatalistic courage.

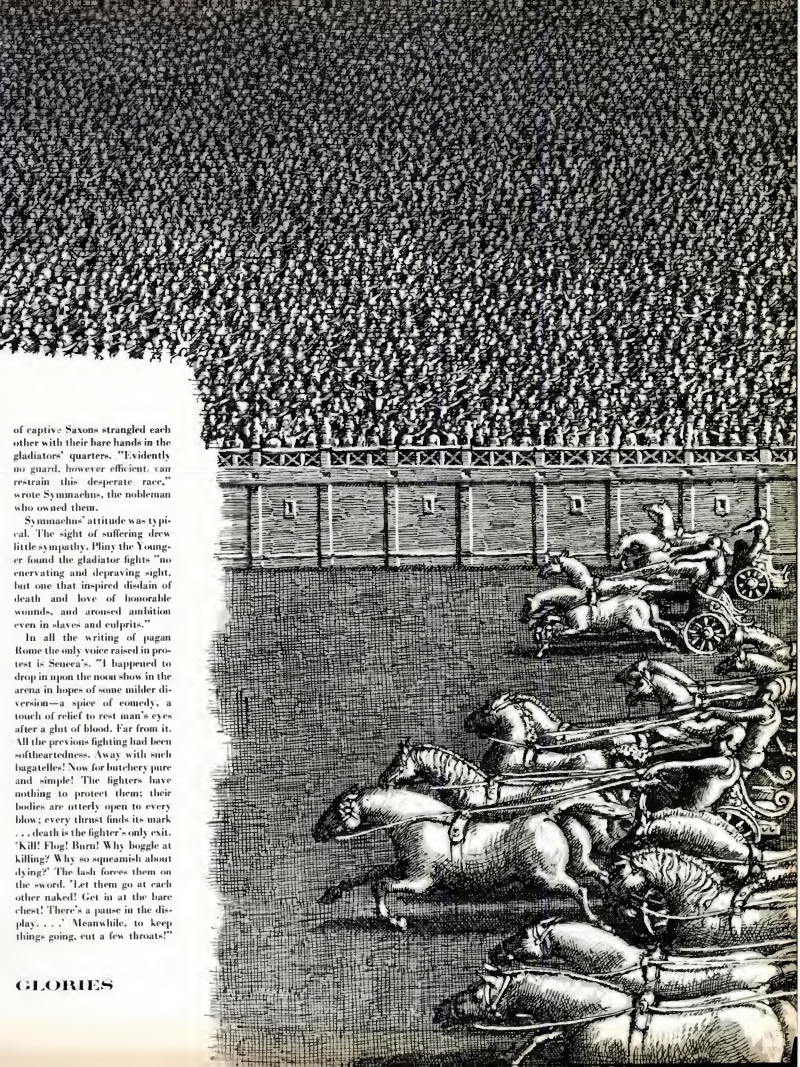
In one common kind of gladiator duel one fighter was armed with a shield and a short sword, and protected by an elaborate cuirass and a huge, embossed helmet; the other was naked and unarmed save for a trident like the sea-god Neptune's and a large net which he tried to fling over his opponent to ensnare him. The odds were about even.

Whenever a duelist was struck down, the excited cry "Habet!—He has it!" swept the Colosseum. The felled gladiator raised his left hand in a plea for mercy. If he had fought bravely the spectators might wave their handkerchiefs or raise their thumbs and spare him. Thumbs down meant death.

In the intervals between bouts the blood-drenched sand was shoveled up and fresh sand sprinkled on the floor. Attendants fancifully costumed as Charon, the mythical ferryman of the River Styx, swarmed around the corpses, probing with hot irons and smashing the skulls of any that showed signs of life.

If a gladiator survived three years, he earned a wooden sword—the symbol of honorable discharge. Some found the life too brutal to bear that long. One, while being carted into the arena, stuck his head between the spokes of a wheel, which broke his neck. In the Fourth Century, a group

NEXT WEEK PART VII: THE ENDURING



of captive Saxons strangled each other with their bare hands in the gladiators' quarters. "Evidently no guard, however efficient, can restrain this desperate race," wrote Symmachus, the nobleman who owned them.

Symmachus' attitude was typical. The sight of suffering drew little sympathy. Pliny the Younger found the gladiator fights "no enervating and depraving sight, but one that inspired disdain of death and love of honorable wounds, and aroused ambition even in slaves and culprits."

In all the writing of pagan Rome the only voice raised in protest is Seneca's. "I happened to drop in upon the noon show in the arena in hopes of some milder diversion—a spice of comedy, a touch of relief to rest man's eyes after a glut of blood. Far from it. All the previous fighting had been softheartedness. Away with such bagatelles! Now for butchery pure and simple! The fighters have nothing to protect them; their bodies are utterly open to every blow; every thrust finds its mark . . . death is the fighter's only exit. 'Kill! Flog! Burn! Why boggle at killing? Why so squeamish about dying?' The lash forces them on the sword. 'Let them go at each other naked! Get in at the bare chest! There's a pause in the display. . . .' Meanwhile, to keep things going, cut a few throats!"

Father's Day,
Graduation Day,
or any old day...

dare to give him what he really wants ...007

There's a 007 gift set for every assignment. They range from the full arsenal with all seven grooming aids, to the fast getaway model with 007 After Shave and Cologne.

Give him as much as you dare. But remember: If you get into trouble, you're on your own. We won't even admit we sold it to you.

That's 007, for the license to kill... women.

"When you use 007, be kind"

Is J.J. Really King of the Surf?

by **JORDAN BONFANTE**

The man who holds more surfing titles than there are surfing competitions hosts his official J.J. Moon board and heads for the combers.

In southern California the surfers say this man can hot-dog in the treacherous wake of a river paddle boat; that he can nose-ride that board without pearling under the wave for *two full minutes*; that he can make 25 go-behinds on a single run.

The name is J.J. Moon, and it is famous on every beach on the West Coast and in every surfing magazine. He holds more titles than there are championships. At competitions, surfers search among the contestants before they paddle out to the waves, just to see if J.J. might be here for this one. Saloons and surfing hangouts are filled to all hours with stories and arguments about his prowess. There are J.J. Moon fan clubs and J.J. Moon T shirts and, naturally, J.J. Moon surfboards.

J.J. Moon himself is not hampered by any desire for obscurity. He is always on the move. He'll be at Malibu one day, out at Makaha in Hawaii the next, then suddenly he will pop up at Newport Beach. He is completely a product of his place and time when surfing, once an exotic sport practiced only by a handful of daredevils in Hawaii, has become an obsessive national pastime. In California alone, half a million people have taken it up. And because of the thrill and the risk and the speed, between blazing sun and the mysterious natural force of the waves, all surfers are, in one way or another, romantics. What they lacked until recently was a true folk hero. Then along came J.J. Moon. His only drawback: he isn't *that* good a surfer.

Some years ago, there was this young man-about-Los Angeles by the name of Ned Eckert, a cheerful, carefree fellow well known to the sporting crowd and to most of the bartenders of Beverly Hills. Eckert had speculated successfully in the stock market, then discovered the race track and quickly acquired a reputation among his friends as a handicapper.

A few years before, as destiny would have it, there had been a local handicapper named J.J. Williams who peddled a tout sheet. "So one day," says Eckert, "we were sitting around this bar, and for the fun of it I thought up a name for myself." Thus, Ned Eckert became J.J. Moon.

Meanwhile, at local beaches like Malibu, and during trips to Hawaii and Australia, Eckert had also become an avid hobby surfer, competent but hardly outstanding. At the beaches and in the bars, he numbered many top surfers as friends. And here the fun began.

In the winter of 1964 Eckert was planning to spend a vacation in Honolulu, which happened to coincide with the Makaha world surfing championships, one of the toughest competitions of all. Unknown to Eckert, who hadn't yet left California, a well-known surfer named Rick Steer decided to have some fun: he entered his friend "J.J. Moon" in the Makaha event. On the entry form he gave Moon's affiliation as the Cafe Swiss Surf Club of California, and to get him into a preferential heat for titleholders, he billed him as the Lake Michigan wake-surfing champion. When Eckert arrived in Honolulu, he—or J.J.—was already in the papers. "I think that's pretty funny, all right," he snorted. "Those waves get to 20 feet high!" Nevertheless he told Steer, "It's beautiful, baby!"—and decided to brazen it out. Other bona fide surfers from California gleefully helped wherever they could.

It rained in Honolulu for the

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SURFER CONTINUED

next five days, and the contest was postponed each day, waiting for clear weather and good surf. During the lull a top competition surfer named Mickey Munoz, an old friend from Malibu, was being interviewed on the air.

". . . And tell us, Mickey, who do you think will give you the most trouble in your heat? Who's the man to beat?" asked the announcer, as Moon and the other Californians crowded around the radio in a nearby bar.

"Well, I don't know, there are a lot of tough guys," said Mickey. "But the guy I really fear the most is the fabulous J.J. Moon."

"Who?" asked the announcer.

"J.J. Moon," said Mickey Munoz, "with a who-else nonchalance."

"Oh . . . oh, yes . . . he's from where, Mickey?" asked the announcer.

"He's from Malibu."

"Oh, yes . . . we remember him. . . ."

"Sure, I'm sure you do."

Moon and his bar companions erupted in unrestrained hilarity, broken by just one faint misgiving. "God," mused J.J., "I sure hope they won't be watching."

The rains passed, the surf came up big—back-breakers nearly 20 feet high. And at the appointed hour, before the eyes of thousands, there was J.J. Moon, a squat 175 pounds, waddling out on the beach with a contestant's jersey over his beer paunch and lugging a borrowed surfboard. As an established preface favorite, he had been passed directly to the semifinals.

"There I was, wondering what I was doing there. It was insane," Moon recalled later. "What I did was, I paddled out more than half a mile to where people lost sight of me behind the close-in swells —I wouldn't go *near* those 20-footers farther out. Then I turned around and glided into shore on an easy swell. The people saw me come ashore at the water line with a world of style and stance—but they didn't see where I had come from."

Moon won no points, but his new identity was firmly established among his friends. He now *was* J.J. Moon. One friend, Mickey Dora, a legitimate champion in his own right, wrote a straight-faced surfing magazine article in which he rated the world's best surfers. Dora rated himself an unblushing Number One. Number Two, he said, had to be J.J. Moon.

By now, what had started as an improved underground in-joke had mushroomed into a hoax. On beaches, at surfing shops, in the *après*-surf hangouts, the same exasperated question echoed again and again: "Who *is* this J.J. Moon?" And the insiders kept straight faces as they answered, "The greatest, that's who."

The legend burgeoned. Moon's singular, mythical accomplishments were countless:

▶ "J.J. Moon, who surfs all over the world and for whom no conditions are too difficult, was the winner of the Mekong Delta Monsoon Championship, a grueling contest held in pouring rain and quagmire."

▶ "J.J. Moon holds the world nose-riding record with an elapsed time of five minutes on a single wave." (This was only two minutes in some versions, but in any case it ignored the fact that no wave has been known to last longer than 30 or 40 seconds.)

▶ "J.J. Moon is the only man in the world to shoot the Malibu pier." (This feat would have involved riding a low-tide, 10-foot wave at 35 mph, then passing through a maze of angled double pilings which are geometrically impassable. One man had, in fact, attempted this stunt some years ago and killed himself.)

To avid surfers, one of the most awesome challenges has always been the so-called "Banzai Pipeline" in Hawaii, where the conical shape of the breakers actually does allow a reckless few to "shoot the tube," that is, to surf "inside" a wave's concavity for an instant or two. J.J. Moon was said not only to have shot the tube at the Banzai Pipeline but to have emerged from it completely dry, with his hair neatly combed.

Moon's peak "achievement," however, is probably his feat of hanging eleven. Merely to hang five—that is, extend over the nose of the board—is a difficult enough maneuver on any fast wave. To hang ten, *i.e.*, with *both* feet, is the *ne plus ultra* of sophisticated surfing technique. Leave it to J.J. Moon to have six toes on his right foot.

"Can you really hang eleven, J.J.?" the youngsters would run up and ask J.J. Moon.

"Sure, hell yes, I can!" Moon would assure them, scrupulously keeping his sneakers on.

Fan clubs honoring J.J. Moon sprang up at colleges in Oregon, Idaho and Michigan. Newport Beach started serving up foul-tasting "J.J. Moonshot" cocktails.

And at Manhattan Beach one recent afternoon a group of some 75 high school students, taking recess at the beach, spied Moon's name modestly emblazoned on his surfboard. "It's *him*, it's *him!*" went the alarm, and J.J. was quickly awash in teen-agers clamoring for T shirts bearing his name. He didn't have any on hand, and instead coolly and tirelessly obliged with his autograph—on paper bags, matchbook covers and popsicle sticks.

Flushed with this public affirmation of loyalty, J.J. signed a final autograph and then announced, "Well, we're going to be late for the Colorado River contest, so we've got to go." Then, waving goodby to his fans, he stalked off like a crusader bound for Jerusalem.

For reasons different from those affecting his "public," Moon is a hero to his intimates. Whenever he returns to his customary round of favorite saloons, J.J. basks in the glorious moonlight of his notoriety. "It's insane," he says. "We're putting everybody on. Oh, baby, it's *beautiful!*"

He has become J.J. Moon to everybody he has ever known. Aside from his birth certificate, Ned Eckert barely exists.

"Hello, Charlie?" he bleats to his stockbroker. "This is J.J. What's going on, baby?" And in restaurants: "Table for five ready for Mr. Moon?" Recently he had trouble cashing a Ned Eckert traveler's check. "I thought your name was Moon," said the hotel manager suspiciously.

J.J. recently has expanded his franchise, assuming the role of a commerce-conscious and power-hungry leader, and talking bullishly of schemes that sound like circus posters. "As an outgrowth of my success," he will beam, "I am going to organize my own J.J. Moon Competition Surf Team, which will feature J.J. and the other top riders in an unbeatable professional cadre that will *monopolize* the sport. I am also thinking of founding the J.J. Moon Surf Club, which for a membership fee of $2.50 will entitle you to an official J.J. Moon T shirt and free entrance to the many miles of best surfing beaches—which will be bought up by the J.J. Moon Corporation."

As usual, only a surprisingly small number of people can feel absolutely sure that he isn't being serious. J.J. Moon may be the greatest, as half a million people believe. But nobody has seen him with those tennis shoes off.

. . . No, He Isn't

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Now there's a new flavor partner to famous Marlboro Red. New Marlboro Menthol Green, a fresh new way of saying you get a lot to like in Marlboro Country. And that's where the flavor's always been.

This Greenwood poplin gives a free vacation from ironing.

Greenwood's woven a poplin that scoffs at wrinkles. A permanent press poplin. That makes these McGregor walk shorts as no-care as can be.

It's 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton. A smooth, crisp blend. That machine washes and dries. Fast. Without fuss or muss. (A no-iron promise.)

Just because this is a no-bother poplin don't think it can't take it. It's strong. Made for man-wear.

Made for quality. Made by Greenwood. And that means it's really made.

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Drunk, blowsy, suggestively inviting a young instructor to dance with her, Elizabeth Taylor takes on the kind of role she has never played before in Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? *She is Martha, the harridan wife of a New England college professor. She and her husband have taken a young teacher and his wife to a roadhouse at 3 a.m.*

A surprising Liz in a film shocker

CONTINUED 87

'Virginia Woolf' boils with venom and power

Everybody seemed to be going about things the wrong way when they set out to make this movie. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Edward Albee's famous play, was too earthy in both theme and dialogue for a Hollywood film. Elizabeth Taylor was too young, too beautiful, and not skillful enough to play a drunken, slut-tish woman in her 40s. Richard Burton was too British, too authoritative to be a hen-pecked American college professor. Mike Nichols was a superb director of light Broadway comedy—but wasn't he presumptuous making a film debut with violent drama.

But incredibly everything turned out right. *Virginia Woolf* emerges as an honest, corrosive film of great power and final poignancy. Yet its merits will be clouded by the fact that it is a shocker, shattering every written rule of Hollywood propriety. Its sexual scenes are specific, its language is raw and even obscene.

The film tells of a middle-aged professor and his wife who entertain a younger couple in a night-long drinking bout. They plunge into a cauldron of hate, playing cruel games to rip away the illusions that shore up each life.

Elizabeth Taylor, in the bravura role, is a revelation with 20 extra pounds, a salt-and-pepper wig and a whisky-crusted voice. Burton's acting is the best of his film career. *Virginia Woolf* has already caused some extraordinary soul searching among censorship groups (*see p. 92*) and a show-down in the movie industry over its antiquated code of conduct.

To taunt her husband and repay him for his constant insults, Martha does a scorching, sexual frug with Nick, the young professor (George Segal), and hocks herself hotly to him in an embrace.

CONTINUED

When Martha in anger blurts out that her husband George (played by Burton) had as a teen-ager caused his parents' deaths, he cries "Satanic bitch!" and tries to choke her. Nick pulls him off. Later, when Martha tries to seduce Nick, George takes revenge by spilling out their most private secret: that the son Martha talks of so proudly is a myth, that his wife is barren. Liz sobs bitterly (right) while the other wife (Sandy Dennis) holds her ears in disbelief.

After a murderous attack, a spilled secret

Raw dialogue challenges all the censors

I don't bray," brays Liz, when her husband accuses her of "braying." With Burton's coaching, Liz changed her light, girlish voice into a reedy, coarse contralto for the role.

by THOMAS THOMPSON

If this obscenity is allowed," raged the minister from his pulpit, "then the very moral fiber of America is in grave jeopardy." What was this awful thing that threatened the American soul? One line of dialogue in *Gone with the Wind:* "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

That "damn," spoken in 1939 by Clark Gable, was the first curse word in a major American film. The movie industry's censor, Joseph I. Breen, did everything in his considerable power to get Producer David O. Selznick to change the word to "darn." He failed. The word was allowed and American films grew bolder and bolder in their dialogue.

If the preacher who inveighed against that epochal first "damn" could see and hear *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* he would certainly feel that his prophecy had been confirmed. In its earthy, uninhibited dialogue are 11 "Goddamns," seven "bastards," five "sons of bitches," and such assorted graphic phrases as "screw you," "up yours," and "hump the hostess."

In or out of context the words are shocking, but they are the essential weapons with which the film's four people violently and drunkenly duel one another. Their tongues, loosened by liquor, speak coarse words but do reveal terrible truths. European films, of course, have been boldly dealing with sex and breaking taboos. But with *Virginia Woolf*, the American movie industry enters an era in which there are virtually no restrictions at all on dialogue.

The lines of *Virginia Woolf* shocked even the people who saw it as a Broadway play, so when Edward Albee sold the film rights for $500,000, he assumed Hollywood would dilute the dialogue. The film was assigned to producer-screenwriter Ernest Lehman, who had just finished adapting *The Sound of Music*, which is as different from *Virginia Woolf* as *Winnie the Pooh* is from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Mike Nichols, arriving at the Warner Bros. lot for his movie-directing debut, found Lehman, an intensely nervous man under normal circumstances, assaulted now by agony.

Lehman had tried desperately to retain the flavor of Albee's play, but recognizing the historic climate of film censorship, he had also tried to launder it. "Ernie, for example, changed 'you son of a bitch' to 'you dirty, lousy, dot, dot, dot,'" Nichols recalls. "He wasn't taking them out to be prudish. He just felt it was better to be protected in advance rather than have to take it out after the film was done."

Nichols and Lehman labored for more than six months on the script and finally decided they were being dishonest. "Disguising profanity with clean but suggestive phrases is really dirtier," says Nichols. "It reminded me of an old Gary Cooper movie when somebody said, 'He's so poor he hasn't got a pot to put flowers in.' Everybody in the audience got what was intended: echoes of wild talk, it seems to me, are deliberately titillating. People do certain things in bed that we all know they do, and people say certain things to each other that we all have heard. The whole point of the sexual revolution that's happening today is to let those things take their place and then go back into proportion. We feel the language in *Woolf* is essential to the fabric; it reveals who the people are and how they lived."

Lehman and Nichols discarded most of the revisions and put back most of Albee's dialogue. "Sure we were scared," Lehman says. "But we felt the artistic intent of the film would be so clean it would overcome any objections. The only thing I took out were certain 'Jesus Christs' when I felt 'Oh, my Gods' could be used with equal effectiveness."

The picture was filmed at a cost of $7.5 million, the most expensive black-and-white, nonspectacle production ever. When screened for the studio's executives, many of them thought, "My God, we've got a $7.5 million dirty movie on our hands."

The immediate question, of course, was: "Where can we cut?" The answer was: "No place." Nichols had not permitted any "covering" shots—scenes shot with softened language as a hedge against censorship. Lehman joked that the only thing left to do in case the movie censors and the Catholic Church's rating board censured the film was to "turn it into a Personna commercial"—use the television razor-blade ad

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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1927 George Souders, 97.54 m.p.h.


1928 Louis Meyer, 99.48 m.p.h.


1929 Ray Keech, 97.56 m.p.h.


1930 Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.


1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.


1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.


1933 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.


1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.


1935 Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.


1936 Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.


1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.


1938 Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.


1939 Wilbur Shaw, 115.035 m.p.h.


1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.


1941 M. Rose, T. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.


1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.


1947 Mauri Rose, 116.33 m.p.h.


1948 Mauri Rose, 119.814 m.p.h.


1949 Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.


1950 Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.


1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.


1952 Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.


1953 Bill Vukovich, 128.74 m.p.h.


1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.


1955 Bob Sweikart, 128.209 m.p.h.


1956 Pat Flaherty, 128.49 m.p.h.


1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.


1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h.


1959 Rodger Ward, 135.857 m.p.h.


1960 Jim Rathmann, 138.767 m.p.h.


1961 A. J. Foyt, 139.131 m.p.h.


1962 Rodger Ward, 140.292 m.p.h.


1963 Parnelli Jones, 143.137 m.p.h.


1964 A. J. Foyt, 147.350 m.p.h.


1965 Jim Clark, 150.686 m.p.h.

technique that blips out names of competing products.

Warner Bros. locked up the film. The first outsider to see it was Albee, who flew to Los Angeles to look at a rough print. He expected it would be about as provocative as a Terrytoon, but Lehman reported later that day, "he wept four times."

Next to enter the security-tight screening room were representatives of the powerful National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, formerly the Legion of Decency. Eighty-one raters from the Church—all volunteers, all college-educated film enthusiasts—attended the showing and then wrote lengthy reports for the head of the Office, Monsignor Thomas F. Little, and his chief associate, Father Patrick J. Sullivan. Monsignor Little and Father Sullivan went to see the film twice themselves, then settled down to read and consider the individual reports, which guided them.

"I must say I would not like to see the Lord's Name become the easy recourse of a scriptwriter," one representative wrote in his report, "yet I feel very strongly that at this time an arbitrary blanket pronouncement regarding language by the Church would do nothing but assure its critics of a general lack of perception on the Church's part of the values of the film. There is something being said here which is quite valid and, in its own terms, very moral."

Another said: "I can see little moral harm that will come from the use of vulgar language. Shock and disgust are not moral evils in themselves. I suppose we can expect a storm of protest from offended Catholics if we pass the film. Many will feel that this is giving some sort of approval to the use of such language. But there is a greater danger in not approving it. As I see it, there is a major tendency among younger and well-educated Catholics to ignore NCOMP's ratings."

A priest wrote, "We may accept a dance which is an obvious imitation of sexual intercourse in this film because it serves a purpose in the plot, is not exploited for effect."

But there were dissenters. A judge said: "I cast an emphatic vote for a condemned rating. This film has no redeeming social value. The only possible favorable comment I can make is that the actors ably depict the varying moods of drunken persons."

Of the 81 reports, the overwhelming majority were in favor of approving the film. Monsignor Little and Father Sullivan discussed them, did more soul-searching than they had ever done on an American film, and, with minds made up, went over to the Warner Bros. offices in New York.

The Warner executives were nervously awaiting the Church's reaction. They were concerned not only about the language. Liz Taylor's dance, a wildly sexual fling with George Segal, would have been adequate grounds for condemnation five years ago. To Warners' astonishment and relief, Monsignor Little announced that the film would get an A-4 rating.

An A-4 film is, by definition, "morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations." The word "reservations" is a warning to audiences that the film may contain some shocking elements. It is three steps down from the A-1 category which is reserved for sugar pops like *Mary Poppins*. But it is a giant step ahead of a B rating (morally objectionable in part for all) or the awesome C (condemned) rating which in the 32-year history of the rating office has been applied to only a few American films—among them *The Moon Is Blue* in 1952, *Baby Doll* in 1956, *Kiss Me, Stupid* in 1964 and *The Pawnbroker* in 1965. "We put *Virginia Woolf* in what we call our 'think film' category," the monsignor explained. "This is the category we used for *Darling*, *8½* and *La Dolce Vita*."

Before he left, the monsignor asked to see samples of the film's advertising campaign. He found it tasteful and unsensational. Moreover, in an unprecedented move, Warners' insisted that theater owners permit no people under 18, unless accompanied by an adult, to see the movie. Up to now it has been left to the theater owner's discretion to restrict showings to adults; now Warners' makes this a part of the contract between studio and exhibitor.

The Catholics did not ask for a single cut in the film, and when they left Warners', something very important had happened to the movie industry.

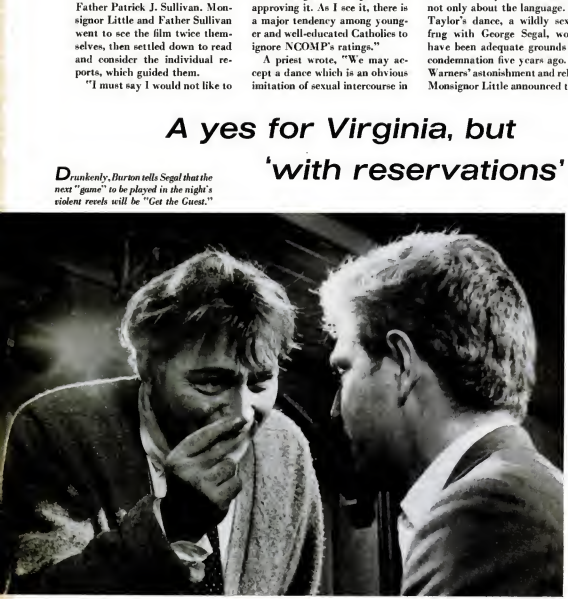
"We have judged *Virginia Woolf* in its totality," said Monsignor Little. "In the context of this film, the elements have a dramatic vitality. I've never heard those words on a screen before, but I've heard them at Coney Island. It is all right to use erotic elements when everything jells in artistic integrity." He was not clearing a route to vulgarity, the monsignor added. "Dean Martin doing the same things in *The Silencers* most certainly would not be approved."

Then, having cleared the Catholics, *Virginia Woolf* ran into an unpleasant surprise—trouble from the industry's own Motion Picture Association. Geoffrey Shurlock, its 71-year-old head censor, refused to give it a code seal of approval. "I think it is a marvelous film," he says. "Right now it is the one to beat for the Academy Award; anyone who thinks otherwise would be an idiot. But

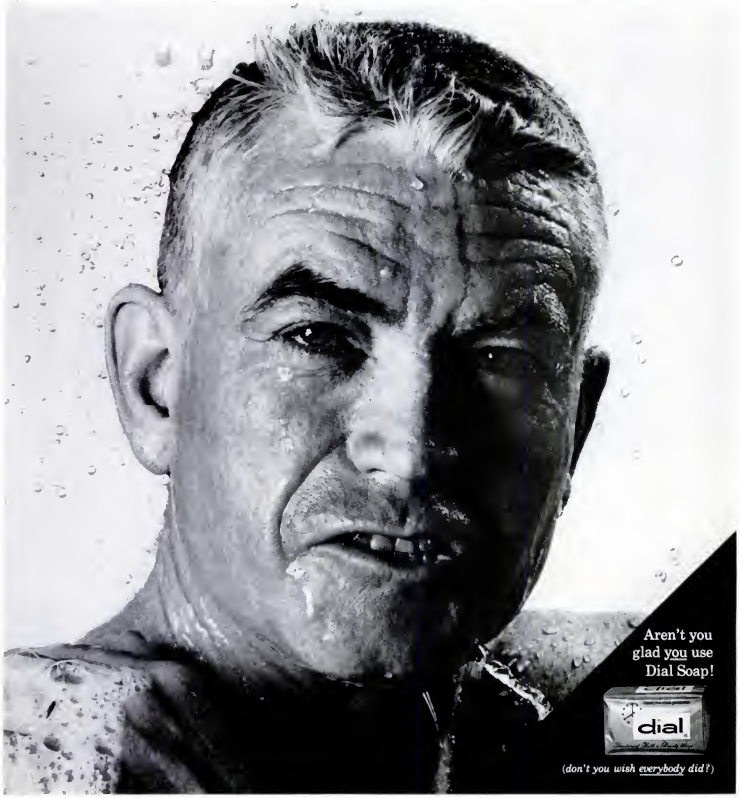
CONTINUED

A yes for Virginia, but 'with reservations'

Drunkenly, Burton tells Segal that the next "game" to be played in the night's violent revels will be "Get the Guest."



Staying power. A Dial shower has it. That's because Dial's AT-7 keeps after bacteria that cause odor. And that's why you stay so fresh and sure. As the day lingers on, so does Dial.



'A test of how far a film can go'

VIRGINIA WOOLF
• CONTINUED

I could not give it the seal with that language. It clearly violates the code."

Indeed, the film violates practically all parts of the antiquated conduct guide drawn up by the industry in 1930—hardly modified since and largely ignored today. But that is not the only reason Shurlock rejected *Virginia Woolf*. Another is that he is still smarting from his experience with *Kiss Me, Stupid*, a smutty comedy by Billy Wilder to which he awarded the seal in 1964. It then drew a C rating from the Legion of Decency. Shurlock knew *Stupid* violated the code, but he assumed he had license to stretch the guidebook because of Wilder's enormous power in the film industry.

Shurlock thus decided to rule strictly by the book in the *Woolf* case, and he sent the verdict 3,000 miles to New York. "I'm tossing it to Jack Valenti," he said. Valenti, former assistant to President Johnson, had just taken over as the $175,000-a-year president of the Motion Picture Association of America. Shurlock was saying, in effect, that he is bound by an old code and had no choice but to deny *Woolf* a seal. He hoped Valenti could find a way for the MPAA to approve the film.

Valenti saw *Woolf* and said privately that he liked it very much. But he did not have the power to overrule Shurlock. His opinions, however, will carry great weight if, as expected, Warner Bros. appeals to the Production Code Review Board, composed of 11 MPAA board members (of which Valenti is one), four producers and six exhibitors. Or Warner's could ignore the MPAA and release the picture without a seal. "One thing is certain," says Benjamin Kalmenson, executive vice president of the studio, "we are not going to tamper with this picture." Valenti has spent the past week reading books, articles and legal rulings on film censorship. He is considering a massive overhaul of the code to accommodate such films as *Virginia Woolf*. "This must be a test case," says an MPAA executive, "of how far a film can go."

It is a test, really, of whether America is willing to accept contemporary change in its films as well as its life. Father Sullivan acknowledges that *Virginia Woolf* would have been condemned a few years ago. "But what would have happened," he asks, "had a girl appeared on a beach in a bikini not in 1966 but in 1800?"

Monsignor Thomas Little (right), *head of the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, and his associate, Father Patrick Sullivan, rated* Virginia Woolf *A-4—approved for adults with reservations.*

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This is the second of two articles on the critical new phase of the Negro revolution brought on by his demand for real equality. Last week LIFE *told how responsible leadership confronts the problem. Here is a report on the hard-core extremists who plan to turn Negro frustration into violence and wage "urban guerrilla warfare" against the white enemy.*

Plotting A War

IF NEGRO LEADERSHIP FAILS, EXTREMISTS

by **RUSSELL SACKETT**

In a score of major U.S. cities there is a growing cult of Negro extremists who have been storing arms and stoking the anger of the black ghettos. These men, most of them in their 20s and 30s, are counting on the failure of responsible leadership, both black and white, to meet the demands of the Negro in his fight for equality now. They feel that the structure of the civil rights movement in the North is archaic, based on the sweet-jazzy despair of a time when an urban Harlem was a goal of sorts for Southern Negroes, not just another mocking roadblock on the way to a better life. These young "red hots" feel that the white man is being badly misinformed by his Negro plenipotentiaries, the civil rights leaders, most of whom long since have left and lost contact with the ghetto. They are sure—and there is evidence to support them—that extremism is much closer to the mood of the "brothers on the streets" than the establishment leadership is. The white man, they insist, quiets his conscience by, say, overtipping his caddie. "What Whitey doesn't know," says one extremist leader, "is that the man he's overtipped not only doesn't love him for it—he may very well *hate* him. He may be wishing he could cut out his fine Judeo-Christian heart."

In secret recesses of any ghetto in the U.S. there are dozens and hundreds of black men working resolutely toward an Armageddon in which Whitey is to be either destroyed or forced to his knees. Their avowed aim is a summer of chaos—"Wattses, lots of them—only worse, much worse." There is no way to measure the extremists' capability for making good on their threat. But reporters surveying the largest black ghettos of the cities are convinced that the potential is there for at least a hideously effective beginning.

The extremist leadership, a secret revolutionary elite scattered in clusters across the country, numbers in the hundreds. Each

On 'Whitey'

ARE SET AND EAGER FOR VIOLENCE

cluster has its own dedicated followers, numbering into the scores and hundreds. There are groups with weapons caches—sniper rifles, sidearms, shotguns, automatics, even bazookas—dispersed in tenement coalbins, in vacant attics, in the basements of funky bars where three double shots of scalding bourbon cost a man a dollar. There is, too, by common knowledge, a plentiful stockpile of empty soda bottles, rag wicks, funnels and cans of gasoline that convert into instant incendiaries of the type which, at Watts in south Los Angeles last August, leveled more than 200 business buildings and extensively damaged some 400 more.

▸ A white storekeeper in Harlem, overtaking his week's bookkeeping on a Sunday morning, looked out the rear window of his shop and was dumfounded to see 80 to 100 men in the courtyard resolutely going through combat drill with rifles, automatics and dummy demolition charges. When he reported his discovery to precinct detectives, the storekeeper was told that in recent months similar drills had been spotted and reported in northern Manhattan, the southern Bronx and the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. The police could only keep the would-be guerrillas under surveillance in an attempt to discover the location of their ordnance depot. The merchant, shaken by the backlot maneuvers, took off for his home in Queens and now does Sunday work in his living room.

▸ A distraught mother on Chicago's South Side recently told detectives she had discovered that her 15-year-old son was stealing towels and stripping them for Molotov cocktail wicks. What should she do? The police advised her to keep them informed if possible—but under no circumstances to let her son know she knew, for fear that she would place herself in mortal danger from his associates.

▸ "You can just about bet," said a special investigator from a large metropolitan police department, "that these people have the circuit diagrams of the underground power-cable systems in many of the major cities."

Said a revolutionary, who has a degree in engineering, "These things are quite simple, you know—an idiot could almost do it. You only have to know what cable to cut, or what manhole cover to lift—and where to place the explosives."

CONTINUED

'Negro men of power are on trial for battles they didn't fight'

EXTREMISTS

CONTINUED

In short, the real prospect for rebellion developing from riots—"urban guerrilla warfare," as the extremists choose to call their immediate goal—is something more than the wild hallucinations of a relatively few angry black Napoleons. Indeed, some knowledgeable observers say that the extremists number among them some of the best minds in the Negro community. This makes it even more urgent to evaluate the believers in violence, who they are, what they plan to do, what they are after and who is listening to them.

"I'll give you an opinion," says Bayard Rustin, the eloquent logician of the civil rights movement and one of a limited number of Negro-establishment leaders who works in daily contact with the ghetto. "These fellows have a bigger audience than we like to admit. They are saying, 'Let's *get* Whitey. Let's put his head in the bowl and pull the chain.' This says something to the poor guy on the corner who can only make a living by selling pot. There are too many poor guys like this and we're not doing enough for him. While we're talking about a poverty program, the extremists are telling him how he can be black and still feel like a *man*. I don't agree with their conclusions, but there are a lot of brothers—too many—who think it sounds pretty good. I think we're in for it."

"Almost everyone knows," Lerone Bennett Jr., the senior editor of *Ebony* magazine, has written, "that the white power structure is threatened by the Negro rebellion. What is not noted often enough is that Negro men of power are also on trial . . . not for the battles they lost, but for the battles they did not fight."

What sort of men lead the extremists? A large percentage have attended college—some still are students—and many have advanced degrees. Among them are writers, actors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, ministers, musicians, architects, athletes and poets—some good and some very bad. Some have been Marxists or members of the Mao-admiring Progressive Labor Movement, but now scorn these affiliations—"That's the bag of the white Left; let them live in it while it lasts." Instead of folk singing, they prefer karate. Some are former Black Muslims, some come out of the proliferation of black nationalist movements.

At some point many of them parted company with the separatist concept—a black state, a black nation, back to Africa, a Third World—as cynical and unrealistic rallying cries. They tend to look on the Muslim prophet Elijah Muhammad as just a religious hustler. They see Dr. Martin Luther King in much the same light, only they hate him more—for he is the Negro to whom Whitey turns for answers to racial questions. But Elijah, at least, aims his appeal directly at the ghetto and stresses blackness as a virtue. For many of the same reasons they disdain King, they view the whole civil rights establishment with contempt, in fact, because it speaks not for the black man but for the black bourgeoisie—"boozhics," as they are known in ghetto circles.

"It seems to me," says editor Dan Watts, whose *Liberator* magazine publishes the extremist writings of men like LeRoi Jones, Lawrence P. Neal and Roland Snellings, "that whatever big IBM machine decides which Negro is going to make it in his field just isn't working right. *Invariably* it picks the guy who basically hates his own race and wants to play white man." The comment is particularly interesting coming from Dan Watts, who, in the eyes of most Negroes, pretty well had it made in the white world. A gifted architect out of Columbia University, he was associated with one of the nation's leading architectural firms. He had a key role in executing the designs for the International Arrival Terminal and the First National City Bank building at New York's Kennedy Airport. He resigned from the firm when he became convinced "I would never be judged as an architect, but only as a Negro architect." In 1960 he quit the profession entirely to take up black-activist journalism. He has never been back to a drafting board.

The anger of many extremists is so intense that it completely bars general dialogue:

"I have nothing to say to the West," was one prominent extremist's response to a request for an interview.

"For the most part," Watts says, "that's because the new black revolutionary doesn't believe Whitey really wants to hear what he has to say. The other part is that he's just past talking—there's simply no longer any point to it."

Those revolutionaries who can still be reached for private conversation are apt to speak with staggering candor, a lot of it directed at the fog of irrelevancies through which, they are certain, Whitey sees racial crises.

"When the blowup comes, and it isn't too far off," says one extremist leader, "it'll be at least partly because The Man [Whitey] feels he has kept up on racial matters by having lunch downtown with Whitney Young or Roy Wilkins. He mistakes what the black Anglo-Saxons tell him for the cry of the black masses. So, when the ghetto suddenly blows up, he'll be completely surprised. He barely knows there's a ghetto there."

"What the black man needs," says LeRoi Jones, the brilliant and bitter playwright who is, if not a leader of black extremism, surely one of its most eloquent spokesmen, "is an absolute world of his own values. This is not realistic with the white man alive. I do not think it possible that we can *wish* him away."

An aged Negro lady, nearing death, was trying for one last time to explain her lifelong religious devoutness to her alienated son, an extremist. "Don't you *know* what I've been praying for all these years?" she implored. Her son sighed that he couldn't imagine. "I've been praying," the old lady snapped, "that the good Lord would strike the white man dead."

Her son later said: "It occurred

CONTINUED

Making The Fifth Rose was serious business. We had to keep fooling around.

Our goal was to do something most distillers had been trying to do for years: make a good-tasting whiskey. The new taste we now call the Fifth Rose.

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One of the things we did to accomplish all this was to dig into our whiskey cupboard. With 1,500 whiskeys on hand to work with, we went through more combinations than you could find on a Chinese menu.

Light whiskeys with heavier whiskeys.
Old whiskeys with older whiskeys.
Kentucky bourbons with Maryland ryes.
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

At the end, it took a combination of some 50 whiskeys and grain neutral spirits to do the job.

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Next best thing to will power!

For people with the will to be slim, but without the power to back it up.

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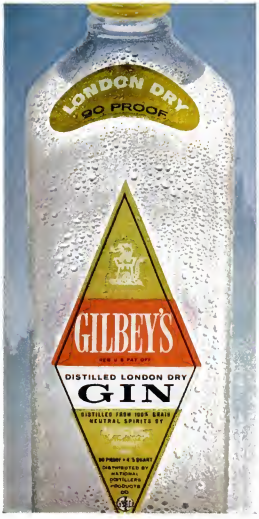
50% SUNKIST LEMON JUICE + 50% SALAD DRESSING = HALF THE CALORIES!

the lonely oil

It lives alone. In the back room. It is seldom on display when you drive in, because Pennzoil is not a product developed by a large family of gasoline stations. Yet, Pennzoil is there when you ask for it. (And some people, like new car dealers and garages, even come out in the open and feature it.) Because when the chips are down, you need the grandfather of pure Pennsylvania motor oils. 1. To keep metal parts working without rubbing each other out. 2. To make the horsepower in your car act like it could fly. Pennzoil is the only motor oil containing its own additive, Z-7, to keep today's high compression engines free of rust, carbons and varnish. But, if you forget all that technical stuff, just remember: something has to be pretty exceptional when a loner from a little town in Pennsylvania has pumped its way into gasoline stations all over America.

America's ask-for motor oil



Gilbey's famous frosty bottle pours the crispest, coolingest Dick, Harry or Tom Collins

If the famous frosty bottle makes your taste buds tingle, wait till you sip the gin. Gilbey's London Dry was born in England in 1872, the unique creation of brothers Walter and Alfred Gilbey. Gin with a dry, subtle, balanced taste such as the world had never known before. (Or since.) Gilbey's is still made to the secret family recipe. Why not let yourself in on our family secret?

Tom Collins. Pour 1½ oz. Gilbey's Gin over ice cubes in tall glass. Add bottled Collins mixer. Garnish with orange slice, cherry. Dick Collins. Same as above, except the garnish is a cool cucumber slice. Harry Collins. Use double jigger of Gilbey's, no garnish.

(Ask any Tom, Dick or Harry who knows his gin.)

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DAN WATTS
Editor, Liberator magazine

"You've got to make a man proud of the fact he's black, make him want to fight for it. Putting Wewer in the Cabinet or paying Willie Mays $100,000 a year just doesn't do it. You're got to show him Whitey can be scared of him."

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to me right then I didn't really have *everything* figured out."

Extremism as a very generalized sentiment—the death wish for Whitey—is quite easily discernible among the people of the ghettos. But it is difficult to determine the structure of black extremist organizations. They proliferate—under names such as Uhuru, Black Arts, RAM, Black Flag, Black Vanguard—and they overlap, merge, go underground, reappear and reorganize under other names in other locations. The so-called Black Liberation Front, for example, had a brief moment of notoriety when three of its members—an erstwhile engineering student, a settlement house instructor and a college graduate working for the New York Public Library—were caught in a garish plot to blow the head off the Statue of Liberty as a symbol of contempt for the white power structure. The three were imprisoned, and the BLF has apparently vanished and been absorbed by other groups, thereby avoiding this embarrassing legacy of large-scale bungling.

"Give up, baby," needled one avowed revolutionary when asked to describe the relationship between two current revolutionary organizations. "You're trying to make a statue out of a handful of gravy. Crackers [white men] have bigger things to worry about than the names of the specific groups of brothers that's likely to hit them. The thing to very much keep in mind is . . . they're *going to be* hit."

Currently the most influential and feared of the black revolutionary groups is RAM: the Revolutionary Action Movement—or more recently, some insiders insist, the Revolutionary *Armed* Movement. RAM is an umbrella-like fraternity with an estimated 1,000 violence-bent brothers dispersed through the Negro ghettos of the East Coast, where it was formed. Hundreds of other Negroes are actively affiliated with the brothers in virtually every major city in the U.S. RAM had its beginnings among a group of students who went to Cuba in 1964 against State Department wishes and came under the influence of radical activists whom they met there.

The spiritual godfather of RAM is an American who has lived most recently in exile in Cuba and was there when the American students arrived. He is Robert Franklin Willians, a stocky, soft-spoken ex-Marine who once belonged to a white Unitarian church and headed an NAACP chapter in Monroe, N.C. Long before most of the country was aware of Malcolm X, "Rob" Williams was both preaching and practicing armed resistance to white violence in the Klan-infested Union County area.

In late summer 1957, Monroe Negroes, firing from sandbagged gun emplacements positioned by Williams, put a heavily armed auto caravan of robed Klan invaders to screeching retreat from the city's colored section. Williams left the U.S. in August, 1961, just a step ahead of FBI agents pursuing him for jumping a North Carolina kidnaping indictment. The indictment stemmed from his detainment of a white couple in his home during another Monroe racial crisis. The charge was generally regarded as a juridical absurdity, but Williams' reputation as a hell-raiser and as a warm admirer of Fidel Castro scarcely commended him

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Rebel in exile draws a blueprint for chaos

EXTREMISTS

CONTINUED

to clemency in Carolina courts. Williams didn't stop until he reached a suburb of Havana, where Castro granted him asylum.

From Cuba, as RAM-ordained "premier of the African-American government-in-exile," Williams has managed to retain a remarkable continuity of communication and influence with U.S. black extremism, broadcasting weekly, until recently, to Negroes of the South over "Radio Free Dixie," steadily bespeaking armed resistance to white oppressors.

In Cuba, Williams also publishes a violent pamphlet called *The Crusader*, which comes into the U.S. by direct mail to individuals, and across the Canadian border by bundle via couriers. It is distributed quarterly—more or less—along the RAM grapevine. The most recent copies to reach New York were dated March of this year.

In person, Williams is a compellingly pleasant man, quite belying the fanatical vehemence of his public statements. It is difficult to assess just how much control or direct influence he has over RAM operations. Exile makes him a handy symbol—his picture is prominently displayed in extremist haunts in the big ghettos—while at the same time preventing his becoming a charismatic nuisance.

Aversion to charisma is a distinctive trait shared by all the revolutionaries—for reasons both practical (fear of the police) and paranoid (fear of being followed, of having secrets monitored, of meeting Malcolm X's fate). Beyond Williams, RAM's leaders are resolutely faceless. The one man to whom inquiries are most frequently referred by Williams and others is a bright 24-year-old wraith named Max Stanford. This poses problems. Stanford, a Philadelphian, is elusive; he slips secretively from city to city as liaison man among the scattered RAM affiliates, and between them and whatever financial supporters the group has—both inside and outside the country. That much of his role can be learned; no more.

Authorities are convinced that RAM gets material support from sources unfriendly to the U.S.—specifically Red China, Cuba and certain of the African republics. However, there is no evidence of affluence among the leadership. "Put it this way," says one of the brothers. "If any of those countries sent bread, you can bet it wouldn't be sent back. We *know* we have their moral support, but that don't buy much."

Interviews, if any, with RAM leaders are arranged through intermediaries, and conversations generally begin circuitously, on the pretext that the interviewee, though knowledgeable, is not himself a member. In view of the subject matter, smacking as it does strongly of sedition, the sophistry is understandable. A sample, from a cautiously arranged mid-winter confrontation in a dimly lit chili parlor:

Q: How far do you suppose the brothers might go if the next big riot were to take place, say, in Harlem?

A: Well, let's see . . . hmm. What's that first big commuter train to Connecticut after it gets good and dark? The 7:05? Yeah, well what do you suppose all those big Madison Avenue men would do if that train was to be derailed at 125th Street, or just before it came out of the ground at 91st? Stay there in line in the bar car waiting for that drink in a paper cup? Hah! Run? Where to? Call for help? How? Man, wouldn't they make some hostages?

Q: Where would the police be while all this is going on?

A: Don't you suppose like the police might be busy several other places just then? Like putting down a big fuss over on Lenox Avenue, yeah, or trying to unsnarl the world's biggest traffic jam on the East River Drive. Maybe the lights might all go out about now. . . ."

Furtive and unreal as such conversations sound to a white society that hasn't yet quite mastered the first verse and a chorus of *We Shall Overcome*, they ring familiarly to students conversant with revolution and guerrilla warfare in the more violent sectors and

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*If any part, except bulb and finish, wears out or fails to function because of defects in material or workmanship, we'll fix or replace it free. Just take the lamp or mail it postage paid, to one of the nationwide Tensor Service Centers. The one-year guarantee is good for one year from date of purchase, the lifetime guarantee is good for the life of the owner.

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It helps you see better.™

LEROI JONES
Playwright

"I don't think it is necessary to make anything clear to the white man except perhaps that most of the people in the world would be better off if the white man didn't exist."

EXTREMISTS
CONTINUED

eras of world history. It is, in fact, a prevailing attribute of RAM members that they are impressively well read in revolutionary literature—from Marat and Lenin to Mao, Che Guevara and Frantz Fanon.

"One of the brothers' real hang-ups now," said one such scholar, twirling his martini glass in a Brooklyn bar, "is that there's no really definitive book on *urban* guerrilla warfare. I've checked the libraries; it's too new a subject. . . . Maybe," he chuckled in afterthought, "we'll write our own."

Q: How would you tell if a man you don't know is an extremist?

A: Well, if I was sitting in a really good espionage movie, like—oh—*The Train* or *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, and the guy sitting next to me was black and he was taking notes, I'd figure he's probably a brother.

In an issue of *The Crusader*, published a year before the 1965 Watts riot, Rob Williams offered a pretty vivid outline for urban guerrilla tactics: ". . . huddle as close to the enemy as possible so as to neutralize his modern and fierce weapons . . . [diminishing] central power to the level of a helpless, sprawling octopus. By day sporadic rioting takes place and massive sniping. Night brings all-out warfare, organized fighting and unlimited terror against the oppressor and his forces. . . ."

And later that year, in the June 1964 issue: "The weapons of defense employed by Afro-American freedom fighters must consist of a poor man's arsenal. Gasoline fire bombs, lye or acid bombs . . . can be used extensively. During the night hours such weapons, thrown from rooftops, will make the streets impossible for racist cops to patrol . . . gas tanks on public vehicles can be choked up with sand . . . long nails driven through boards, and tacks with large heads are effective to slow the movement of traffic on congested roads at night. Derailing of trains causes panic. Explosive booby traps on police telephone boxes can be employed. High-powered sniper rifles are readily available. Armor-piercing bullets will penetrate oil-storage tanks from a distance. . . . Flame-throwers can be manufactured at home. . . ."

The stormy Williams tract concludes: "America is a house on fire. FREEDOM NOW, or let it burn, let it burn!"

The major concern of responsible Negro elements is the speed with which the revolutionaries' message is catching fire among the young in the teeming Negro compounds—the Harlems, Wattses, South Sides and levee districts of the land, where "extremism," before the Watts crisis, was little more than a hot whisper.

"Maybe it first really hits you when you start to shave," muses one thoughtful Negro revolutionary. "You wake up in the morning and the guy in that mirror is black. He's black, and this is no great blessing in this life. There are days when you just don't feel you want to go through this."

It is hard to sell abstract concepts like integration and civil rights to a teen-ager with a ton of homework and no home—not even a quiet corner—he can do it in. Bitter youngsters see in the concept of armed revolution a tangible prospect of striking back at the one incarnate force barring the way to almost everything they ever really wanted: Whitey, The Beast, The Man, The Greys, Crackers, Mister Charley.

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We've come up with a smoother idea: a pick-up with two front axles

We don't mind being first with a good idea.

When we found it would take two front axles to make a pick-up truck ride almost as smoothly as a passenger car, we didn't hesitate.

Result: Ford Twin-I-Beam Suspension. When one wheel goes over a bump the other wheel stays down on the road. With you riding in smooth comfort in between. And that was the whole idea.

Some of our new ideas are far removed from trucks and cars.

Engineers of our Philco subsidiary built the antenna for the satellite that sent back the first pictures of Mars. Another team created an electronic Zip Code Reader that's helping the Post Office sort letters at the rate of 36,000 an hour.

We even invented a bullet-resistant steel to help protect military helicopters.

When a new idea makes a better product, we don't mind being first.

We're sort of used to it.

'The revolution needs a lot of hot kids'

EXTREMISTS
CONTINUED

"It's this sense of complete alienation," says Dan Watts, "the frustration of being less than a man in his own house. If you say the trouble is the Negro just wants his share of the bread, you're missing the point. Sure, everyone wants the good life, but more than that is just the sense of being a human being. That's where the big appeal is in the warrior aspect of this revolutionary thing, and don't discount it. This—not just bread—is the glue that brings the people together. What good is envy? You've got to make a man accept the fact that he's black, make him proud of it, make him want to fight for it. Putting Weaver in the Cabinet or paying Willie Mays $100,000 a year won't do it. You've got to show him Whitey can be *scared* of him."

Echoing the same train of thought, another man scowled at a group of Negro youths milling on a corner in front of a burned-out tavern in south central Los Angeles.

"Equal opportunity, my sweet obscenity," he said. "The way these kids see it, equality is like Whitey holds you by the belt at the starting line until everyone else is halfway around the track, then gives you a big slap on the rump and says, 'Go, baby, you're equal!' Takes an unusual man to win a race like that. It's easier to shoot the starter."

Not many of the adult revolutionaries seem really concerned with a youth program. "Kids are extremists in their own way," a RAM member explains. "What matters is that they're mad; they don't much care about long explanations of *why* they're mad. The idea of guerrilla warfare—*that* turns them on."

Q: Why don't the revolutionaries pay more attention to kids?

A: *Because* they're kids. They aren't ready to be revolutionaries.

Q: Are you saying there's no place for kids in a revolution?

A: Man, be serious! Once everything blows up, kids are indispensable. But not in the *planning* stages. They'll probably be the ones who provide the incident that sets it off, and they'll sure as hell keep it going. There's never in history been an armed revolution without a lot of hot kids. But, oh, those baby brothers are had news when it comes to keeping secrets! Let 'em into the movement and we—ah, the revolutionary brothers—would all be locked up before it started.

Q: Does that mean the brothers do the planning and the kids are the cannon fodder?

A: Oh, come *on!* Not cannon fodder. *Reserves.* They'd do it all themselves, but then all it'd be is a riot. RAM can handle planning, preparation, transportation, supplies. Things like that are the difference between a riot and a revolt. But just don't get the idea the brothers are afraid of getting *themselves* killed. I swear, a lot of 'em will feel cheated if they don't.

One of the most striking developments among ghetto teenagers has been the growth of a "super-gang" concept which has made the old lexicon of "turfs" and "rumbles" obsolescent. One such super-gang, known as the "Five Percenters," came to the surface early last fall in New York.

The name Five Percenters stems from a thesis that 85% of Negroes are "cattle," directionless and immobile; that 10% are "Uncle Toms," leading only at the bidding and convenience of the white man; and that the remaining 5% are destined to take over from the Uncle Toms and mobilize the 85% for battle against Whitey.

The Five Percenters frankly terrify most adults who have had any contact with them, and partly for this reason it is difficult to find anyone in a position to discuss them authoritatively. The group embraces an estimated 1,200 youngsters (there is evidence of adult leadership) ranging in age upwards from 14, and they come from all five boroughs of New York City, but principally Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Its members are great admirers of the RAM brand of extremism, even though they could do without all the intellectualizing. They have their own arsenal and their own creed, based on a pseudo-religious mystique that

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RAM

"Flame throwers can be manufactured at home . . . sniper rifles are readily available . . . derailing of trains causes panic . . . America is a house on fire. FREEDOM NOW, or let it burn, let it burn."

EXTREMISTS
CONTINUED

they borrowed in part from the Black Muslims, which leans on astrology, numerology and voodoo. They make a big thing, for example, about not eating pork.

"That's one tipoff," says a juvenile authority. "A kid who's never taken any more interest in dietetics than wanting to know what's for dinner suddenly wants to know whether his mother cooks with oil or with lard. If Mama's hair isn't gray already, that's when it starts turning. Most ghetto adults know that, under the Five Percenters' code, parents are expendable—especially if they're 'working for The Beast.' These kids are so hot that they don't just threaten to leave home or to hit the old man. They threaten to kill him—and some of 'em could do it."

Each Five Percenter is assessed dues of as much as $30 per month. It's any outsider's guess where the money comes from or precisely how all of it is spent. "Wild as it sounds," says one youth counselor, "we're pretty well convinced most of the money goes for the parties—well, you could call them orgies—after their weekly meetings. Pot-smoking is a big part of the group ritual."

Students and teachers have been threatened and beaten by groups of Five Percenters roaming the school corridors and interrupting classes with loud racial insults.

"It's the Superman thing all over again," says a school official. "Somehow being Five Percenters pumps these kids full of their own strength and power, and aims it at what they are sure is the essential evil of white society. They'll tear a school apart for no stronger reason than that it doesn't provide an adequate course in African history."

"It sounds strange to say it after some of the things they've pulled off," says a junior high school teacher, "but most of these are not bad kids. This ghetto life is stacked awfully high against them, and the wonder is that any of them make it at all. How do you reconcile the life of a boy who's a pretty fair student in school and a Five Percenter on the outside? I've asked kids this question, and I've seen them cry, really cry, trying to explain it. Sure, some of the Five Percenters are psychotics and have no business in school, but if they were all as bad as they'd like to have us think, I'm sure we'd all be dead. Something's going to have to be done to help these kids or the place is just going to blow up. It's a failure our society can't afford. I wish *I* had the answer."

Ultimately, virtually every nonextremist concerned with the crisis of the black ghettos seems agreed on the first step toward a solution: something must be done, and fast, to buy a little time.

Harlem last summer scrambled into an emergency program, underwritten by the federal Office of Economic Opportunity and administered through HARYOU-ACT, Harlem's antipoverty administrative group. Called Project Uplift, it was funded at $3 million and begun within three weeks' time, its chief purpose being to avert a replay of the Harlem riots that had taken place in the summer of 1964. It gave a hint of what might be accomplished by a community-run crash program and provided a checklist of mistakes that can be made.

Livingston Wingate, executive director of HARYOU-ACT, insisted from the beginning that every element in the community that wasn't in jail be included in some way in the planning. This brought in churches, civil rights groups, black nationalists of numerous

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Five cities: hottest prospects for violence

EXTREMISTS

CONTINUED

descriptions, the civil rights establishment, Republicans, Democrats, Marxists, Maoists and, ultimately, Five Percenters. Wingate was nearly devoured by his own creature. Right at the start 4,000 youngsters were signed up for a multi-faceted youth program budgeted originally to include 2,500. Bookkeeping collapsed, checks were mislaid or not made out and the youngsters nearly wrecked the HARYOU offices before they were cooled off. But Project Uplift zigzagged on through the summer, culminating on a disquietingly hot day, September 11, with a gigantic parade and picnic that involved virtually all of Harlem and wound up in Central Park—and without unhappy incident. It was one month to the day after the Watts rioting had begun in south Los Angeles, which had no summer program.

No extremist today claims credit for such scattered mastermind ing as evolved during the course of the Los Angeles' Watts riots of 1965; but significantly the claim is that plans are already well in hand for "the next one," whenever and wherever it begins. The hottest prospects at the moment—in addition to Los Angeles—seem to be Oakland, Washington D.C., New York City and St. Louis.

"Watts was a clear demonstration of how much hell a *little* organization can raise," says a highly involved observer. "It gave these people a chance to see white cops really scared—actually on the run, from *them*. Just think what could happen in a highly organized ghetto, like Harlem or Philadelphia, where streets are narrow and buildings are higher and snipers can control the rooftops. But it could happen anywhere, or everywhere at once. Just watch."

"The mood of this area right now is even uglier than it was before the Watts thing," says Lou Smith, western regional director of CORE, who heads a self-starting neighborhood rehabilitation unit called Operation Bootstrap in south Los Angeles. People here are just *up to their noses*, and they're not taking any more without doing something about it. These folks are not asking for a hell of a lot, just for someone to be concerned. There are tens of thousands of middle-class white folks who are really worried and want to do something. But the government isn't clearing the way for them. I think it's going to blow here and in almost every ghetto across the country."

"A whole lot of it is police," a young Los Angeles extremist leader says quietly. "There's still a man under that blue suit, and he can be just as wrong as anyone else. I've watched beating after beating, and I just got hardened in here [hitting his chest]. A kid caught out by himself sees some cops coming at him and he's gonna run. Alone, in this area, he's gotta fear the police. I saw a boy during the riots—all he had in his hand was a camera. The cops yelled at him and he ran. They blasted right through him with a shotgun.

"I want a *unity* in this town, so that man—that cop—is not going to come down here and snatch *nobody*. I try to tell The Beast, and I'll tell him once more: You're pushin' too hard. We're *with* the brother on the street. Even when the guy's *wrong* we're gonna be with him. This has got to be understood. If nothing's done, I'm sure not going to tell these fellows—ah—not to defend themselves."

"I can't buy the extremist viewpoint," says another young man standing on a Watts intersection where bulldozers had cleared away the vestiges of a supermarket and liquor store. "It offers no future, it seems to me, but wiping 'them' out and then sitting around waiting for someone to get us.

"But a lot of folks around here look up to these guys as though they were modern American revolutionists. Maybe they're right. England didn't give any more reasons for revolt in 1775 than there are here right now."

Is there an answer? Not without honest, black-and-white dialogue that penetrates the ghetto

CONTINUED

"Then this marvelous thing happened: the pain was gone!"

"My headaches come from tension or exhaustion." Mrs. Frances Cipriano told us. "With four children, at times there's a steady pace—trying to make all the hours fit into the day.

"I remember trying Excedrin® about two years ago. I took some, and then this marvelous thing happened: the pain was gone!

"So I've been using it ever since. When I feel a headache coming on, I just reach for the Excedrin and go on about my work. I'm not even aware of the pain going away... all of a sudden I feel just great!"

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'We want what Whitey is not ready to give'

EXTREMISTS CONTINUED

wall and addresses itself to the hatred pent up within it.

"It would help enormously in America if there were a 10-year moratorium on the word 'love,'" says Lerone Bennett. "It is not required, finally, that we *love* each other. What is required is something infinitely more difficult—for us to *confront* each other."

The conversation in a dingy tavern had gone on for three hours and become less guarded.

Q: Will the extremists hold together once it all starts?

A: Who knows? It's easy, you know, to sit around cafes and shriek "Freedom!" It's a lot colder out on the streets, even in midsummer, when they're shooting at you.

Q: What is it exactly that the brothers want? Is there anything that would call it off, even temporarily?

A: Nothing that Whitey's ready to give.

Q: What's the end of it?

A: Man, I don't know. Concentration camps, maybe, like for the Japanese on the West Coast in 1942. Some of the brothers talk about victory, but this is nonsense. It's like all wars. First there's a reason, then an incident—and blooey! We'll fight because there's no choice. There's some satisfaction just in knowing how much hell can be raised while it lasts.

Q: Once a revolt starts, are *all* white men targets?

A: Gotta be.

Q: How about the whites who've laid their lives on the line for the Negroes in the South?

A: Some of us would like to issue armbands to them—you know, passes, they've earned 'em, God knows—if we thought it would work. But it wouldn't.

Q: You're a civilized, well-educated man. Would you really pick up a gun and man the barricades?

A: Baby, *most* revolutionaries are civilized, well-educated men with a cause they think is righteous. I'll be on the line when the time comes.

Q: Do you think *you* want to die?

A: I'd *like* to come out *alive*, baby. But y'know, at 4 o'clock in the morning some days I just don't see how. This thing has got to be resolved in my generation.

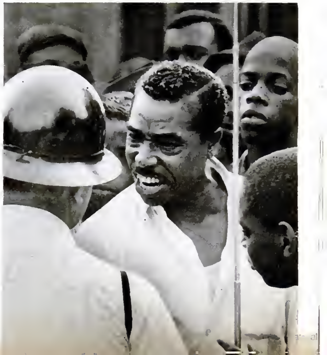
Q: Why your generation?

A: Hmm. . . . Why not?

Q: If I came into your sights, would you pull the trigger?

A: Without batting an eye, baby.

A Negro vents his wrath on a reporter during the 1964 Harlem riots in which one person was killed, 140 injured (including 48 policemen). "And we only went to school there," says an extremist.



This is what mountain country looks like to the tuned car.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Skylark Gran Sport.

As a matter of fact, it's what miserable traffic looks like to the tuned car. And twisty, winding roads. And a "ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION," too.

For the tuned car makes a habit of making unwelcome sights disappear.

Which makes the tuned car a most welcome sight indeed.

The Skylark Gran Sport—one of the tuned cars. The Skylark GS in the picture is, like every tuned car, a beautiful blend of styling, performance, ride and handling. Which means it rides as smoothly as it performs. (A suspension designed specifically for the GS sees to the ride. A 325-hp Wildcat V-8 sees to the performing.) And it handles as briskly and responsively as you'd expect a car that looks like this to handle.

How the tuned car works its wonders. If you're intent on making mountains evaporate, you've got to get out of the test lab, we say. So we do a lot of our product development out in the real world, on real roads, where real people drive.

All this means you aren't likely to run into a driving situation that we haven't already seen. And *that* means the tuned car is tuned to your kind of driving.

Tuned safety equipment, even. Built and blended into every Buick are padded sun visors and a padded dash. Two-speed electric wipers and windshield washers. A shatter resistant mirror inside and a rear-view mirror outside. Back-up lights. And seat belts all around, which we exhort you—nay, plead with you—to buckle on. (Is there nothing we won't do to make sure you're in fit shape to come back for more Buicks? Nothing.)

How to turn your country into tuned car country. The only thing standing between you and the tuned car is your Buick dealer. And an easier obstacle to surmount you've never met.

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1966 Buick. The tuned car.

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But not so eager to tackle film spools and fussy loading problems. Or waste a lot of money trying to get good results.

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The $14.95 Agfa Isoflash Rapid C.

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It's a fine precision instrument. Capable of taking superb photographs in black and white or color, indoors or out.

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"Rapid" means you don't have to thread the film to load this camera. Just snap in a film cassette and start shooting: 16 trouble-free pictures.

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And a new rotating flashcube lets you take four shots without changing bulbs. (So if Billy moved on that last one, you can shoot it again. Instantly.)

The Rapid C won't give out on you just when you're beginning to enjoy it. Why? Because of the way we make it.

Though it looks simple, it has 110 precision-built parts. As meticulously put together and inspected as the expensive cameras.

The Rapid C can be a real friend of the family.

When your kids get tired posing for you, you can let them take pictures of you. (It's that easy to operate.)

It's a perfect first camera.

It's a marvelous gift idea for anyone, of any age, who takes a delight in the people and events around him.

About the only thing it can't do is say "Smile!"

That's where you come into the picture.

Ask for a demonstration of the new $14.95 Agfa Isoflash Rapid C at your drug, department or local camera store.

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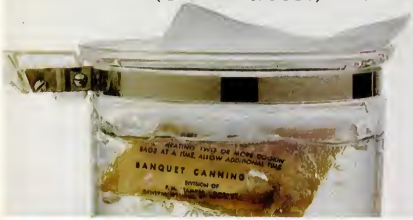

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MUSIC / *Mireille Mathieu is a ghostly echo of Edith Piaf*

A New 'Sparrow' Stirs France

When Mireille Mathieu first appeared for a few minutes on French TV screens (*above*), her face was unknown. But her voice sent a quiver of recognition through millions of viewers. Its sad-sweet, earthy quality reminded them vividly of the great Edith Piaf, whose plaintive songs made her a national idol until her death in 1963. After that one telecast, Mireille, who like Piaf came from a poor family (*below*), became the most talked-about singer in France. The crowds who flocked to see her at Paris' Olympia music hall acclaimed her as the reborn "Sparrow of the Streets." In the U.S. last month for several guest appearances on TV, she signed a Hollywood contract to make a movie there next summer. Meanwhile, back in France, composers who once wrote Piaf's wistful songs of love and suffering were writing more like them for Mireille.

On visit to Avignon home, Mireille (*center*) lines up with parents and 11 of her 12 brothers and sisters near the town's famous bridge.

In a parlor in Avignon, Mireille's parents, with their youngest son Henri, listen as she practices with her hometown voice teacher, who gave her the only formal training she ever had. At left, Maurice Chevalier decorates Mireille with typical Gallic fervor after her appearance in TV tribute to him in Paris. Below, visiting Harlem church on her U.S. tour, Mireille, who speaks no English, delights choir with her own version of gospel singing—in French.

'Nothing could make that voice better'

It has all happened so breathlessly fast that Mireille still has considerable professionalism to catch up on. Johnny Stark, the famed Paris impresario who arranged her first big booking at the Olympia, was astute enough to see the shortcomings that seem to have escaped the rest of France and maybe Hollywood too. "Mireille has all to learn," he says, "how to walk, how to breathe, how to enunciate properly. But no one should ever touch that voice! It's a pure gift. Nothing could make it better."

Whence came the Piaf influence? Not from any kinship in suffering certainly, for Mireille, at 19, has been singularly free of that. In any case, Maurice Chevalier, one of the earliest and greatest of Piaf admirers, says of the young newcomer: "Charming, pretty . . . she has everything she needs."

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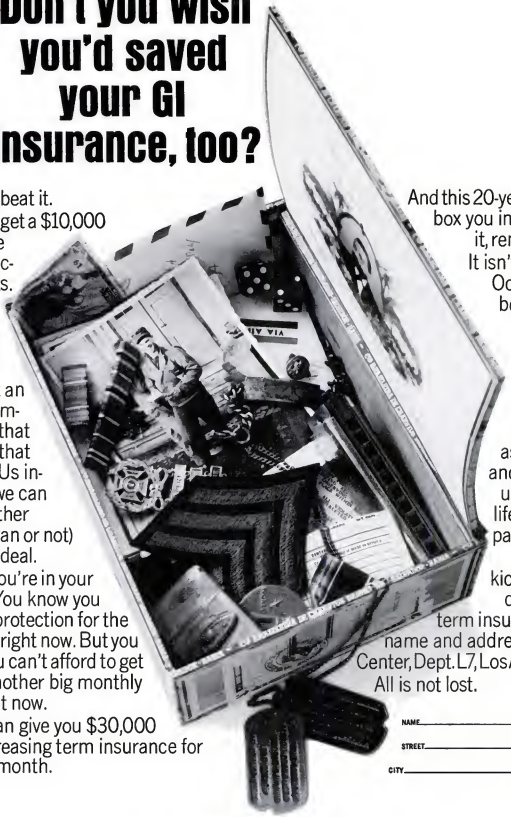

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FASHION

Eye-catching Op for a

These young ladies are of the new crop of Hollywood actresses, succeeding in their time-honored way in looking absolutely smashing while not getting wet in their swimsuits. Immensely varied and provocative, the new swimsuits are almost anything today's bold designers choose to make of them, from Rudi Gernreich's boudoiresque

Tiny flowers are printed on a tiny cotton bikini (Bob Cunningham, $19), worn by actress Cami Sebring, in a field of paper sunflowers planted on beach by photographer Orlando.

Jersey tank suit has burlesque type matching hose added as gag for midnight pool parties (Rudi Gernreich, $10). Wearer Mary Michaels will play in film version of Batman.

Swim

tank suit (*below*) to sleek-banded surfers and stripped-down maillots printed in eye-catching Op art. But traditionalists need not despair: the old-fashioned bikini is as in as ever.

Op type print in cotton bikini (Jax, $19) is meant for serious swimming but worn here at home by Jackie Lane for lounging on oversized guanaco rug. Jackie will play a World War II Italian girl in a full TV series called Yankee Stay Home.

Covered up suit for surfing has the traditional contrasting bands (Cole of California, $26). Wende Wagner, who is co-starring in Warner's A Covenant with Death, *is an expert surfer. Here she takes a cue from another sport by wrapping her long hair in tape like a polo pony's tail.*

CONTINUED

Beruffled, covered up and a daring cutout

Ruffled beach coat of cotton eyelet (Bob Cunningham, $50) is worn by Anne Newman over a matching bikini. She will appear on stage in California this summer in a Howard Hawks production of Eldorado.

Polka dots in sunburst effect highlight daring cutouts in one-piece maillot of nylon (Sea B's, $21). The girl it decorates is 23-year-old Chris Noel, a TV actress who is also engaged to popsinger Jack Jones.

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Mildred never used to be famous for her parties.

Then she introduced Schlitz Malt Liquor.
This congenial new drink gets its strength of character from 10 malts and 3 hops. Bold enough to serve "on the rocks." Smooth enough to drink "straight up." Mildred still isn't famous for her parties. But at least nobody leaves early any more.

Look for the bull: bold new symbol of the bold new drink— the premium malt liquor.

The Gay Face of a New Nation

Masked dancers celebrate independence in the streets of Georgetown. Above, a statue of Queen Victoria still looms over Town Hall, but the flag has since been hauled down.

Masked dancers frolicked last week in Georgetown, capital of the new nation of Guyana. They were celebrating their country's independence after 152 years of English rule, symbolized by the prim statue of Queen Victoria (*above*), overlooking Town Hall. Formerly British Guiana, the nation—83,000 square miles between Venezuela and Dutch Guiana—already has its troubles. Its population of 650,000 is bitterly divided between a largely illiterate East Indian majority that lives in rural areas and a comparatively well-schooled Negro minority that holds most of the best jobs in the cities and in the government. Two years ago, in racial riots, 200 people were killed and thousands injured. Prime Minister Forbes Burnham hopes to lessen racial tensions by taking Indians into his cabinet and police force. He has already proved himself a consummate politician. Though a nationalist, he is allowing British troops on his soil for a transitional period, and his socialist beliefs have not prevented him from accepting Western aid.

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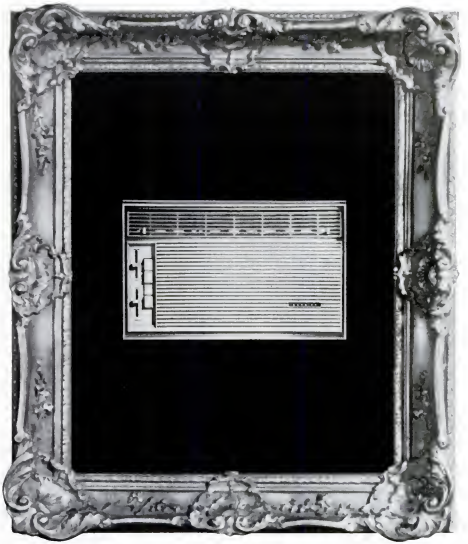
Amid Rodeos and Pomp the Union Jack Is Struck

Festivities in the capital included rodeos and exhibitions of elegant horsemanship. The girls at left didn't do any riding, but their costumes managed to throw several bystanders.

The Duke of Kent, Queen Elizabeth's representative, hands over the constitution to Prime Minister Burnham (*above*) at opening of parliament to symbolize the end of British rule.

Troopers of British Middlesex Regiment and members of the Guyanese defense force stand at attention (*below*) as the Guyanese flag goes up and the British flag comes down.

Carrier room air conditioners are not meant to be framed.



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THE LOUD AND THE SOFT OF IT

There's nothing a Swedish baritone likes better than to nestle his chin firmly into his collar and shake the rafters with a solo like the one from the cantata *Soluret Och Urnan*. Baritone Erik Saeden was doing just that in the Stockholm Concert House when Conductor Herbert Blomstedt urgently called for a little less volume. Pianissimo, at the very climax of *Soluret Och Urnan*? Happily, Saeden's concentration was too complete for him to notice the command—which was just as well, because the maestro was only shushing the orchestra so that the baritone's voice could be heard all the way to the last row in the peanut gallery.

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Old Grand-Dad

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