



Jean Shepherd dons sunglasses and camera and goes in search of "The Great American Tourist Trap," from stuffed pandas to scenic splendor, on *Jean Shepherd's America* Tuesday, May 21 at 10 p.m. The series starts May 14 on Channels 35/52.

at Indianapolis—the Brickyard—the home of the legendary 500? Why not? So seated in a magnificent million-dollar Dusenberry, in another of my new shows, dressed in the costume of an early Indy race driver, I raced against the heroic "Duke" Nalon, a *real* race driver of the Indy's glory days. What a gas!

How 'bout playing the Devil, with cape and sinister Palm Beach hat, visiting nighttime New Orleans for a little recreation and a field trip to see how sin is progressing on earth? We did, and I can tell you I began to feel that I was typecast as Satan by the end of the shoot. I loved it. As George Bernard Shaw said, "The Devil has all the best lines."

Fantasies? No. Television is magic, and I love it.

Jean Shepherd, in his various guises, can be seen Tuesday evenings at 10 p.m. when Jean Shepherd's America begins May 14 on Channels 35/52.

The Devil Has All the Best Lines

by Jean Shepherd

I'm not one for fantasies. In fact, I can't honestly say that I've ever consciously had one. As a kid, I never fantasized that I was Joe DiMaggio or Mickey Mantle or Humphrey Bogart. Sure I admired them. But fantasizing that I *was* them? Never.

But there are things that we all secretly would like to have done—or have been—had time and circumstances allowed. I wonder how it would have felt to have been a knight during the reign of Richard The Lion-Hearted, or a buffalo hunter on the Great Plains in the days of Cochise.

I've always seen television, at least *my* television, as a kind of magic wand. You can go places and do things that nobody in his right mind could ever pull off. For example, who among us has never wanted to visit Death Valley? Now there's a romantic name. Death Valley Scotty! The 20-mule team! All of that. Well, why not go? And not just as a visitor, but as a participant.

So, in my new public television series, I played the role of a grizzled prospector struggling across the salt flats under the blazing sun, my only companion my faithful burro Flower. Who wouldn't like to do that? And what red-blooded male hasn't always secretly wanted to turn a few laps