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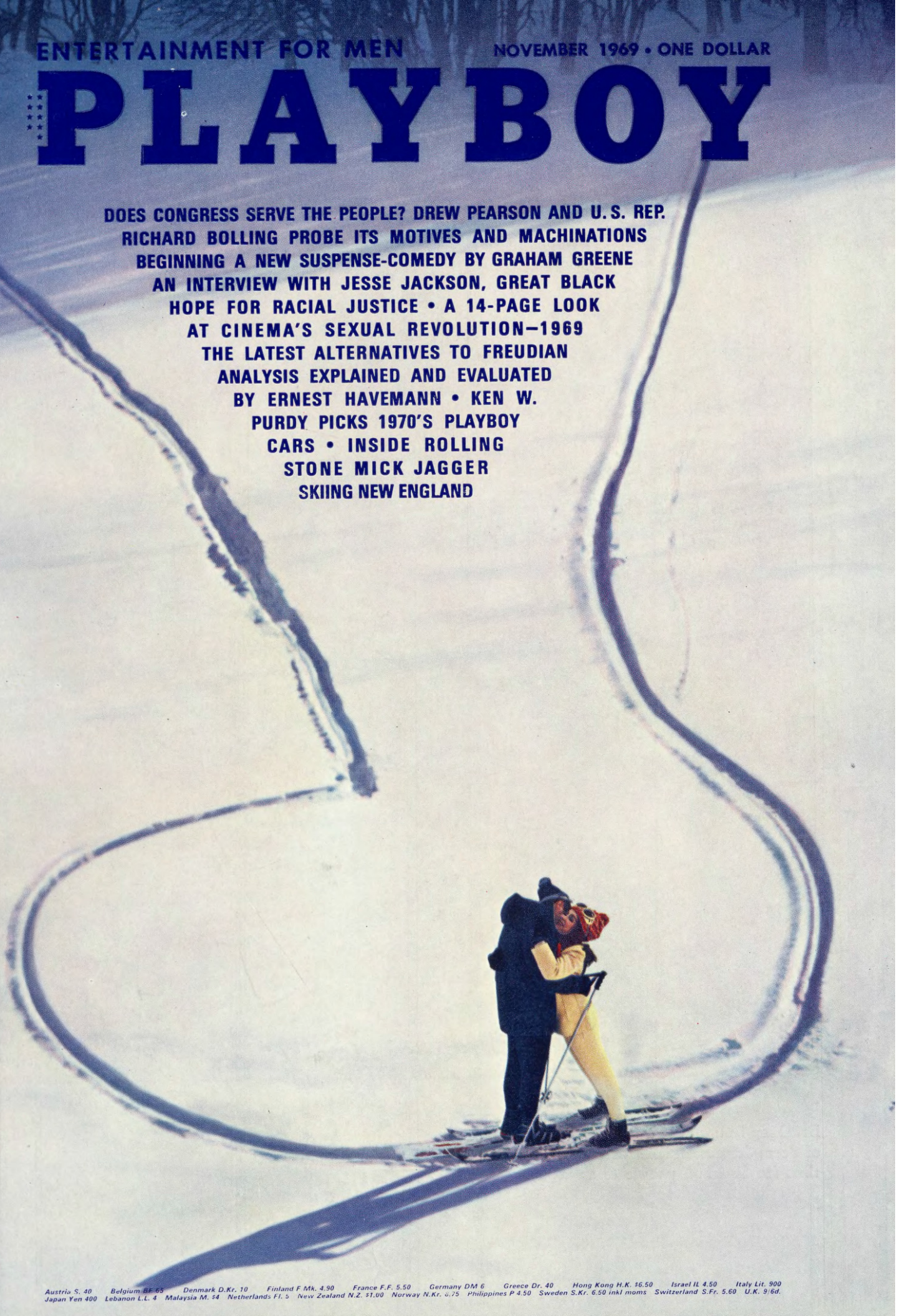

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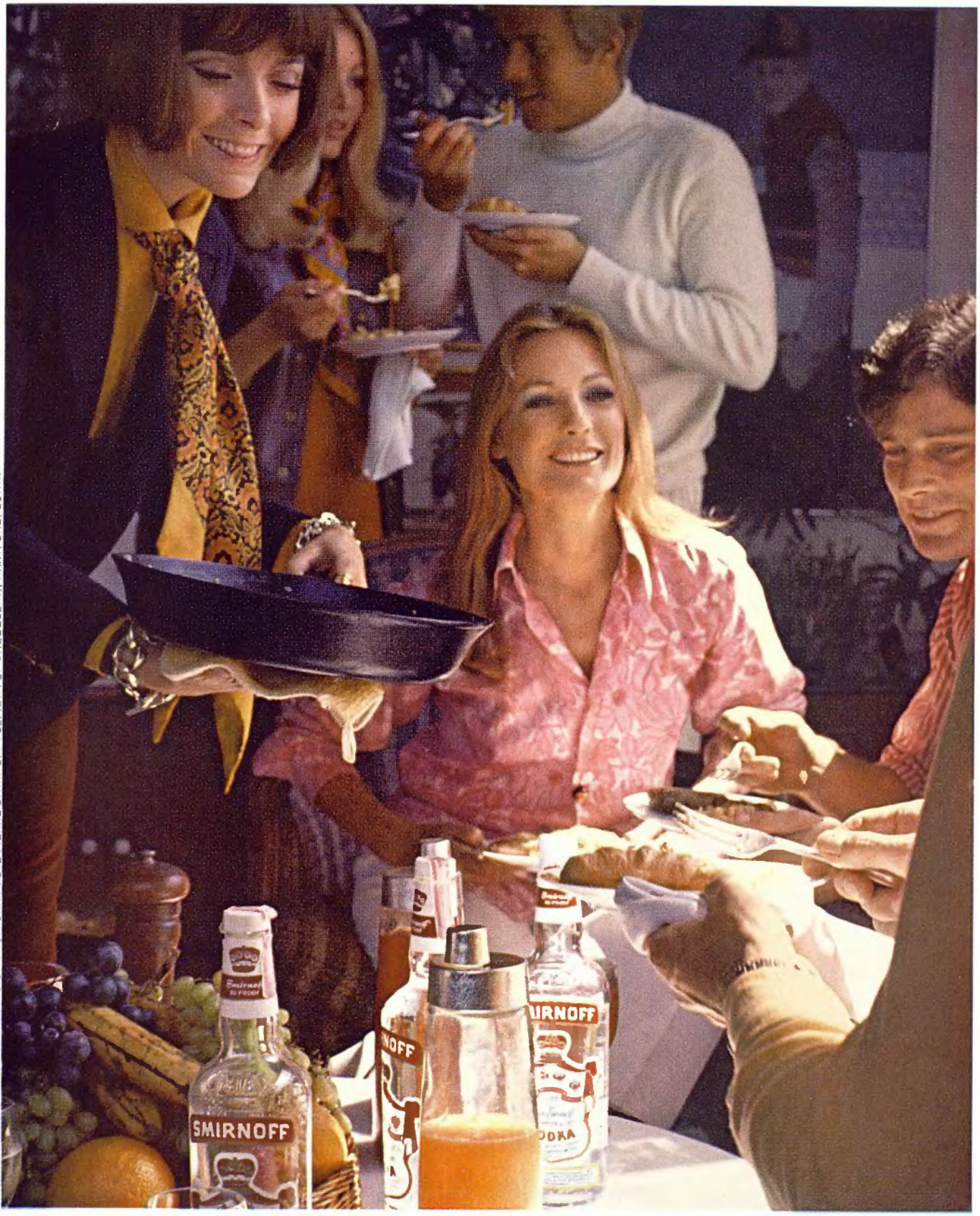

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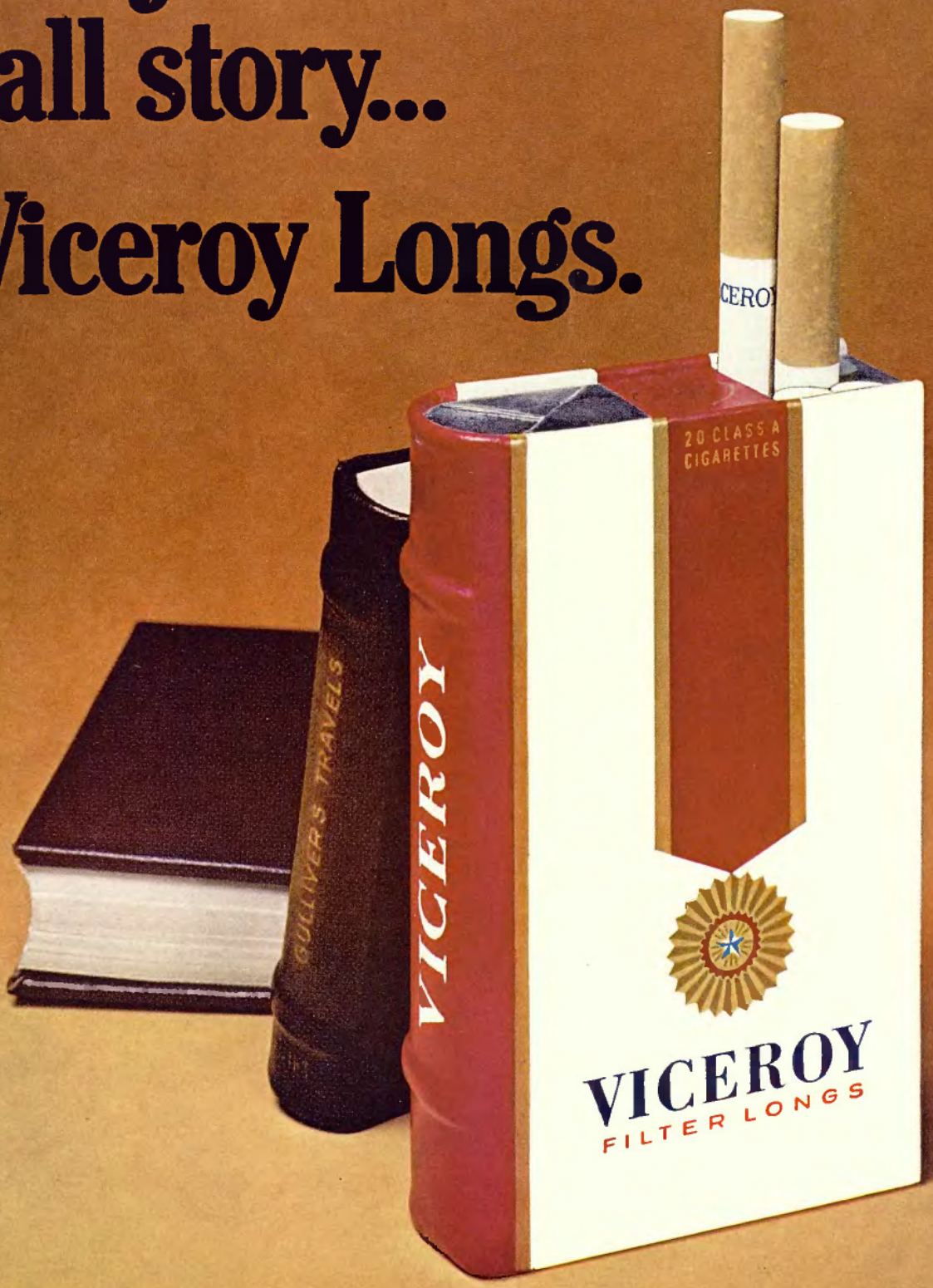

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PLAYBILL

"IT COULD PROBABLY BE SHOWN by facts and figures," wrote Mark Twain, "that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress." This issue's critics of that august but unruly body are no less outspoken. We asked two ranking members of the Washington scene what—and who—makes Congress run and why it so often runs down: their sobering disclosures, and prescriptions, merit your attention. In *The House*, U. S. Representative Richard Bolling describes how the lower chamber, beset by an obsolete and corruptive committee system, fails to meet pressing legislative needs. Author of *House Out of Order* and *Power in the House*, skeptic Bolling ought to know: not only is he from Missouri, he's presently serving his 11th consecutive two-year term. Our companion article—*The Senate*—was written for us by the late Drew Pearson, the nationally syndicated columnist who unsparingly scrutinized politics and politicians for more than 40 years. His behind-the-scenes account (completed just before his death) reveals how the self-regarded "world's greatest deliberative body" works to protect the privileges of entrenched and vested interests—at the expense of the electorate.

Britain's nonpareil storyteller, Graham Greene, headlines November's fiction bill with Part I of *Crook's Tour*, a roguish suspense novel about a law-bending *grande dame*, her meek nephew and her pot-peddling manservant. Fourteen of the more than 30 books Greene has written have been made into movies—including *Orient Express*, *This Gun for Hire*, *The Third Man*, *The Quiet American*, *Our Man in Havana*, *The Power and the Glory* and *The Comedians*. Greene's recently published *Collected Essays*, an anthology of character sketches and literary criticism, may be the dress rehearsal for a planned autobiography of his first 25 years. San Francisco is the scene of *What Is All This?*, Stephen Dixon's bittersweet portrayal of a painter's mixed emotions during a freaked-out weekend. Dixon's initial effort for PLAYBOY (*The Young Man Who Read Brilliant Books*, August 1968) was voted runner-up for best work by a new contributor in our editors' awards last January. Our third story, *Nine Lives*, marks the PLAYBOY debut of science-fictioneer U. K. Le Guin, who cryptically tells us: "It is commonly suspected that the writings of U. K. Le Guin are not actually written by U. K. Le Guin but by another person of the same name." Works by Le Guin (or a stand-in) include *A Wizard of Earthsea* and, recently published, *The Left Hand of Darkness*.

Our *Playboy Interview* subject this month is the man in charge of Chicago's activist Operation Breadbasket and an impassioned evangelist for social reform: the Reverend Jesse Jackson, economic director of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and heir apparent to the fallen civil rights leader. In a conversation conducted by Associate Articles Editor Arthur Kretchmer, Jackson eloquently analyzes nonviolence, black power and white racism. Champion of a different movement is England's rock-'n'-Rolling Stone Mick Jagger. *Punch* magazine's deputy editor, Alan Coren, takes a fresh look at the personality of the youth-cult anti-hero in *Head Stone*. Coren (whose newest book, *All Except the Bastard*, came out in September) is scripting a BBC-TV documentary on the American university, as well as a satirical movie on English divorce. His future plans include running for Parliament in Britain's 1971 general election. Filmdom's new anything-goes policy on eroticism is spotlighted by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert in *Sex in Cinema—1969*, a year-end wrap-up in words and pictures that proves movies are better—and bawdier—than ever. Already casting her eyes toward Hollywood is November's leading lady, Playmate Claudia Jennings, currently awaiting the results of a screen test.

Last month, Morton Hunt's *Crisis in Psychoanalysis* astutely assayed rumors about the demise of Freudianism. This month, in *Alternatives to Analysis*, Ernest Havemann surveys the variety of regimens—from behavior therapy to sensitivity training—developed and practiced by today's post-Freudians. Havemann says some of the research undertaken for *Alternatives* will appear in the revised edition of *Psychology: An Introduction* (which he co-authored), a college textbook used by thousands of freshman students. New York City's New School for Social Research offers the nation's only college-accredited course in handwriting analysis. In charge of the six-semester program is Daniel S. Anthony, a court-qualified handwriting examiner and forged-signature expert, and director of a management-consultant firm that utilizes graphology exclusively. How did it all begin? "I once had a date with an amateur graphologist who told me what a sarcastic cynic I was. The truth was so searing I started to study handwriting psychology the next day. Fifteen years later, I used my knowledge to confirm my feelings about a young lady I met at a summer resort. We've been happily married ever since." Anthony demonstrates how the secrets of the psyche are graphologically revealed in *You Are What You Write*. One man who not only admits but asserts that he is what he writes is Harry Brown (who told us *The Truth* last month). In *How I Revolutionized the Game of Football*, Brown belatedly seeks admission to the Hall of Fame for a spectacular innovation he conceived on the gridiron as a boy 37 years ago. He may be lobbying for a Medal of Honor in his next nostalgic work, which, he tells us, "will deal with my life in the Army of the United States, from which I emerged, after over four years, still a simple private of the line. No other Harvard man can make this claim."

More to ballyhoo in November: Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy introduces *The Playboy Cars—1970*, those new automobiles with the style, speed, engineering, design and distinction to satisfy the most discriminating taste; Fashion Director Robert L. Green displays *Wild and Wide*, a suit-yourself wardrobe of shirts and ties to mix or match; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario serves up *Coffee Soiree*, elegant brews from the beautiful bean to warm up winter parties; and PLAYBOY cartoonist Gahan Wilson provides comic relief with *Have a Heart*, a macabre pictorial essay on transplant surgery. Extra added attractions: *Presents Perfect*, a preview of advance-order gifts for everybody on your Christmas list; *Mother Goosed*, a grownup version of nursery rhymes; and *Skiing New England*, a guide to the finest slopes, inns and *après-ski* action in the Northeast. Let's hit the trail!

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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ON THE WARPATH

Vine Deloria, Jr., (*Custer Died for Your Sins*, August PLAYBOY) and his father have worked steadily and effectively for many years for the benefit of their people and for the enlightenment of all Americans to the needs and the desires of Indian people. I cannot judge Deloria's case against the anthropologists, but I can say with certainty that his larger case—a heartfelt cry for Indian solutions to Indian problems—is not only simple justice but the most effective means of giving the first Americans a place of equity and achievement in our society.

Walter J. Hickel
Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.

Custer Died shows that the red man can also speak with forked tongue. The statement that because anthropologists observe people, it then follows that they use them for "manipulation and extinction" is not only illogical but an immoral charge of calculated genocide. To enlighten Deloria a wee bit, let me quote Margaret Mead: "When an anthropologist enters a village, he does not want to improve them, convert them, govern them, trade with them, recruit them or heal them. He wants only to understand them, and by understanding them to add to our knowledge of the limitations and potentialities of human beings." It is irrelevant to place blame for the red man's problems on a group of social scientists, whatever their weaknesses may be, rather than on the economic and political systems rationalized by racism that are responsible. Berating a false scapegoat will accomplish nothing for the red man except to becloud the issue and earn a few dollars for one writer.

Charles A. Perry
Department of Anthropology
State University of New York
Binghamton, New York

To the ever-changing Administrations of American misgovernment, the Indians who remain under Federal control are like great pastures of cattle. The more cattle/Indians the contemporary establishment has out to pasture in a low economic base of autocratic paternalism, devoid of their equitable legacy and held ignorant of their Indian rights, the more solidified are the odds of a parasite/bureaucrat sweating out his longevity toward that big fat pension on the Government gravy train at the end of the rainbow: an often-misguided career spent in the Bureau of Indian Affairs at considerable expense to the American Indian.

C. Hobart Keith, Chief Judge
Oglala Sioux Tribal Court
Teton Sioux Nation
Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Deloria, having lived on the Oglala Sioux reservation for 18 years, has worked a remarkable switch by presenting anthropologists and ethnologists, boondoggling Government agents and other white opportunists as Indians themselves see them. For all his subtle Indian humor, he draws a devastating cartoon our whole country deserves. The Sioux, of course, are Plains Indians characterized by a popular anthropologist as "make-believe Indians," because their culture was allegedly artificial and not aboriginal and did not last very long—thanks to the planned genocide carried out by the United States Government ever since its founding. It is this type of thinking that has exterminated tribe after tribe, stolen their land and is presently trying to reduce the remaining Indians to the status of animals in a zoo, to be studied by an ever-increasing horde of anthros. But there is nothing make-believe about the demands of Deloria and other young Indian leaders for their people's freedom and independence. For, as he says, the wheel of karma grinds slowly but it does grind fine. And it makes a complete circle.

Frank Waters
Taos, New Mexico

Frank Waters has written extensively on the American Indian. His classic novel, "Man Who Killed the Deer," is currently being filmed, and his latest work, "Pumpkin Seed Point," has recently been published.

I am seriously concerned by the attitude Deloria displays toward scientific research, complaining of the irrelevance of anthropological scholarship. On the contrary; when it is transmitted in the classroom, it becomes highly relevant. The spectrum of normal human life ways that anthropology presents can vastly expand the narrow horizons of the average middle-class student, and the

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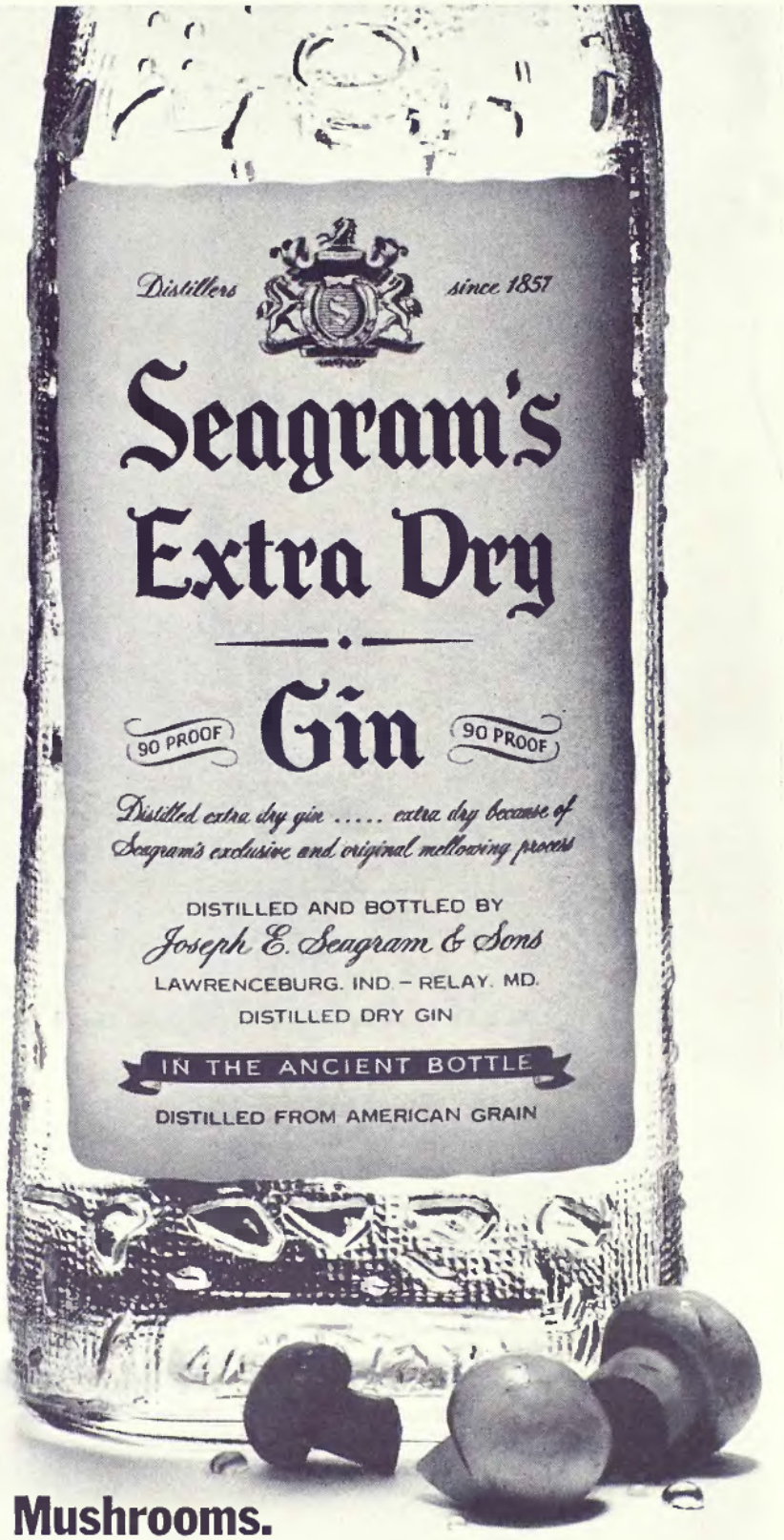

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middle-class student of today is the Government administrator of tomorrow. Knowledge is necessary before successful action can be pursued, and this is particularly true in the complex world of human affairs.

The United States plunged into Southeast Asia armed with money, technology, manpower and the best will in the world. But the paving on our road included, besides our good intentions, an appalling dearth of basic anthropological information. A form of hell was the inevitable result. If we do continue to pursue an "act now, think later" policy, the world will, indeed, witness "one, two, many Vietnams" and the innocent Indians must face "one, two, many Custers."

C. Loring Brace
Museum of Anthropology
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Unfortunately, Vine Deloria, Jr.'s, *Custer Died for Your Sins* probably will not prompt introspection among anthropologists or others but, rather, will be filed as evidence of the hostile character of the Sioux.

This past year, all kinds of Indian benefactors allied to "save" a 13,000-year-old archaeological find called the Marmes Man on the Snake River. Senator Warren G. Magnuson put the arm on Lyndon Johnson for $1,500,000 in emergency funds for the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers to construct a 2000-foot protective levee around the site of the ancient remains. The Marmes Man, however, succumbed to unpredicted, uncontrollable seepage from below, but not before 6500 cubic yards of sand were dumped upon him—not as proper burial but, rather, as measured hope for his eventual resurrection for study by anthros and archaeologists.

At the same time, the Indian descendants of the Marmes Man were being prevented from catching salmon—and Indian families were being flooded from their homes. Downstream from the Marmes Man site, a few dozen Indian families were to be evicted from their homes under Department of the Interior regulations prohibiting location of "permanent dwellings" at fishing sites. The Federal regulations require that these families forsake their existing homes in favor of tents, tepees or other shelters of temporary nature. Apparently, their sin is not having been dead for 13,000 years.

Hank Adams, Assiniboine-Sioux
Executive Director, Survival of
American Indians Association
Tacoma, Washington

In much of what he says, Vine Deloria, Jr., is painfully right. An anthropologist, with his eye on formulating scientific laws, has little use for the individual and

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relates to him only insofar as the informant is a means to the observer's professional ends—ends that do not usually include feedback to the informant or his community. What he says of anthropologists is equally true of all present-day behavioral and social sciences that make objects out of men whose ultimate destiny and identity is to be a faceless unit in some statistical tabulation—a validation for a newly discovered or imposed rule. The paradox behind all of this is that in order for human science to become more scientific, it must become more human. It should force each of us to confront himself with who he really is, why he is that way and how much more he could be. Gently accepting what we know ourselves to be, we stand a chance of becoming more than Zuñi, more than Navaho, more than black, more than Jew, more than American. We can become human—something few of us really are.

Howard F. Stein
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

John Kobler's August article, *Living Theater: The Becks and Their Shock Troupe*, is a fair and objective analysis of a theatrical revelation that dramatically reflects the growing dissatisfaction of the world's young people with a variety of social hypocrisies. Unlike most of our politicians, the Living Theater isn't afraid to attack institutionalized violence. I really don't know what's so shocking about that. Perhaps it's our reluctance to admit just how repressive our society has become.

Ben Travis
New York, New York

The Kobler piece leaves the impression that the Becks are visionaries, martyrs and righteous renegades. Renegades they are, but narrow vision and self-righteousness increasingly characterize them and their disciples. As to their vision, even Kobler's adoring narrative could not mask its extreme narrowness and intolerance.

Critic Robert Brustein has commented that the Becks are not artists as much as mystics or missionaries. Performance to them seems to mean a hip, zealous revival meeting and crusade, complete with ritual and the narrow, predetermined set of responses designed for the faithful.

In the final analysis, Kobler's account, because he takes at face value the gospel and actions of the ministers and their prophets, is disappointing and even misleading. This imbalance is a serious lapse in what could have been an introspective article on a troupe that is more a psychosocial than a theatrical phenomenon.

George Dean
Chicago, Illinois

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of the stage, Judith Malina and Julian Beck were and are busily engaged in revitalizing the whole concept of aesthetic distance—the relationship of audience to artist. The success or failure of their own productions is meaningless when one considers the energy, honesty and explosive dynamism they've brought to progressive contemporary theater.

O. G. Pringle
San Francisco, California

PROSECUTION COMPLEX

Your August interview with Ramsey Clark impressed me as one of your best efforts to date. As an exponent of the progressive liberal cause in the United States, I have long been of the opinion that real liberals are at an extreme disadvantage when it comes to influencing the policies of our Government. Having read the interview with Clark, I have renewed hope that, one day, reason and understanding will win out.

L. D. Harding, Jr.
Shreveport, Louisiana

Ramsey Clark is a good example of the effete condition of this country. If Hubert Humphrey had been elected President and retained Clark, there would now be civil war in the streets. Clark is a pacifist who prefers to bargain with potential criminals and aggressors. By advocating disarmament of law-enforcement personnel—a prime goal of visionaries—Clark is saying, in effect, that no one really needs a weapon for defense. As long as psychotics roam the streets with weapons, no one can seriously put forth such a puerile argument as this. Neither Richard Speck nor most Americans are ready for our ex–Attorney General's unbelievable theories.

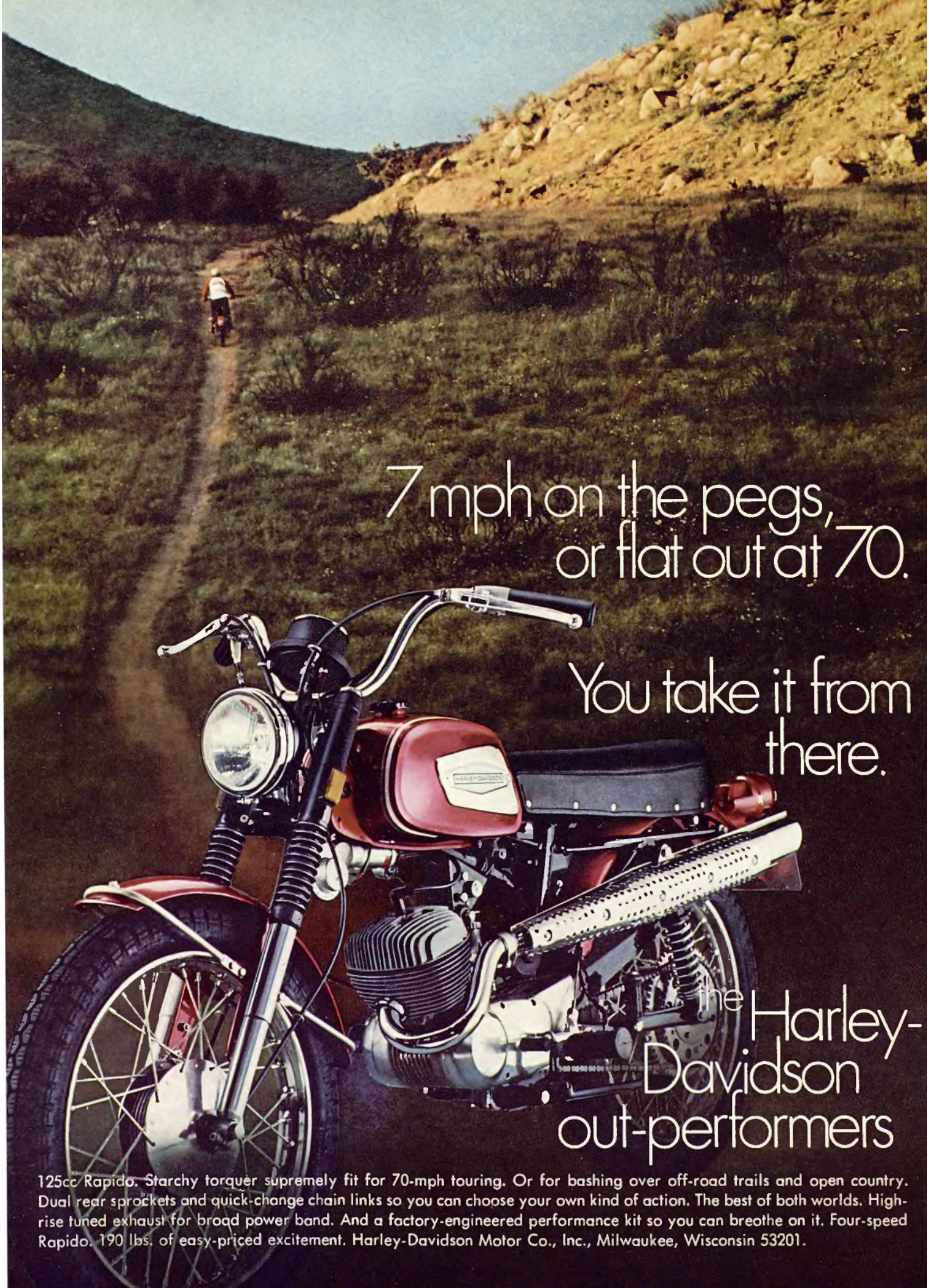
Troy Reynolds
Nichols Hills, Oklahoma

The interview with former Attorney General Ramsey Clark offers a most incisive and informative probe into the crises that plague the American polity. His prescriptions for remedying these problems are not mere rhetoric; they must become reality, if the essence of democracy is ever to be achieved and, indeed, if democracy itself is ultimately to survive. Today's American political climate makes the task more difficult but nonetheless urgent and demanding.

Leo A. Koleski, Jr.
Boulder, Colorado

Thank you for the very stimulating interview with Ramsey Clark. At a time when Americans are seeking normalcy at any cost and when we wish to blame everything and everyone but ourselves for the disquietude in the land, Ramsey Clark's remarks have a welcome forthrightness.

Clark's opinions are similar to mine—



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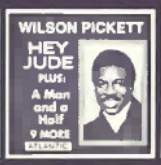

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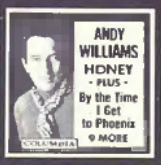

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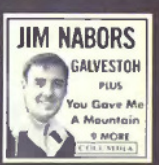

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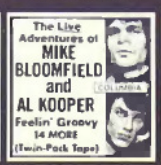

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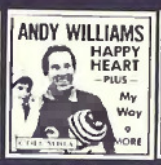

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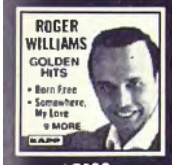

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with one big exception. Clark does not recognize the full extent and complexity of our racial difficulties. He responded to questions in simple black-*vs.*-white terms. The major socioeconomic difficulties in parts of the Midwest, Southwest and Northwest are from the Mexican Americans and not the blacks. I'm surprised that he does not recognize that the three poorest cities in the nation are San Antonio, El Paso and Corpus Christi, all heavily populated with Mexican Americans. I'm dismayed that a person with his tremendous insight and intellect could not bring himself to champion the cause of his Southwest neighbors—the Mexican Americans, who overwhelmingly support his ideas.

Vicente T. Ximenes, Commissioner
Equal Employment Opportunity Commission
Washington, D. C.

I had the opportunity to know Mr. Clark while he was Attorney General, and I respect the man enormously. But there are many areas in which we disagree. His concern with the preservation of various constitutional safeguards is most timely and well phrased. However, while I do not profess to speak ex cathedra on behalf of our 23,000 members, who represent law-enforcement administrators and practitioners at every level of jurisdiction, I do feel that there is an overemphasis on the rights of the individual that ignores the fundamental right of society to be safe from violence and interference.

Ferris E. Lucas, Executive Director
National Sheriffs Association
Washington, D. C.

Ramsey Clark emerges as an individual whose alleged compassion in no way prevented his choice of prosecutions. With untroubled conscience, he explains, "The question was not what was right or wrong morally. The question was whether the law was violated." With this bandage over his eyes, he could diligently prosecute students and men like Dr. Spock, who love their country enough to risk their personal freedom to change our suicidal foreign policy. More than that, Clark's actions emerge as virtuous because, in his own words, "It never seemed wrong to me that Thoreau and Gandhi were prosecuted or that they went to jail. That was their point: They so disagreed with their governments that they would sacrifice freedom itself to show their concern." Viewed from this happy angle, Clark himself becomes a champion of freedom when he helps freedom fighters fulfill their destiny of going to jail, or of being clubbed, or of being fired from their jobs, or of being expelled from college.

Bert Russell
Harrison, Idaho

Clark is one of the most dangerous men running around loose today. His statement that less-than-substantial damage by student demonstrators should be tolerated is insane. If students do $50,000 worth of damage to a $5,000,000 building, they've done only one percent damage; is that "less-than-substantial" enough to suit him?

Vincent Benedict
Chicago, Illinois

COMRADE IN PARADISE

As a first-generation Yugoslav in this country, I thoroughly enjoyed LeRoy Neiman's *Man at His Leisure* in Yugoslavia (PLAYBOY, August). My enthusiasm stems from the fact that I was fortunate enough to spend seven months in 1968 on and around the beaches of the Dalmatian coast. As an eyewitness and occasional participant in the nudity on the beaches, I would like to stress that this is a minor facet of what Dalmatia offers to the tourist. This country, blessed with nearly eight months of sunshine a year, rugged mountains and a jagged coast line caressed by the clearest and bluest water, is truly breath-taking. Also, your bachelor readers can entertain young things from at least 15 European countries.

Michael R. Gregovic
El Cerrito, California

CHURCH NOTICES

Congratulations to Senator Frank Church for *The Global Crunch* in your August issue. It's one of the most responsible and realistic articles pertaining to our foreign policy that I have ever read. But we won't get significant changes in our foreign or domestic policies until our whole system of government is completely changed, either violently or nonviolently. Present political leadership is basically unresponsive to reality. It is amazing that we can still talk about the lack of freedom in the Iron Curtain countries while we continue to support military dictatorships in Greece, Spain, Thailand, Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Peru and an equally ruthless civilian dictatorship in Haiti—not to mention an increasingly repressive political establishment at home.

Domes A. Rider
Seaside, Oregon

In his article, *The Global Crunch*, Senator Church—one of the best men in Congress—makes a plea for what PLAYBOY editors call "a realistic new approach" in American foreign policy: a plea for retrenchment and noninvolvement, currents in the mainstream of growing neoisolationism. Among knowledgeable people abroad, it is a commonplace that the time will soon come when whoever has accounts to settle will be able to act without fear of risking American response: China and Pakistan against India, North Korea against South Korea,

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Cuban Castroites against Venezuela, Egypt and Syria against Israel, etc.

The "internationalist" or "interventionist" (according to point of view) era, which opened with American aid to Great Britain in the summer of 1940, is ending. Whether this is good or bad is beside the point: The end is around the corner and has little to do with Republican or Democratic policies. But for many of us non-Americans who prefer democracy, however imperfect, to dictatorship and whose major goal is to improve and not destroy democracy, it is fitting to recall what American internationalism-interventionism achieved in the 30-year interval between the old and the new isolationism. Senator Church has faith in the "survival and continuous appeal" of freedom. This faith justifies, in his eyes, the policy once called appeasement in Europe. Many European democrats relied on that faith when opposition to the Maos, Nassers and Castros of the Twenties and Thirties became too risky. But the lesson of history is that the safest reliance for all, including those who believe in democracy, is one's determination and the willingness to make sacrifices. Between 1940 and 1969, Americans made great sacrifices—and helped hundreds of millions of people everywhere. The deep hatred for the United States by the enemies of democracy is the best proof that Americans acted well.

Massimo Salvadori, Dwight W. Morrow Professor of History
Smith College
Northampton, Massachusetts

HOT PROPERTY

The Fire Fighters (PLAYBOY, August) evoked a weird feeling of vague familiarity with the scene and scenario that soon had me flipping back for a closer look at the name of the author. Having known Ernest Taves the psychoanalyst, I was delighted to find that he is also a fine conjurer whose words vividly recreate moments in a time long past. With his professional background, he should have many fascinating tales to relate. Thank you for uncovering this unsuspected facet of an old acquaintance.

Nelson H. Kraeft, M. D.
Tallahassee, Florida

I am struck by the completely unbiased treatment of the Negro characters in *The Fire Fighters*. I became so involved with the fate of Ellsworth and Lincoln that I lost all thought of the color of their skin. This kind of writing should be published in many more magazines, to prove that the universality of our emotions has no truck with the color of our skins.

Herbert I. Harris, M. D.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Kudos to you for publishing that gripping little drama of crime and punishment, *The Fire Fighters*. I found that these two men, and their escalation from knives to the Osaka Express, kept pursuing me long after I finished the story. Perhaps it's the psychiatric component; anyway, Dr. Taves has done a pretty classic job of showing how a highly competent, readable, dramatic narrative, straightforward and open, can at the same time be a marvelously intricate mind stirrer.

Mary Rackliffe
Newton Highlands, Massachusetts

ALL THAT GLITTERS

Franz Pick's August article, *Gold*, was a fascinating examination of the hows and whys of gold hoarding. Many people think of hoarders as unbalanced latter-day Silas Marners; but as Pick points out, gold hoarding is a protection against unstable paper currencies. It may be illegal in America, but it unfortunately makes a great deal of financial sense.

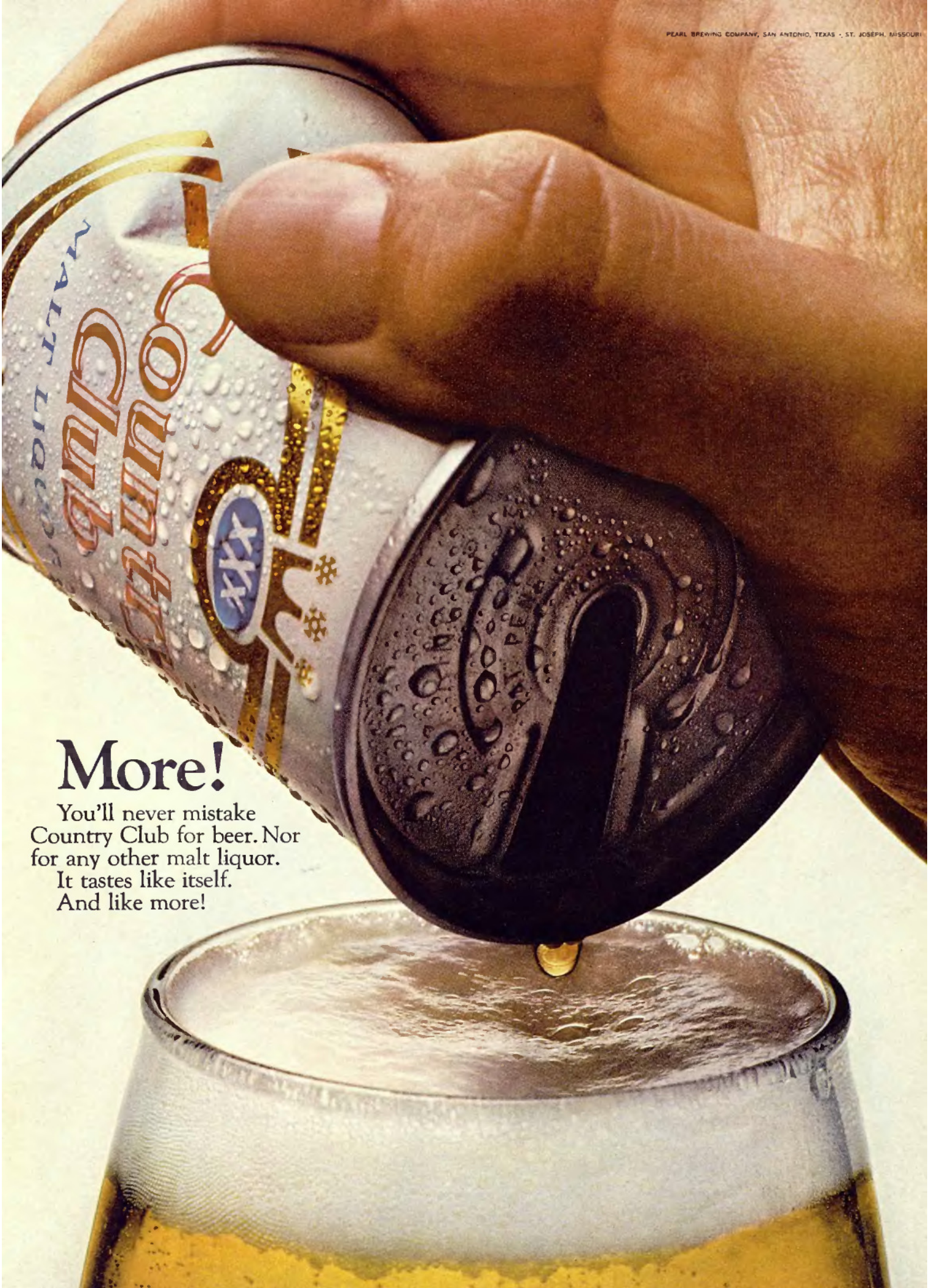
James Norman
APO San Francisco, California

I must admit that reading *Gold* was a discouraging experience, not because of what Pick wrote but because of the lack of proper introduction of the author. Your editors should have stated under the title of the article that Pick is "a leading exponent of the revaluation of the price of monetary gold."

The way Pick speaks of U. S. gold losses, one would think that the Treasury must have been getting rid of our gold for no consideration. Pick obviously forgets that this country acquired more than six times the value in income-producing properties for every ounce of gold that left the Treasury. During the time that the United States lost approximately 13 billion dollars from its gold hoard, it acquired abroad more than 80 billion dollars' worth of assets—assets that now produce close to eight billion dollars a year in income. This income alone is greater than the gold reserve of any single foreign country and amounts to more than ten percent of current world liquidity. Was that bad?

Increasing the monetary price of gold would *not* help solve balance-of-payments problems of any country, with the possible exception of South Africa. All central bankers now recognize this and wholeheartedly sponsor the U. S. policy of maintaining the monetary gold price at $35. The only effect of doubling the monetary gold price would be to give a windfall profit of more than 20 billion dollars to gold hoarders. Since no poor person owns gold, why should the governments of the world adopt a help-the-rich policy at the time we are committed first to eradicate poverty?

There simply is no good cause nor a need for revaluation of the monetary gold price, the exception being if this country should face a choice between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depression or revaluation. On the other hand, the free gold market price should be permitted to fluctuate freely; and it is my expectation that in the foreseeable future, the range will be confined to $37–$47.

Charles R. Stahl, President
Economic News Agency
Princeton, New Jersey

MACHINE AGE

Robert Sheckley's far-out *Can You Feel Anything When I Do This?* (PLAYBOY, August) typifies an ever-increasing number of women. Melisande Durr is certainly a cold, heartless bitch, but I had hopes for her as her cancellator was being palpated. I understand something of what the vacuum cleaner must have felt, because for several months now, I've been in love with my electric can opener.

David P. Webber
Halifax, Nova Scotia

SMOTHERS LODE

August's *St. Thomas and the Dragon*, by Richard Warren Lewis, was a well-written, well-researched piece. However, like most stories about the Smothers brothers, it had a "business adventure story" flavor to it. Nobody has really got into what the show was philosophically or what it meant and could have meant to art, to morality, to people. I think it was more than a James Bond clash with business.

Mason Williams
Los Angeles, California

Due to a lack of TV censorship in our country, Canadians had the good fortune to see all the Smothers shows unexpurgated. Both Canadian TV networks, CBC and CTV, have shown controversial programs in the past, some entertainment, some public affairs. I don't believe our country is in a state of moral decay because of it. The Smothers brothers had the only show on TV that tried to get Americans off their asses to do something about the Vietnam war, the poverty and the racism rampant throughout the United States. Their spirit was even beginning to rub off on our apathetic Canadian population. So, I would like to issue an invitation to the Smothers brothers to come up and produce their show in Canada, land of the free and home of the conscientious objector.

Frank G. Cameron
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Lewis' article is certainly the definitive word on the whole Smothers brothers controversy. But with all the fuss over censorship, one of the show's most important contributions has, unfortunately, been overlooked.

The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour provided the greatest opportunity for new young talent since the earliest days of television. From the show have come outstanding performers, including Pat Paulsen, Glen Campbell, John Hartford, Mason Williams, Jennifer Warren and The First Edition. Equally important has been the development of a number of people whose names you never see except in the credits.

It is difficult to get a job in Hollywood without an impressive list of credits. Yet, Tom Smothers recognized the value of hiring writers who didn't know what couldn't be done; and with his unique ability to judge talent, he has given a start to dozens of people who will be making important contributions to television for years to come. It is for this reason that the loss of *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* is most tragic.

Ken Kragen
Beverly Hills, California

I was mildly disturbed at the specious reasoning in the article on the Smothers brothers. The objection to their "social comment" lies not in their right to dissent but in the way they went about it—with irresponsible, prejudiced and incitive lack of objectivity. Criticism should be permitted in the mass media as long as it is responsible, objective and does not degenerate into malicious slander or puerile mockery of a person, persons or philosophy. It is the height of sophistry to stereotype law-enforcement officers, the establishment or the great mass of people sitting in their ho-hum living rooms as unhappy oafs, boobs and mindless automatons, and then whiningly call this a valid form of dissent when a large portion of the audience seems insulted. If the Smothers still feel a burning need to heap abuse on the system that provides them with a disproportionate amount of material wealth and security, they could resort to paying for their time on the air as politicians must do.

These Pied Pipers of the New Left should be more tolerant of those of us who cannot afford to have our perspective restored by psychoanalysis or have our lives made more bearable by psychopharmacological agents that pick us up in the morning, sustain our faltering egos throughout the endless bleak days and safely tuck us into our beds at night.

R. Rampton
Jacksonville, North Carolina

It's about time somebody did something about those nasty Smothers brothers and their unfounded attacks on everything that's decent in American society. What's the sense of having a ghetto if everyone's going to start complaining about it? And if every malcontent in this country was allowed to speak his mind, we'd never have won the war in Vietnam.

Andrew Golden
Palo Alto, California

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

We are pleased to report that a splendid advance in the human condition is presently a-building in Potomac, Maryland. A group of dedicated real-estate developers—members of a profession often maligned for its dearth of humanitarian impulses—has come up with a definitive means of coping with the climate of violence that currently prevails from sea to polluted sea. Clearly concerned about the precipitous increase in robberies, muggings, rapes and murders, they are attacking the problem at its source by creating a visionary new social unit—the fortified suburb. According to their plans, the subdivision will "provide maximum security for residents during this crime-ridden era." As a spokesman put it: "We are going to give people safety, something they can't get anyplace else"— and they'll be able to get it at the modest price of $200,000 per home.

If you buy into Maximum Security Meadows—our suggested name for the project—you will get, among many imaginative features, the satisfaction of knowing that on all sides, you are surrounded by a high wire fence. "The plans," reports the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "show two entrances for the entire subdivision, both flanked by guardhouses. . . . All nonresidents will be stopped by guards who will phone the homeowners being visited for permission to admit them. Residents will carry identification cards. . . . School children will be picked up at their homes and taken to the guard station at the entrance, where they will board a regular school bus. . . ." M. S. Meadows also promises prospective owners that electronic sensors, like CIA Christmas-tree ornaments, will adorn certain strategically located shrubs.

While we bow to no one in our esteem for this bold sociological experiment, we must observe that the precautionary measures at Maximum Security Meadows aren't all that they could be. As the plans now stand, for instance, any enterprising maniac or militant could tunnel under the wire fence and pillage to his heart's content, without fear of capture. We submit that towering stone walls—festooned with machine-gun turrets and carbon-arc searchlights—should immediately replace the ineffective fence. And we're sure that the inmates—sorry about that—residents—would feel even safer if a moat were dug around the walls and stocked with large, ill-tempered creatures of various kinds. A mine field and a DMZ beyond the moat wouldn't be a bad idea, either.

It also concerns us that one has only to show an I. D. card to get inside. Sober reflection should convince the developers that counterfeiting today is a highly refined art—and once beyond the check point, a bogus resident could cut through the fence from within to admit the hordes that await outside poised for the attack. It seems obvious that residents—real or bogus—and visitors should at least be stripped, searched, photographed, interrogated and held incommunicado (under the provisions of recently proposed detention-on-suspicion laws) while the FBI traces their past.

Upon considering the matter further, we fear for the youth in Maximum Security Meadows: Who is to protect them when they leave the idyllic precincts of their suburb and ride in a "regular school bus" to that blackboard jungle known as the country day school? Certainly, the planners could be vigilant enough to provide an armor-plated vehicle equipped with mortarproof glass and a squad of National Guardsmen—although anyone would agree that an additional tank escort is worth thinking about. Their fathers, stout souls, will have only their steel-plated, bulletproof automobiles (optionally appurtenanced with smoke-screen devices, minirocket launchers, oil-slick spigots and chrome hand-grenade racks) between them and danger when they leave the Meadows for the office; but why must children be exposed to the perils of reality before their time has come?

On the home front, we're sure that each resident will also want to protect himself against unforeseeable antisocial behavior on the part of his neighbors. After all, the fellow next door who joins you for a few rounds of golf in the afternoon could be focusing you in his cross hairs by dinnertime. In keeping with the spirit that made America great, we hesitate to infringe on the constitutional right of each American to arm himself with the weapon of his choice—but we'd like to point out that recent technological advances have made possible such innovations as the electric bayonet (with 20-foot extension cord), impact grenades shaped like charcoal briquettes and a deadly nerve gas that can be disseminated by a lawn-sprinkling system.

Unfortunately, even these reasoned precautions can't guard against a more insidious threat—the danger of a preemptive strike from one's loved ones. Even the best-adjusted families have their internal tensions. Nothing less than individual bombproof bedrooms can give a genuine assurance of peaceful sleep—and awakening. The resulting mansions might tend to be built according to the Alcatraz school of architecture, but the style would at least be consistent—and would complement the striking appearance of the surrounding walls.

If these minimal steps are taken, we see nothing but a sunny future for Maximum Security Meadows. Indeed, the only cloud on the horizon—apart from the one created by the sprinkler-system fallout—is the fact that competitors are bound to begin springing up around it. Soon, we fear, a new fortified suburb near the Meadows will be zoned for multiple dwellings. Children, like the dwellings themselves, will multiply like rabbits; overcrowding will occur; violence will increase; people will seek bigger, better living conditions; and, in accordance with the territorial imperative, they will cast covetous glances through the gun slits at the expansive manicured lawns of the Meadows. We can only hope that community leaders in this new Eden will be forward-thinking enough to take the only step possible: A small but efficient private army must be recruited, followed by aerial surveillance of the encroaching suburb. Secret underground bunkers—containing an arsenal of short-range ABM-type missiles—must be constructed as a deterrent to sneak attack. The price of freedom, as we all know, is

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a
flutter

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eternal vigilance; and we feel sure the developers will agree that such sensible measures will enable Maximum Security Meadows to preserve the way of life that could make it a paradigm of social planning for centuries to come.

•

During President Nixon's meeting with President Thieu at Midway Island last June, *The El Paso Times* reported that after the opening ceremony, "the two leaders drove slowly to their first formal meeting at the house of the Midway base commander. They passed scores of sailors in whites lining the roadway and many of the island's famous gooney birds. These included Secretary of State William P. Rogers and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird on the American side, and their South Vietnamese counterparts, Foreign Minister Tran Chanh Thanh and Defense Minister Lieutenant General Nguyen Van Vy."

•

We had been idly pondering what the Germans were doing, these days, to work off all that *Sturm und Drang* for which they were once so noteworthy, when we came upon an issue of *Variety* disclosing the German titles of Anglo-American movies. We feel sure Doris Day would recoil from the theater marquee on which *With Six You Get Eggroll* was interpreted as *The Man in Mama's Bed*. *Good Neighbor Sam* has become *Lend Me Your Husband* and the innocent-sounding *Girl on a Motorcycle* was retitled *Naked Under Leather*. *What's So Bad About Feeling Good* turned into *Wedding Night in Front of Witnesses* and *Come Blow Your Horn* into *If My Bedroom Could Talk*. *Lover Come Back* is *A Pair of Pajamas for Two* and *Advance to the Rear* is playing as *Heroes Without Pants*. But the topper, we think, is *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*, which the Germans are calling *Let Me Kiss Your Butterfly*.

•

Sign seen in the window of a Chicago restaurant: EAT NOW—PAY WAITER.

•

Capital job offer from the *Toronto Globe and Mail* want ads: "Guillotine Operator. Skilled Only."

•

A 20th Century-Fox cast-call sheet posted in the lobby of the Hilton Hotel in Tunis attracted due attention from the nonshow-business guests. Listing the next day's work schedule, the notice read: "10 A.M.—Anouk Aimée and Michael York, commence seduction. If not complete by noon, finish after lunch."

•

In case you were wondering, the "Judicial Law" section of the Minnesota State Bar Association publication states: "Order denying motion to vacate an order granting a motion for summary judgment is not appealable. An order

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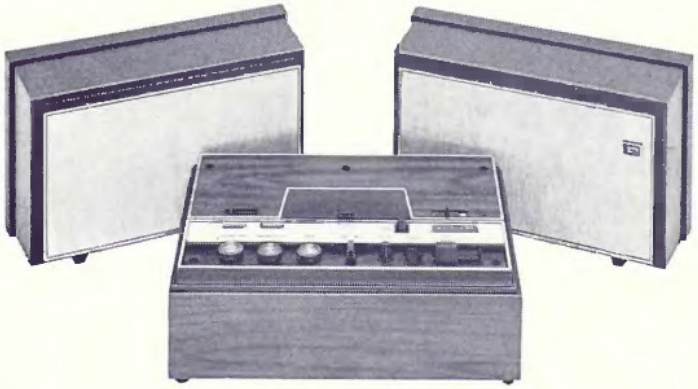

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TAPE RECORDERS

denying a motion to vacate a nonappealable order is also nonappealable." Any questions?

•

Our Plowshares Into Swords Award goes to the First Reformed Church of Steelton, Pennsylvania, which closed its doors after 85 years of ministering. Finding $150 remaining in its Sunday-school fund, the church fathers donated it to the local police force—"to purchase Mace outfits."

•

A questionnaire sent out by the Hampshire, England, fire department to businesses in the area included the impudent question, "How many people do you employ, broken down by sex?"

•

Caveat emptor: A Burlingame, California, man recently ordered two motorcycle crash helmets from Montgomery Ward. They arrived in a box marked: FRAGILE.

•

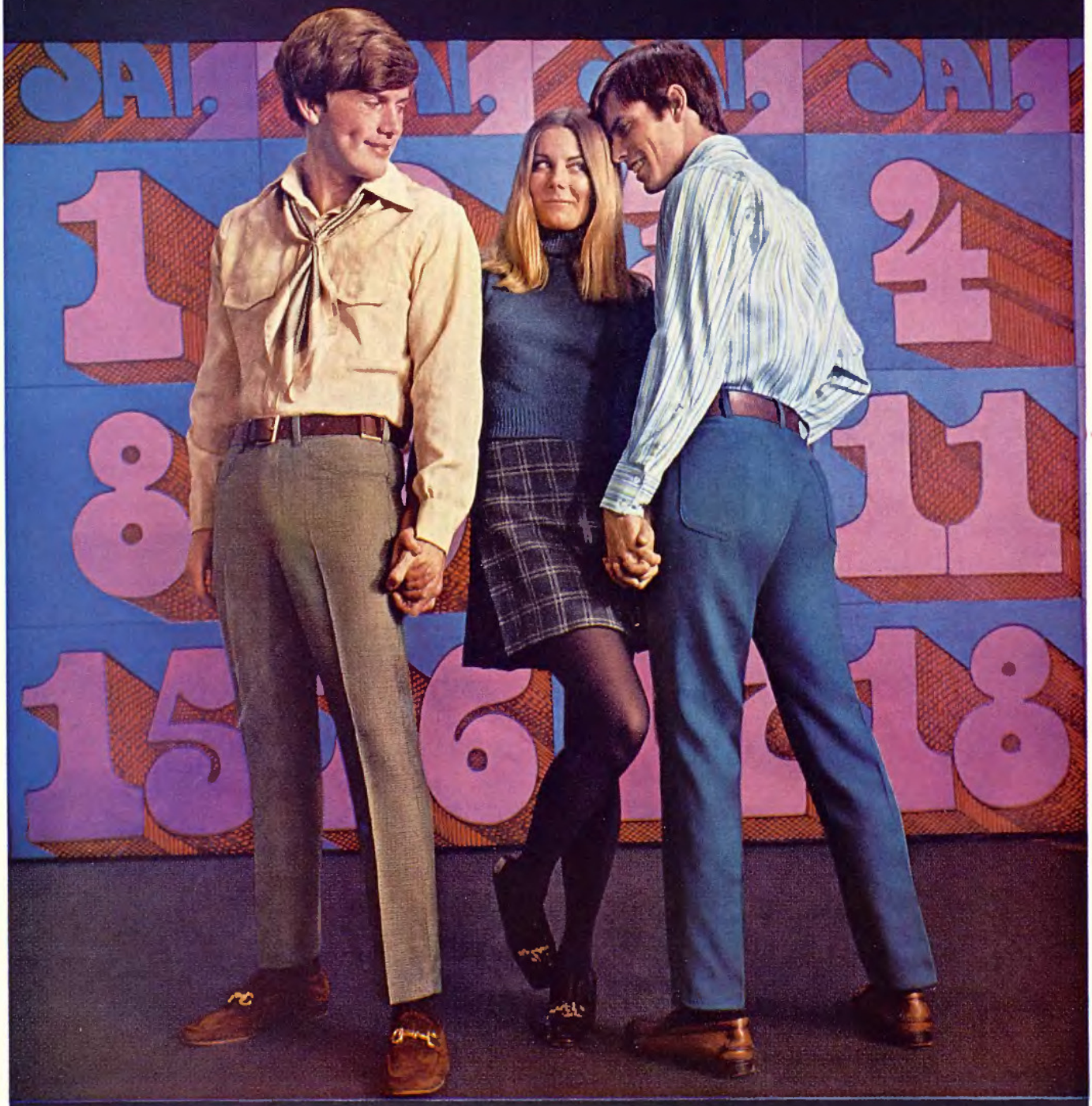
Sex in advertising has invaded the hard-nosed world of mechanics. In its ad in *Plant Engineering* for a new roller bearing, Republic Automation Systems unabashedly states in inch-high type: "IT TAKES BALLS TO START A REVOLUTION."

BOOKS

The Fifth Column and Four Stories of the Spanish Civil War (Scribner's), republished 30 years after their original appearance, illustrates the extent to which Ernest Hemingway viewed the world through the window of boyhood fantasy; his best work cleaned the surface until he could see the reality beyond, and his worst merely polished it until he could see nothing but his own reflection. *The Fifth Column*, a play Hemingway himself came to call "The Four Ninety-Five Column Marked Down From Five," is little more than a cloak-and-braggart account of Philip Rawlings' counterespionage adventures in wartime Madrid, characterized by postcoitus coyness ("you feel . . . sort of like a snow storm if snow wasn't cold and didn't melt"), the excruciatingly simple talk of the natives ("take care yourself Mr. Philip," "I not joke I'm a serious") and a fake fade-out eloquence ("you do it so no one will ever be hungry . . . go to her now, she needs you"). In the stories, on the other hand, a fine irony saves the heroics and the simplifications, instead of serving Papa's posturing, cut cleanly through to the tragic complexity of moral decision. The narrator of *The Denunciation* takes another man's blame for turning a fascist sympathizer over to the police, but the nobility of his sacrifice is undercut by his awareness of having half-intentionally prodded the reluctant squealer. In *The Butterfly and the Tank*, a bar brawl results in death through misunderstanding, revealing not only that all wars are

Lees are Saturday night.

EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK



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civil wars but that victim and executioner are partners in the dance of death. A third story contrasts the waking nightmares of a tank commander and a pilot, the cowardly ways courageous men survive the *Night Before Battle*. And in *Under the Ridge*, "the nearest any man was to victory that day" was a Frenchman who, in a supreme moment of clarity, simply walked away from the battlefield—an irony redoubled as the narrator himself walks past the executed deserter's corpse while leaving the battlefield to take refuge in the safety of Madrid. The milieu of these stories is not the field of combat but the no man's land of moral ambiguity; their drama is not heroic action but moral conflict; their complex ironies cannot be resolved by political stance or emotional formula, least of all by the Papa Bull heroics of Philip Rawlings. It has been said that Hemingway's tragedy was not that he came before his time but that he lived past it. Yet if he could see with such "water-over-gravel" clarity the moral ambiguities in even the Spanish Civil War, one wonders what appalling insights he might have discovered in the waters of a more recent civil war.

•

I Sing the Body Electric! (Knopf) is Ray Bradbury's first maior collection of short stories in five years. It may well be his best since the word-blazing days of *The Martian Chronicles*. As readers of PLAYBOY know (three of the 18 stories in this anthology first appeared in these pages), Bradbury's magic lies in making otherworldliness familiar and transforming the familiar into something strange and chilling. In the collection's title story, for example, he gives us a robot grandmother programmed to minister to the emotional needs of three motherless children. Bradbury manipulates time and space to explore the minds and souls of his all-too-human people. He invokes mysteries and evokes nostalgia. A Depression-uprooted family has its faith in the future restored by a legend "written" by a hen in white calcium on the eggs she lays. An admirer of Hemingway arranges a nobler death for Papa with the help of a most unusual time machine. A young couple exile themselves for life into an unknown dimension to be with their baby, who was born there. The stories range across a broad spectrum of emotions, centuries and worlds, from Irish-whiskied comedies in Dublin to suspense and madness in some unsuspected future. Wherever he travels in the time continuum, Ray Bradbury's touch and taste are as true as ever.

•

Taking G. M. Trevelyan for his model, J. C. Furnas explains the limited scope of ***The Americans*** (Putnam), a social history of the United States, from 1587 to 1914: "History with the politics left out." The technique gives short shrift to politics not

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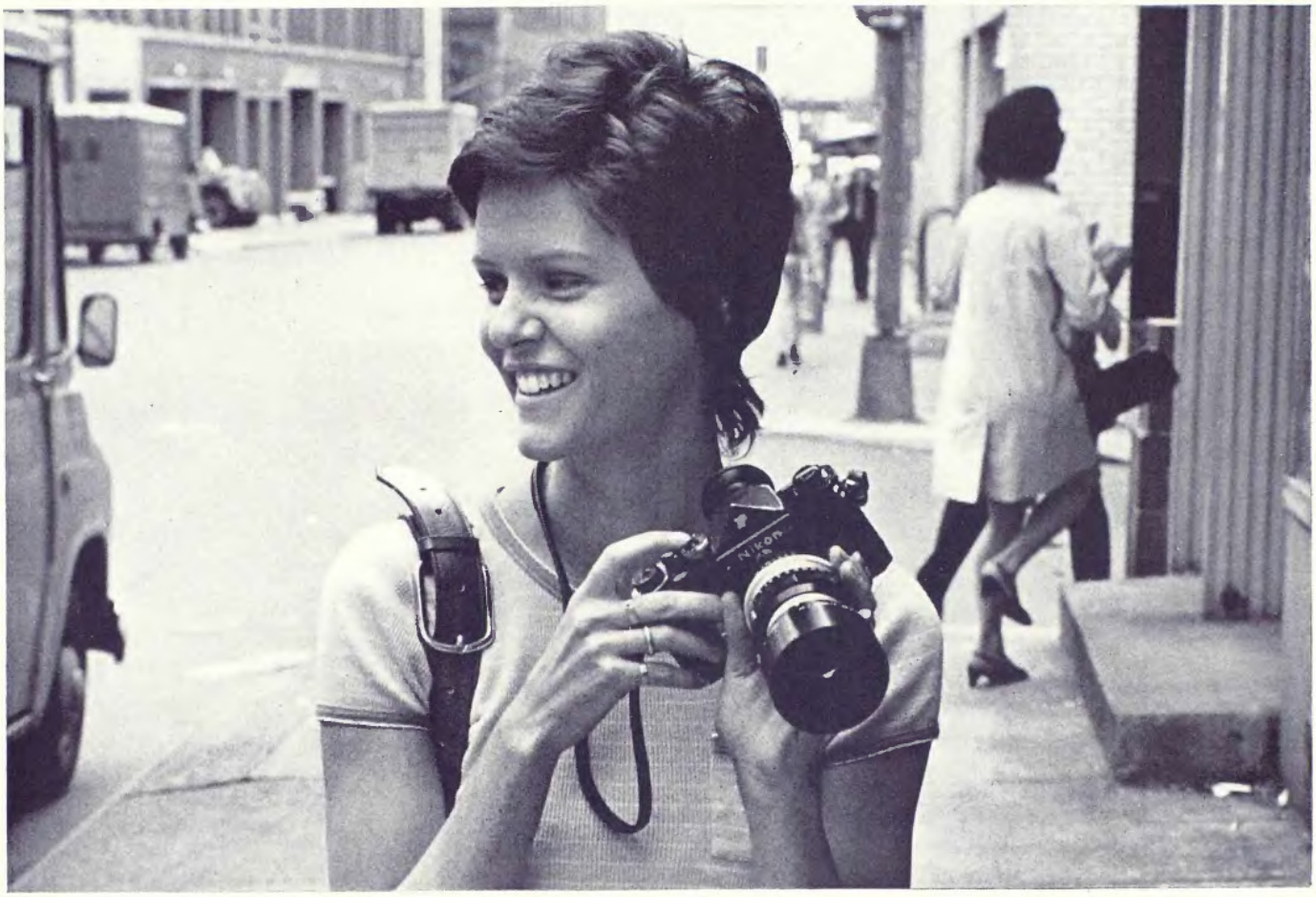

BARBARA WATERSTON

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 29

PROFESSION: Photographer, writer

HOBBIES: More photography

LAST BOOK READ: My Antonia

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote the book, "Pull Yourself Together or How to Look Marvelous on Next to Nothing." It sold out two hard-cover printings.

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only in the narrow sense but in the Aristotelian sense as well. Long on data, short on ideas, it deliberately scants many of the major intellectual currents that have moved this nation in favor of constructing a breath-takingly detailed mosaic of American life and manners during three centuries. It's almost all here—food and drink, diseases and recreations, architecture and inventions, temperance and suffrage and fashion trends, from men's hats to ladies' underwear. Taken in short doses (otherwise, the mass of detail overwhelms) and granting Furnas' need to move swiftly down memory lane, *The Americans* becomes one of those rare reference works that are both encyclopedic and readable. Early settlers, moved by greed and courage, were so sure of finding a passage to the Orient that a French backwoodsman in the late 1630s "took along a ceremonial robe of embroidered Chinese damask to dress up in when paying his respects." The shrewd young sailors of New England made fortunes in white pepper from Sumatra, tallow from Madagascar and cotton from India. Two brothers named Tudor from Boston were more inventive: They worked out ways to preserve ice and exported the precious commodity to the Far East and Australia. The examples effortlessly multiply, to almost 1000 pages.

•

Speaking to a writer of detective stories in Eric Ambler's ***The Intercom Conspiracy*** (Atheneum), a lady reader says of his books, "Of course, I enjoyed them. I think they're highly ingenious and much better written than most. Above all, nobody in them is made to behave stupidly." Had she added that his wit is triple *sec* and sprinkled through his novels with a judicious hand, she might have been speaking of Ambler himself, though his genre is the spy adventure. This is the 13th such adventure by the author of *A Coffin for Dimitrios* and *Passage to Arms*, and it has the virtues one would expect from such a practiced craftsman. (It also has defects that one would not expect, such as sections that are nothing more than padding and some first-person narrative that is too novelistic.) But, unluckily for Ambler, his virtues seem almost Edwardian in a world whose view of spies has been shaped—or warped—by John Le Carré on the one hand and Ian Fleming on the other. The conspiracy of the title is the brain child of a pair of mordantly prankish spies, highly placed in the secret intelligence services of two small NATO nations. Equally unimpressed by the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R., they decide to channel information, detrimental to both superpowers, through *Intercom*, a zanily right-wing newsletter published in Geneva. Their purpose is to get a sizable sum of cash in return for their permanent silence. They achieve this aim through a series of clever maneuvers; but the editor of *Intercom*, unaware of how he is being used, finds himself hassled by the CIA and badgered by the Russian KGB. The fact that verbs no stronger than hassled and badgered will do to describe the editor's treatment indicates how distant Ambler is from the current vogues for violence and sardonic realism. Nor is he given much to sex. Those who enjoy the unfolding of an intricate plot will find the book engaging; but those who look in their spy adventures for blood, brutality, broads and betrayal will have to go looking elsewhere.

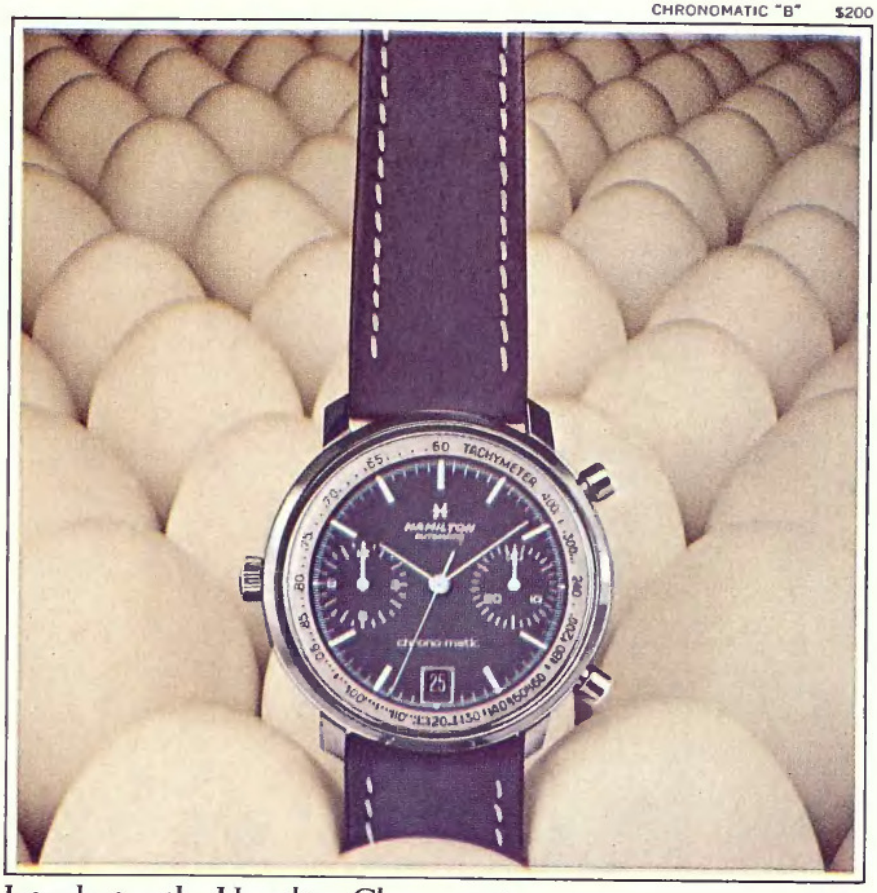
•

If Diogenes had plied his eccentric trade today, he might have found that his honest man currently occupies Gracie Mansion, overlooking the East River. At least that's one of several conclusions that emerge from the conversations that make up a sizable chunk of Nat Hentoff's ***A Political Life: The Education of John V. Lindsay*** (Knopf). Unlike most political biographies, this one is neither puff nor hatchet job. It's a detailed report on a political man in process. Hentoff is a long-standing Lindsay watcher and, rather than reduce his subject to a set of pat generalizations, he permits his complex subject to emerge from extensive talks with him, his associates and his antagonists. The focus is on Lindsay's years as the mayor of New York—where municipal strikes, budget crises, racial tensions, air pollution and a corps of dedicated muggers spell Fun City, particularly for the man whose job it is to eliminate them all. The way Lindsay and his team tackle these enduring urban ills forms the main theme of *A Political Life*. Starting out with the energetic mayor's initial high-speed collision with that creaking wreck called the city bureaucracy, right through Lindsay's unsuccessful bid to win the Republican primary last spring, Hentoff shows us a man with an unflagging dedication to the public good. We see him making his share of mistakes and accumulating more than his share of enemies—but he learns from both his defeats and his successes, and this makes *A Political Life* a fine behind-the-scenes account of the making of a mayor.

•

Those who enjoyed *The Manor* by Isaac Bashevis Singer, part of which graced these pages, will not be disappointed in its sequel, ***The Estate*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Here in plenty are good people and bad, the lucky and the ill fated, converts and apostates—but people all, no fakes. The story that began with Calman Jacoby in the Polish town of Jampol back in 1863 goes forward in this volume to the end of the century, with a fecund proliferation of human beings and human problems. What the author does most successfully is re-create the eastern European atmosphere as it existed prior to and during the great Jewish immigration to America. The conflict central to Singer's writing

CHRONOMATIC "B" $200



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It's calibrated to record 1/5 second intervals with a sweep second hand. There are stop-start and reset buttons as well as hour and minute totalizers. And it's water protected up to three atmospheres. There's even a tachymeter, for sports car buffs. And the self-winding mechanism that makes it completely automatic is placed right in the heart of the movement instead of on top. So the Chronomatic is thinner than you'd expect.

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is simple: to be or not to be a Jew. The question is turned like a beautifully cut gem, sparkling with questions of faith, philosophy, science, sacred and profane love. The time Singer writes of in *The Estate* is the period known in Jewish history as "The Enlightenment," that 19th Century awakening when the Jew began to break out of his mental, spiritual and physical pale. The grandchildren of Calman Jacoby smuggle pistols and cartridges beneath their dresses for the sake of the proletariat, while other grandchildren join a new trickle of history that is flowing from Europe to Palestine. Especially illuminating are the glimpses of New York City as seen by Jews who came to the "Golden Medina" for reasons other than hounding necessity. They were fairly well-off folk who looked with shock and disenchantment on the democratic squalor of the New World. All this is told in the traditionally rich Yiddish style of doleful human acceptance and heavenly exaltation; and if there is something wrong, it is not in the tale nor the telling but in sheer numbers. Even if you have read *The Manor*, a pencil and paper are useful to keep record of the children and grandchildren, lovers, nieces, nephews, stepfathers and stepmothers. Singer's forest of names demands a family tree.

•

In digging into Edward R. Murrow's career with the Columbia Broadcasting System, which lasted from 1935 to 1961, correspondent Alexander Kendrick recalls a vital era of broadcasting: *Hear It Now*, *See It Now*, *Small World*, *CBS Reports* and *Person to Person*. Perhaps the best part of ***Prime Time*** (Little, Brown) is the re-creation of Murrow's wartime radio reports from London during the blitz. Murrow was "the young man with the dark look and creased forehead whose measured cadence, 'This . . . is London,' and trenchant style brought to this country not only vivid firsthand reporting, not only sober political and social appraisal, but also the . . . awareness that Britain was not really an island and that in her ordeal, whatever the outcome, the bell tolled also for the United States." After the War, Murrow returned to New York and CBS as vice-president in charge of news and public affairs. The fact that he was virtually autonomous within the company, reporting occasionally to his friend, board chairman William Paley, gave him the chance to do pretty much as he wanted. Calling on the talents of such reporters as Howard K. Smith, William Shirer, Eric Sevareid and David Schoenbrun, he aimed to provide the public with a window on the real world, to take television out of the "realm of parlor games, soap opera, idle chatter, synthetic personalities and old movies." Many of the *See It Now* and *CBS Reports* shows were highly controversial, upsetting CBS

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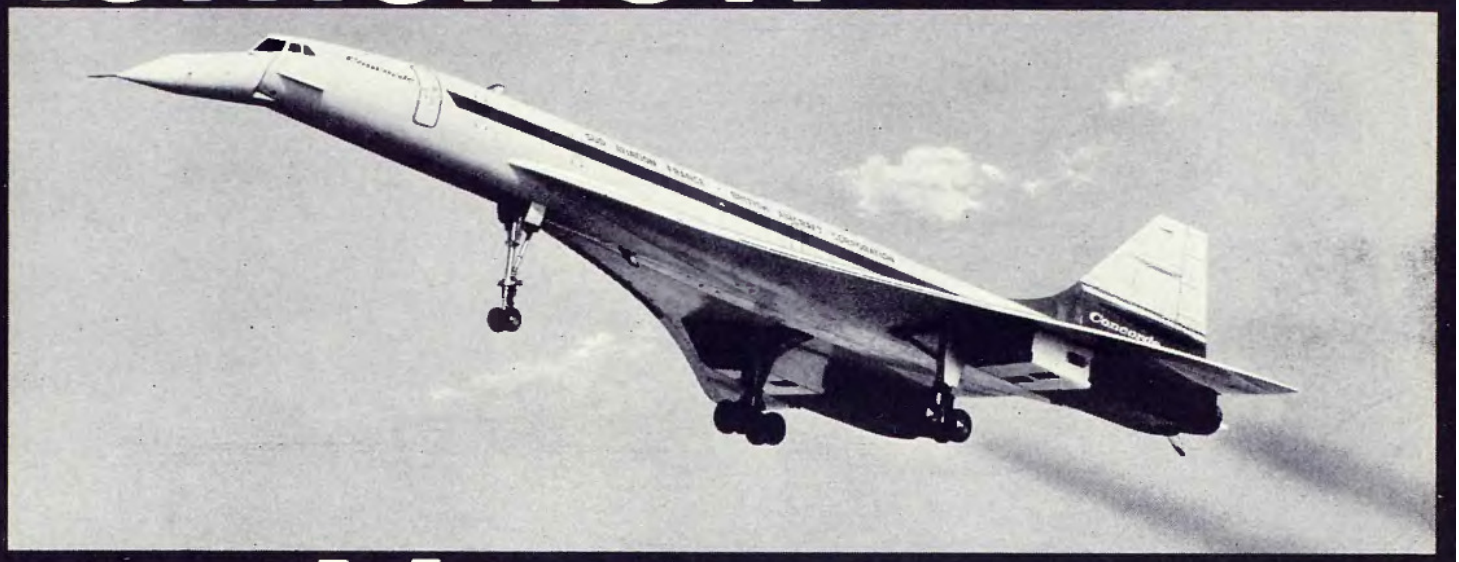

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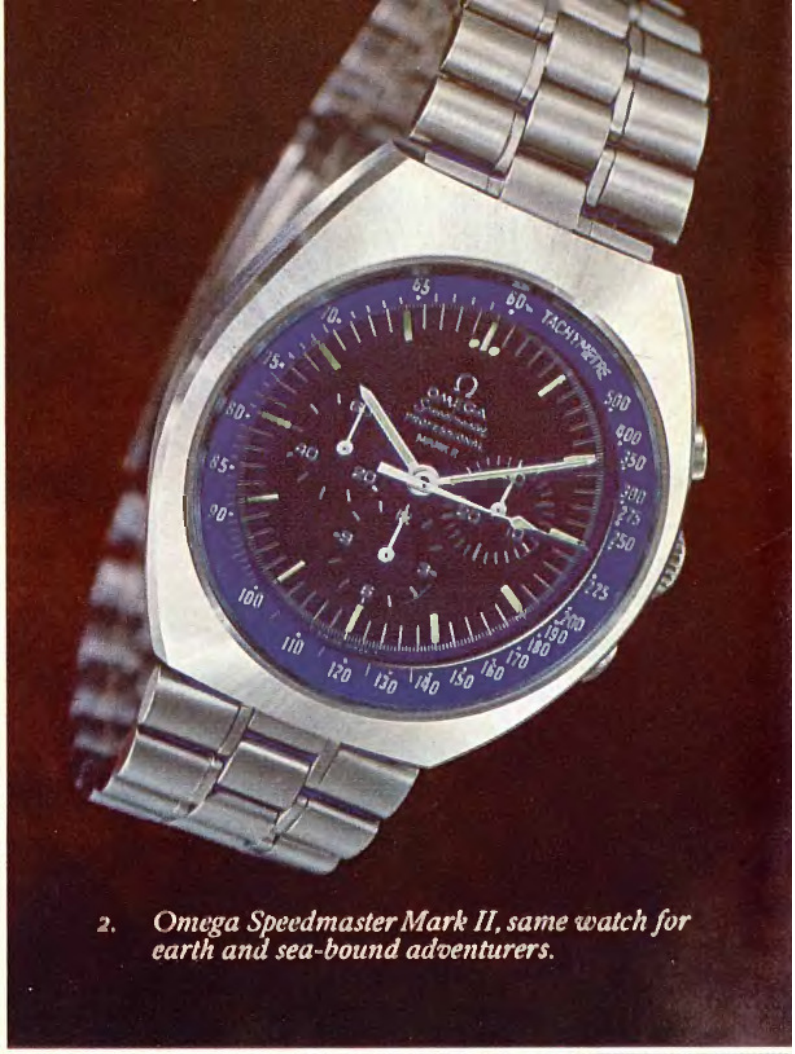
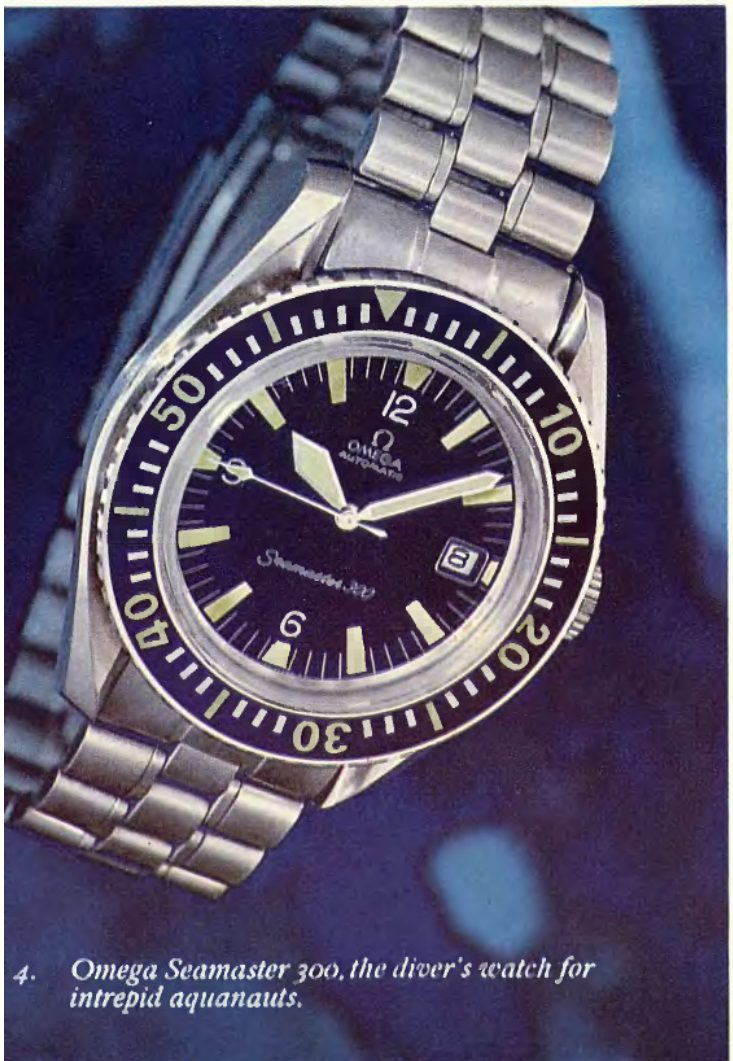
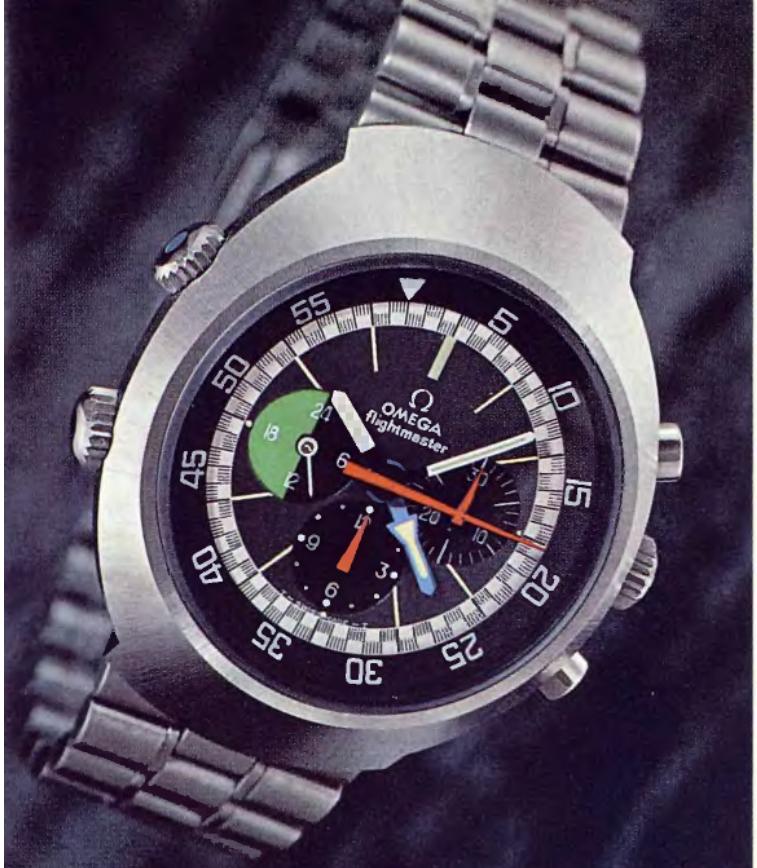


2. *Omega Speedmaster Mark II, same watch for earth and sea-bound adventurers.*



4. *Omega Seamaster 300, the diver's watch for intrepid aquanauts.*

5. *Omega Seamaster Chronostop, a push-button watch to read the fifth part of a second.*



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brass, sponsors and many viewers. *Prime Time* bears out the author's admission that Murrow was a difficult, if not impossible, person to know. The clearest facet of his character, the one that the public remembers, is his absolute integrity. In an industry not noted for spine (remember the black lists during the McCarthy period?) his backbone was intact. It was Murrow, in fact, who gave Joe McCarthy his first chance to destroy himself on a national hookup. *Prime Time* provides a better picture of TV broadcasting than of Murrow himself, but it's good to remember that there have been oases in the vast wasteland.

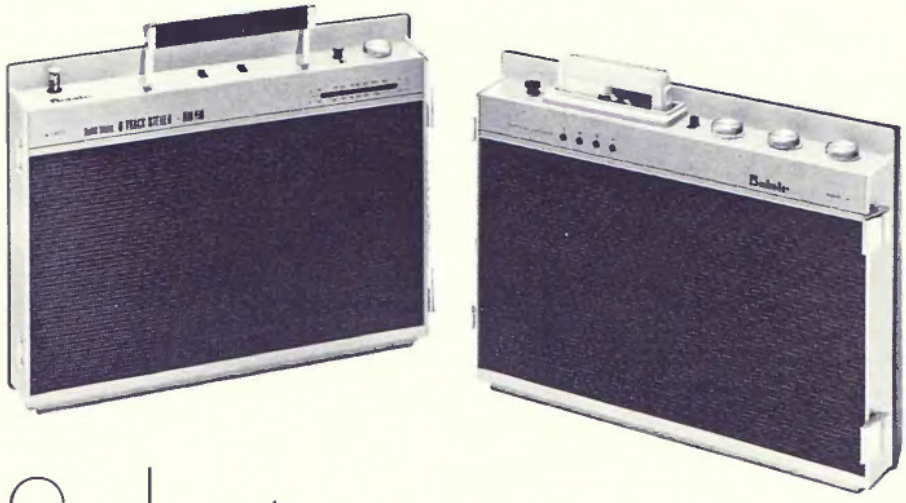
•

Genghis Cohn, last seen as the madcap ghost of a Jewish death-camp victim inhabiting the body of his Nazi killer (*The Dance of Genghis Cohn*), has turned up alive and well in Tahiti. Well, not exactly the same Cohn; the protagonist of Romain Gary's admirable new novel, ***The Guilty Head*** (World), has adopted the name in tribute to its original owner's sense of rebellious freedom. But Cohn II carries on the blackly humorous tradition of his namesake with a vengeance—and often with more of a point. Since he has changed his face by plastic surgery and burned off his finger tips, we are never quite sure who Cohn is. Moreover, Cohn himself is in the same predicament as the reader: Which of his new faces is the real one—the swindler who cons tourists? The madman who considers himself the reincarnation of Gauguin? The libertine who loves up his wahine, the beautiful Meeva, any time, anyplace? Or, perhaps, the vanished French nuclear scientist Matthieu, whose genius has made it possible for France to test-explode an atomic bomb in the Eden of Polynesia? Whatever else he may be, Cohn is indubitably Everyman, Adam, the Wandering Jew, the fountainhead of man's love and the sinkhole of his guilt. Dancing furiously, he encourages a tourist director's plans to set up a living museum of history on Tahiti: "Joan of Arc in a bikini! A miniaturized Auschwitz! The suffering of the American Negro! The first man on the moon, masturbating! And you have to stick God in somewhere, it's a must!" Because Cohn is a cosmic *provocateur*—puncturing balloons of hot-air moralities with a forefinger, making love instead of war—he becomes that most dangerously subversive of all men: a free spirit.

•

Among the games people play are war games, which permit the study of bloody conflict in pleasant surroundings. In the tranquility of war rooms, members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff wage imaginary, computerized wars in Thailand, Bolivia, Cuba, you name it—and pay for it. Since these gaming tables have been crowded for years, how have the players done in

The open



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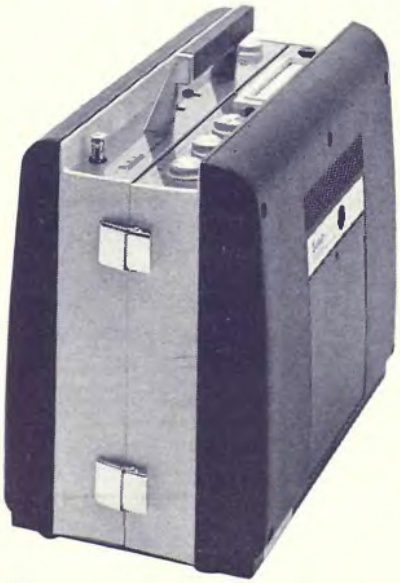

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predicting the enemy's moves? In ***The Bomb and the Computer*** (Delacorte), British military analyst Andrew Wilson totes the score, finds it depressing and concludes that while war simulation is a defensible idea, something is very wrong with the actual playing. Wilson examines war gaming from ancient China to modern America and finds that the same key mistakes are still being made. For one thing, games are always based on enormous *ifs*; but when the results are in, the if part is forgotten. Assumptions are thought of as facts and conclusions are magically transformed into certainties—such as the nonexistent missile gap of the late 1950s. Worse, it seems that the military mind usually shows a dim understanding of the mind of the enemy. The Pacific battles of World War Two were played out on tables countless times before they were actually fought; about the only event the war gamers didn't allow for was an attack on Pearl Harbor. Wilson maintains that gamers' rigidity helps explain why no game ever contemplated the installation of Russian missiles in Cuba (rejected as too implausible) or the building of a Berlin Wall. And so to Vietnam, where a war game known as AFWET (Air Force Weapons Effectiveness Testing) failed to consider that we might lose 2000 planes over the past five years. Wilson feels that many Pentagamers are intent on victory in Vietnam as a way of validating gaming in policy making, neglecting the fact that the Vietnam bog-down is threatening our entire position in western Europe. If war gaming is to help and not hurt us, he suggests, it must consider political power, not just firepower. In other words, war games are too important to be left to the war gamers.

•

Not the least curious thing about the experimental stories or "fictions" that comprise Robert Coover's ***Pricksongs and Descants*** (Dutton) is the contrast between their prodigious verbal inventiveness and their frail basis in reality. In a prolog addressed to Cervantes and placed before a group of stories entitled *Seven Exemplary Fictions*, Coover gives something like a blueprint of his intentions by speaking of his "use of the fabulous to probe beyond the phenomenological" and of his challenge to "the assumptions of a dying day"; yet when he also asserts that "the most solemn charge" laid upon the novelist is to tell good stories and to tell them well, he gives the reader a stick that may be used on his own back. For whatever else these fictions may be, most of them are not good stories, well told. They are more like brilliant notes for what might have been good stories had their author been content to meet reality half way. By giving fantasy almost dictatorial powers over cause and effect, time sequence and probability, by draining human behavior of all its more rational elements, by suppressing narrative line and blurring themes, Coover ends up in the kind of limbo where his motley puppets find magic pokers in the grass, chase satyrs, get stuck in crashing elevators, meet or mete out death in baths, at lonely railway stations or on streets. He has probed daringly, but organized only partially. His fictions strike one as cold, elaborate games—clever, wearisome, amusing, disturbing in varying measure but never moving. Perhaps the most satisfactory, because the most comprehensible, is *Morris in Chains*, a surreal eclogue that can be read as a parable of modern man's mistreatment of his animal instincts. Also worth a reading is the last story in the book, *The Hat Act*—which appeared first in PLAYBOY—the blackly hilarious fantasy of a magician's vaudeville routine that runs the gamut from burlesque to Grand Guignol. Mr. Coover has written two successful novels and has a suggestive power of language that bodes well for his third; as far as *Pricksongs and Descants* is concerned, however, in his "raid on the inarticulate," Mr. Coover has permitted the inarticulate to capture him.

•

In *The Naked Ape*, British biologist and author Desmond Morris shattered some of our more comfortable illusions about ourselves by pointing out the closeness of man's behavior to that of the furry primates. Now, in ***The Human Zoo*** (McGraw-Hill), Morris continues his inquiry and presents the no less startling observation that the urban habitat that modern man has chosen is as alien to him as a cage is to a wild animal. His behavior therein closely resembles that of any beast in captivity—it is unnatural, uptight, fearful and neurotic. Morris' essential point is that man has remained physically unchanged since his earliest days as a tribe-dwelling nomadic hunter, even though his social environment was completely disrupted by the invention of agriculture. Farmers didn't roam; they built market places that became cities. In the city, men isolated themselves, and abandoned the cooperative instinct that held tribes together. Ultimately, city man became competitive, greedy and tyrannical, and was on his way to becoming the nervous, ulcer-prone warrior in the modern-day executive suite. Throughout *The Human Zoo*, Morris enlarges this basic perception of the urban environment as aberration. In chapters on status (which originally appeared in PLAYBOY, September 1969), sex, war and work, Morris explains how the city obviated the original biological need for each of these activities and distorted them: the status drive, for example, that served the leadership needs of a small tribe, now exacerbates the tensions of a large, interdependent society. The environment that man built for himself, Morris warns, is his greatest enemy; and he will continue to suffer the self-inflicted agonies of

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captivity, as caged animals do when man inflicts captivity upon them, until he breaks out of his human zoo. This book is further proof that, in spite of the plethora of ethological texts in recent years, no one else combines the discipline of the natural scientist with the extrapolative insights of the social scientist as consistently—and as entertainingly—as Desmond Morris.

•

Ivan Gold is one of those writers from whom much has been expected. After the appearance of several short stories (collected in *Nickel Miseries*), the *cognoscenti* were abuzz for years. It's a difficult thing to live up to, but Gold does—up, down and sideways—in his first novel, ***Sick Friends*** (Dutton). Here is *la vie de bohème* after Mailer, Burroughs and Roth. The first-person narrator of *Sick Friends* goes by the name of Jason Sams, and he's a wild one. He has a red beard, the New York–Jewish syndrome and the most rampant case of satyriasis since the celebrated Don. One doesn't keep score, of course, but the impression is created that Jason can't get or give enough. He is clinical and rhapsodic. He is lurid and, above all, he is hungry. He is most hungry for, and with, Christa Sarkissian, a California girl of Armenian parentage, who is Jason's match in every way. Jason is a writer. So is Christa, although she hasn't had anything published. Christa also paints. Both of them keep journals, in which—and here it gets a little thick—they make entries about themselves, and each other, and other people, past and present, male and female, who happen to figure in their lives or thoughts. The journals are sort of left around, so that anybody who is sort of curious can sort of read them. It's not clear whether this is deliberate, but it does lead to the kind of multiple-mirrored examination beloved by neurotics and voyeurs. The Sams-Sarkissian affair, needless to say, is a stormy one, mainly because of Gold's turbulent talent as a writer. He also has wit, imagination, verbal ingenuity and, especially, frankness. The question is this: How much already? Sex, let us affirm, is central to the stuff of fiction. But surfeit is surfeit. Ivan Gold's novel attacks the senses with a density of eroticism that overpowers, dulls and produces, finally, a taint of aversion.

•

Joe Namath is long-haired, single, a devotee of Johnnie Walker Red and girls of all shades, and very cool. He is also the hero of ***Countdown to Super Bowl*** (Random House), by Dave Anderson; ***The Long Pass*** (World), by Lou Sahadi; and ***Broadway Joe and His Super Jets*** (Coward-McCann), by Larry Fox. The Jets' quarterback passed his team to last season's American Football League championship and then went out and personally engineered the upset of the age over the Baltimore Colts. The 11 days up to and including last season's Super Bowl victory in beautiful downtown Miami are documented with precision by Anderson, abetted by PLAYBOY's artist-in-residence. LeRoy Neiman, whose evocative on-the-spot sketches perfectly complement Anderson's on-the-spot eavesdropping. Together, they provide a colorful picture of the brash underdogs preparing for their assault on middle-class virtue. Whereas *Countdown* devotes itself exclusively to the Super Bowl game and its trappings, the Sahadi and Fox efforts cover broader ground. Each book includes a brief history of the Jets, from their conception in 1960 as the Titans up through The Big Game. Both do an adequate job—so, Jet fans, take your choice.

•

Orgenitalism (Julian Press), by G. Legman, is every man's and woman's guide to "Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation." Legman, an experienced chronicler of erotic lore, is, happily, not given to euphemisms or snickering. He offers straightforward information and advice as to the ways and means of cunnilingus, fellatio and related arts; and this instructive book should make a useful addition to one's library of plain-spoken literature on subjects that, until lately, could hardly be spoken of at all.

MOVIES

Have you ever looked at your best friend's wife? And has she ever looked back? Such pithy questions ostensibly lie at the heart of ***Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice***, described by its diabolical creators as "an indoor adventure" concerning two hip, affluent married couples who become so intimately involved with one another's sexual and emotional secrets that they end up four in a bed. Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, having warmed up with the featherweight *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*, really catch fire as co-authors of this funny, abrasive, sometimes bitingly accurate satire of American sex and marriage. Tucker, doubling as producer, and Mazursky, scoring a lively directorial debut, record a slew of caustic observations on a generation of emancipated young marrieds who are so dedicated to dogged self-analysis that they seem incapable of responding spontaneously to any domestic crisis. Bob and Carol (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) invite disaster by overreacting to a weekend of emotional catharsis and group therapy in a mountaintop Shangri-La patterned after the Esalen Institute at Big Sur. They come back understanding nothing but pouring it all out—to startled headwaiters, total strangers and their best friends, Ted and Alice. By the time Bob and Carol have shared the "beautiful" experience of confessing mutual infidelities—his with a blonde in San Francisco, hers with a handsome tennis

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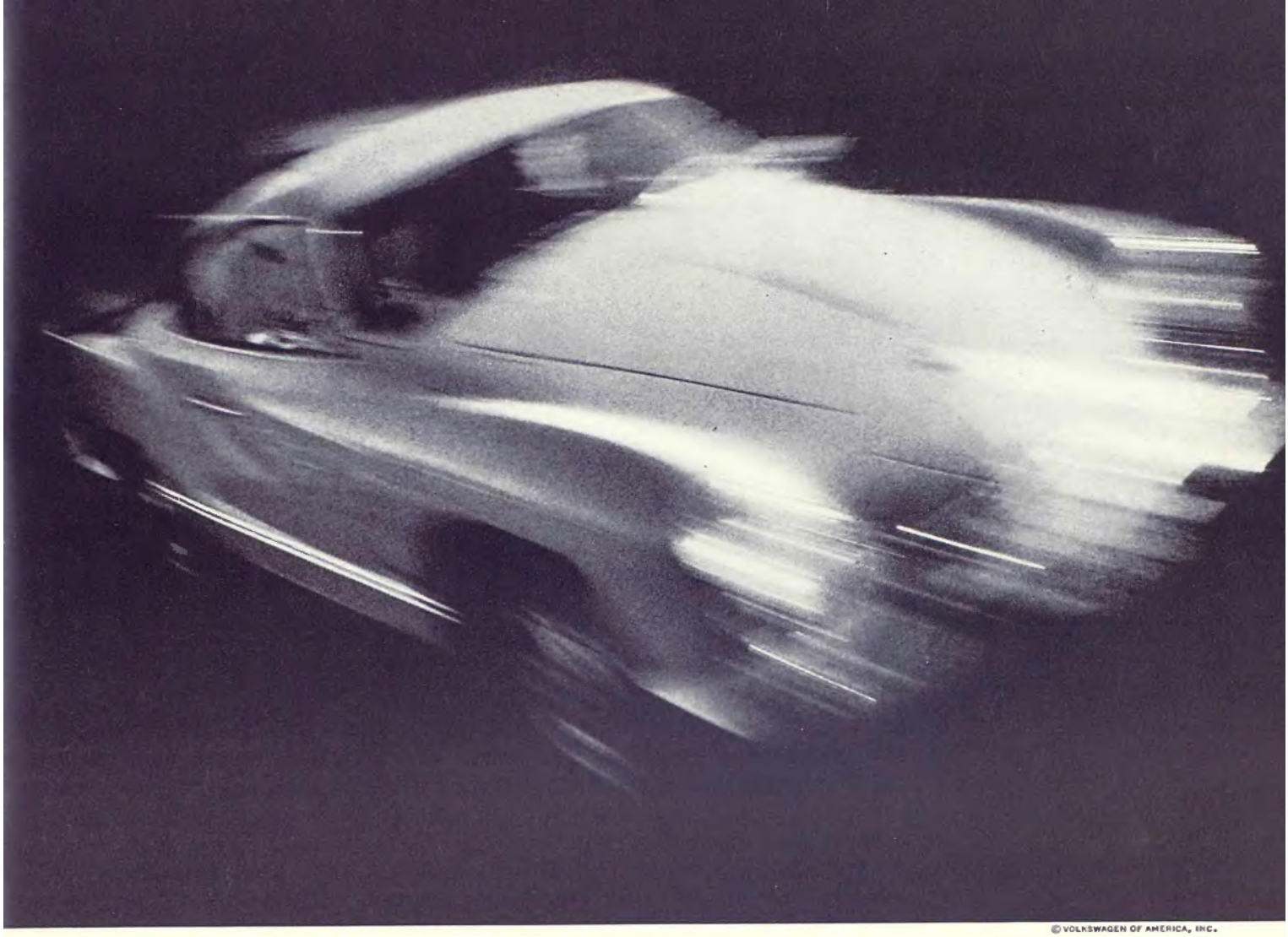

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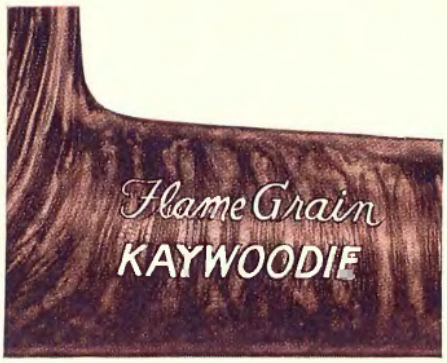

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instructor—Ted and Alice are in orbit, puffing pot, waging the battle of the sexes armed with flaccid jargon about "truth" and "insight." The case against couples who supply a textbook answer for everything is overstated but nonetheless hilarious, particularly when Ted (Barbra Streisand's estranged husband, Elliott Gould, a marvelously sheepish exponent of the new morality) and Alice (the former Mrs. Cary Grant, kittenish Dyan Cannon, coming into her own as a movie comedienne) start nailing down laughs in a memorable man-*vs.*-wife bedroom encounter. "Do you want to do it just like that, with no feeling on my part?" asks Alice. To which her bridling spouse swiftly responds, "Yeah." Impudent, iconoclastic and, by all odds, the most recklessly original American comedy so far this year, *B & C & T & A* lures its foursome onto moral quicksand only to leave them marooned on a bedrock of sad, solid truth.

•

Sky divers swooping and soaring through the lower atmosphere like human kites lend special fascination to ***The Gypsy Moths,*** which begins and ends brilliantly. The key aerial-ballet sequences bring out the best in director John Frankenheimer, who knows how to use documentary detail as muscle for an action film, whether he has his eye on the sky or on the earthbound manners and mortal fears of three barnstorming professional jumpers. Burt Lancaster, Scott Wilson and Gene Hackman play the sky-diving trio, and they are excellent until Frankenheimer grounds them in a poky Midwestern town, where they have to deal with playwright William Hanley's turgid adaptation of the novel by James Drought. It's the story of a mediocre American family so bored by bourgeois moneygrubbing that a little hell breaks loose when three virile adventurers bed down in the spare rooms. While Wilson makes shy overtures to a pretty collegiate boarder (Bonnie Bedelia), Lancaster makes it with the lady of the house (Deborah Kerr), a clubwoman type whose uneventful marriage is enlivened by occasional indiscretions. The way these ill-met strangers behave—eyes fixed in the distance as if to see where destiny will lead them, every casual word uttered as if it might be a matter of life or death—one almost expects a Greek-style tragedy to shape up on the screened porch. Among the film's emptier pretensions is a high school band (or Greek chorus?) that never stops rehearsing. Only when the heroes pack their troubles into their 'chutes and head out to the local airfield does *Moths* gain altitude as drama.

•

Take the Money and Run follows the unlikely career of a would-be bank robber, a lonely and confused poor boy from the slums, who is ostracized at an early age "for committing an unnatural act with a beaver." Later, when luckless Virgil Starkwell attempts to hold up a pet shop, his plot is foiled by a gorilla; his first big bank job goes awry because the threatening note he hands to the teller contains so many misspelled words. The rest of Virgil's existence is a futile round of status seeking—he yearns to see his picture in post offices—and conflicting loyalties to his cello, to a life of crime and to a girl named Louise (Janet Margolin), who loves him for himself. Even a cursory glance at *Take the Money*'s plot betrays the flippant hand of Woody Allen, whose chores as director, co-author and star allow him to fondle all the old saws of those gangster classics that Humphrey Bogart and Jimmy Cagney used to play for real. As a satirist, Woody is sometimes sloppy or just sophomoric: having an unctuous narrator preside over his hero's biography in resonant *March of Time* style can hardly be called a hip trend of humor—yet he manages to save his format about half the time by walking through it like a depraved, myopic troll. Few second-rate movies are blessed with such assets as witty Woody himself, portraying a crook so committed to better education that he has his son tutored while on the lam in a bullet-spattered getaway car.

•

If nothing else, ***Staircase*** should restore the faith of cynics who thought that the casting people had to be kidding when Richard Burton and Rex Harrison—two gents whose ways with women are legendary—were signed to play the leads in English playwright Charles Dyer's drama about a pair of aging, pathetic homos, "married" 30 years and apparently trapped for life in their barbershop in a seedy London suburb. The doubters overlooked what major talent can do for a minor work, and *Staircase* is measurably better on film than it was on the stage. Burton as Harry, his bald head wrapped in gauze and lips forever pursed, as if awaiting his cue to recite the woes of a disillusioned *Hausfrau*, delivers a performance of surprising poignancy. Harrison is showier but equally true as Charlie, the errant mate who conceals his dependency behind a barrage of insults, dwelling on dubious past achievements as husband, father and bit actor while he faces a morals charge for going out in drag. Loneliness, waning hopes and fear of old age are the ties that bind this odd couple. The movie deepens their predicament by broadening it to include scenes in the straight world, where they are exiles, as well as scenes with their senile old mums—Harry's (veteran character actress Cathleen Nesbitt) wailing and soiling her bedsheets in a room upstairs, Charlie's prattling brainlessly in an asylum. The scenario by Dyer and the direction by Stanley Donen rely rather heavily on the explicit message that there is a universal

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need for people to build staircases, presumably to continue the uphill climb through life itself. Well, all right. A movie so strong in the essentials of compassion and humor deserves an indulgence or two; and this dual tour de force ought to banish permanently the taboo on she-man roles for important actors.

•

MGM's biography of ***Alfred the Great*** is a kind of early-primitive *Camelot*, with David Hemmings starred as the progressive 22-year-old Saxon king of Wessex, who stood against the Danish invaders in the bad old days (circa 871 A.D.) when royal palaces were apt to be rude huts of mud and timber. Hewing all too closely to the promise that Alfred would be neither "an epic in the traditional sense of the word" nor "an intense psychological drama," director Clive Donner—in league with scenarists Ken Taylor and James R. Webb—has substituted a middlebrow historical saga that ends up in a cultural limbo somewhere between *Ben-Hur* and *Becket*. Except for several conventional battle scenes, its grandest effect is the sight of those long Viking ships sailing through sun and mist like predatory birds on quiet English streams. To personalize the complexity of the scholarly warrior-king Alfred, the screenplay devotes an occasional paragraph to his passion for law and social order. But in Hemmings, Alfred's idealism seems mostly verbal compared with his puritan hang-ups regarding the love of God *vs.* his lust for battle and for his susceptible queen, Aelhswith (Prunella Ransome), who is taken hostage and seduced by the Danish conqueror (Michael York). Their broadly played round of royal unfaithfulness is the one element of the movie that really works. And it might have worked better if the writers had been a little less conscientious about adding a fillip of historical significance to every remark uttered by Viking, peasant, bandit or king, all of whom sound oddly reluctant to speak off the record.

•

Still costumed, David Hemmings tackles a dual role, playing one highly proper and one highly improper Victorian in ***The Best House in London***, which is all about a civic-spirited project for taking fallen women off the streets and installing them in an elegant bordello in Belgravia, under her Majesty's very nose. Surrounded by heaving bosoms and hot breath, Hemmings looks more at home as a young prude of bastard birth than in his secondary incarnation as a nasal, ruthless libertine who creates traffic jams along the road to ruin. Assisting him one way or another are lissome Joanna Pettet, as an heiress bent on social reform, and George Sanders, as a lusty old rake with substantial income from an opium plantation. Characters identified as Dickens, Swinburne, Tennyson and Lord Alfred Douglas also pop up from time to time, always in archly compromising situations, which should indicate the quality of the humor devised by scenarist Denis Norden and directed by Philip Saville. Both delight in naughty behavior, but their wickedness tends toward the witless, a collection of japes for the amusement of mischievous schoolboys. Amid the busy period decor, we even noted a crazy irrelevant dirigible and some torture devices manned by a gang of murderous Chinese. The comedy's choicest snatch of dialog falls to a character who sagely observes, "This will set adultery back fifty years."

•

Three minuscule Mini-Cooper automobiles deliver the only performances worth watching in ***The Italian Job***, another prefabricated comedy about a caper alleged to be "the greatest robbery of the 20th Century." Fleeing with millions in gold bullion from Turin, Italy—where a horrendous traffic jam has been prearranged—the Mini-Coopers escape via gardens and churches and, no fooling, over the rooftops, crossing rivers, plunging into shoppers' arcades and rooting through sewers toward safety in Switzerland. At the climax of the chase, Michael Caine and his cohorts are trapped with their loot in a large blue bus, hung precariously over the edge of an Alp, à la Charlie Chaplin in *The Gold Rush*. "Hang on, lads, I've got a great idea," Caine promises, and the movie ends right there, earning instant distinction as one of the shaggiest cop-outs in the history of cinema. We are ready to bet that director Peter Collinson—short of ideas on which to base any film at all—acquired *Italian Job* in a model kit containing one male sex symbol (Caine), one girl with a wardrobe of minidresses who knows how to jump in and out of cars (Maggie Blye does it very nicely), one city map of a town not often invaded by film crews, and one old-time star (Noel Coward, by Thespis) to add class to the occasion. All that's needed thereafter is a single new gimmick—in this case, the traffic jam with midget automobiles—and you've got yourself a comedy at least as memorable as . . . uh, whaddayacallit. Remember? What's-his-name was in it. About some guys planning this big heist. . . .

•

Filming ***The Madwoman of Chaillot*** amid microskirts and shiny cars in the heart of modern Paris merely accentuates the fact that time has taken its toll on Jean Giraudoux' virtuoso comedy (written in 1945) about a delightfully dotty old woman who saves Paris—and seemingly the world—from evil by luring a half-dozen master knaves into the sewers beneath her house. The insidious scheme she foils would have transformed the city into an oil field, with ugly derricks pumping black gold into the pockets of the rich. The whole idea sounds rather

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naïve today, a simplistic conceit that pits poets, peddlers, jugglers and innocent working girls against moguls, computers and pimps. Director Bryan (*King Rat*) Forbes apparently saw his chance to make a big movie full of cameo performances by stars, thereby demonstrating the sort of economic overkill Giraudoux was protesting. Charles Boyer, Danny Kaye, Edith Evans, Margaret Leighton, Giulietta Masina, Yul Brynner, Donald Pleasence, Richard Chamberlain and Nanette Newman (the director's wife) are among the players supporting Katharine Hepburn, who plays the title role with eyes brim full of tears but can never quite make her brittle Yankee spirit bend to the occasion. "The world is not beautiful, the world is not happy? Why wasn't I told?" cries Katie, sounding more like a purposeful New England schoolmistress than a heavily rouged old jade whose taste runs to nonexistent lovers and feather boas. Lyric photography by Claude Renoir and Burnett Guffey lends a nice ramshackle quality to the film's sumptuous settings, but just to look pretty isn't enough for *The Madwoman*. What age has not withered, Forbes destroys.

•

A world-famous painter who has lost his zest and seeks renewal on a tropic isle suggests a tired, familiar pattern in movie heroes. The cliché yields some surprisingly fresh moments, though, in ***Age of Consent***, adapted (by Peter Yeldham) from a 1938 novel by Australia's venerable author-artist Norman Lindsay, and filmed on and around the Great Barrier Reef off the northeast coast of Queensland. James Mason, joined as coproducer by director Michael Powell, demonstrates his still-growing skills as an actor by playing the hackneyed starring role with strong humor and pungency. But *Consent* is superior on all counts to the ordinary run of star vehicles. For here, the star is the setting itself—a little-known, achingly beautiful corner of the world inhabited by a set of bizarre characters whose quirks and foibles divert attention from the scenery more often than one might anticipate. Among the liveliest contributors of local color are Ireland's Jack MacGowran, in a fabulously funny performance as an impecunious gambler and lecher who invades Mason's island paradise, and 22-year-old Helen Mirren of England's Royal Shakespeare Company—a lusty wildflower who looks, in the nude, like something Gauguin might have painted if Gauguin had preferred blondes. Director Powell approaches the story with effortless grace, treating human aspirations as just another aspect of the awesome, rhythmic natural phenomena between sea and sky.

•

John Huston regains a glimmer of his old form in ***A Walk with Love and Death***, starring two well-connected newcomers —his daughter, Anjelica Huston, and Assaf Dayan (son of Israel's defense minister, Moshe Dayan). Director Huston himself takes an avuncular role as a progressive feudal chieftain. The screenplay by Dale Wasserman from Hans Koningsberger's tale of a pair of ill-starred lovers enduring the cruelty of class wars in the Middle Ages is hardly the equal of *Romeo and Juliet*—but the film has some things going for it. The quality of the color photography is subdued and smoky, like a lost masterwork rescued for posterity, a tapestry stained with the heinous deeds of rebellious peasants and knights in armor who think nothing of quartering a man with four horses. There is little dramatic urgency in the plight of an aristocratic maiden and her self-appointed protector, the vagabond student who takes her in tow; yet Huston explores their courtly, tentative relationship with considerable feeling and delicacy—as if he cared enough, at least, to make *Love and Death* an acceptable debut for Anjelica, whose pallid beauty doesn't quite spring to life on film but might well have inspired a portrait by Rogier van der Weyden. As for young Dayan, his aquiline profile and romantic intensity overwhelm any suspicion that his presence in the movie is simply a casting gimmick. When his lady in distress declares, "Desire is beautiful only if you do not stoop to it," Dayan's male perplexity adds a nice touch to what too often resembles an illustrated lecture by Professor Huston on the decline and fall of feudalism.

•

According to ***La Chamade*** (*Heartbeat*), a lady who yearns to change one lover for another among the glittering *haut monde* of Paris may suffer fewer qualms than she would in switching dressmakers. That, at least, is the way of the world made familiar by Françoise Sagan, whose novels might smack of pulp romance if anyone else had written them. In this coolly sophisticated adaptation of her own work, Sagan finds an ally in Catherine Deneuve, the French cinema's legendary beauty, who leaves the legend alone and delivers a beguilingly animated performance, her best since *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. Temperamentally unsuited to work, and rather fond of having gentlemen shower her—literally —with champagne and other luxuries, the capricious heroine deserts her wealthy middle-aged paramour (Michel Piccoli) for a poetic, impoverished young chap (Roger Van Hool) employed as a publisher's assistant. They pass a pleasant summer "eating and evacuating and fornicating and sitting in the sun with Faulkner," but then autumn comes and the lad decides his beloved ought to be doing something useful during the daylight hours. At this point, romance buckles under the pressures of money, infidelity, alcohol and abortion. While Sagan's characters occupy a somewhat special niche

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in the scheme of things, they fill the space around them with the heady bouquet of VSOP cognac and expensive perfume. *La Chamade*'s pleasures are spare, but just try to take your eyes off Deneuve—in a collection of vines by Yves St. Laurent—getting deliciously stoned and sensual on the beach at St.-Tropez.

•

For culturally underprivileged folk who have yet to visit their campaign headquarters on the West Coast, ***A Session with The Committee*** serves as a firsthand introduction to a cell of San Francisco satirists with unkind words for practically everybody. Filmed before a live audience in prefaded color and recorded in cacophonic sound, the show can't properly be called a movie at all. It's a canned revue, featuring eight stinging gadflies, two of them women, whose views of the world tend to be wild, woolly and fiercely committed to the collective consciousness of the under-30 generation. Among the 18 sketches at hand, a few pop away at such battered targets as TV quiz shows, Dale Carnegie success courses and Leonard Bernstein's folk concerts for the very young. The rest of the material—which ranges from insane to inspired—sabotages the *status quo* under such titles as "Housewives' Pot" and "Black Like Me," in which a highly articulate Negro (Melvin Stewart) teaches a white friend (Peter Bonerz) the rudiments of walking, talking and thinking with soul. "Blind Date" plays irreverently on the reactions of a horny cat who is informed by his date that she literally cannot see. And there's a hilarious bit about two staid businessmen in a reception room, who begin nervously tapping their briefcases and are soon pounding out passionate rhythms worthy of one of Ravi Shankar's *tabla* accompanists. Any reasonably civilized malcontent should find something here to lift his spirits.

•

"The ever-popular war game—complete with songs, battles and a few jokes," promises an amiable emcee (Joe Melia) who obligingly strews crimson poppies while the casualties mount in ***Oh! What a Lovely War.*** The movie version of England's lively-deadly anti-war show—a compilation of grand old tunes, staggering World War One statistics and theatrical magic—occasionally delivers even more than it promises, though it is also diffuse and repetitious compared to the production originally staged for London and Broadway by Joan Littlewood. Taking over the producer-director chores on film, Richard Attenborough shows such unrestrained enthusiasm in his directorial debut that the movie runs well over two hours, which is at least a half hour too long for playing variations on the ironic theme stated in the title. Scene by scene, though, *Lovely War* (for which, oddly, no writer receives credit) succeeds as a colorful, sardonic,

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Sunnyvale ..... Freeman's Sport Center
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Walnut Creek ..... Collier's Sports Village

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often moving document about the ways in which nations ruled by corrupt old men contrive to decimate innocent youth. To make the movie's message palatable, World War One begins in a latticed seaside pavilion at Brighton, where the crowned heads of Europe plan mass destruction in the most civilized manner while marching bands play, balloons go up and a decent, symbolic British family named Smith hurries along the quay to catch the biggest show of them all. War, according to the ricky-ticky songs and recruiting slogans that soon take over the screen, is a bloody damned picnic from which five of the Smith boys never come home. It also turns out to be a surreal circus, with the action flowing from pierside to command posts, camps for the wounded and muddy trenches in no man's land. The cast mustered for *Lovely War* suggests that the entire theatrical profession of Britain took up the movie as a pet cause. Five knights (Sirs Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Michael Redgrave, John Gielgud and John Clements) are on hand, along with such yet untitled members of the theatrical nobility as Vanessa Redgrave, John Mills, Dirk Bogarde and Susannah York. Unforgettable moments tend to jam up throughout, but nothing can beat Maggie Smith's showstopping turn as a music-hall singer who urges lightsome lads to become brave enlisted men with a ribald ballad, *We Don't Want to Lose You*, keeping her deadly whore's smile a secret until the sergeant major takes his victims in tow. Best of the show are the sequences set to aggressively cheerful music—troops singing bawdy parodies of hymns during solemn religious ceremonies before the holocaust resumes, or a detail of mass-grave diggers who seem fond of a ditty called *The Bells of Hell Go Ting-a-ling-a-ling—for You, but Not for Me*. Sumptuously photographed to resemble a lacy vintage valentine with a border of black, this ranks as the most enthralling movie musical ever conceived in cold blood.

RECORDINGS

Not that anyone has ever doubted it, but Barbra Streisand proves she's very much with it on the young-in-heart ***What About Today*** (Columbia; also available on stereo tape). There are items by Burt Bacharach and Hal David, Lennon and McCartney, Paul Simon, Buffy Sainte-Marie and Jim Webb, which should give you some idea of what Miss Streisand has in mind. Peter Matz, Don Costa and Michel Legrand have taken care of the arrangements and Barbra has taken care of the rest.

•

The instrumental title number of ***Concerto in B Goode*** (Mercury; also available on stereo tape) finds a double-tracked Chuck Berry rocking at breakneck speed for almost 19 minutes in what may be considered *the* definitive rock-'n'-roll performance. The flip side contains four down-home blues, including *It's Too Dark in There*, a sly seduction song that makes good use of stereo.

•

Jimmy Smith, who makes his Hammond do everything but cook dinner, has a kindred soul buddy in guitarist George Benson, the heir apparent to the late Wes Montgomery's crown. On ***The Boss*** (Verve; also available on stereo tape), the two are closer than the pages in their book. With an assist from stalwart drummer Donald Bailey, they go through a couple of Smith originals, the Bacharach now-standard *This Guy's in Love with You* and the hoary *Tuxedo Junction*. Smith has the spotlight all to himself on an aptly titled *Fingers*, but the high points are when the Messrs. Jimmy and George do the Damon and Pythias bit.

•

For ***Doing His Thing*** (Tangerine; also available on stereo tape), Ray Charles was presented with ten hard-hitting r&b tunes, all written or co-authored by young Jimmy Lewis, and R. C. has come up with his most energetic and soulful release in years; even the rhythm section seems to have been inspired, since it lays down an irresistible groove on *The Same Thing That Can Make You Laugh (Can Make You Cry)*, *You Ought to Change Your Ways* and *If It Wasn't for Bad Luck*.

•

A *Who's Who* of Nashville cats play their hearts out on Jerry Jeff Walker's ***Five Years Gone*** (Atco; also available on stereo tape), and their efforts are not misplaced; for while the prolific troubadour's voice retains its homespun quality, his muse seems to get progressively more profound. The set includes 11 new ballads of love and travel, plus the original "drunken recording" of *Mr. Bojangles*, taped live on radio station WBAI in New York.

•

A Time for Us (RCA; also available on stereo tape), Jack Jones' latest offering, is a study in contrasts. There's the lush title tune, crafted out of the sound track from *Romeo and Juliet*, the grabby *I'll Never Fall in Love Again* and a poignant tone poem, *Home*. On the other hand, we have a country-and-western disaster, *Isn't It Lonely Together*, an archetypally lachrymose excursion into the mawkish clichés of the idiom, and a god-awful Gospelish effort, *The Last Seven Days*. The recording has more pluses than minuses, however, and the good songs are very good.

•

Peter Schickele, who has put together Bach concert put-ons, serious stuff and the music for that nude awakening, *Oh! Calcutta!*, shows another string in his bow on ***Good-Time Ticket*** (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape), a highly satisfying instrumental recording that has a

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•

The Atlantic soul sound rolls on like a tidal wave, even though some of its foremost exponents haven't yet gotten the recognition they deserve. Blind bluesman Clarence Carter gets big-beat backing for his virile baritone on ***Testifyin'*** (also available on stereo tape); highlights include the country-and-western tune *Bad News*, the superfunky *Doin' Our Thing* and Carter's down-home monolog on *Making Love (At the Dark End of the Street)*. ***Buying a Book*** finds songwriter Joe Tex—whose style partakes of both Nashville and Memphis—dramatizing such varied subjects as May–December courtship (the title tune), small-town gossip (*Anything You Wanna Know*) and good old Southern grandmothers who carry on valiantly in the face of abysmal poverty (*Grandma Mary*).

•

Roger Miller (Smash; also available on stereo tape) showcases the whimsical balladeer whose gift for making a good story seem real bridges the gap between the country and the city. Miller's voice is persuasive, whether applied to a ditty about love (*Swiss Cottage Place*), booze (*The Best of All Possible Worlds*) or the brain-rattling pace of modern technosociety (*Boeing Boeing 707*).

•

Named and packaged far too modestly, the ***Haryou Percussion Group*** (ESP-Disk), sponsored by Harlem's youth organization HAR-YOU ACT, is a fiery Latin-jazz ensemble with surprisingly mature soloists and an uncompromising rhythm section. The 15 members of the group, all between 16 and 19 years old, deserve as much exposure as they can get.

•

Grady Tate's a fine jazz drummer. He's also a singer who's too much. You can catch his big, full-bodied voice on a new LP, ***Feeling Life*** (Skye; also available on stereo tape), that's filled with good sounds, particularly those on *My Ship*, *Lost in the Stars* and *Poor Butterfly*. Tate has a concert-sized orchestra behind him and what looks like a big future as a vocalist in front of him.

•

When the chips are down, most experts will agree that George Szell's Cleveland Orchestra is without peer in the world today. Philadelphia may claim lusher strings and Vienna plummier brass; but for all-round excellence, the Clevelanders prevail. Their special glories—a fastidious sense of precision and a delicate balance of timbres—are impressively documented in their latest release, ***Mozart Serenades*** (Columbia), devoted to his *Posthorn Serenade No. 9* and *Eine kleine*

Nachtmusik. Under Szell's knowledgeable and subtly inflected direction, the orchestra negotiates these joyful, pellucid masterpieces with almost superhuman expertise and control. It's highly unlikely that Mozart's limpid melodies and succulent harmonies could ever have been delineated with such impeccable beauty in 18th Century Salzburg.

•

A happy case of collaboration is ***Sunshower*** (Dunhill; also available on stereo tape), on which the elaborately structured songs of Jimmy Webb—including the title tune, *Pocketful of Keys* and *Didn't We*—meet the many-splendored voice of Thelma Houston. Webb's ever-schmaltzier productions are best taken in small doses, however; and in the future, we'd like to hear Miss Houston apply her soulful sound to a greater variety of material.

•

It may sound unlikely, but we had no difficulty at all digesting Arif Mardin's ***Glass Onion*** (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), an instrumental set that shows off the skills of an extremely deft arranger. Assisted by some sure-fingered musicians, Mardin gives a Middle Eastern flavor to the Rascals' *How Can I Be Sure*, bestows a taste of country twang on the Lennon-McCartney title opus and gets into an appropriately funky bag for *Midnight Walk* and *Strange Brew*.

•

Bobby Bryant / The Jazz Excursion into Hair (World Pacific Jazz; also available on stereo tape) shows that the music from that love-rock songfest doesn't need any words to get its message across. Bryant's ebullient trumpet/Flügelhorn forays are right in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, as are the charts of conductor Shorty Rogers, who leads an all-star team that includes pianist Joe Sample, trombonist Bobby Brookmeyer and flutist Bud Shank. Be assured that this takeout on *Hair* contains no greasy kid stuff.

•

Two out-of-sight rock groups, one expected and the other from left field, are ***Blind Faith*** and ***Blues Image*** (both Atco; also available on stereo tape). Faith combines the talents of Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker (late of Cream) with those of Stevie Winwood (Traffic) and Rick Grech. They unleash a dense, probing country-rock sound on Buddy Holly's *Well All Right*; Baker's *Do What You Like* becomes an extended jam in 5/4 time. Winwood's voice is heard to best advantage on his own *Can't Find My Way Home*, which uses minimal amplification. Blues Image, sparked by youthful singer-guitarist Mike Pinera, makes its debut with a thoroughly convincing program of Latin-flavored blues and hard rock; highlights include *Outside Was Night, Somethin' to Say* and *Reality Does Not Inspire*.

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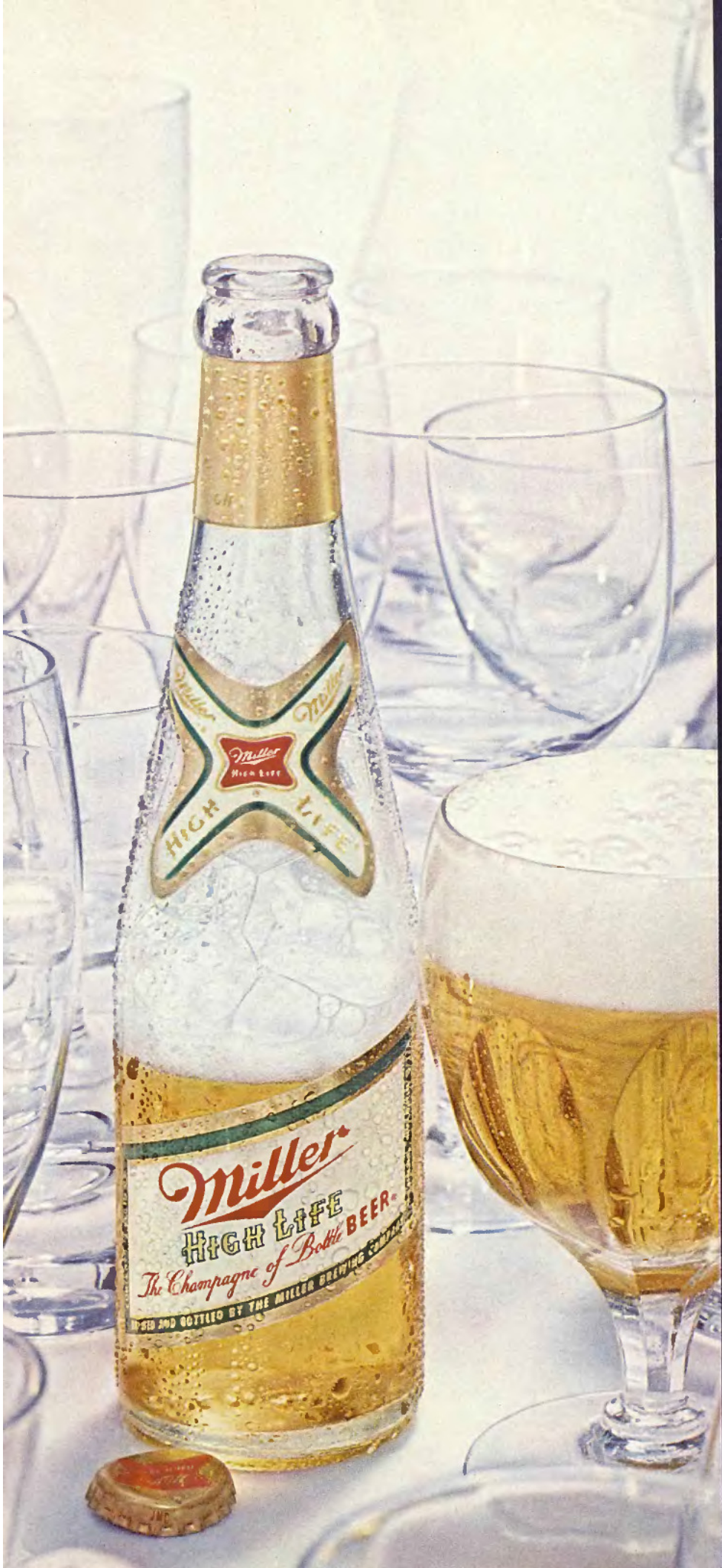

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A few months ago, I was introduced to a very sexy and beautiful girl. Since then, we've gone to bed together numerous times and we both enjoy it very much. The problem is that although she's great in bed, she's really kind of a bore out of it. So I'm in a situation where in bed she turns me on and out of it she turns me off. But very. This makes for a rather shallow relationship and I don't know what to do about it.—B. R., Los Angeles, California.

What's the problem? If she turns you off, turn her out, gently, reminding yourself, as you do, that man cannot live by bed alone.

I'll be taking my first vacation abroad next spring and I plan to visit four or five European capitals during my month-long stay. Do you recommend local sightseeing tours, or are they strictly for yahoos? And if I do take one, what about the language barrier?—T. R., Memphis, Tennessee.

On a first visit, a guided city tour can be worth your while. It will provide a general impression of the place and help you spot the sights and areas you may wish to revisit later at your own pace. There is no language problem, since most European guides are multilingual. One tip: Unless you're Pa Kettle, avoid night-club tours like the plague. They're almost as deadly, and you'll probably have to share your table with Ma.

During my junior and senior years at college, I have been dating a beautiful redheaded coed and I think we're really in love. Yet, many things we do together —even seeing a movie—are ruined by our constant arguing. During summer vacation, when we were apart, we missed each other terribly and wrote every day. Neither of us has any desire to date others, but when we're together we seem to almost enjoy hurting each other. The whole thing confuses me and I'm wondering if this is normal behavior; that is, should we consider it a problem?—F. L., Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Yes. It might be considered at the least an indication that neither of you is emotionally comfortable in a close and meaningful relationship. Our advice would be to lower the tensions by seeing less of each other for a while and broadening your dating experience. More than hurting each other, each of you is hurting himself by trying to force a relationship that is not yet mutually acceptable.

I quit smoking more than two years ago, convinced that cigarettes were a serious hazard to my health. And while I don't wish to nag others about their devotion to tobacco, I don't care to encourage them, either. My problem, then, is this: Am I committing a breach of etiquette if I fail to light a young lady's cigarette? Also, if she runs out of her favorite brand on a date, am I expected to buy her another pack? It seems to me that chivalry in this respect is more harmful than helpful, but several of my friends (all heavy smokers) disagree.—M. W., Bryan, Texas.

Your personal beliefs about smoking don't alter your responsibility as a gentleman. The girl obviously had made her own decision regarding cigarettes, and so you should provide a flicker for your flame. As for replenishing her supply, you are, indeed, expected to do so; but there's nothing to stop you from courteously combining this replenishment with some low-key missionary work.

My boyfriend's protective attitude toward me is taking all the fun out of our relationship. I want to go to bed with him and have let him know it. He, however, insists that we mustn't do that, because it would hurt me. He says sex has a different meaning for a girl than for a boy, that once we had intercourse I would develop a deep and permanent emotional commitment to him that he isn't in a position to reciprocate. How can I convince the know-it-all that I'm the best judge of what I want?—Miss C. B., Bakersfield, California.

In this double-standard world we inhabit, what he says may be partially true —at least for him. It's also possible that your boyfriend may be projecting his own fears of sex onto you. Try a little more mutual, frank discussion of these conflicting ideas and, if neither of you can bend, then you should consider breaking off the relationship to seek another that is more fulfilling. That's one of the main things dating is all about.

I was driving through New England between late summer and early fall, and stopped at a country inn, from whence I made excursions into farm country. One day, I struck up a conversation with that authentic article, a word-sparing Vermont farmer. When I commented on the fine weather, he said "Yep," then took out his watch, looked at it and seemed to be listening to something. After a pause, he said, "Just about 74 degrees." I drove on to a gas station, and the thermometer on the wall read exactly 74 degrees. For

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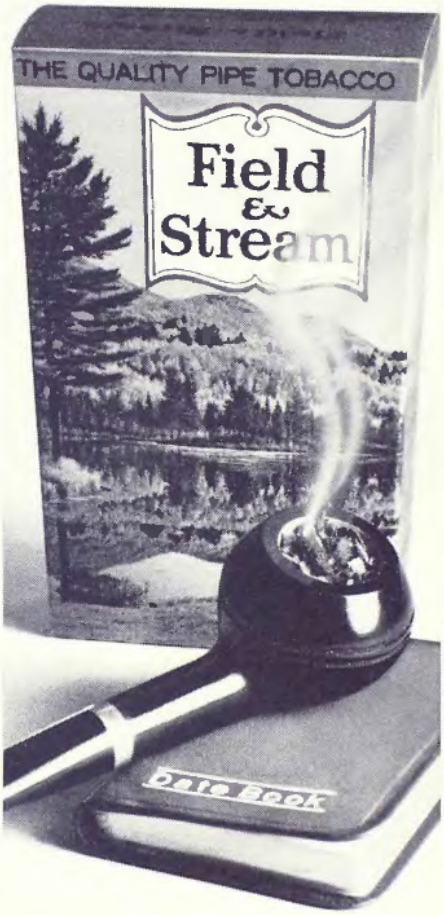

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the next few days, I drove out to visit the same farmer and we became fairly friendly. I also had an opportunity to verify his uncanny ability to tell the temperature, in a period when it ranged from the low 50s to the mid-80s. Plead as I would, he'd never tell me how he did it, though he said it was a trick he'd learned from the crickets. He claimed they "told" him the temperature, and when I scoffed, he just laughed at me as if he knew something I didn't. Did he? —D. P. L., New York, New York.

Yep, probably. Crickets chirp faster, the warmer the weather. Time the number of chirps in 15 seconds, add 37, and you'll come very close to the actual temperature. (It doesn't work in cold weather, though, dang it.)

Do you think sexual liberalism can be overdone? For several years now, I've been sleeping regularly with a wide variety of girls, scoring at least once with each chick in my circle of acquaintances and making it with casual pickups whenever I've had some time on my hands. In bed, I always aim for one or more repeat performances, plugging away until my body finally ceases to respond. The outcome (if you'll excuse the term) is that I really don't seem to get much enjoyment out of intercourse anymore; it's become more of a chore than a pleasure—at best, a means of physical release. I can't help thinking that, perhaps, I'm becoming jaded, and that if I had a more restrictive, puritanical attitude toward sex, I'd enjoy it more.—S. J., Baltimore, Maryland.

Any resemblance between your compulsiveness and a genuinely liberal sexual philosophy is purely coincidental. It's one thing to remove puritan hangups and inhibitions that frustrate the natural enjoyment of sex; it's quite another to turn sex into a continual quest for a record-breaking number of partners, erections and ejaculations. Indeed, this preoccupation with scoring has a puritan flavor all its own; to you, sex has become a burdensome duty—probably a way of proving your manhood—just as abstinence is a duty with those who lobby for anti-sex laws. We suggest that you try being more selective in choosing future bedmates, and that you postpone your next sexual encounter until you've found a girl with whom you're willing—and able—to relax and enjoy.

As a newlywed, I'm a bit puzzled over the best way to introduce my wife to my boss. Do I use Mrs., which sounds a bit stiff, or should I introduce her by her first name, which might seem too informal?—D. J., Carbondale, Illinois.

Simply say, "Mr. Smith, I'd like you to meet my wife, Sally," or "Mr. Smith, this is my wife, Sally."

The term male prostitute appears frequently in ads, books and magazine articles, and I'm unclear as to its precise meaning. Are a male prostitute's customers women or men?—S. D., Los Alamos, New Mexico.

The patrons may be of either sex, but the term generally refers to the seller of sexual services to male homosexuals.

I've noticed the designation CHARMAT PROCESS on a bottle of low-priced domestic champagne. What does it mean?—L. K., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Charmat process means bulk process, a relatively fast and cheap way of making sparkling wines. Instead of following the traditional champagne method, in which the wine is fermented slowly in bottles, the producer ferments the bubbly-to-be in large tanks and bottles it under pressure. In France, it may not be called champagne; U. S. law is more lenient.

After two years of marriage, I'm still confronted with a problem I thought would have passed by now. My husband wants me to wear nylon stockings and a garter belt all the time—even when we go to bed and have sex. They really turn him on and he likes to look at and feel my legs, which is well and good; but the problem is that he won't have sex with me unless I'm in uniform. Should I go on pleasing him in this manner, or should I try to do something about it? It's beginning to make me feel strange. —Mrs. M. L. F., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Whatever problem exists lies in the fact that this is the only sexual road your husband will travel. Let him know your feelings of being in uniform and suggest that, to preserve your dignity as an individual, you'd like to try some other pathways. If you still find him unswerving, try to arrange a mutual visit to a qualified marriage counselor.

I'm an artist and have recently taken up 16mm moviemaking as a hobby. I go in for experimental stuff, and many people who have seen my films say it's too bad I can't get a larger audience. Is there any way I can have my films distributed on a regional or national basis and earn enough to pay for some of my production costs?—S. A., Tucson, Arizona.

A number of organizations help film makers to circulate their movies at their own prices and terms. Generally, the owner receives 75 percent of the rental, with the balance going to the distributor. Try the Canyon Cinema Cooperative (the group nearest you), 756 Union Street, in San Francisco, and ask for their catalog, which lists similar co-ops in the U. S. and Canada.

While all the information I've seen states that masturbation is harmless for men, I've found very little in print about its effects on women. I am 20 years old and masturbate quite regularly. When I masturbate, I always have an orgasm, but this is not always true when I have intercourse. My main concern is this: Does this practice make me less responsive to my boyfriend when we make love?—Miss O. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Attitude is the main factor that determines the effect masturbation has on an individual. According to information provided by Masters and Johnson, masturbation, practiced without guilt to satisfy sexual needs, tends to facilitate, rather than inhibit, sexual responsiveness. When the imaginative recall or projection (fantasy) that accompanies masturbation bears sufficient resemblance to reality and conforms to the individual's personal needs and values, she'll probably find that achieving orgasm in this way will make it easier for her to respond during intercourse. Of course, if her fantasies are out of context with her experience and opportunities—violent rape, for example—and she becomes dependent on these aberrant fantasies, she may find it difficult to relate to her mate during intercourse.

Moreover, a woman's dependence on a certain technique of self-stimulation may sometimes interfere with total sexual interaction with a partner. This can be overcome if she freely communicates her desires during intercourse and if her partner and the time and place of the act are thoroughly in accord with her preferences.

You are not unusual in finding masturbation more reliable than coitus in producing orgasm. When stimulating herself, a woman can apply exactly the type of caress she prefers. In intercourse, she obviously has less immediate control; she may also have to overcome fear and guilt based on the lingering puritan ethic in our culture, as well as fear of failing to have an orgasm and thereby disappointing both herself and her partner. But intercourse can become just as reliable as a woman becomes conditioned to it, and rids herself of various inhibiting anxieties.

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

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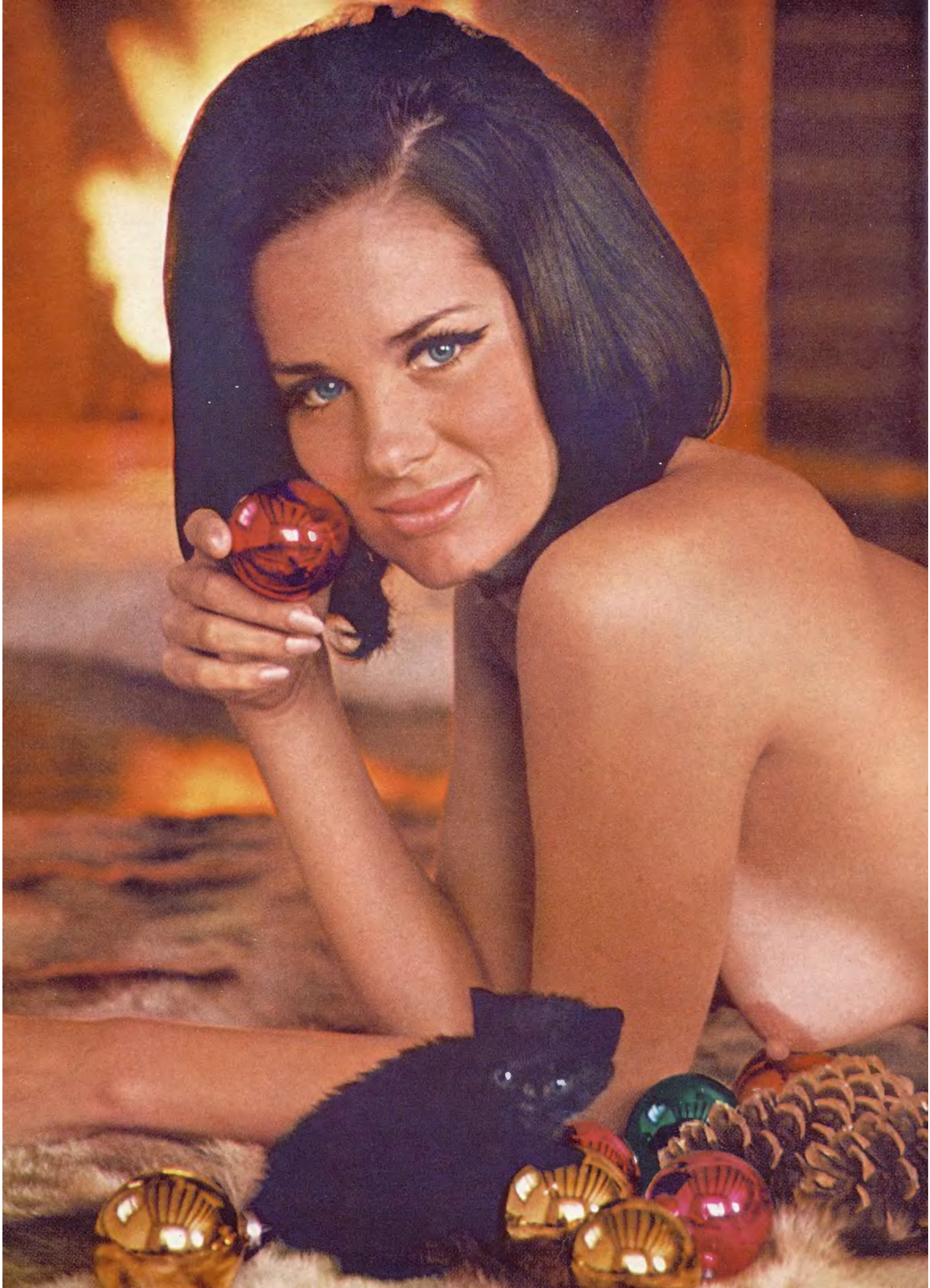

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

CLERICAL ATONEMENT

In the August *Playboy Forum*, a letter by William J. Draper quoted me as claiming that Hugh Hefner once said, "To me, a woman is like a bottle of pop. When it's empty, I throw it away." Mr. Draper asked if the quote were accurate and you, quite properly, said it was not.

I have checked my files and found that the source of my remark was a debate between Dr. William Banowsky and Mr. Anson Mount of PLAYBOY Public Affairs. In the debate, Dr. Banowsky said, not that Hefner had made the remark, but that he, Banowsky, suspected Hefner *thought* that way.

My attribution of these words to Hefner was, although inadvertent, careless and unfair.

The Rev. Jay Kesler
Hanover Park, Illinois

PLAYBOY MORALITY

In *The Playboy Advisor* a while ago, there was a letter from a young man who had made two girls pregnant and had promised each that he'd marry her, without really intending to marry either one. You described him as "irresponsible, deceitful and self-centered." Hooray! I have clipped this item and now carry it with me to show people that PLAYBOY is thoroughly capable of taking a moral stand when the occasion warrants. Carry on.

The Rev. Fred Luchs
The First Presbyterian Church
Athens, Ohio

MAGNIFICAT'S TALE

A recent issue of *The Magnificat*, the Buffalo Catholic diocesan newspaper, published an editorial attempting to explain to its readers just what is wrong with PLAYBOY. Those who "take issue with PLAYBOY for its naughty photos" and those who disagree with your crusades against censorship and sex laws have both missed the point. *The Magnificat* states. The point, according to the editorialist, is that you mix together "the high and the low." He goes on to say:

> "Both/And," Kierkegaard said, "is the way to hell."
>
> In the Hefner Mix there is one single message: One can have erotic sex and true love for one's fellow man —both eros and agape—right now.
>
> One can embrace the loftiest ideals and not have to let go of a single creature comfort. One can have sex without commitment and yet be committed to the noblest ideals of our time. The great Hefner hoax is that sex, sophistication and humanism make the perfect American package. One can have them all juxtaposed in peaceful coexistence.
>
> Prophets and libertines are offered in equal dosage and the illusion is fostered that no choices need be made, that "both/and" is possible.
>
> And it doesn't cost anything.

How about it? Do you think the Playboy Rabbit has been bested by the teeth and claws of *The Magnificat?*

Hank Brummer
New York, New York

The Magnificat *looks like a paper tiger to us. The editorial is stating that* PLAYBOY *regards favorably a variety of human activities—from social idealism to physical pleasure—which is true. It goes on to assert that you can't be sincerely and constructively interested in the entire range; obviously we disagree. The* Magnificat's *quote from Kierkegaard isn't sufficient to prove the point. It could be used to justify anything from refusal to compromise one's principles to the most extreme one-sidedness. Following this irrelevant quote is the editorialist's rephrasing of that old puritanical bromide that there is an irreconcilable war between flesh and spirit and that we must choose between them. This is like asking man to divide himself in half and expecting one half to flourish at the expense of the other; one may as well demand that a tree be all leaves and no roots. We suggest that wherever both/and may lead, either/or is the road to a sterile fanaticism. And, for a glimpse of the consequences of sterile fanaticism, see the next letter.*

I am an employee of *The Magnificat*, the Catholic newspaper that published an editorial about PLAYBOY. Despite the fact that it was critical of your magazine, Bishop James A. McNulty of Buffalo made the editorial one of his reasons for firing the Reverend Gerald R. Forton, *The Magnificat*'s editor in chief. According to Father Forton, the bishop objected because the editorial "gave free publicity to PLAYBOY." Apparently our poor, naïve bishop believes that his good Catholic

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people were previously blissfully unaware of PLAYBOY's existence.

Other charges the bishop made against Father Forton included: supporting priests who disagreed with the Pope's anti-birth-control position; expressing his own partial disagreement with the Pope on this issue; publishing a review of a supposedly immoral play, *The Homecoming*; giving too much coverage to the Priests' Association of Buffalo; and not giving enough publicity to the local Catholic Charities campaign and the Saint Patrick's Day parade.

(Name withheld by request)
Buffalo, New York

PROGRESS AND THE GOOD LIFE

Your articles, interviews and editorial replies in *The Playboy Forum* are decidedly liberal in tone and you make a point of your commitment to social progress. Stephen Young and William O. Douglas are liberals and, by publishing them, you show yourselves to be on the side of change. Not, certainly, in the vanguard but yet in the group that wants to move ahead.

But, through your features that portray good living, such as fashion and travel, you do everything you can to perpetuate the American upper-middle-class way of life. You racially integrate these portrayals, but they are still portrayals of the *status quo*.

Hef's magazine seems to say to young people, "Be the same as those before you, go into business, get your wad, buy an expensive wardrobe and collect stereo components, drive a sports car and dine only at the best restaurants. In short, be like the older generation." We know a lot of young people who are not buying that anymore, though they and we are still buying your magazine. If the long-awaited social changes to which you pay lip service ever happen, the image of the good life you hold up to Americans will be the first thing to go.

George and Deanna Kaufman
Sioux City, Iowa

Precisely what is your idea of a desirable future—one in which everybody wears gray uniforms and lives with the austerity of contemplative monks? Despite your characterization of this magazine as liberal, we actually make an effort to present a wide spectrum of social and political views, we do not carry a banner for any particular political movement and we believe that the specific reforms we endorse are those that, for some time, have commended themselves to sensible men as obvious necessities. The contradiction you see between our interest in progress and our portrayal of good living is the result of your failure to grasp what PLAYBOY *is all about.*

Far from urging the younger generation to adopt the older generation's life style, PLAYBOY *aims to reflect accurately*

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

PROSTITUTION AND THE MALE

CLEVELAND—*In one of the most devious schemes yet conceived to fight prostitution, city police turned part of their enforcement problems over to the wives of Cleveland's philandering males. The plan works (if it works) like this: Patrolmen record license numbers of cars seen cruising the city's east-side districts, apparently shopping for streetwalkers; police then mail the car owner a postcard bearing a message to the effect that his car "passed inspection" at a certain suspiciously late time and place. On the theory that housewives usually see the mail first, Chief Patrick Gerity believes that married men, at least, will soon find themselves being detained in their homes for questioning—and not by the vice squad. One waggish attorney wondered if such a practice could be construed as using the United States mails to extort morality.*

SEX-LAW REVISION

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—*After a six-year study leading to extensive revision of the state's penal code, Connecticut has adopted the country's most liberal sex code—one that draws a long-overdue distinction between crime and sin. Connecticut's old criminal code was a patchwork, or memory quilt, of archaic prohibitions against public kissing, fornication, "lascivious carriage" and virtually every form of erotic activity that did not conform strictly to 17th Century lawmakers' ideas of pure and proper marital relations. Though not consistently enforced, the code's more arcane provisions were still a handy means of harassing someone who, short of committing a worthwhile crime, had managed to antagonize the police.*

By contrast, the new penal code, which takes effect in October 1971, excludes from its coverage virtually all private sexual acts between consenting adults. Still misdemeanors, however, are adultery, prostitution and patronizing a prostitute. The new law resembles, and in some ways surpasses, the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code, a version of which was adopted by Illinois in 1961.

BIRTH-CONTROL *BOUTIQUES*

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—*A chain of very Mod teenage* boutiques, *coyly called Birds 'n' Bees, has been opened in Sweden to sell contraceptive articles in a swinging, nonclinical environment. According to the English newspaper,* The Observer, *the shops were started by the National Association for Sexual Information—a half-business, half-charity venture—after market surveys revealed that the previous birth-control centers were widely shunned by youngsters because of their cold and medical atmosphere. Birds 'n' Bees shops sell cool clothing, pop literature and heavy-rock records, as well as contraceptives, and also have a small refreshment counter; they seem on their way to success. Adult response has also been favorable, and* The Observer *observes that the* boutiques *are regarded by older Swedes as "a civilized way of bringing the facts of life to the attention of the youngsters."*

REVENGE OF THE GIRL SCOUTS

NEW YORK—*An "underground" poster portraying an obviously pregnant woman in a Girl Scout uniform and the famous motto "Be Prepared" has failed to amuse the ladies in green. The Girl Scouts have hit the publisher, the Personality Posters Manufacturing Company, with a $1,000,000 suit, charging that the poster is "false, scandalous and defamatory libel" and "a deliberate and intentional design to destroy the association's purpose and program."*

PORNOGRAPHY AND SEX CRIME

CHICAGO—*In a University of Chicago survey of 3400 clinical psychologists and psychiatrists, four out of five rejected the idea that pornography tends to incite people to sex crimes or other antisocial sexual behavior, and a majority believed that censorship was likely to create problems rather than solve them. While 58 percent disputed the theory that pornography is a safety valve for antisocial sexual impulses, 86 percent agreed that those who vigorously try to suppress it are often motivated by unresolved sexual problems of their own. The survey noted "the growing conviction among mental-health experts that the effects of exposure to pornography are too insignificant or sporadic to be readily measured."*

Meanwhile, the House Subcommittee on Postal Operations opened hearings on legislative measures requested by the Nixon Administration for its "war on smut."

TO DEPRAVE AND CORRUPT

LONDON—*A bill to suspend all obscenity laws (except those protecting children and prohibiting offensive public display) will be introduced in the next session of Parliament by Labor M. P. William Hamling. Hamling's bill would create a five-year trial period during which censorship laws would not be enforced, after the model of the temporary suspension of capital punishment for murder currently being tested in Britain.*

Inspiration for this bill was a report by a committee of the government-financed Arts Council, which noted that even among those who favor censorship,

hardly anyone said that he personally had been corrupted by an obscene work, and "Nobody seems even to have met such a person." After studying the example of Denmark, the committee judged that "The so-called permissive society may have its casualties; the repressive society almost certainly had a great deal more. Repressed sexuality can be toxic both to the individual and to society. Repression can deprave and corrupt."

MARRIED OR MERETRICIOUS?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*U. S. Representative Charles S. Joelson of New Jersey noted with concern that a proposed 1970 Federal Census question asks the "exact relationship" between two unrelated persons living together. It seemed to the Congressman that "if a person is living in what we call a meretricious [illicit] relationship, he would have to confess to that on this form or face prosecution," since answering census questions is required by law. However, a Census Bureau spokesman assured* PLAYBOY *that no scheme is afoot to harass young unmarrieds, that it is a traditional census question routinely asked and, in the case of unmarrieds, is routinely evaded by answering "roomer," "partner," "roommate" or "just good friends."*

DEMISE OF "DIVORCE"

SACRAMENTO—*After lengthy debate, California has revolutionized its divorce laws. The new statute scraps the term "divorce" altogether in favor of "dissolution of marriage," which is granted on only two grounds: incurable insanity of a spouse or "irreconcilable differences, which have caused the irremediable breakdown of the marriage."*

The purpose of the change, according to the law's supporters, was to "remove the battleground atmosphere of a divorce case,' in which one marriage partner had to be found legally at fault on such grounds as adultery or cruelty—a battle that often subjected children to legalistic wrangles over parental fighting or infidelity. The law also provides for the "substantially equal" division of property, bases alimony on length of marriage and earning ability of both spouses and reduces state residency and waiting requirements from one year to six months.

BIG BROTHER IS NOT WATCHING

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY—*The files of the State of New Jersey's secret intelligence network on political dissenters have been ordered destroyed by Superior Court Judge Robert A. Matthews. As reported by United Press, the files were collected by all local police departments and stored in a central data bank at the state capital, Trenton; not only those persons involved or allegedly involved in riots or civil insurrections, but anyone who participated even in a peaceful demonstration was eligible for the list. Ruling on a suit brought by several Jersey City residents and the local NAACP, Judge Matthews said, "Secret files maintained by [this] system are inherently dangerous, and by their very existence tend to restrict those who would advocate social and political change."*

CONGRESSMAN *VS.* CULTURE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*An alert member of the U. S. House of Representatives has punished a university drama group for having once had evil intentions. In the process, the State Department's budget for "special educational and cultural projects" has been wiped out.*

In 1968, the State Department used part of its special-projects funds to send a drama group of six students and a professor from the University of Kansas to work with students in five countries in eastern Europe. The troupe had intended to include in its repertory scenes from two plays, "Chicago" and "America Hurrah," which contained lines using four-letter words. A hue and cry at the time induced the drama group to drop the controversial scenes, and they went to Europe with, presumably, a chaste program to present.

But Representative John J. Rooney of Brooklyn was not satisfied. This year, when a House appropriations bill for State Department funds was processed by the subcommittee Congressman Rooney heads, the special-projects item was killed. Because of what almost happened last year, the House bill does not allot any money for special educational and cultural projects this year. Congressman Rooney called the State Department's cultural activities "a wasteful, stupid, vicious program."

The drama-group director told The New York Times: *"This is so depressing. We go abroad telling people about a free society and we come back to find a nightmare."*

MARYLAND PRAYERS

BALTIMORE—*In Maryland, where Madalyn Murray O'Hair's suit resulted in the Supreme Court ban on prayers in public schools six years ago, school officials may have discovered a means to evade the ruling. State public school superintendent James Sensenbaugh has informed Maryland public schools that prayers are permissible before the regular school day commences, "as long as such programs are not promoted, scheduled or supervised by teachers or school officials."*

The Maryland chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union immediately protested the action as a "subterfuge" to restore prayers in public schools and indicated it would take the matter to court.

the changes that have taken place in values and tastes among young men in the past decade. If we are saying anything to young people, it is simply, "To thine own self be true. Pursue the line of effort that will make you happy." While the luxuries we portray may today be enjoyed only by a fraction of the world's peoples, we do not think true social progress consists in sweeping these luxuries away but, rather, in extending them to all (a possibility technology is making both feasible and desirable). We see the good life and social progress as vitally connected: Progress is a necessary condition for the survival of good living. And a better life for all, including enhanced personal freedom and material well-being, must be the ultimate purpose of any social change that can honestly be called progress.

SUPPORT FOR BILL BAIRD

As a clergyman, I had not felt that the need to modernize birth-control and abortion laws was urgent, until I heard Bill Baird speak recently at Boston University. Now it seems imperative to me that men of good will, especially ministers of the Gospel, protest Baird's sentencing under an antiquated birth-control law that is ignored with impunity by most, if not all, of Massachusetts' book, drug and department stores. No one is so naïve as to believe that the arrest and conviction of Baird is an evenhanded effort to enforce that law. It is a blatant attempt by special interests to crush the crusade of a man whose righteousness exceeds that of modern Pharisees.

The law under which Baird was sentenced is not a realistic effort to cope with a social problem; it is a vestigial remnant from an era that sought to impose moral rectitude by oppressive legislation. Such attempts have been denounced by enlightened men of all ages, including the apostle Paul himself.

The Rev. J. J. VanBoskirk
Disciples of Christ
Chevy Chase, Maryland

DOCTORS AND ABORTION

I cannot agree with the doctor who wrote in the August *Playboy Forum* that it is not our responsibility as M.D.s to help the women who come to us with unwanted pregnancies. I do not perform abortions on my patients, but I do steer such women in the right direction when they consult me and bring up the subject of abortion of their own accord.

The writer of the letter implied that stress on sex education and contraception is a way of preventing the need for abortion. But what does a physician do with a patient who comes to him pregnant? It is idle to philosophize about what she should have done. There she is, a troubled human being; there you are, a doctor; what are you going to do?

Every one of the several women and

girls I've referred for abortions appear to be as happy and well adjusted as they were before they became pregnant. One, who was 14 years old, didn't miss a day of school. Had I not helped her she might well have had to bear the burden of this teenage mistake for the rest of her life. The abortions I have helped arrange are done by competent physicians under excellent operating conditions and at a cost not exceeding that of a regular pregnancy and delivery. I do not realize a cent from the operations and don't even know personally the doctors to whom my patients go.

(Name and address withheld by request)

BETTER LOVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

All that is required in the matter of abortion laws and encyclicals against contraception is a little patience. These matters will eventually be resolved through chemistry. Soon there may be a "morning after" pill that will preclude the need for abortion in women exposed to a possible pregnancy. Such discoveries will permit regulations, religious and otherwise, against birth control and abortion to molder on the books without disturbing anyone.

The development and eventual distribution of a product such as I've described can't be stopped: The pharmaceutical lobby is too powerful for that. It is comforting to know that the same human faculty that produces destructive weapons can also bring greater comfort to suffering humanity.

John Goldston
St. Louis, Missouri

Such a pill exists (see below), but must be taken immediately and is no panacea.

MORNING-AFTER PILL

The New York Times, in a feature story last summer on birth-control pills, described a "morning-after" pill, which is legally available in the United States. Unfortunately, although they said the drug was an estrogen, they did not give its name; nor did they tell the dosage.

A friend informs me that PLAYBOY broke the news on this pill over a year ago and gave the relevant details. Can you enlighten me?

(Name withheld by request)
Nutley, New Jersey

As we reported in the February 1968 "Playboy Forum," several estrogens are possible "morning-after" pills, but the one that has thus far proved most reliable is Stilbestrol, a drug generally used for the treatment of uterine disorders. Our source told us that, in a research project under his supervision at Yale University, the drug had proved effective in preventing pregnancy when taken in dosages of 25 milligrams per day for five days immediately after unprotected intercourse.

VOLUNTARY STERILIZATION

My husband and I do not feel we are financially or temperamentally capable of raising more than the two children we now have and love dearly. I requested my obstetrician to perform a Fallopian-tube ligation on me following the birth of our second child. He said that although he would like to do what I asked, sterilization is against the law in our state. What right has the state to declare that I must be fertile against my will?

Mrs. John Kern
Atlanta, Georgia

Voluntary sterilization is legal in all 50 states; however, many doctors are reluctant to perform such operations. Anyone in need of information or referral to a physician should contact the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., 14 West 40th Street, New York, New York 10018.

A FEMININE REVOLUTION

Many American men seem deathly afraid of females who are proud of their minds. I have heard men repeatedly say such things as: "She's a ball breaker—never lets her husband forget she's got a college degree"; "Any broad who has to go out and get a job is trying to prove that she's better than a man"; "Women are for screwing, making babies and keeping house."

I love being a woman and I love being highly sexed, but even in my premarital days, I looked at each man as a person, not as a body equipped with a penis. Many men refuse to return the favor. We women know we're human, just as the blacks know they are human, and many among us become quite hostile when we are treated as members of an inferior species. If this widespread masculine attitude doesn't undergo some constructive changes, the black revolution in this country may soon be joined by a feminine revolution.

Mrs. Judith A. Banna
Baltimore, Maryland

BOREDOM IN THE BEDROOM

We would like to know what PLAYBOY's readers think of mate swapping. My husband and I have swapped partners a few times and find that not only does it tend to relieve boredom in the bedroom but it actually increases our enjoyment of each other. There have never been any hard feelings between us; in fact, we feel more companionable. We realize that when a man and woman are married, they supposedly belong to each other; but, when both partners consent, is adultery immoral?

(Name withheld by request)
Wichita, Kansas

SWINGING FOR THE GOOSE

At age 26 and after six years of a fine marriage, I was the mother of three children and the wife of a man who suddenly became a so-called swinger. He began going out with a bachelor buddy, trying to make any girl he chanced to meet and staying out till dawn several nights a week. I don't believe I gave him any reason to behave this way and I tried to talk him out of it, but he told me to put up with it or get out. I became a bundle of nerves, an insomniac and a heavy drinker. After a year, I realized that my children and I were suffering and no one was gaining a thing from my miserable condition. I had to do something to enable myself to feel better, so I decided I would have affairs as well, on the principle that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. I've had quite a few satisfying intimate relationships with men since then, and I'm no longer jealous and unhappy. I can now accept my husband's behavior, and I feel that our marriage has matured.

(Name withheld by request)
Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania

LESBIAN CHARGE DROPPED

The March *Forum Newsfront* carried a story about eight WACs at Fort McClellan, Alabama, who were fighting the Army's attempt to discharge them after accusations of homosexual misconduct. I recently read in the newsletter of the New York chapter of the Daughters of Bilitis that the case against the eight women has been dropped. The newsletter went on to say, "It is believed that the large publicity received in this case caused the Army to drop the charges." Since PLAYBOY is one of the media that gave the case coverage, I'd like to thank the magazine for helping to correct the injustice done these WACs.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

PSYCHIATRY AND JUSTICE

If psychiatry has become, in the words of Dr. Robert S. Shaw (*The Playboy Forum*, July), a "state church run by a corrupt priesthood," then I guess that makes me at least a bishop. I am a psychiatrist in charge of the state mental health–mental retardation program in Minnesota, where my job includes, but is not limited to, managing the state hospitals for the mentally ill and mentally retarded, where at present around 8500 souls reside.

I do not necessarily dispute Dr. Shaw's statement and I appreciate the other commentary on psychiatry I've read in *The Playboy Forum*. But I think one has to look at deeper factors.

To begin with, it appears that Western society, under the influence of puritanism aggravated by industrialism, requires repositories for dependent and/or nonfunctional persons. These have taken the form of institutions, usually fitting the model of Goffman's "total institution," including almshouses, jails, orphanages, mental hospitals, etc. Psychiatry has become the unhappy gatekeeper for one class of such

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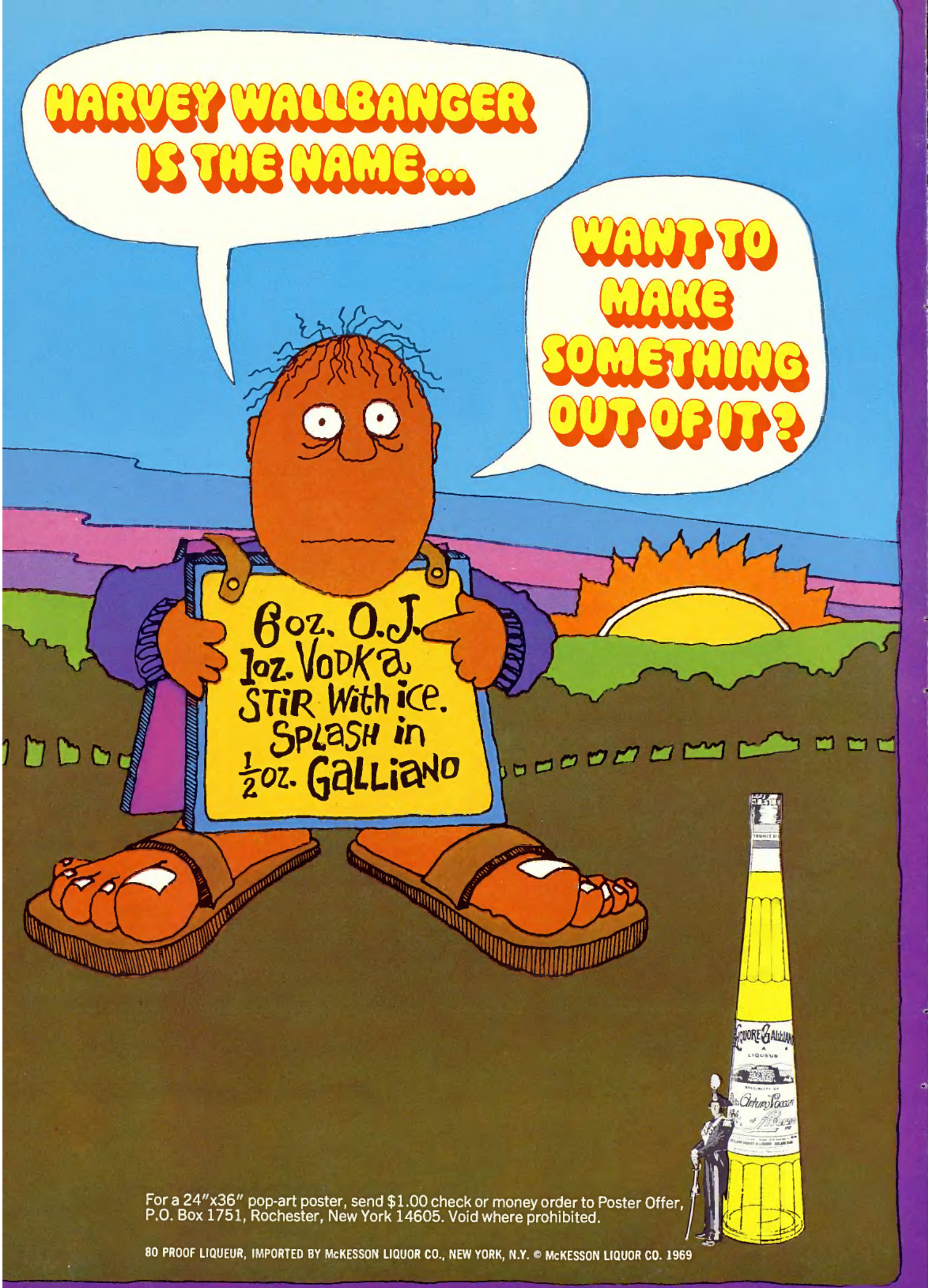

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repositories. However, for various reasons, the total population under care in mental hospitals has declined in the past 15 or so years, and there is cause to hope that by the end of the century, the large repository-type public in-hospital as we now know it will be mostly a sad memory.

There is another factor that has led to the incarceration of people in institutions of this type: Civilization has recognized for centuries that a particular disvalued behavior must be judged in the context of factors that produced it. Thus, the starving man who steals bread is judged less harshly than his neighbor who steals out of spite. One set of mitigating factors is an array of apparent perceptual distortions leading to a totally private and idiosyncratic construction of what reasonable and prudent men call the real world. Furthermore, certain nonfunctioning and/or offending individuals may not only be helpless in a socially productive sense but visibly suffering as well. Over the centuries, civilized society has groped to find some way to cope with these exceptional persons by some means other than abandonment, incarceration, exile or extermination. The current allocation of psychological problems to the general category of disease to be treated by physicians in hospitals is subject to intense, widespread, painful and sometimes bitter controversy in psychiatry and related professions. But, in fairness and completeness, it should be stated that one reason why mental hospitals are releasing rather than indefinitely retaining their residents is that there is increasing public acceptance of the view that "mental illness is an illness like any other." The public is, therefore, willing to accept those who are released from mental hospitals as persons who have recovered from an ailment. I do not personally consider this an accurate idea, but it is operationally valuable in many ways at the present time.

Among the promising ways out of the present unsatisfactory situation, as some of your correspondents have observed, is the possibility of redefining the disapproved behaviors as learned—and, hence, unlearnable—strategies of social adaptation.

Congratulations to PLAYBOY for the high level of debate it maintains.

David J. Vail, M. D., Director
Medical Services Division
State of Minnesota
Department of Public Welfare
St. Paul, Minnesota

POSTAL PANDERING

A letter in the July *Playboy Forum* tells of a reader's attempt to implement the postal pandering law by having his name removed from an advertiser's mailing list. He was improperly informed by postal authorities that the literature offending him was "not erotically arousing or sexually provocative." You advised him that he was to be the sole judge of how the material he receives affects him.

You are absolutely correct and the Postmaster General has reaffirmed to me that interpretation of the law. As I stated during debate on the floor of the House of Representatives, "If you find a cabbage turns you on (i.e., sexually arouses you), you can demand the corner grocer remove you from his mailing list."

I personally do not find cabbages or automobiles or seed catalogs or real-estate ads sexually arousing, but neither do I question those who do and desire not to receive these "stimulating" materials.

Representative Jerome R. Waldie
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Although Representative Waldie is well liked in California's 14th Congressional District, which he represents, he will not win any popularity contests within the Post Office Department. Waldie was responsible for amending the Post Office's pandering bill so that it took the judgment of what is "erotically arousing or sexually provocative" away from the Postmaster General and placed it at the discretion of the consumer. This means the recipient of mail-order advertising can declare anything, from cabbages to king-size cigarettes, sexually offensive. The Postmaster General is then compelled to order the sender to remove the complainant from his mailing lists, often an expensive and complex process. Indeed, the mail-order industry has found the law so onerous that its members have banded together to enter an appeal in the U. S. Supreme Court to find the law unconstitutional.

POSTAL ENTRAPMENT ILLEGAL

A trial in Philadelphia provides an interesting, though belated, footnote to PLAYBOY's 1966 crusade against postal entrapment. The defendant, who was accused of sending an allegedly obscene film through the mail to a postal inspector, entered a motion to dismiss the indictment on the grounds that the "offense was perpetrated solely as a result of an entrapment." The evidence demonstrated that the postal inspector had placed the following ad in a publication called *Swingers Life*:

> Young attractive couple, anxious to exchange correspondence, experiences, photos. Love parties and believe three isn't a crowd. She is 28, 5'5", 125 lbs., blonde hair and blue eyes. He is 30, 5'10", 170 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes.

The defendant responded to the ad, requested a meeting and said he could sell some "smoker movies" for $15 each. The postal inspector, using an alias, replied that he and his "wife" couldn't meet the defendant right away, since they were leaving on vacation, but he included a money order for $15 and requested the "reel of film you feel would be most enjoyable." The defendant sent the movie and, shortly thereafter, was arrested.

The judge's ruling on the motion to dismiss states:

> With respect to these issues the defendant bears the initial burden of showing that the Government actively induced his alleged offense. Once the defendant satisfies this burden, the burden shifts to the Government to establish beyond a reasonable doubt that defendant was predisposed to commit the offenses without the active encouragement of the Government.
>
> The active nature of the Government's role in the commission of these offenses is reflected graphically by the correspondence between defendant and his would-be "pen pal" [the postal inspector]. Although defendant's initial response to the advertisement refers to a desire to sell films, it in no way suggests that he is interested in employing the mail for such purposes . . . [the inspector] lured defendant into committing a Federal offense by enclosing a money order. . . . Indeed, the Government's actions from the first typify the "creative activity" involved in entrapment which our courts most vigorously condemn.
>
> In this case, it is clear that the Government actively promoted the commission of the crime in question, first by placing its own enticing ad in a magazine of the *Swingers Life* variety and then maneuvering defendant to ensure that he would use the mail to deliver the films and thus commit a Federal offense. To sustain a conviction in this case would be to give judicial approval to methods of law enforcement which can only in the long run contaminate the temple of justice itself.

The defendant was released. What is especially interesting about this case is the light it sheds upon the letter by Chief Inspector H. B. Montague, published in your August 1966 *Playboy Forum*—at the time when PLAYBOY's crusade against postal entrapment was at its height. Chief Inspector Montague wrote:

> It should be apparent to all that evidence that might stem from illegal "entrapment" . . . cannot form the basis for prosecution as it would be totally inadmissible in court. The United States Attorney scrutinizes not only the evidence but its origin as well, after which he must consider whether it will withstand the full legal glare of disclosure required before judge and jury.

Chief Inspector Montague avoided saying that the Post Office did not use

entrapment techniques. He simply claimed the courts did not throw out evidence that the Post Office presented. Now the Philadelphia court has done just that and proved conclusively that the Post Office does in fact use improper and unacceptable investigative practices.

Please withhold my name and address. The reason I know so much about this whole subject is that I was one of the victims whose letters formed PLAYBOY's case against the Post Office, and I don't want to get them on my neck again.

(Name and address withheld by request)

GAUDRYISM

In our otherwise relatively enlightened community, a great debate has arisen about an underground newspaper called *The Great Speckled Bird*. I personally find the *Bird* rather raunchy and immature, but, as a believer in the First Amendment, I support its publishers' right to print it. Others, however, want to ban it, and a local alderman, William Gaudry, has declared, "I believe in freedom and liberty, but with moderation."

This has spawned a new game among local wits called Gaudryism. A Gaudryism is any famous quotation adapted into moderate form. My favorite Gaudryism is, "Damn the torpedoes, moderate speed ahead!" Perhaps your readers can suggest some others.

William S. Medart, M. D.
Savannah, Georgia

LEGALIZED PORNOGRAPHY

Look magazine contains a report by J. Robert Moskin on the effects of legalized pornography in Denmark. The results, I find, are exactly what I would expect—and exactly the opposite of what J. Edgar Hoover, Citizens for Decent Literature and other bluenoses have predicted.

First of all, sex crimes have not increased at all; instead, they have dropped off markedly—a full 34 percent in Copenhagen. A Danish psychiatrist, Dr. Anders Groth, summing up the evidence, says, "Pornography seems to give a relaxation of passions rather than stimulate uncontrolled impulses."

Secondly, all the dire warnings about pornography being like a narcotic, the customer getting obsessed with it and losing all other interests, etc., are equally unfounded. Hans Hessellund, a researcher at the University of Copenhagen, analyzed mail orders and found that the vast majority order only a few times. Apparently, once the taboo is broken and the long-repressed curiosity is satisfied, the interest rapidly dwindles.

Thirdly, the officials of the Ministry of Justice are glad to have the burden of determining obscenity lifted from their shoulders. Sven Ziegler, a legal specialist with the Ministry, says simply: "The word obscene is not precise. It changes at different times. . . . One of the reasons we quit [prosecuting] was the legal, technical difficulties with many cases brought before the courts."

To me, the most interesting opinion expressed in the article is that of psychiatrist Preben Hertoft, who says:

> After World War Two, people in Scandinavia wanted freedom from the power of government over their minds. People said we may not like pornography, but we want to make our own choice.
>
> They don't accept that the state wants to be parent for the people. It was the same in Czechoslovakia when people said they want to live their own lives. People in Denmark and Sweden for many years have been taught they should think for themselves.

This, it seems to me, is exactly what our own Bill of Rights is all about. It is rather sad that this simple libertarian principle of letting people decide for themselves what they will read is understood and allowed in a European nation, while in this country, judges twist logic and semantics into fantastic perversions to prove that the First Amendment does not mean simply what it says and that the right to read was not guaranteed to us by the founding fathers.

Arthur Warren
Boston, Massachusetts

C.O. IN VIETNAM

I read with great interest and sympathy the letter in the August *Playboy Forum* concerning Private First Class Louis Negre, the conscientious objector who has been dragged off to Vietnam by the Army. As a sergeant, I had the pleasure of having Louis as my clerk from September of last year to January of this year. I never had any cause for complaint, either about his work or his personal behavior or appearance. As I stated at his court-martial, he was everything a soldier should be and a model for others. All work assigned to him was done on time and with precision. During many hours of conversation, I found him to be completely sincere in his beliefs. He said, and proved, that he was willing to fulfill his obligation to the United States—in a noncombat status and anywhere but in Vietnam.

The problem was not with him but with the Army. Instead of respecting his beliefs, they preferred to persecute him. Certainly there was no need for this. In Germany, where I am presently stationed, many would willingly volunteer for Vietnam duty; the Army does not have to force honorable men like Louis to violate their religious beliefs; it would have been simple to send him here and let a volunteer go to the Nam instead. The Army, however, refuses to admit the legitimacy of the individual conscience and persecutes it wherever it appears, as in the case of the Presidio "mutiny" trials.

Before some superpatriotic right-winger takes up his pen to denounce me as a subversive, let me say that my family has been in America since 1620 and that I have four years of voluntary military service behind me. I cannot see why America has departed so far from the principles of freedom of conscience that it must crucify an honest man like Louis Negre, who happens to hold opinions different from those in authority.

Sgt. Robert R. Land
APO New York, New York

I witnessed the effort to ship Private First Class Louis A. Negre, a conscientious objector, to Vietnam. Louis is an individual who puts his religious beliefs above everything else, who lives his convictions. In a word, Louis Negre is a man.

Pvt. Larry J. Rion
Fort Campbell, Kentucky

MILITARY INJUSTICE

As a result of my letter in the June *Playboy Forum* about the Presidio incident, we are being deluged with mail from Servicemen and former Servicemen citing examples of abuses and cruelties of many kinds. We have also had a number of letters from political leaders in Washington expressing support and we've received phone calls from radio and TV stations asking how they can help us expose the situation.

We still maintain that there is something basically wrong with our Army when it is possible for a few officers at the Presidio and Fort Ord to railroad 27 men. Incidentally, approximately 400 men at Fort Ord staged a hunger strike to protest the Presidio farce, but the Army ignored them, having already been burned enough by the consequences of one misconceived trial. I believe that all trial procedures conducted within the U. S. ought to be taken out of the hands of the Army. The Services have no business conducting separate judicial procedures in this country. I can understand the necessity abroad, but not here. Looking at the travesty of this Presidio situation, I find it obvious that the Army's judicial system is totally dishonest and patently unfair.

Michael Erickson, Chairman
North American Broadcasting Corporation
San Francisco, California

ANTI–FLOWER POWER

A letter in the August *Playboy Forum* from the Marine Corps air station at Cherry Point, North Carolina, told of the commanding general's banning flower stickers from registered vehicles on his post. At Camp Pendleton, California, where I was released from active duty,

Burley won't make a man out of you- but it will make the man in you smell better.

Burley Cologne and After Shave - An exciting scent from the men at Old Spice Comes in gift sets too.

the commanding general issued a similar, written order that no "peace symbols" of any kind would be displayed, any violation to result in disciplinary action.

It appears the general forgot that the primary purpose of the United States Marine Corps is to protect peace. Isn't it?

James M. Robinson
Anaheim, California

I'm being trained as a helicopter mechanic at Fort Eustis, Virginia. I had decorated the clipboard I took to my classes with a peace symbol and the word peace, but I was ordered to efface them because the battalion commander had decreed the symbol un-American. I am going to go to Vietnam in about two months; if peace is un-American, then what the hell am I going over there to fight for?

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Eustis, Virginia

It has often been said that "obscenity is in the eye of the beholder." Here is a beautiful example, from the rules regarding personal property distributed to all men at Air Force headquarters here in San Antonio:

> *Pictures and Literature.* Obscene pictures, pornographic literature and articles (beatnik, flower children, hippie, psychedelic, etc.) are prohibited.

Needless to say, this bizarre violation of the First Amendment will be enforced strictly, since it has not been determined whether and to what degree the Armed Forces are bound to obey the Constitution and the Supreme Court.

(Name withheld by request)
U. S. Air Force Squadron Section
San Antonio, Texas

POT IN THE LONG RUN

In many of your *Playboy Forum* editorial comments, you have expressed the opinion that marijuana is a harmless herb. You give the impression of being quite sure of yourself, despite the lack of any real, concrete, scientific evidence to support such a claim. Admittedly, it has never been proved that this particular drug will lead to further addiction, nor has it been shown to be the cause of undesirable results that show up immediately. However, as Dr. Sidney Cohen, director of the Division of Narcotic Addiction and Drug Abuse at the National Institute of Mental Health, has pointed out, there are still many questions to be answered about the long-term potential of marijuana. He said, "We don't know the effects of the chronic use on an individual's personality, or the impact of marijuana on a growing brain. We lack adequate knowledge of the effects of the drug on a person's motivation, motor skill and creativity. We certainly don't know whether it's safe."

These are all very serious doubts—serious enough, I think, for even PLAYBOY to consider before taking a stand for the legalization of this potentially dangerous drug. Three hundred years ago, no one knew of the harm tobacco can do, yet today it has been shown that its use leads to cancer and numerous heart ailments. And now, because it's legal, we're stuck with it. It doesn't seem wise to make the same mistake with marijuana.

Charles Hinrichsen
New York, New York

One by one, the absurd charges against marijuana—that it is addictive, that it leads to the use of addictive drugs, that it causes crime or mental illness—have fallen; slowly, the public has learned that these claims are false. What are we left with? "We don't know," says Dr. Cohen. That there might be something wrong with marijuana is, as yet, unproved. Does this suffice to justify the present state and Federal laws against the sale and possession of marijuana? Should judges be handing out stiff prison sentences, should thousands of young people be saddled with criminal records annually, on the basis of a doubt? Clearly, the savage pot penalties now on the books were instituted when it was widely believed that marijuana was a dangerous drug. A statement like Dr. Cohen's is hardly reason to let these cruel laws remain in force.

The fact that individuals may choose to smoke cigarettes despite the warnings of doctors has yet to bring forward any serious suggestion that there ought to be severe penalties for the sale or use of cigarettes. It is understood that this is a medical problem. Similarly, even if long-range deleterious effects could be linked scientifically to marijuana smoking, this is a problem better handled by doctors than by the police.

A MAN CALLED PETER

I was amused at the July *Forum Newsfront* item on Peter Fish, chief of police of Bethlehem, New York, who says there is a Communist conspiracy behind illicit drug traffic and sex-education courses and vows to cast a fishy eye on "intellectuals who disagree." Does this mean that nonintellectuals may disagree with impunity or that everyone who disagrees with Chief Fish is an intellectual?

Located a few miles south of Albany, the state capital, Bethlehem is a typical middle-to-upper-income white suburb with a very low crime rate. As is true throughout the country, there's much talk about teenagers experimenting with drugs. Late last year Bethlehem's police, who are not kept phenomenally busy, raided a teenage party and proceeded to haul in 17 of those present on charges of "loitering for the purpose of unlawfully using dangerous drugs." The police claimed to have found incriminating evidence in the form of marijuana ashes, but the charges were eventually dropped.

After making this big catch, Chief Fish linked sex education to drug traffic and both of these to the Communist conspiracy. How did he learn about Red beds and Muscovite marijuana? He told *The Knickerbocker News*, "We've learned from J. Edgar Hoover that Communists indoctrinated this thing into the States to attack our youth. The start of drugs is the downfall of our democratic society."

Bethlehem in Galilee is the birthplace of Christ, but Bethlehem in New York—Christ, what a place to berth!

William T. Conway, Jr.
Albany, New York

SEX-EDUCATION CRITIC

I have read your reply to the charming letter from Janet Hermosa about my pamphlet, "Is the School House the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), which concerns the debauchery of America by sexual-freedom lovers, such as psychologist Albert Ellis, SIECUS director Mary Calderone, her pack of carnivorous sexologists and PLAYBOY.

A classic teaching aid for instructing three-to-ten-year-old children the mechanics of mating is the SIECUS-consulted filmstrip "How Babies Are Made," which is reportedly being used in over 1200 schools throughout the United States. The series shows copulating chickens, dogs, and mom and dad—mounted but covered. The narrative tells the children: "Human babies begin just like chicks and puppies. A sperm from the father must join an egg from the mother. . . . To do this, the father and mother lie down facing each other and the father places his penis in the mother's vagina." The filmstrip also features full-color illustrations of animal and human reproductive systems, including "Fido" with a penile erection, the developing fetus in the human mother's uterus and a view of the nude mother giving birth, the infant emerging with the assistance of two rubber-gloved hands.

Does PLAYBOY care to comment?

The biological and sociological frame of reference for "How Babies Are Made" is animalistic. The series is psychologically and ethically confusing as it belabors the point that "human babies begin just like chicks and puppies." It seriously fouls the facts to draw a comparison between the human family and fabled, nonexistent chicken or dog families, where the "mother" is a husbandless bitch and the baby puppies are bastards. Though similar social arrangements may be found among humans, and within the

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

It wasn't easy, keeping a brewery open during Prohibition.

From 1920 to 1933, you couldn't make real beer. And you couldn't sell near-beer. At least, not enough to stay in business.

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He made root beer. And ginger ale. And lemon soda.

One year, he even turned part of the brewery into a smokehouse and cured hams and bacon.

When the Noble Experiment ended, Papa Joe went back to making beer.

And he made the best beer around – Falstaff.

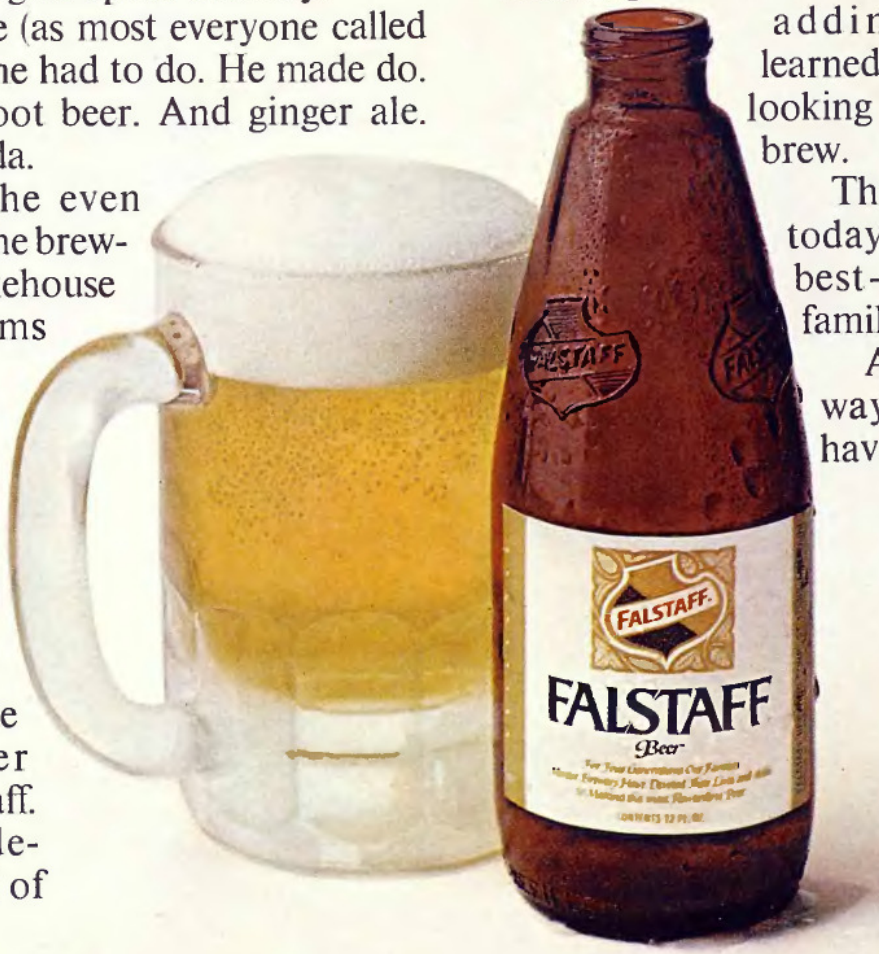
Papa Joe devoted the rest of his life to brewing Falstaff. And he never stopped looking for ways to make it better.

That's the way he taught our family to brew Falstaff. And that's the way we've been doing it ever since.

For four generations, we've been handing down what he taught us. And adding what we've learned. Each generation looking for better ways to brew.

That's why we think today's Falstaff is the best-tasting beer our family has ever brewed.

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



This family brews beer better.

Falstaff Brewing Corporation, St. Louis, Mo.

pages of PLAYBOY, this is hardly the ideal to point out to children as an example of family living. Does PLAYBOY disagree?

Common sense tells us that the young child, while maturing at his own physiological, intellectual and emotional rates, can best learn about family life and human reproduction from the parents, who know the emerging maturity and interests of their child.

In conclusion, I ask: (1) Exactly what, how and where would PLAYBOY recommend teaching three- to ten-year-olds about sex and family living? (2) Would PLAYBOY be willing to run a series on the fourth R—Rapid Reproduction, also called Bunny Math? R-2 could also be integrated into an umbrella course in family living titled "Bunny Tales."

Dr. Gordon V. Drake
Tulsa, Oklahoma

We haven't seen the filmstrip "How Babies Are Made" but, on the basis of your description, it sounds like a well-made sex-education film to us. The anthropomorphizing of animals is not an animalization of man and is widely used in teaching all subjects, including reading, writing and arithmetic. Children are not seriously misled or confused by such techniques—we have never heard of a child actually expecting Chicken Licken, Ducky Lucky or other barnyard friends to talk to him. As for the fact that animals literally do not get married, this may make their offspring bastards in Dr. Drake's eyes, but most people—including farm children, who learn about animal copulation long before entering school—somehow understand the difference between the mating rites of humans and those of cows or chickens.

Dr. Drake asks "what, how and where" should children acquire sexual knowledge. The answer to "what" is: the facts. How? By the best techniques presently known, including oral instruction, written material, visual aids, etc. Where? Both in school and at home. The answer to Dr. Drake's unasked "when" is: at whatever age the children are ready to absorb the information, a decision that should be made by educational experts.

REDS AND BEDS

The letters by Janet Hermosa, Virginia Lee Bender and Michael Sippy, together with PLAYBOY's own editorial comments (*The Playboy Forum*, June) led some of us to research sex education further, and we cannot agree with your position.

The most influential organization behind the new sex-education courses in our schools is SIECUS, the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States. You quote *The Kansas City Star* as describing this organization as being made up of "responsible, concerned individuals." In our research, we have found this statement to be questionable.

Dr. Mary Calderone, the executive director of SIECUS, said to 320 boys at Blair Academy in New Jersey, "What is sex for? It's for fun . . . for wonderful sensations. Sex is not something you turn off like a faucet. . . . We need new values to establish when and how we should have sexual experience."

What kind of values? According to *Look* magazine, when Dr. Calderone was asked, "What is your opinion of premarital sex relations among teenagers?" she snapped back, "What's yours? Nobody from on high, God, determines this. . . . I don't believe the old thou-shalt-nots apply anymore. . . ."

Contrary to the views of most psychoanalysts, Dr. Calderone holds that sex education should start in the nursery. Around the age of three, she states, the child should know such basic facts as the penis of the father carries the sperm into the mother through the vagina.

Through our research, we have also discovered that there are some real Communists in SIECUS, even though you were right in stating that there isn't necessarily "a Red under every bed." One of the founders of SIECUS is a man who was identified, in sworn testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, as a Communist. The same man later edited *The New Teacher's News*, published by the New York Teachers' Union, which was expelled from the A. F. L.-C. I. O. when it was found to be Communist controlled. He now edits a magazine dealing with the wildest sort of sex explorations and containing lurid pictures of men and women in the most intimate positions.

It seems to us that informed parents should have the right to teach children, in their own way, rather than having the children controlled by SIECUS, which can justly be called un-American.

Most of our research comes from a pamphlet by Mr. Gary Allen, of *American Opinion* magazine.

Larry Herron
Alert Citizens Forum
Neillsville, Wisconsin

First, we congratulate you on maintaining enough skepticism to state that there isn't necessarily "a Red under every bed." Current right-wing polemics are intended to convince us that the entire sex-education movement is financed by Moscow gold.

The facts are these: Among the 48 members on SIECUS' board of directors are the chief psychiatrist of Yale's Department of University Health, the assistant to the director of the Division of Scientific Activities of the American Medical Association, the director of the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, the science editor of WCBS-TV News, the chairman of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, an executive of the General Motors Corporation, the president of the Dallas Realty Trust Company, the president of Morrison Homes, Inc., and the president of Adolph's Food Products. Among the clergymen on the board are two Catholic priests, three Protestant ministers and one rabbi. Among the 48 are 10 M.D.s, 15 Ph.D.s, 3 Ed.D.s, one professor of law and several who hold degrees in more than one field. Although the Birchers can believe that such an illustrious group of Americans might be the perpetrators, or the dupes, of a Communist plot, most people have enough common sense to realize that such conspiracies occur only in James Bond novels, not in reality.

Nor is SIECUS "behind" the sex-education programs in elementary schools. SIECUS is a consultant organization; it has no fixed curriculums and no "programs" of its own. It does not produce or distribute any sex-education materials for elementary school pupils; besides producing booklets as teacher aids, it publishes a newsletter reviewing and evaluating sex-education materials. Those who are trying to create the image of a SIECUS conspiracy refer to any such material reviewed in the SIECUS newsletter as "SIECUS material," but that is just as inaccurate as describing every book and movie reviewed in The New York Times *as "*New York Times *material." By the use of this technique, the Birchers have misled many citizens into thinking that every sex-education course and film in the country is a SIECUS creation.*

As for Dr. Calderone's remarks: Your version of her statement at Blair Academy published in Look *is so abridged that its meaning is distorted. Here's her original comment, as published by* Look, *with the excised words restored by us and underlined:*

> *What is sex for? It's for fun, that I know, for wonderful sensations. It's also for reproduction, sedation, reward, punishment. It's a status symbol, a commercial come-on, proof of independence, a form of emotional blackmail. Many of these are negative ways of using sex. What we are trying to feel our way toward are the positive ways. Sex is not something to be feared or degraded or kicked around or used. Sex is not something you turn off like a faucet. If you do, it's unhealthy. We are sexual beings, legitimately so, at every age. Don't think that sex stops at the age of 50. It doesn't.*
>
> *We need new values to establish when and how we should have sexual experiences.*

Your source was even more creative in editing the other remark cited. When asked "What is your opinion of premarital

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So if you're looking for your first stereo, stop in at any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. Your first visit may be your last. For stereo.

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sex relations among teenagers?," Dr. Calderone did not answer what you have quoted. According to Look, *she answered: "What's yours? Nobody from up on high determines this. You determine it." She was not denying God, who was not even mentioned, but merely reminding the young man that he must determine his own values, on the basis of his own reason, rather than looking to any human authority (including herself) to decide for him. This position has been orthodox among Jews since the prophets, among Protestants since Luther and is accepted by increasing numbers of Catholic theologians.* Look *goes on to quote her personal opinion: "Where I personally stand on all this is unquestionably in favor of a monogamy that precedes as well as follows the marriage ceremony." By refusing to deliver this as a dogma to her questioner and demanding that he think for himself, Dr. Calderone was, in our opinion, teaching a very valuable lesson.*

The line about "thou-shalt-nots" is a part of another quote entirely, in which Dr. Calderone told the Look *reporter, "I'm a religious person, but I don't believe the old 'thou-shalt-nots' apply anymore." The reporter carefully clarifies her use of the word "apply," explaining, "Hers is not a moral judgment, but a description of our society." Your source, then, not only misquoted Dr. Calderone but seems to have done so with deliberate malice and intent to deceive, rather than with carelessness.*

As for the one "real Communist" on the SIECUS board: In the 1950s, as a gesture of protest against the tactics of the House Un-American Activities Committee, the man in question refused to answer questions from them after being accused of being a Communist by one of their friendly witnesses—as did many other people who believe in civil liberties —and that is all his critics have been able to quote against him. He has never been charged with subversion by any agency of the United States Government; he denied membership in the Communist Party, under oath, before the Senate Internal Security Committee, and was not subsequently indicted for perjury. We might add that this man served in the 305th Tank Destroyer Battalion during World War Two and won a personal citation from General Mark Clark. If "guilt by association" (his involvement with an allegedly Communist teachers' union) makes him a Communist, then "innocence by association" (his war record) makes him a superpatriot, and he should be licensed to conduct investigations of the loyalty of his own accusers. As for his "lurid" magazine: It has been in existence for 35 years and its contents have been praised by the Saturday Review, Adult Leadership *and the Baptist Sunday School Book Review Service, among others. In an obscenity trial against it, the judge ruled:*

[The magazine] deals with sex, but not in an obscene manner. The articles are written in a clear and scientific manner, without any suggestion of arousing prurient interest. . . . The articles certainly serve a valid social purpose, being informative about sex, a matter of human interest and public concern. They are literary, scientific and educational.

We suggest that when you read charges of communism and subversion against your fellow Americans in the future, you check back to the original documents quoted by the professional fearmonger whose works have aroused you to see if there has been quoting out of context, distortion of sentences by adding or subtracting words, guilt by association, etc. You might also check the general reliability of such professional conspiracy hunters. Mr. Gary Allen, for instance, from whom you obtained "most" of your research, is also the author of a John Birch Society pamphlet, that alleges that the Bavarian Illuminati and/or Circle of Initiates (a supersecret society of international bankers) includes or has included among its members and dupes, Cecil Rhodes, the Rhodes Scholarship fund, Oxford University, the Politburo in Moscow, the Council on Foreign Relations, Walter Lippmann, J. P. Morgan, Nelson Rockefeller, John Foster Dulles, Dwight Eisenhower, William F. Buckley, Jr., the last seven Secretaries of State and Richard Nixon!

As for your comment that "most" psychoanalysts oppose sex education in the nursery, see the following letter.

Walter Fidman's point in the August *Playboy Forum* that "criticism of sex education is not a monopoly of right-wing ignoramuses" or of the John Birch Society is very well taken. He also correctly states that there is a theoretical question about the possibility of sex education being basically harmful if given to the child during the so-called latency period, from ages 6 to 11. He is quite right in saying that there has been some disagreement among psychoanalysts and psychiatrists on this issue.

But it would be unfortunate if the readers of his letter were left with the impression that there is any kind of equal division of opinion, or that the weight of authoritative psychiatric opinion in any way leans toward the belief expressed by Dr. Rhoda Lorand, a children's analyst, that sex education is basically dangerous and should be halted during this period.

To begin with, the whole concept of the latency period is hypothetical, and has not been established conclusively. As the chairman of the department of psychiatry at the Yale University School of Medicine, Dr. Theodore Lidz, notes in *The Person—His Development Throughout the Life Cycle*, classical psychoanalytic

Dr. James Crow: father of his country's whiskey.

By Act of Congress, Bourbon is officially America's native Whiskey—and the man who started it all was Dr. James Crow. When he developed the first quality-control distilling process back in 1835, he elevated American whiskey-making to a science—and created the greatest Bourbon of them all: smoother, mellower Old Crow. Over the years, Americans have made his Whiskey their favorite. And why not? After all...

Nothing finer has happened to Bourbon in seven generations. Old Crow.

A Javelin for the track.

On this page you see a basic Javelin specially-prepared and modified for Trans-American Road Racing.

It's been clocked at 175 mph, goes from 0 to 60 in under 5 seconds, does the quarter-mile in under 11 seconds.

One of the country's top performance writers, Karl Ludvigsen, said in a recent article: "Hopefully, American Motors will see fit to sell an exact street equivalent of its Trans-Am Javelin, because it could be one of the nicest in a nice class of cars."

Which brings us to the Javelin on the opposite page.

This year, we're producing a limited number of Javelins in racing red-white-and-blue.

We couldn't make it an *exact* street equivalent. That's illegal.

We have, however, put in standard equipment that's optional in most other cars.

It has a 390 engine. Ram-air hood. Dual exhaust system. Heavy-duty engine cooling. Twin-grip differential.

A Javelin for the road.

4-speed close-ratio gear box with Hurst shifter. Power disc brakes in front. Heavy-duty springs and shocks. Front and rear spoilers. F70 x 14 tires with raised letters. 140 mph speedometer and tachometer.

Now, if the racer's a little too much for you, there's the Javelin that started our sports car craze in the first place.

We've put in standard highback bucket seats and redesigned the instrument panel.

We've also added a lot of new options. Like corduroy upholstery trim in five colors, leather trim in three. Landau-style vinyl roof. New style rally and accent stripes.

And a lot of other things that can make the Javelin look and act just as racy as you want it to.

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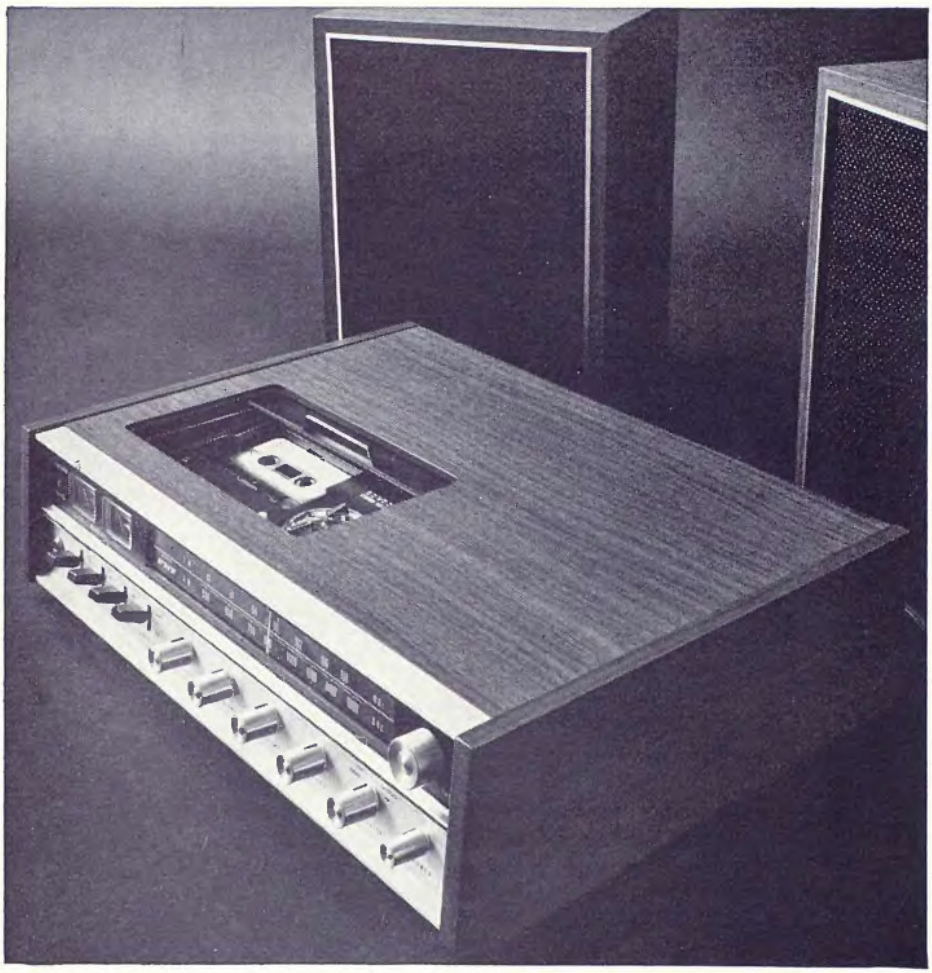

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concepts about sexual feelings during the latency period are very highly questionable and the whole period must be reconceptualized. Dr. Carlfred Broderick, a sociologist at Pennsylvania State University and a leading researcher in attitudes of youngsters during this developmental period, says flatly that the concept of the latency period is "a myth." Certainly, at best, the hypothesis remains to be proved and cannot be presented as a fact.

Secondly, regardless of any disagreements about the latency period, the great weight of medical and psychiatric opinion supports the general policy of sex education during the elementary school years. Although one can cite many letters in the A.M.A. newspaper critical of sex education in the public schools, the fact remains that the American Medical Association has reiterated its support of sex education in our schools at appropriate grade levels, provided the programs meet certain prerequisites established by action of the Association's house of delegates at its recent convention. A spokesman for the American Psychiatric Association was quoted in *This Week* magazine as saying, "The overwhelming sentiment of psychiatrists would favor some sort of sex education in the lower grades." The leading organizations of teachers and parents have also overwhelmingly endorsed sex education on all levels. So the division of sentiment among professionals very much represents the kind of division reported by the man who claimed his stew contained half rabbit and half horse: one rabbit to one horse.

When we refuse to allow sex education for our children, we are not shielding them from the presentation of sexual material, which bombards them from every side. We are simply cutting them off from one source, which—with all its present weaknesses and errors—does have the best general potential for responsible sex education in our society.

The current controversy over sex education reinforces my belief that our biggest need is not sex education for youngsters, but for adults.

Isadore Rubin, Ph.D., Editor
Sexology Magazine
New York, New York

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JESSE JACKSON

a candid conversation with the fiery heir apparent to martin luther king

In the 19 months since the murder of Martin Luther King, only one man has emerged as a likely heir to the slain leader's pre-eminent position in the civil rights movement: Jesse Louis Jackson, the 27-year-old economic director of King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The Reverend Jackson's first national exposure, in fact, came as a result of his closeness to Dr. King. He was talking to King on the porch of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis when the fatal shot was fired and cradled the dying man in his arms. The very next day, at a Chicago City Council meeting, Mayor Richard Daley read a eulogy that pledged a "commitment to the goals for which Dr. King stood." The Reverend Jackson had flown in from Memphis without sleep to attend the ceremony; he stood up in a sweater stained with Dr. King's blood and shouted to the assembled Chicago political establishment, "His blood is on the hands of you who would not have welcomed him here yesterday."

That gesture demonstrated both the militant indignation and the dramatic flair that mark Jackson's charismatic style. The New York Times *has written that he "sounds a little like the late Reverend Martin Luther King and a little like a Black Panther." It added that "almost everyone who has seen Mr. Jackson in operation acknowledges that he is probably the most persuasive black leader on the national scene."*

Jackson's personality is possibly even more in tune with the present black mood than Dr. King's was, because, as Richard Levine pointed out in Harper's, *"Dr. King was middle-class Atlanta, but Jesse Jackson was born in poverty in Greenville, South Carolina." Jackson calls himself a "country preacher," but he combines his down-home style with a sharp intellect. He attended the University of Illinois for one year but dropped out in 1960 to attend the Agricultural and Technical College of North Carolina in Greensboro, where the first black sit-in had taken place earlier that year. He was an honor student, quarterbacked the football team and organized civil rights demonstrations. After graduation, Jackson went North to study at the Chicago Theological Seminary, where he devoted most of his extracurricular time to local civil rights work.*

It was Dr. King himself who originally spotted Jackson's leadership potential during a massive civil rights drive in Chicago in the summer of 1966 and appointed him to head all of SCLC's economic projects in the North. In the three years since that appointment, Jackson has concentrated most of his efforts on the Chicago-based project called Operation Breadbasket and made that pilot program the most impressive demonstration of black economic and political power in the United States. Breadbasket's organizational methods are now being applied under Jackson's guidance in 15 cities ranging from Los Angeles to Brooklyn.

The project's primary goals are to create jobs for blacks and to encourage them to own and operate businesses. Boycotting, or the threat of it, is Breadbasket's most potent weapon. The effectiveness of this technique was most evident in a breakthrough victory over the huge Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, which operates 40 stores in Chicago's black ghetto. To avoid the financial loss that a boycott would have caused, the A & P signed a pact guaranteeing jobs for blacks and the distribution of black products on A & P shelves. As Business Week *reported in a story about Operation Breadbasket, "Nationally, the organization's efforts have resulted in about 5000 jobs and $40,000,000 in annual salaries to Negroes. But the Chicago campaign [against A & P] represents Breadbasket's most significant victory, for it is the biggest settlement with a chain in a single city, and set a precedent for other food-chain negotiations across the country."*

The A & P pact was especially significant because—in addition to a guarantee of over 700 jobs for blacks and marketing more black businessmen's products—the company also agreed to use black-owned janitorial and exterminating companies in its ghetto stores, to bank in black-owned banks, to advertise in black media and to have black construction firms build its ghetto stores. Monthly meetings between representatives of A & P and Breadbasket are designed to assure that the company is not shirking. On the personal level, sensitivity seminars attended by A & P executives attempt to awaken management to the

"A providential way of seeing our slavery is that we are missionaries sent from Africa by God to save the human race. We are the only group in the world with the power to redirect the destiny of America."

"Whether we are called Operation Breadbasket or Panthers or niggers, we know who the enemy is. We'll gain freedom by being more willing to die for it than the slavemaster is to die to keep us enslaved."

"False racial pride has divided the lower class. We should define ourselves by our economic position and shift the fight from a confrontation of poor black vs. poor white to one of have and have not."

existence and effects of prejudice. Similar agreements have been signed with more than half of all the major food distributors in the ghetto.

The Reverend Jackson created an even more far-reaching program last spring, when he initiated the Illinois Hunger Campaign. Believing that hunger is the one issue that could unite the black and white poor, Jackson led a caravan to all of the poverty areas of Illinois, ending with demonstrations at the state capitol in Springfield. The pressure this exerted on the Illinois legislature was so great that a planned cut of $125,000,000 in welfare funds was restored at a time when New York and California were making sizable cuts in their welfare payments. An impassioned appeal by Jackson, from the steps of the capitol building, inspired a bill to provide school lunches for all of the needy children in the state. Jackson also extracted a promise from the state legislature to prevail on Washington for special surplus-food allotments for the poor. The Illinois Hunger Campaign was conceived by Jackson as an extension of the Poor Peoples' Campaign begun by Dr. King, and there are plans for similar efforts in other states next year.

No matter what his other commitments may be, Jackson always attends the Saturday-morning meeting of Operation Breadbasket. The location has been changed three times this year, because the congregation continually outgrows its premises, and Breadbasket presently resides in a 6000-seat movie theater on Chicago's South Side. The lobby of the theater is filled with tables displaying black merchandise, and the auditorium itself is hung with signs that exhort the gathering to BUY BLACK PRODUCTS *and* USE BLACK SERVICES. *The first hour of the meeting is devoted to Gospel music by the Operation Breadbasket orchestra and choir, interspersed with the business for the week—either boycotts or special "buy-ins." PLAYBOY's Associate Articles Editor, Arthur Kretchmer, who conducted this interview with Jackson, describes the remainder of a recent meeting.*

"After Breadbasket's projects were out of the way, a frail old lady, whose face was ravaged by time and much else, was given the stage. In a quiet voice, and with great dignity, she briefly described the humiliation she had suffered during an interview with a welfare worker the previous week. Then she said she had come to the meeting to gain the strength that would enable her to block her door in the future. 'They can starve me,' she said, 'but I'll die before they come back with their damn forms and their damn questions.' With that, she slowly raised her fist in the black-power salute and the audience gave her the most sympathetic ovation I've ever heard.

"Then Jackson was introduced—and greeted by ten minutes of standing, clapping, stamping love. He is a big man with an imperial manner. The head is leonine and the facial expression at once fierce and sullen. He was dressed, like a Mod black emperor, in a brilliantly colored dashiki, *bell-bottom jeans and high-top country shoes. Biologist Desmond Morris has written that a leader never scrabbles, twitches, fidgets or falters, and Jackson qualifies. For over an hour, he delivered a passionate sermon that described the black man's plight in white society. It was filled with street talk, down-home slang and quotations from the Bible—but its effect was Greek tragedy with soul.*

"The sermon was punctuated by piano and organ riffs similar to a rhythm section's backing of a good jazz soloist. Halfway into an eloquent plea that blacks not waste their energy fighting among themselves, he called on one of the choir members, Sister Theresa, to sing 'I Can See the Promised Land,' because 'I need it,' he said. At one point in the sermon, he paused, clearly exhausted, and turned to the audience to say, 'Yes, I'm tired.' An old woman's voice called out, 'Take care of him, Lord. We need him too bad for You to let him die.'

"Everyone around Jackson is acutely aware of his poor health. He has suffered this year from traces of sickle-cell anemia and assorted viruses brought on by lowered resistance. He's been hospitalized a half-dozen times but never missed a Saturday at Breadbasket. It is common for a parishioner to greet him with, 'Hello, Reverend Jesse. Are you taking your medicine?'

"After Jackson finished the service, the Operation Breadbasket orchestra played a dozen choruses of a syncopated, soulful 'We Shall Overcome,' while all 6000 people in the audience—a number of whom were white—stood holding hands and swaying back and forth in one of the oldest, most moving rituals of the civil rights struggle. The effect of the morning was catharsis and rejuvenation. I don't think anyone who entered the theater that morning could have left without shedding some of the despair that seems to be afflicting the black liberation movement.

"A few moments later, I had a completely different, but indelible, impression of Jackson's impact. I was waiting to see him in a small dressing room. He was resting in an armchair, talking to a very pretty, shy black girl of about 20 who was standing near him. She said to him, with some embarrassment, 'Reverend, I just want to tell you how much you mean to all of us.' He slowly raised his head and said, 'Hell, that's just a lot of talk. If I was really important to you, you'd take pity on my old tired body and invite me home, so your momma could fix a fine meal for me.' She was immediately flustered and said, 'Oh, Reverend. You're just having fun with me. You don't mean it. You wouldn't come to my house.' He looked at her with a stern expression that he couldn't quite prevent from turning to a smile and said, 'You tell your momma I'm coming over Thursday night. Tell her to do some fixin'.' She looked at him, trying to tell if he were serious, and her eyes widened, her hands began to fuss and her jaw dropped open. Finally, she said, 'Would you really? Would you really come? If you do, I'll charge my friends admission at the door. A half a dollar to see you and a dollar to touch you!' Jackson looked at the girl and then at me, laughing his appreciation. Actually, on those rare occasions when he's in the city, Jackson is well taken care of by his beautiful 25-year-old wife, Jacqueline—and harassed by his three energetic children."

Because of Jackson's heavy schedule, Kretchmer couldn't get enough time with him until both took refuge in a rural retreat where the "country preacher" was free to explore at length the militant new mood of the black struggle and his own role in it. Since Dr. King's death had seemed for many to signal the end of the nonviolent phase of the civil rights movement—a philosophy Jackson continues to champion—the interview began with that topic.

PLAYBOY: Though the mood of blacks has changed markedly since the death of Martin Luther King, are you still committed, as Dr. King was, to nonviolence as the only way to win racial justice?

JACKSON: We will be as nonviolent as we can be and as violent as we must be. We should not choose violence first, because it is an inhumane way of dealing with problems. We also do not have the military resources to deal with the American power structure. There's no sense in facing tanks with a .22 pistol. Our circumstances and terrain would not give us the freedom to use a violent strategy. The ghettos are built like a military stockade. America never needs to actually come in. The lights can be turned off, the water shut off and the food supply stopped. We could be eliminated in the ghetto without anyone even crossing the railroad tracks to get us.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean to imply that if you did have the military resources, you would wage war against white Americans?

JACKSON: I am just pointing out that there is a strong *pragmatic* case for nonviolence. I am philosophically committed to nonviolence because I think it is the creative alternative and should be used as long as it helps protect and sustain life. It is a creative alternative to the Pentagon, for example. Just as there are forces in this world with a design for killing, so must there be forces with a design for healing.

PLAYBOY: Stokely Carmichael and Eldridge Cleaver, among others, say that *unless* blacks create their own design for

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killing, they are going to be killed themselves. Is this an irrevocable split in the black movement?

JACKSON: No. The competition to nonviolence does not come from Stokely or Eldridge; it comes from America's traditions. It comes from little children seeing cowboys solve their moral problems by killing. The competition to nonviolence comes from the military draft, with its nine weeks' training on how to kill. The trouble is that nonviolence is so often defined as refusal to fight, and that is the American definition of cowardice. In fact, marching unarmed against the guns and dogs of the police requires more courage than does aggression. The perverted idea of manhood coming from the barrel of a gun is what keeps people from understanding nonviolence.

PLAYBOY: If your life were endangered, could you use a gun?

JACKSON: Yes. Nonviolence does not demand that one develop an absolute, universal commitment to pacifism. That old notion of being in a dark alley and having a man step out with a gun does not apply. Of course, I am going to do whatever I must to get rid of the man *and* his gun. I preach nonviolence because it's the better alternative. In that alley, there *is* no alternative. But peace is the alternative to war, and nonviolence should be seen as the antidote to violence, not simply as its opposite. Nonviolence is more concerned with saving life than with saving face. It is the most sensible way to combat white society's military oppression of blacks.

PLAYBOY: Do you think white America is actually waging war on black America?

JACKSON: Yes, it's a war. Sometimes it's waged by a white army in full military gear, as any weapons count among special riot police would show. But it's also a war of attrition, a siege, in which the violence takes other forms. To me, violence is starving a child or maintaining a mother on insufficient welfare. Violence is going to school 12 years and getting five years' worth of education. Violence is 30,000,000 hungry in the most abundant nation on earth. White America must understand that men will steal before they starve, that if there is a choice of a man's living or dying, he will choose to live, even if it means other men die. These are human reactions, and we cannot assume that black people are going to be anything less than human.

PLAYBOY: Is there a point at which you feel violence would be justified?

JACKSON: If I saw that there was no other way for us to be liberated, yes.

PLAYBOY: For many white people, the most disturbing incident of potential black violence this year was portrayed by a news picture of armed students at Cornell. What do you think about their use of weapons?

JACKSON: They *didn't* use them, except in the symbolic sense of warning groups

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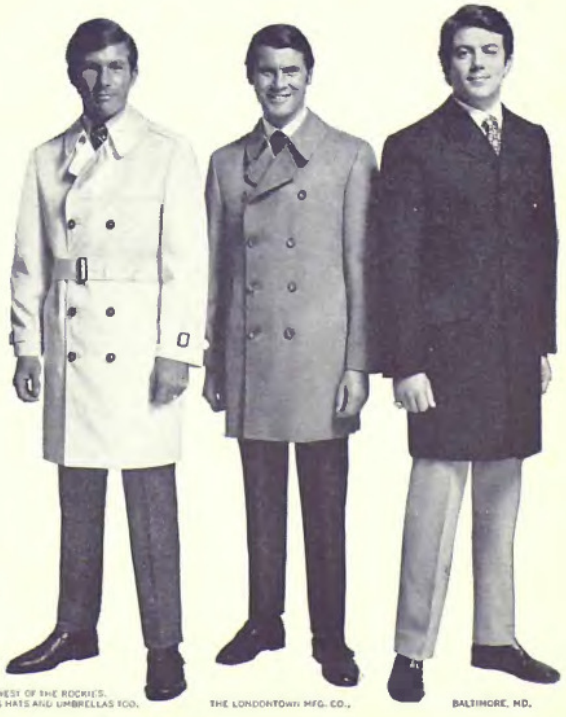

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that had threatened them that they were capable of their own military defense. I have doubts about the enduring success of the technique of military defense, but I appreciate the feelings that brought such a desperate mood into existence.

PLAYBOY: Another group that has endorsed violence as a tactic is the Black Panthers, which J. Edgar Hoover has called "the greatest threat among the black extremist groups to the internal security of the United States." Do you support the Panthers?

JACKSON: I'm very sympathetic to the Panthers. They are the logical result of the white man's brutalization of blacks. The remarkable thing about them is that they have not conducted any military offenses. They have not gone to downtown America to shoot up white-owned stores. The Panthers are a defense for justice, just as the Ku Klux Klan is an offense for injustice. That's a qualitative difference between picking up a gun to keep from being brutalized and picking up a gun to *inflict* brutality. As far as Mr. Hoover's opinion goes, I don't think that his perspective is relevant when it comes to the problems that are facing this society—which is surprising, when you consider all the good information he gets. He certainly knows what I'm thinking about and talking about most of the time.

PLAYBOY: Does the FBI keep you under surveillance?

JACKSON: Yes. It's admitted tapping Dr. King's phone, and I used to speak with him at least twice a week. The persons he spoke with were also frequently tapped, and I don't imagine they've untapped me, as my activities have increased since his death. But anything they've heard me say, if they come around, I'll be glad to repeat out loud to them. I want to add that I consider Mr. Hoover himself to be one of the greatest threats to our national security. His wire tapping and other surveillance methods violate the principles of democracy. The FBI director doesn't account to anyone, not even to the Attorney General; and, in reality, he heads what is very nearly a secret police.

It's on this subject of abusive police power that the Panthers are profound. No white community in America has a majority of black police, but black communities are militarily occupied by white police. The Panthers are right to say that the white police should be gotten out, just as the Americans were right in saying, "Get the Redcoats out." We are saying, "Get the bluecoats out."

PLAYBOY: Aren't you really saying, "Get the white bluecoats out"?

JACKSON: No. We don't want white bluecoats, but we don't want black bluecoats, either. We don't want to be policed by a supreme white authority, even if the agents of the authority are black. We're saying that the black community should police itself: the authority for the police should come from the home area, not from city hall, which is alien to us, has never been sympathetic to us and openly supports the police who oppress us.

PLAYBOY: Do you think, as some radicals seem to, that America is a police state?

JACKSON: For black men, it is. Nobody in the black community who's had the experience of being made to spread-eagle over a car for no reason, or because of a simple traffic ticket, would disagree with that. Some black folks disagree, but that's because of their lack of experience. If they just keep on living, they'll confront the reality soon enough. The reality is tyranny, and the tyrant must be opposed. Whether we are called Operation Breadbasket or Black Panthers or niggers, we know who the enemy is. We will gain our freedom by being more willing to die for it than the slavemaster is to die to keep us enslaved.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the controversial Panther demand that all black prisoners be released from prison?

JACKSON: Yes, but there are probably some black men who have been so broken, whose lives have been so twisted that they would be dangerous to all other men, both black and white, and I suppose they should not be released from confinement, though I would hope that genuine rehabilitation would replace detention. But just as the black community is a colony of white America, and those of us within that colony should be liberated, so should those of us who have been especially victimized by the viciousness of the colonial rules, and tried by the white slavemaster, be released. All of the black community should be liberated, and that includes those behind steel bars as well as those behind economic and social bars.

PLAYBOY: The subject of black crime preoccupies white America and, in the opinion of some commentators, helped elect Richard Nixon President. Many whites feel that their fears of black crime are completely justified, particularly in the light of your previous statement that black prisoners should be freed. How would you respond to that?

JACKSON: The Crime Commission appointed by Lyndon Johnson showed that most black crime is against blacks. The white folks who exploit us are as safe as a baby in a womb. The black man's hostility comes from the deprivation and frustration and tension of the ghetto. Most people handle that hostility surprisingly well; and those who don't, take it out on the nearest target—other blacks. Another reason black men hurt other black men is that the punishment is less than when you hurt a white man. The price for hostility against whites is too high. To talk back to a white boss is to be fired. And to make violent gestures against white people is to invite instant death. So the hostility that is bred in the

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ghetto leads to suffering—but mostly by blacks, not whites.

PLAYBOY: The incidence of property crimes by blacks is very high and is increasing. Do you think the white middle class is wrong to be concerned about protecting its possessions?

JACKSON: That property usually belongs to blacks, not whites. It is the ghetto resident whose home is robbed, sometimes two or three times in the same month. Black crimes against property are the result of desperation. I said earlier that a man will steal before he starves. Black crime is crime because of need; whites commit crimes of *greed*. Black folks do not set up elaborate kidnapings for a million-dollar ransom. The financial value of all of the property crimes committed by blacks in one year doesn't equal the money lost in the famous salad-oil swindle. Blacks are not out for a big score; they are out to stay alive. And when he's caught, the black man can't afford bail and a good attorney. Already wounded and probably crippled by the system, he spends more time than whites inside the jail system, where he is further destroyed by it. His criminality is molded by the police state. I was especially aware of this in the South, where I grew up. The police were an absolute power; they were not merely enforcers of the law; they *were* the law. They could do anything they wanted, because the judges and the legal system were thoroughly racist.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any recollections of personal confrontations with the police when you were young?

JACKSON: I remember that they seemed to get a kick out of breaking down the front door if you didn't answer quickly enough. When I was a little kid, we'd run and hide under the house at the sight of a police car. Later on, they locked us up for things like vagrancy or cursing. In time, they would kill a few of the guys I grew up with, and it was always "in the line of duty." There were some humorous incidents, too. One cop in Greenville, South Carolina, became famous for locking up a black man for "reckless eyeballing"; he had been staring at a white woman about 100 feet away. And I remember we weren't allowed to stand around the store windows while they were changing clothes on the white store dummies. My Northern friends get a big kick out of that, but it's symbolic of the awesome pattern of Southern oppression.

My own most frightening experience, though, didn't involve a policeman. There was a store on our street run by a white man named Jack. The customers were all black, and it was a comfortable place. Jack used to play with us kids all the time, and we'd run errands for him. One day, I went in and the store was full of people, but I was in a big hurry, the kind of hurry a six-year-old is always in. I said, "Jack, I'm late. Take care of me." He didn't hear me, so I whistled at him. He wheeled around and snatched a .45 pistol from a shelf with one hand and kneeled down to grab my arm in his other fist. Then he put the pistol against my head and, kneading my black arm in his white fingers, said, "Goddamn it! Don't you *ever* whistle at me again, you hear?" I didn't think he was really going to shoot me, even then; the thing that got to me was that none of the black people in the store did or said anything. My impression of the superpower of whites to do absolutely anything they want and get away with it right in the middle of blacks was a traumatic experience that I've never recovered from.

PLAYBOY: Are such experiences for blacks still part of the Southern heritage?

JACKSON: Yes, but less frequently, and I think Dr. King is the reason for the change. The significance of his movement can be seen only against a Southern background. He taught us that even if the police—the law—say you can't sit down, sit down anyway. In most communities until then, there weren't five men who had that kind of courage. He challenged us to stand up to the police we used to run from. In Montgomery, Alabama, the cradle of the Confederacy, he rose up and declared that black men deserve their full rights of manhood. There wasn't enough money to buy him, and there weren't enough jails to hold him. Death itself isn't enough to stop black men from being free, for crucifixion leads to resurrection.

PLAYBOY: One of the seeming ironies of the civil rights movement is that while the Southern black has gone far toward winning freedom, the ghetto black in the North is in an increasingly frustrated mood. How do you explain this?

JACKSON: The Southern movement fulfilled some of the hopes it raised. We achieved our goals in the bus boycotts and the freedom rides. The public-accommodation and voting-rights bills were passed. We haven't had corresponding success in the North. The Northern black has seen *some* progress, but his advancement doesn't compare with the advancement of white society. The economy quadruples while blacks creep along with unemployment as high as 35 and 40 percent in some black communities. When the white unemployment rate was 20 percent in 1933, it was a Depression that required massive aid. But the black unemployment rate is ignored.

The most frustrated are those who have worked hardest but remain unrewarded. A black man in Chicago with a master's degree earns less than a white man with a high school diploma. You can't tell a man who has been to college that he's not educated enough to qualify for a job that goes to white high school dropouts. If you do, you castrate him. And the Northern black is more frustrated because the indifference of white colonialism in the North is more vicious than the paternalism of the South. The Northern industrialist doesn't have any emotional relationship with the black; he maintains only economic contact. In the North, you get white smiles while the shops are open, but the hypocritical charade is over when the shops close and whites take the money out of the ghetto. It's no coincidence that those stores are the primary targets in a riot.

PLAYBOY: Los Angeles mayor Sam Yorty once stated on television that he thought riots were caused by the mass media. He said that blacks rioted in imitation of the disruptive behavior they saw on television and that if there had been no television coverage of Watts during the first hours of the trouble there in 1965, there would have been no riot. Do you feel that's true?

JACKSON: That's absurd. The riots are expressions of the unheard. The rioters are the mass of black people who invest hard labor on nasty chores—they are floor cleaners, shoeshine boys, hospital attendants—and they find that they have almost no share, no investment, no dividend in a 900-billion-dollar economy. Riots are a reaction to pain and a sense of hopelessness. There are black people whom no President's program has ever reached. My grandmother has lived through every President from 1900 to 1969, and the sum total of their grass-roots programs has not been able to teach her the 26 letters of the alphabet. Riots do not solve problems, but they indicate what those problems are. It is the responsibility of an aching man to tell the truth about his pain. It isn't to his advantage to give the appearance of happiness when he is hurting. In the past, we passively accepted the immoral acts of white society to prove that we were nice, decent folks, but that was our foolishness. Black folks assumed that Pharaoh was going to help them simply because it was the right thing to do. Now we know that Pharaoh's commitment is to property, not to persons. He must be made to do the right thing.

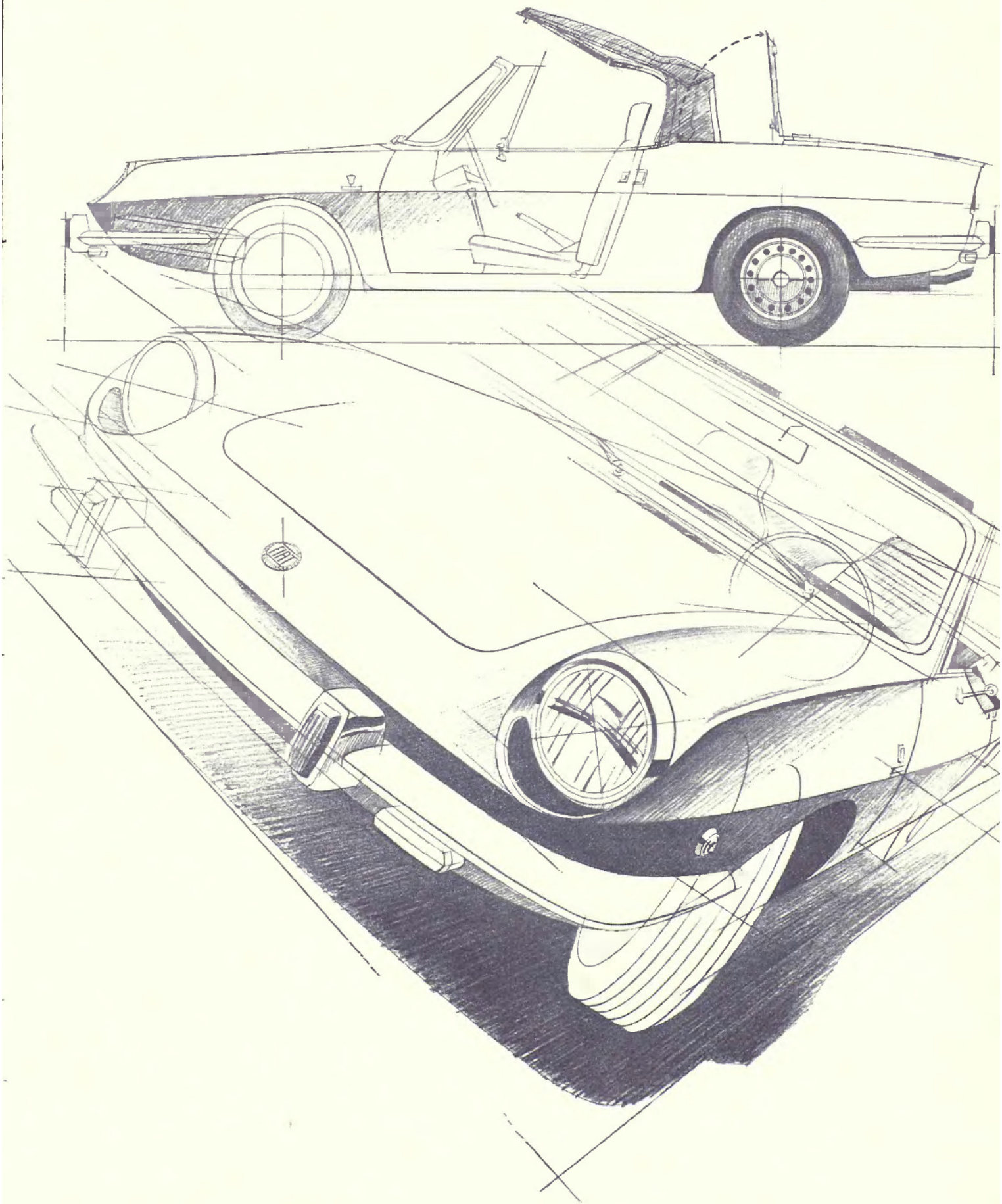
PLAYBOY: It has been alleged by some observers, however, that the riots reveal a kind of death wish on the part of blacks.

JACKSON: It's true that there is in the young generation an inclination toward nihilism. To challenge a police headquarters with a handful of bricks is a suicidal act, but it is also a blow for freedom. What the riots really reveal is the beastliness and sadism of white police. Nearly all of the people who died in riots were blacks killed by whites whose ethics dictate that nickels and dimes are more important than flesh and blood.

PLAYBOY: There are whites who say that activists such as yourself foster the riots, that without you, there'd be racial peace.

JACKSON: White folks don't want peace; they want quiet. The price you pay for peace is justice. Until there is justice, there will be no peace *or* quiet.

PLAYBOY: At the time of Dr. King's death,



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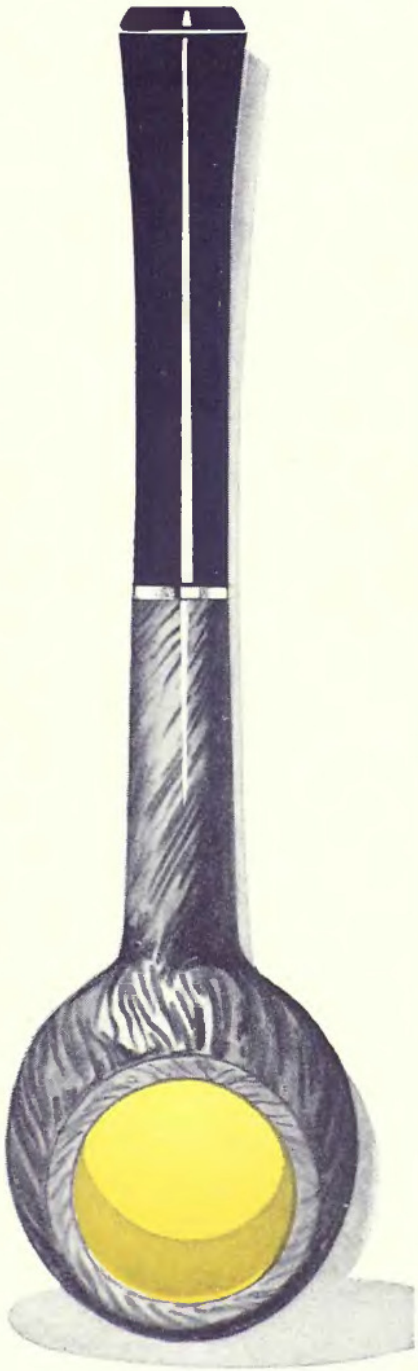

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many blacks said that white America had lost its last chance to solve the race problem without destroying itself. Do you think that's true?

JACKSON: No. I don't, although I was one of the first people to make that statement. It seemed to me then that Dr. King's death ended America's last chance to be redeemed. But it is not for us to determine the chances of redemption. There are still people being born with hope, still people fighting with hope. God has not yet damned this country, though one may wonder how long the wicked will prosper. America at this point is the most violent nation in the world.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a cliché? Don't other nations have wars and assassinations?

JACKSON: Of course. But no other nation wants so clearly to be the world's policeman. No other nation comes down so consistently on the wrong side of every revolutionary movement for liberation from tyranny. Wherever there is a rebellion, our conservative industrialists are helping to end it, whether it's in Angola or Venezuela. Any place we buy oil or rubber, or sell a little Coca-Cola and chewing gum, we've got to protect the old order. We spend $900 per second to kill the Viet Cong but only $77 per person per year to feed the hungry at home. We maintain soldiers in 20 countries around the world, yet we always talk about the Russian threat or the Chinese threat. China does not have a standing army outside of China; Russia has two. Yet we assume that someone's after us, that the "free world" is threatened simply because people want the chance to control their own economic market so they can participate in the world decision-making order. They don't want to go Communist or to crush democracy; they just want to end their serf status; and that's all blacks want here at home.

PLAYBOY: It might seem incongruous to some that you can make this sweeping indictment of America, an indictment that could easily serve as the lead paragraph in one of SDS' revolutionary pamphlets, and yet, as economic director of SCLC and leader of Operation Breadbasket, you are leading blacks who clearly want to buy into the American dream.

JACKSON: It's very simple. For all its faults, America is the only country with the capacity to save the world, even at the very moment that we seem bent on destroying it. We can produce more food, medicine, trained and educated people than anyone else. We try to export our killers, but people have stopped wanting them: they would accept our doctors, scientists and creators, but our armies are outdated. We could liberate nations from their poverty and their pestilence if our value system would allow us to do so. The irony is how close we are to being something great. One fifth of our nation is starving, yet we have the capacity to overfeed it. We could end the starvation in India, heal the sickness in Africa. But the tragedy is that we are as close to destroying the world as we are to saving it. We spent 78.4 billion dollars to kill this year but only 12 billion to heal. Those who are silent now, or are neutral now, must make a decision before the opportunity passes forever.

PLAYBOY: Are you encouraged by the young white radicals who seem determined to change America's value system?

JACKSON: The issues that move them are qualitatively different from the ones that concern blacks. Many of the radical whites say that materialism is no good, that one must seek a new level of spiritualism. Well, we lived for years with spiritualism but without any materialism. Now we'd like to try to balance the two. Many of the young whites are living on the prerogatives of the materialism they shun. They confront their school in the winter, but in the summer, they go off to Sweden or Hawaii. Their discussions of America's corruption take place over steaks. They spend $5000 a year to attend the schools they shut down. We often have the same moral ideals, but the perspective is very different.

I have also been disappointed that we were unable to get any mass help from young whites on the hunger caravan we recently concluded in Illinois. The students were so radical that feeding starving people didn't constitute revolution to them, because "a man needs to do more than eat." But while they were saying that, they were eating very well. To us, they tend to be superfluous.

PLAYBOY: Weren't the strikes at both Harvard and Columbia concerned mainly with accusations by white students that those schools abuse the black community?

JACKSON: I do not mean to condemn their creative protests. They accurately reflect Jesus' position that man cannot live by bread alone. They come from houses with boats and cars and more money than they can spend, yet they find their lives empty. There is beauty in their hearing the heartbeats of other humans. What I'm saying is that there is a lack of depth in their protest, in terms of the black community's real and immediate needs. But I think I must reserve judgment on those whites who are living off the prerogatives of wealth. If they are legitimately concerned, they will take what Daddy leaves and pay back some of that money in reparations to blacks.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with James Forman's proposal that the churches pay reparations to blacks?

JACKSON: Yes, and eventually the demands will not be limited to the churches. The black community in America is an underdeveloped nation, a victim of America's cold war against her own black people. In that war, all of our supply lines have been cut—educational, commercial, political and psychological. We've been

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the victims of an unjust war and are due reparations from those who launched it. Business owes us reparations, first for enslaving us, then for refusing to give us work or hiring us for only the lowest-paying, most grueling jobs. And even when we have an opportunity to do the same work as white men, we are paid less for it. The labor unions, for whom we fought, owe us reparations for locking us out. The church is also liable, because it has disregarded its own moral imperatives and cooperated in creating and maintaining a racist society.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect these demands to be met?

JACKSON: For the most part, no.

PLAYBOY: Then isn't the plea for reparations a rhetorical gesture rather than a serious proposal?

JACKSON: The demands are perfectly serious. If they were met, it would mean a great step toward unifying the two separate and unequal societies that the Kerner Commission described after it studied the Newark and Detroit riots. The point is that SCLC and I are not naïve enough to think that the businessmen who control the assets of corporations, labor unions and churches will voluntarily act from some inner moral impetus. America's god is money. God is your ultimate concern, what you give maximum sacrifice for, what you will die for. God is what you worship. The American ideal is maximum profit and minimum person: there is no impulse to share the wealth, to raise up those less fortunate. What counts is the name on the front of the building. Well, I say what counts are the hands that do the work inside.

PLAYBOY: Isn't money also one of Operation Breadbasket's major concerns?

JACKSON: Yes. It's a concern because it's a reality. But the essential purpose of Operation Breadbasket is to have blacks control the basic resources of their community. We want to control the banks, the trades, the building construction and the education of our children. This desire on our part is a defensive strategy evolved in order to stop whites from controlling our community and removing the profits and income that belong to black people. Our programs are dictated by the private-enterprise economy in which we find ourselves. In my heart, however, I know that the entire system is a corruption. To me, the earth belongs to everybody; it's just a very successful rumor white folks have going that the earth belongs to them. The earth is the Lord's and no man creates anything that didn't come from other things that God put here. No man really takes anything away, either. No man can claim that he made soil or wool or milk. White folks can make airplanes, but they can't make mountains. They can make syrup but not water. *Genesis* says that the Lord created the earth and everything therein and gave man, not white man, dominion over it and created a dominion sufficient for everyone to be able to survive and prosper. Now the concept of *Genesis* has obviously been destroyed, and it is our concern to rid America of some of her arrogance and control of God's resources by saying that the food belongs to all the people.

PLAYBOY: Do you think farmers and suppliers should give their food away?

JACKSON: I don't care how the people get food, as long as they get it. The Government can buy the food and give it away in a large-scale version of the present inadequate surplus-food and food-stamp programs. Or it can give the poor enough money to buy the food themselves.

PLAYBOY: Many middle-class whites think that the poor would only buy booze and guns if they had the money.

JACKSON: I challenge anyone with that belief to tour the reeking, rat-infested tenements of Harlem or Chicago's South Side and count the number of alcoholic welfare mothers. There won't be many. Welfare people do not account for this nation's high number of alcoholics. Nor are most guns bought by the black poor. In a home where the children are eating wall plaster because they are hungry, a gun isn't looked upon as an important commodity. But I don't care if the Government wants to give out food instead of money. I would bless any device it might come up with, as long as it does *something*. The country is producing more food than it needs. There is inherent evil in a system that induces men to plow crops under while others starve.

Not only does the food belong to the people but the industrial profit also belongs to the people. If the employees of General Motors left tomorrow, it would have to stop. If the entire board of directors died tomorrow, nothing would stop. What's indispensable are the laborers, not the directors. The laborers can rise from the ranks and direct their fellow laborers. Because they are the basic need, they ought to reap the basic benefits. But in America, about six percent of the people control the basic wealth, and there's something infinitely demonic about that. It's no wonder that America needs the largest military in the world to protect the wealthiest superrich class from people who would rebel against it. There's no basic conflict among the *peoples* of the world; Russian bus drivers aren't mad at American bus drivers. But the controlling groups are always in conflict with the people—whether it's the Government of the United States, which refuses to adequately protect the poor, or the boards of directors at GM and Ford, which encourage blacks to go into debt to buy automobiles but don't allow blacks to participate in the profitable manufacture and distribution of cars.

PLAYBOY: Can blacks afford to buy automobile agencies?

JACKSON: The companies will lend us the

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money to buy *cars*, which leads to profits for them only. They could lend us the money to buy agencies, but they won't, because that would let us profit also.

PLAYBOY: Aren't there some black car dealers?

JACKSON: About 14 dealerships out of 28,000. We are grossly underrepresented in all areas of the economy. There are no black TV stations, for example, and only seven black radio stations. Most of the stations that are beamed toward the black community and play black music are white owned. We can't get FCC outlets, and I'm convinced that there is a conspiracy to keep us from communicating with one another on a mass scale.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that the Government fears a nationally directed riot?

JACKSON: I don't know what they think; all I know is we can't get licenses when we apply.

PLAYBOY: What does Operation Breadbasket intend to do about this sort of economic underrepresentation?

JACKSON: We have the power, nonviolently, just by controlling our appetites, to determine the direction of the American economy. If black people in 30 cities said simultaneously, "General Motors, you will not sell cars in the black community unless you guarantee us a franchise here next year and help us finance it," GM would have no choice. We can affect their margin of profit by withdrawing our patronage and resisting the system instead of enduring it.

PLAYBOY: Can this really work? And, if so, why hasn't it been done already?

JACKSON: It hasn't been done because we weren't sophisticated enough to see it. This is a step that we haven't been ready to take. But it will certainly be done now, because we are organizing to do it. Black people purchase about 35 to 40 billion dollars' worth of goods each year. We represent the margin of profit in many industries. America depends on our cooperation with her economy, and we shall become the enemies of those businesses and industries that work against our interest by unfair hiring practices, by discriminating against black products, by not making investments in the ghetto to correspond with the profits taken out of it. There is an analogous situation in politics: The black people have not yet realized that *we* can determine who gets elected President; in 1960, it was the South Side of Chicago that turned in the vote that made John Kennedy President. The newspapers all said that Mayor Daley had once again come through with his Cook County machine, but that vote was black. The ghetto, however, has seldom voted in its own self-interest. It has even voted for black politicians who are contemptuous of blacks.

PLAYBOY: Why does the ghetto vote so inefficiently?

JACKSON: Because it's so easy to intimidate or con the poor; they have no

recourse. On Election Day, the precinct worker comes around and says that if you don't vote his way, he'll have you thrown out of the housing project or he'll have your welfare check canceled. Or, if he's a benign type, he'll buy your vote with a chicken. The poor are also frightened out of coming to freedom meetings. But the poor themselves must learn that food is a right and not a privilege. We are marching to gain a subsidy for 30,000,000 hungry Americans who represent a human resource that is more important than any of the mineral resources that this nation subsidizes.

PLAYBOY: What form would that subsidy take?

JACKSON: A guaranteed annual income based upon the Government's own estimate of the amount of money people actually need to live adequate lives. They say that a family of four in a large city in the United States in 1969 requires $5994 per year for minimum maintenance. If that's what's needed, then that's what they should get.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't that be expensive, especially considering the present high tax burden?

JACKSON: The Senate committee on poverty headed by George McGovern stated, after doing field research throughout the nation, that it would cost ten billion dollars per year to feed the poor and fulfill their basic health, clothing and housing needs. I would guess that that's a low estimate. Let's double it and say that the cost would be 20 billion dollars per year. That's less money than we're spending to kill the Viet Cong. It's less money than we're about to spend on the ABM system. It is less than a third of the defense budget. If we wanted men to live as much as we want to see them die, we could do it without any new taxes.

PLAYBOY: But what motivation does the Government have to subsidize the poor?

JACKSON: Out of a spirit of humanity, one would hope; but that is naïve. Our job is to create enough pressure to *force* the Government to act. It is certainly not going to do so on its own. The imbalance of Southern power in the Congress has led to important committees being headed by pathological killers and by men with public commitments to racism. These men—such as Mendel Rivers, Russell Long, Jamie Whitten and Richard Russell—are the black man's burden. The truth is that the Mafia is probably better represented in the Government than blacks are. And numerous other special-interest groups are well taken care of. The situation on the agriculture committees is particularly loathsome to me because of the millions of dollars that are given away to gentleman farmers who don't farm, while children are starving. Contrast that with the Black Panthers' national breakfast program. They are serving thousands of people free food every week, and the only qualification is

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that the recipient be hungry. If the Panthers can serve breakfast to 3000 children a week in Chicago or 1500 in San Francisco, with their lack of resources, what could those cities' governments be doing if they had the same interest?

PLAYBOY: If you were the mayor of a major American city, what would you do?

JACKSON: I would declare the poor communities in a state of emergency and deal with the unemployment rate, the high mortality rate and the high t.b. rate. I would set up medicine tents on the streets, and embarrass the Federal and state governments into opening up their food storehouses. I would declare war on disease and hunger. I would enlarge all the city departments that feed and heal people. The welfare of all the people would be attended to before any new golf courses or monuments or stadiums were built. I would force the Government to call out the National Guard to deal with the existing injustices, which make the ghetto a permanent disaster area. There's no reason why the Army couldn't be coming down the street with bayonets, looking for slum landlords. The Army would force trade unions to allow the minority groups in. And those who did not pick up the garbage would themselves be picked up. An Army like that wouldn't have any trouble getting volunteer soldiers because it would be engaged in a *relevant* war.

PLAYBOY: Is that statement a reference to Vietnam?

JACKSON: Let me just say that Vietnam is not a relevant war. It is a war in which the black poor are paying with their lives to protect the investments of a small, rich elite whose Asian investments are threatened by Hanoi.

PLAYBOY: Whatever interests are being served in Vietnam, do you think that you, as a citizen, have the right to pick the wars in which you will fight and those in which you won't?

JACKSON: Of course I have that right. I must reserve the right to decide which wars are just. And I would not fight in a war that I thought was unjust. Nor would I approve of anyone else doing so.

PLAYBOY: Would you encourage drafted blacks to refuse to go to Vietnam, even if it means jail for them?

JACKSON: Yes. And whites, too. Fighting in Vietnam is a step back into slavery for blacks, and into barbarism for whites. The road to jail has often been the road to freedom. Many men—Gandhi, Jomo Kenyatta, Dr. King—have learned that.

PLAYBOY: Although a disproportionate number of blacks have died in Vietnam, there have been few blacks active in the peace movement. Why?

JACKSON: To blacks, the peace movement is a luxury that presupposes you have the time to save somebody aside from yourself. Blacks are just too occupied with their own survival. They have not even been sophisticated enough to know that they can oppose murder. A black man can be easily seduced; it's a revolution for him to go from one meal a day to three. Sometimes I think that blacks are so locked away from information that we could be duped into fighting in South Africa for apartheid, if America told us to do it. We certainly were down there shooting our Dominican brothers. I saw televised scenes of Dominicans lined up against a wall while black GIs held guns on them. But this is not because of ignorance but because of cultural suffocation and improper education.

PLAYBOY: Malcolm X once proposed that the UN send observers into the American black community to determine if blacks were being treated humanely. Do you think that's a practical idea?

JACKSON: Only for symbolic purposes; the UN doesn't have any power and is subject to the American veto.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't exercising the veto prove so embarrassing to the U. S. that it would refrain from doing so?

JACKSON: I doubt it. And the countries that one might expect to pressure America into dealing humanely with its black minority—the countries of Africa—are themselves too dependent on America's trade and financial aid to wish to antagonize her. It is not in the enlightened self-interest of those countries to rise up in indignation when we're shot up in Detroit or Watts, because we don't affect their essential relationship with the world markets or the World Bank.

PLAYBOY: Both Malcolm and Dr. King worked to mobilize a world-wide conscience against racism before they were struck down. Do you share the view of some that both murders were part of a plan to deprive blacks of their leaders?

JACKSON: Not a single elaborate conspiracy, but it's clear that as we have moved closer to America's nerve center, closer to a position where we could vote men out of office, the killings have increased. And I don't think America has done anything to indicate that she is on the side of Dr. King rather than of his killers.

PLAYBOY: You used the plural. Don't you think that James Earl Ray acted alone?

JACKSON: I would be surprised if it wasn't a conspiracy involving many others.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any evidence to support that belief?

JACKSON: I think the circumstances were very suspicious. As you know, I was with Dr. King when the assassin's bullet was fired. We were talking with Operation Breadbasket's music director, Ben Branch, about songs for the next day's rally. Dr. Abernathy, Andy Young, James Bevel and Bernard Lee were very near. When Dr. King was shot, I hit the ground, along with the others. We scrambled toward the steps where he was and I looked back over my shoulder, because I was afraid that more shots were going to be fired. I saw so many police coming *from the direction of the shot* that I actually threw up my hands, thinking that the shot had come from one of them and that I was going to be killed, too. There were hundreds of police in the area, some jumping from the hill where the shot had come from. I tried to tell them that the bullet came from that way.

Now, the hotel that Ray was in—if Ray was the killer—is next door to the fire department. With the shot having been fired and all those police in the area, the usual thing during an emergency in a Southern town would be for a siren to go off that stops the lights and traffic on Main Street, where the hotel is. It was six o'clock in the afternoon, the busiest time for traffic, and it all could have been brought to a halt. But no siren went off, traffic wasn't stopped and Ray escaped through downtown Memphis. The distance he subsequently traveled indicates to me that he didn't do it by himself and that he may have had some very highly placed help. But, of course, finding Dr. King's killers is secondary to getting at the roots of America's violent atmosphere—an atmosphere in which you conform or are broken, in which you take your subordinate place in the industrial hierarchy or are destroyed.

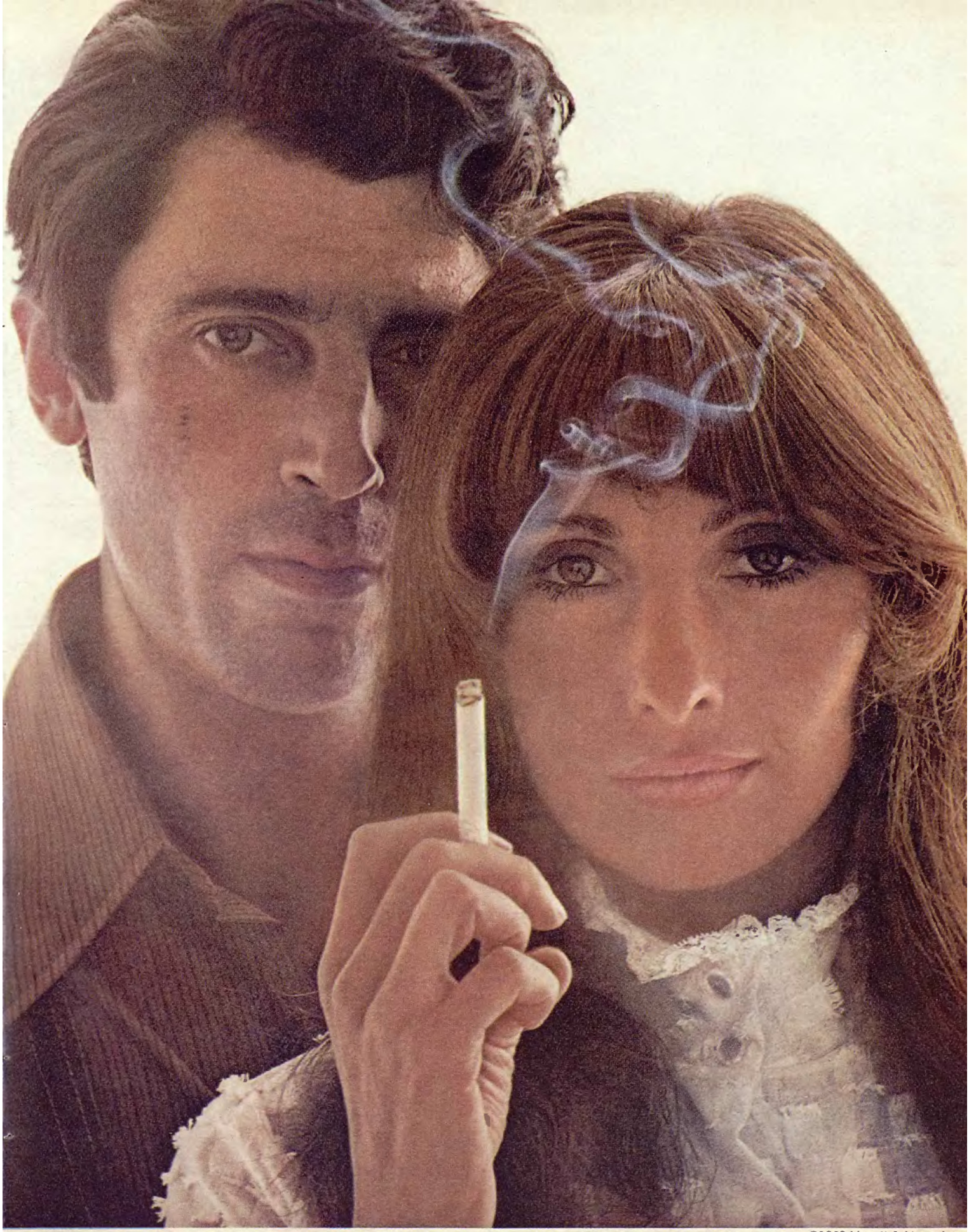
PLAYBOY: What do you think Dr. King would be doing if he were alive today?

JACKSON: Dr. King would still be dealing with the problem of finding a job for everybody; he would still be raising the questions of medical care for everybody, of a full-employment economy. He would still be on the basic issues, still be pointing out the stupidity of the war. He would be in general conflict with Nixon. He would still, as we say, be on the case.

PLAYBOY: Will there ever be another black leader as important as Dr. King?

JACKSON: I don't think so, though, of course, no man can say. But it was Dr. King who crossed the frontier, who made a permanent break with the past. I grew up in the period from 1955 to 1965, and that time was dominated by his courage and strength, as opposed to the previous mass docility of black men. Dr. King was a surprise for a lot of whites who had conned themselves into believing that Negroes were really inferior. He was intelligent, moral, eloquent and courageous. The contrast of his eloquence with the lack of it in those whites he was forced to deal with gave us a rallying point. Even more important was the way he stood up to white military power in the South. Dr. King wasn't afraid of the cop's billy stick, guns or dogs. He overcame the stigma of jail cells; in fact, he *dignified* the jail cell and wrote great words from it. He was willing to die for black people, and finally did die, not on some lofty mountainside or in the company of ambassadors but kissing garbage men, trying to set them free.

PLAYBOY: In the weeks before he died, did Dr. King express any particular



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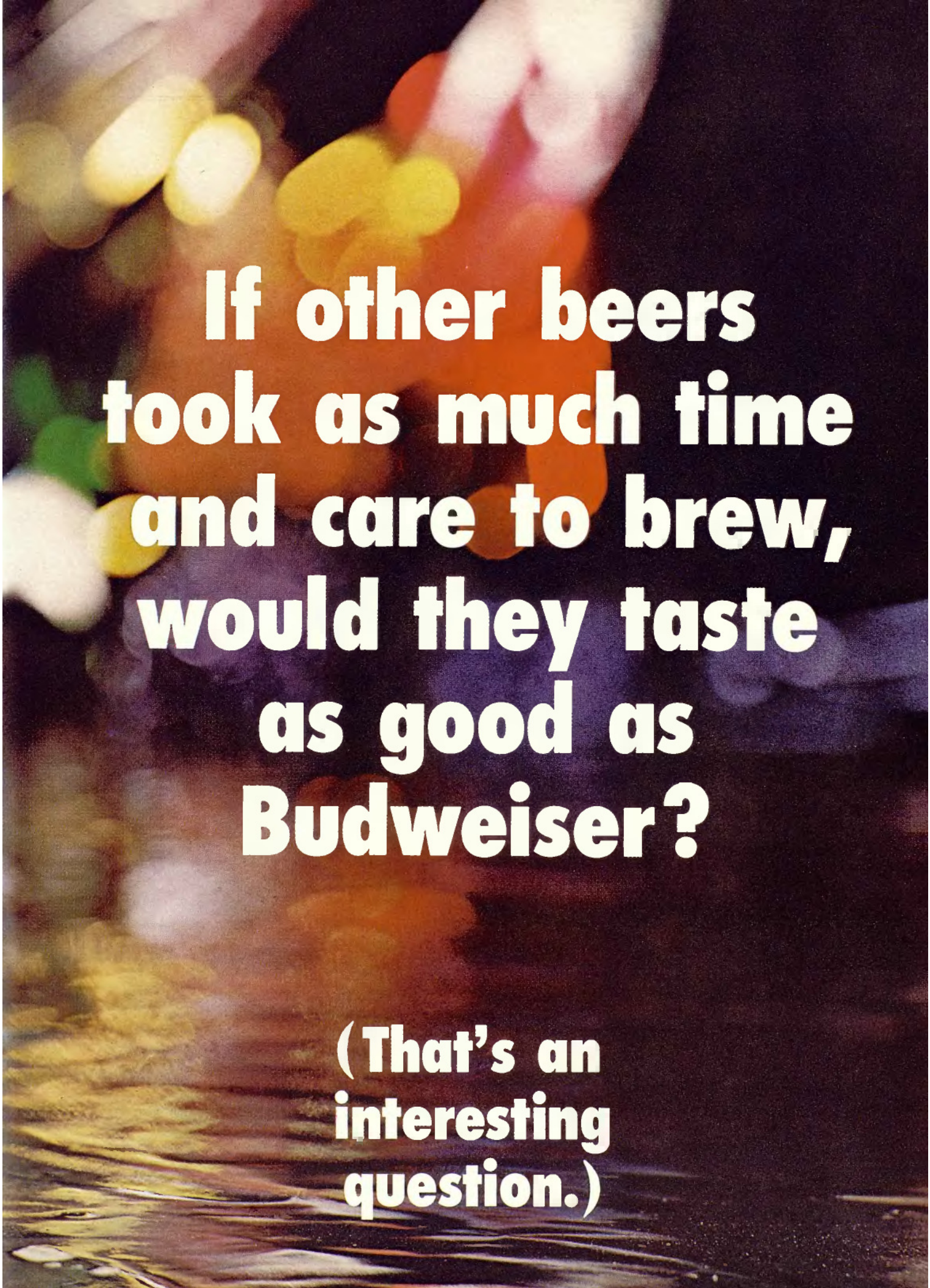
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(That's an interesting question.)

optimism or pessimism about the future of the movement?

JACKSON: He expressed both. SCLC was at that time involved in making its decision about the Poor Peoples' Campaign in Washington, D. C., that ultimately led to Resurrection City. Many of Dr. King's friends and some board members said that we should not go to Washington because of the possibility of a riot. The final decision was his. He was going through a bad time and he showed it at one of the last staff meetings he would ever attend. He was despairing that morning and Andy Young tried to tell him to relax, that things were going to get better. And Dr. King told Andy, "Don't say 'Peace, peace' when there is no peace. The country is swinging to the right and our President is obsessed with the war. Maybe I ought to turn around," he said. But then he stopped; and when he continued, his voice was more firm. "But we've gone too far to turn around. There were dark days during the sit-ins, and in Selma and Birmingham. We've come too far."

Then he changed again. "But I'm still disturbed by the division in the country. Maybe I ought to just fast. And when I get to the point of death, perhaps we could have a summit meeting of blacks. Maybe that would bring us together." But then he seemed to resolve the argument in his mind. He said, "I've seen where we've got to go. We are going to fight the good fight; we are going to liberate our brothers and raise up the poor. We're not going to turn around. It's all very clear to me now." And I think Dr. King at that moment was as sure as he had ever been of the ultimate victory of his movement. Once you've been to the mountaintop, it doesn't matter if James Earl Ray is in the bushes waiting for you.

PLAYBOY: Do you share Dr. King's vision?

JACKSON: In my stronger moments, I have no doubts. I'm even able to love those who persecute me. There must be some force that's committed to redemption, even though it's painful. The alternative is that we will destroy ourselves—"die together as fools," as Dr. King said once. He and Gandhi and Jesus reached a spiritual state that liberates the self. Dr. King did not represent ordinary men. That's what made people love him so much. But what finally happens to the extraordinary men is what happened to Jesus. We admire them but we don't follow them, and finally we kill them because they become such a threat to us.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

JACKSON: Most of us cannot live up to the ideal of the noble and virtuous. Such men make us aware that we must settle for the real and the expedient. We are diminished by their purity, which is a threat to our self-esteem. The idealist keeps our consciences awake, but the pressure on our conscience is so great that it can be relieved only by murder.

PLAYBOY: Dr. King was criticized for placing too much emphasis on conscience. David Halberstam wrote that Dr. King left Chicago in 1966, for example, because he could not inspire a moral consciousness, and Mayor Daley was able to dissipate his campaign with high-sounding but unspecific resolutions. Do you think that Dr. King was too concerned with the moral rather than the tactical aspects of the civil rights movement?

JACKSON: No. I think that even as recently as 1966, Dr. King was correctly analyzing his problem as the need to change the psyche of the black man. You couldn't impress black folks unless you impressed white folks first. Dr. King had to make the movement as large as possible in white eyes to get respect for blacks. I think that we are inclined to lose perspective on how much things have changed since 1955. There was no black consciousness then. Dr. King was dealing with "Negroes"—put quotes around that—whose minds, desires, ambitions and images were white inspired. Aretha Franklin couldn't have made it in 1955. It was Dr. King who moved the "Negro" farther and farther out; and the farther he got from that white shore, the blacker he became.

Dr. King had the most national influence of any black leader, and his concern was to change national policy. The strategy was always to form a coalition of conscience between the black community and a segment of the white community. An issue had to be defined along moral lines, because the white community will split on the basis of moral against immoral, liberal against conservative. Without that white help, there is no chance for us to have an impact on national policies. Dr. King used to point out that there is not a black college in the country that could remain open six months on black contributions. That's a reality we must face. Even now, there is no civil rights organization of any consequence that functions on black money.

PLAYBOY: Does Operation Breadbasket accept white money?

JACKSON: SCLC accepts any money, and it finances us. But we get more black money out of Chicago than any other civil rights organization has ever gotten out of the black community.

PLAYBOY: What does SCLC think of white participation in the leadership of Breadbasket and other programs?

JACKSON: We discourage it. We need and want to encourage the technical and financial aid of whites in the civil rights movement, but we should make our own decisions. Whites should spend their physical energy liberating *white* America, because white folks need someone to help them understand blacks or they're going to continue to be paralyzed by their paranoia. Whites suffer from nightmares and irrational anxiety. When a black family moves onto a white street, the white girls are not magically impregnated by a black boy. Those fears are unreal. But whites do not allow enough communication with blacks to learn the truth. So other white folks must defend our humanity, even though our skin color is different and our hair grows differently and we have a different heritage.

PLAYBOY: Why is there a preoccupation now with black studies and Afro styles?

JACKSON: The so-called natural movement is simply trying to say that I may not know who I am psychologically and historically, but I'm not going to be defined by white folks any longer. I want to see how I'd look if I just grew. If I didn't use anything white folks gave me to fancy myself up with, what would I look like? Most of us have never given ourselves a chance to find out. We're in search of our existence as a new people—Afro-American. White people forced us to suppress our beauty; now we want to glorify it. The fact that our natural selves conflict with the comfortable, stereotyped white image of the black man is not our problem.

PLAYBOY: But this new emphasis on blackness seems to lead to some paradoxical situations. In spite of the need for expanded opportunities for blacks to attend college, a number of strikes were initiated last year by black college students who demanded black-studies programs at their schools. Are black-studies programs so important that it's worth closing down a school to get them?

JACKSON: I think so. History plays a large role in a people's growth. The white man took away our history because it was one more way for him to control us. Without a group identity, we had no group loyalty; we were separated from our past to make it easier to control us in the present. It is one thing to see ourselves as a people only 300 years old, born as slaves and moving toward freedom. But, in fact, our forebears date back to the origin of man, and we have always been a creative and productive people; we were enslaved, but now we are returning to freedom—and it's good to come back home. We need the pride and dignity of knowing that we are part of a great continuum. Anthropologists say that mankind originated in Africa. We are the people who carved out the great civilizations of Kush, Songhai, Ghana and Mali. We smelted iron; we mined copper and gold. For us to know this is to know that we can look forward to a great destiny.

PLAYBOY: It's the idea of exclusively black studies that bothers many white people. Other ethnic groups don't have special study programs, do they?

JACKSON: But they do, and the schools recognize them as such. If you are an Italian, for instance, your history courses will cover the entire history of early Rome and then Renaissance Italy, and they will stress the worth of the Italian contributions. But no ancient-history

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courses emphasize the blackness of the great early civilizations. And American-history courses generally ignore the black man. If the schools had done their job, they wouldn't have the problems they are now confronted with—and richly deserve.

PLAYBOY: Many athletes and entertainers—Bill Cosby, for example—have adopted Afro hair and clothing styles; but aside from this sort of symbolic identification, do you think successful blacks have been as involved as they should be with the movement?

JACKSON: I think the symbolism is important; it shows a new sensitivity. The black athletes and entertainers who are wearing natural hair styles and Afro clothes are specifically defying the white measurement apparatus. But the fact is that the black artist has never been as far away from the black community as the white press sometimes portrays him. Every black man, for example, knows where Sammy Davis' heart is. The black entertainer moves into a white community because the houses are bigger and better there. He is just taking advantage of a new freedom. Historically, the black athlete and entertainer have been in a precarious position where, if they over-identified with the racial situation, they couldn't play in the major night clubs, couldn't get into a movie or were blackballed from a league. Black athletes who take a militant position on the race problem endanger their jobs, even though teams are dependent on their participation. Jackie Robinson broke into baseball in 1945. In 1969, blacks dominate the game. The stars of the National Basketball Association are nearly all black, as are many in the National Football League. But we'd be doing even better in sports if there were not still some discrimination there.

PLAYBOY: What kind of discrimination?

JACKSON: Before I entered college, I was offered a contract to pitch for the Chicago White Sox. They wanted to give me less money to sign than the white boys I was striking out. I'm sure that's generally true, and many black boys can't afford to leave the farm or the factory to try to make it with a team. More indicative of the racism still alive in sports is the fact that in all of major-league baseball, there isn't one black executive or manager.

PLAYBOY: If a black baseball player clearly shows himself to be managerial material, don't you think he'll get a shot at a manager's job?

JACKSON: What does that mean? Is every white manager "managerial material"? Then how come they're always being fired? In America, a white man, no matter how dumb, is expected to boss a black man; but no black man, no matter how highly qualified, is allowed to give orders to a white man. If a white ballplayer like Eddie Stanky is argumentative and aggressive, he's considered fiery. Therefore, he's a managerial prospect. But Jackie Robinson was fiery as hell, only they called it arrogance. He was an "uppity nigger." When Robinson left baseball, his accumulated knowledge about running bases, pitching, hitting and fielding went with him. It was a waste of a great baseball mind.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that unless a black man is docile, he can't survive; yet the mood of young blacks—including you—is anything but docile. Haven't the times changed?

JACKSON: *We* have changed; I don't know about the times. White society still tries to impose a different code of behavior on blacks than on whites. What to me is an expression of confidence is to white folks an expression of defiance. The country is so used to black people smiling and bowing and acting unsure of themselves that when whites meet someone who confronts them and challenges their standards, they make harsh judgments. Now things are changing so fast that the hostility of white society toward a black man may lead to respect for him from the black community. For a white man to embrace you is for a black man to hold you suspect.

PLAYBOY: You have been accused of cynically manipulating that new mood in your personal choice of dress and hair style. Do you think that if you didn't wear sideburns and a *dashiki*, but dressed conservatively and looked somewhat like a young Martin Luther King, that you could make it as a black leader today?

JACKSON: Style—whether it's Afro or Ivy League—isn't crucial. Hell, there are kids around who look like Ché Guevara, but they still need their mommas to get them across the street. Because of all the losses we have suffered, black people are looking for *winners*; that's the only way to get their respect. And a winner is someone who successfully defies white America. The reason Joe Louis will always be respected in the black community is that at a time when other blacks couldn't even talk back to white people, Joe Louis was beating them up, knocking them down and making them bleed. When I do a TV show, I'm aware that every black watching is scoring me against the white opposition, as if I were in a fight. Every black man who has won the loyalty of his community has indicated some expression of defiance for the white man. Malcolm X is a good example. He could look Whitey straight in the eye and tell him he was lying. And Malcolm showed that even the most brutalized experience could be overcome.

PLAYBOY: You obviously don't agree with those who felt that Malcolm was a disruptive force.

JACKSON: Malcolm had become an apostle of peace after his trips to the Near East. America has a knack for killing her men of peace, while men of war continue to thrive. Malcolm's death also pointed up the futility of thinking in exclusively white-black terms. Blacks killed Malcolm, just as a black man betrayed Marcus Garvey and a black woman once tried to stab Dr. King. Black is not always good, just as white is not always bad. We confirmed that lesson at Resurrection City, where white Appalachians shared the mud with us while some blacks on U Street were asking The Man to run us out of town. And it was a black woman who started many of Adam Powell's troubles.

PLAYBOY: The consensus among white liberals is that Adam Powell deserved his fate—and that he was a hindrance to the civil rights movement. Do you disagree?

JACKSON: Absolutely. First of all, and to set the record straight, as head of the House Education and Labor Committee, Adam Powell was responsible for passing over 60 pieces of significant social legislation—more than any other of his virtuous colleagues have ever done. But Adam is even more important, for a depressed black psyche, as a defier of white rules. Something happened to my dad in World War Two that illustrates this. He was serving in France and Strom Thurmond came to speak to his all-black regiment. The Senator's message was that they were there to fight the War, that they were not to bother any women; they were to know their place. In other words, it was all right for my father to risk his life to serve America, but he was still a nigger. So when Adam Powell walked down the halls of Congress with two white women on his arm, just the outrageous defiance of it gave us gratification. The appeal of that defiance will never be lost.

PLAYBOY: That story touches on the strong sexual aspect of racism. Both Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver have expressed elaborate theories in which white sexual fears are cited as a fundamental cause of race hatred. Do you agree?

JACKSON: Although sex is a crucial underlying cause of prejudice and racial hatred, it is not relevant to the black liberation movement. We will not allow the white man's sexual problem to stand in the way of our freedom.

PLAYBOY: Can you just ignore it?

JACKSON: Let me explain it with some awful history. In the South, when a slave ran away—thereby expressing his manhood and independence—and he was caught, the punishment for his first offense was whipping or branding. If he ran away again, which was the clearest way for him to assert himself, his punishment was likely to be castration. The slave was told that he was inferior, less than human and completely unappealing to the white woman; but The Man still castrated him. That says a lot about the psychosexual dilemma of the Southern white male. The other part of that dilemma was that because of his fear of black men, the white man had to desensitize white women. The white woman had to spiritually kill herself. For a

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white woman to see Jim Brown and not think of him as an attractive male means that the nerves are dead within her being. She dehumanized herself, because white men wanted it that way. But when the white man destroyed his relationship with his women, he got his satisfaction from the pursuit of money. So the white man perverted himself and his women.

If some great psychoanalyst had emerged 300 years ago, he might have solved some of the white man's problems and prevented the brutalization of blacks by whites. But we were not rescued, and the intervening 300 years have served to diminish the importance of sexual antagonisms and replace them with a more crippling form of racism. Today, racism is integrated into the ideology of capitalism. I said that the sexual aspect is irrelevant because even if sexual tensions disappeared tomorrow, capitalism would still require a racist ideology in order to maintain a cheap labor base. Racism provides a mechanism by which the slavemaster assures that society will have a ready supply of inferiors who can serve as slaves. Racism is as important to America's domestic colonialism as it was to foreign colonialism; it is an excuse to exploit and enslave a people because they have been defined as inferior. Colonialism is not built upon emotions; it is built upon behavior patterns that are designed to get a profit.

PLAYBOY: Do you think, as some revolutionaries do, that capitalism will have to be destroyed in order to end racism?

JACKSON: It is futile for us to think about ending racism; that is a psychological problem that seems beyond our attempts to affect it. We are fighting to end colonialism—oppression and exploitation. That requires power. The civil rights movement is a lifetime struggle for power. A man who is impotent, no matter how courteous and pleasant looking he is, is told to wait in the lobby. But if you have power, you can be an illiterate boor with tobacco juice running down your face and they will open the door for you. As I said earlier, we are going to organize to exert power on the big corporations. We are going to see to it that the resources of the ghetto are not siphoned off by outside groups. Right now, black exterminating companies don't even get the contracts to kill the ghetto's rats. But that's going to change. If a building goes up in the black community, we're going to build it. And we're going to stop anyone else from building it. If we can't get into those construction unions, they're not going to get into our neighborhoods.

PLAYBOY: But other neighborhoods don't control their business according to ethnic separation. They try to become part of what is traditionally called the American melting pot.

JACKSON: I hear that melting-pot stuff a lot, and all I can say is that we haven't been melted. We've been getting burned on the bottom of the pot. We don't want anything that's different from the experience of the other ethnic groups. If you go into an Irish neighborhood, most of the businesses are run by Irishmen. The same is true in a Chinese or Jewish or Italian neighborhood. The difference between all of them and us is that they are all separate and independent groups, while we are separate and *dependent*. We want to control the vital elements of our lives: the school boards, the churches, the businesses, the police. The other groups are separate and control themselves, but they are separate and control *us* as well. That is a colonial situation. And the slums will exist as long as the colonists continue to turn a profit on them. As in any other revolution, we must fight for our independence.

PLAYBOY: But Dr. King once said that his aim was to "break open the city," so that ultimately there would be no separate black and white communities. Have you forsaken that goal?

JACKSON: No. But we recognize that a major part of the black community must first gravitate around itself, as other ethnic groups have done. In these areas, where our living together provides collective security, we ought to have the right to control it. But just as we have the private right to stay where we choose, we should also have the public right to participate in the public arena the way other people do. A man should choose where he wants to live, based on his income, or the fact that a house is close to his job, or because there's a good school nearby; he should not be refused because of his color. He should not be afraid of being bombed out by white bigots or of being harassed by police when he returns from work.

PLAYBOY: Aren't the open-housing laws changing this?

JACKSON: No. There is still segregation. In Chicago, blacks are 30 percent of the population, but they live on ten percent of the land. That congestion is inhuman and a prime target for exploitation by slumlords. People are cramped in body and spirit, and those who can't afford it are paying more for the space in which they live. We are locked away from the resources of the community. Black children who are sick are untended and left to play in their own filth in understaffed, ill-equipped hospitals. Four- and five-year-olds who were lucky enough to enter Head Start programs substantially raised their learning capacity, only to have it fall again as soon as they entered public school. Yet the teachers call the children incompetent. We have no choice about schools and hospitals, because public mobility is denied us. When a white mother decides to move because her neighborhood doesn't serve the needs of her children, the broker asks her where she would like to live; when a black mother faces that problem, she *knows* where she can live—and where she can't. In white communities, there are about 3000 people per square mile; in the ghetto, there are 30,000 people in each square mile. The overcrowding produces bent and perverted people. They are made to suffer so much pain that they feel no need to conserve themselves or their neighborhoods, so they decide to destroy. These are the unheard—until they riot.

PLAYBOY: The majority of those who have participated in riots are in their teens or early 20s. Why?

JACKSON: These kids have an awful lot of reasons for hating America. Their experiences with the dominant culture are nearly all negative; whether it be in school or a courtroom or applying for a job, they are being either deprived or discriminated against. This sense of resentment is acute, and it's just a matter of time before they give up on themselves and this country. Many of them already have. If Richard Nixon really cared about America's future, he'd be showing up at Operation Breadbasket meetings and offering to join us in the fight to reclaim these kids' minds and souls, because they are going to have a large effect on that future. He might at least give us equal time and attention with the moon shot.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you impressed by the moon landing as a scientific achievement?

JACKSON: The only thing that moon shot did for me was turn my stomach. I was in a migrant worker's shack in Georgia a few weeks before the launch. It was about 115 degrees inside in the daytime. It had no toilet—not even an outhouse. No refrigerator, no running water. There was greasy butcher's paper over the space where there should have been windows. The shack was temporary residence for a family of four and they actually paid rent for it. If they hadn't rented it, they wouldn't have been allowed to work the harvest. They were all hungry. The kids' bodies were bloated and discolored. And they suffered from worms. This was *good* time for these people. When the harvest ends, they have to move on and they have nowhere to go. That Sunday night of the moon walk, in my mind's eye, I could see those poor, broken people walking four miles to the company store to watch the two astronauts jump around. Each step Armstrong took cost enough money to feed that family for 100 years.

America has spent 57 billion dollars since 1957 for the ego gratification of planting her flag on top of everyone else. One *tenth* of that was spent in the same period to inadequately feed the hungry. The psychological state of this nation is revealed by the fact that the men whose egos are swelled by putting a flag on a dead rock would not feel the slightest sense of accomplishment from the more humane task of feeding hungry people.

PLAYBOY: Are you encouraged by Nixon's proposals about black capitalism?

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JACKSON: Not very much. It is a limited vision to make a few people rich, whereas SCLC's Poor Peoples' Campaign proposes a decent economic base for *all* people. Dr. King died talking about raising the level of dignity for all men. The difference between Dr. King and Mr. Nixon is the difference between a prophet and a politician. I don't believe the Government has plans for the extensive development of the black community. If it did, then the Job Corps would not have been curtailed recently. Even more serious is the Government's lack of understanding of the problems of the potential black businessman and its failure to develop programs to help him.

PLAYBOY: White businessmen object to such demands on the grounds that blacks don't deserve Government considerations that aren't extended also to whites.

JACKSON: The Government aids white businesses all the time—in the areas in which they are endangered. It subsidizes airlines and railroads. It sets up tariffs to protect textile businesses from cheap foreign imports. The black man is endangered as a businessman because of his substandard education, and the Government should be offering technical and advisory services to blacks.

PLAYBOY: What kind of services?

JACKSON: There are some basic areas where the black businessman can use Government help. One is feasibility studies that will tell a man if his idea is sound. Another, of course, is capital, which should be lent according to the soundness of a business idea, rather than withheld reflexively in accordance with impossibly strict notions of what constitutes "a bad risk." If a black man came up with the idea for the next generation's Xerox, he probably couldn't get the money to develop it. Next, the Government should help him get his foot in the market's door, so that the black man can at least have a fair chance. This is one area in which Operation Breadbasket has been very successful; we've gotten chain stores such as Jewel and A&P to give shelf space to black products. Then the Government should provide real vocational training. Even if a black kid, who never intends to go to college, graduates from high school, he can't fix the wiring in the house, can't run a machine, can't lay a brick.

And the vocational training should apply also to those who are already running a black business. We helped increase a black man's business from $12,000 to $160,000 in four months. But he couldn't grow with it. He had to pull his business back down to the size of his mind; he had to feel the money, count it in his hands. He couldn't handle a balance sheet, couldn't write notes for working capital before his receipts came in. That man can't go to Harvard Business School—but if the Small Business Administration and President Nixon were serious, there'd be an operation Head Start for the black entrepreneur. The way it is now, a black with talent has to choose to work in the security of a big white company. And his sapped spirit will never produce anything on its own. Black businesses, on the other hand, are a step on the road to freedom. Black products are a focus for a pride in black ability. We can't just consume what the white folks decide to make for us. Consumption leads to fatness, but production leads to freedom. A producer is free to make decisions, but a man who only consumes is a prisoner whose decisions are made by others.

PLAYBOY: Breadbasket's aims, if fulfilled, seem likely to create more middle-class blacks. Do you think there will be strong class divisions between black middle and lower classes as the former get farther away from the ghetto?

JACKSON: I don't think we will have significant class divisions. No matter how wealthy he gets, the black man can rarely buy a house where he wants to; he is still subject to the whim of any white policeman who doesn't like his looks; he is still going to be tried, if accused of a crime, by a jury of his white nonpeers. And these facts bind him firmly with his destitute brother.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the young militants' derisive notion that every successful black is an Uncle Tom?

JACKSON: I think it's important to be sensitive to who Uncle Tom is. Uncle Tom is not our enemy. He grew up in the ghetto; he went to bad schools. He's a successful black hustler who bends and smiles before the white man in order to provide for his children. He's not a man who sits around thinking up ways to hurt black people. There's nothing wrong with a Southern boy who grew up in a shack with an outhouse wanting a real home. The jobs we once picketed to get are now being derided as Uncle Tom jobs. But the black *bourgeoisie* is still very close to the roots, if for no other reason than the fact that in the colonial system, he can't get too far. Blacks don't move to white society for joy, fulfillment, good music or tasty meals. They move to get away from bad schools and apartments where the trash isn't collected. They aren't moving away from blacks but from the rats.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that there's no disunity among blacks?

JACKSON: There *is* an unfortunate division among blacks now that is set off by a certain self-righteousness, a competition for being the blackest. But we must never forget that Nat Turner was middle class, as were Frederick Douglass and Dr. King—and even Stokely Carmichael. We will not be trapped into glorifying ignorance and poverty. That will not improve the lives of black people.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with young radicals who feel that blacks who are assimilated into the economy will become new cogs in the corporate machine?

JACKSON: We want to create a new value system that will produce a generation of black liberators, not exploiters. You can't ask a black man not to work because America's value system is perverted. But I would hope that when the black man gets a job in a company that is part of the military-industrial complex, he will organize in a union that is as concerned with basic values as it is with decent wages. Instead of producing war matériel for an unjust and immoral war, the union could pressure the company into producing goods that will help and heal people. The virtuous and vicious aspects of our economy are interrelated. We produce more food and clothing—and guns—than we need; we have the capacity to save more people from malice and disease than any other nation in the history of the world, and to *kill* more people than any other nation in the history of the world. No one attacks our ability to build X-ray machines or washing machines. Our national priorities are the real problem.

PLAYBOY: Can blacks change them?

JACKSON: This is the challenge of Operation Breadbasket. The businessmen we help, for example, are discouraged from getting rich and leaving the ghetto. We develop profit sharing; we try to make it *our* company as much as the owner's. We encourage a dialog between owner and employee, and we encourage participatory democracy.

PLAYBOY: Can Breadbasket help blacks outside the ghetto as well as within it?

JACKSON: Yes. Let me give you an example of how it can work—a case of real soul power, where blacks had the integrity to stick out a crisis and aid one another over thousands of miles. When the most recent Voting Rights Bill was passed, black Alabama farmers found that they weren't able to find markets for their products anymore. Whites were retaliating for their new political power. On top of that, George Wallace prevented them from borrowing money, so they couldn't expand economically, because of the combined pressures of racism and capitalism. There were 1500 of them—all farming small plots. Instead of quitting, they formed the Southwest Alabama Farmers' Cooperative. They planted and harvested their crops and then brought them to Chicago. We at Breadbasket then went to the supermarkets in the ghetto and told the owners that they would either put the brothers' products on the shelves or face boycotts. They accepted the produce. The brothers in Alabama could farm there and have an open outlet in Chicago. We were able to do this out of a sense of "peoplehood." That's my kind of black nationalism—blacks helping one another on a national scale.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it one of the great fears of Southern whites that blacks—who outnumber them—will usurp their place in

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society if they ever win enough economic and political power?

JACKSON: The problem here is that the poor white and the poor black have mutual fear. Poor blacks fear that if poor whites aren't eliminated, they won't be able to eat, and the poor whites feel just the same way in reverse. The historical difference is that poor whites in the South have controlled the police and the military and have thereby maintained power over the blacks. We in the Poor Peoples' Campaign believe that the basic anxiety of whites is an irrational fear of extermination—a fear that can be removed with a guaranteed income, with guaranteed medical care and education. Dr. King was firm in his resolve that black power must be secondary to peoples' power. When the economic base of all the people is raised, racism will decline. As the Poor Peoples' Campaign gets stronger, racism will lose its hold on the consciousness of the white poor.

PLAYBOY: Do you honestly think, as Dr. King did, that there's going to be a movement of the poor that will include whites, blacks, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and Indians?

JACKSON: It's inevitable. If our good sense doesn't connect us through affirmation, then America's greed will lock us together by negation. False racial pride has divided the lower class, but we must stop defining and separating ourselves because of skin color. We should define ourselves by our economic position and shift the fight from a horizontal confrontation of poor black versus poor white to a confrontation of "have" versus "have not." Dr. King could have been the suture that connected the various bones of the bottom classes. Just two weeks before his assassination, there was a meeting of a dozen representative ethnic groups in SCLC's Atlanta office. That was the beginning of something really new, and it is continuing. For just one example, Dr. Abernathy marched with Cézar Chávez and Operation Breadbasket supports the grape strike as if it were our own project, by boycotting and picketing Jewel Tea and other stores where California table grapes are sold.

PLAYBOY: But do you really think that the white poor are going to join you?

JACKSON: The white poor have always been distracted from demanding their rights; they've been too embarrassed to admit their deprivation. They've nourished themselves on the meager psychic diet of racism. But during the Illinois Hunger Campaign, we offered poor whites food and they digested it. In East St. Louis, Illinois, a white man named Hicks addressed a congregation of hunger marchers. Mr. Hicks has nine children and works five and six shifts of day labor a week but still can't make enough to feed his family or even to put a shack over their heads. Mr. Hicks and his family were taken in by black folks. They shared equally, and it was the first time in his life, he said, that he felt any sense of security. There are a lot more Mr. Hickses out there who just haven't realized yet that they don't have to suffer alone, that a massive cooperative effort by the poor class is the only answer. United in a class struggle, we can force the redistribution of wealth in America.

PLAYBOY: The idea of class war, hot or cold, has always been associated with the theories of socialism. Do you think of yourself as a socialist?

JACKSON: I adhere to the ideals of my religion—that the earth is the Lord's and its food was intended for all men. The trend of the world today—in Sweden, Guinea and Britain, for example—is toward some form of democratic socialism, where men eat because the ground is fertile. America stands in conflict with that trend by allowing a few people to control and distribute the food, rather than letting people eat because they are living. The truth, of course, is that this same America, where socialism is such a dirty word, is already operating in a sophisticated state of socialism for the rich, while the poor live in a crude state of classic capitalism.

PLAYBOY: Please explain that.

JACKSON: The people in this society who follow the Protestant ethic and work long hours by the sweat of their brow are the poor. They work at the hardest jobs and often still don't get enough money to pass the poverty level. Even when they try to break out, it's an attempt to start a street-corner business, where the rules of classic capitalism prevail. The poor storekeeper, for example, doesn't control his market through advertising; he can't float a bond issue and use other people's money to run his business. But the rich man has socialism. We've got 6536 farmers in this country who receive $25,000 not to work. That's socialism. The campuses expand, chopping pieces of land out of black neighborhoods, with the financial help of the National Education Act. Even wealthy schools for rich men's sons are state supported. The interstate highway program, none of which benefits those who can't afford a car, is 90 percent Federally financed. There wouldn't be a trucking industry without Government help. The list is endless and includes the oil companies and their depletion allowance, the railroads, the airlines and airports, the power companies. The rich talk about tax shelters and tariff protections, while the poor talk about sweat and blood.

PLAYBOY: But isn't welfare a form of socialism for the poor?

JACKSON: As it now stands, welfare is a form of humiliation. It is demeaning and dehumanizing. Men use money; welfare recipients use stamps. Men have privacy; welfare recipients have no privacy and can be visited any time of day or night. Their most intimate relationships can be called into question by people who are indifferent to them. Instead of abusing the poor, this nation has to understand that the welfare recipient is a product of the success of our economy. The unskilled black man whose job has been lost to technology today will be joined shortly by the unskilled white man whose job will be lost to the next technological advance. Either we see these men as having been freed by technology, perhaps to fulfill a creative role, or we see these men as having worked hard only to find themselves enslaved in poverty by the same technology. Whichever perspective one has, we must evolve a subsidy that will preserve these precious human lives, not destroy them as welfare has.

PLAYBOY: Were you encouraged by President Nixon's new welfare proposals?

JACKSON: I was thoroughly *dis*couraged. I watched Nixon the night he delivered that welfare address. My anger was tempered only by my incredulity at the immensity of his con job. He lied for nearly an hour and didn't even crack a smile. He asked the country to think of him as a great humanitarian, but we weren't fooled. Behind all those promises is the single fact that the states are going to retain control of most of the Nixon program. When the states had the power, black people couldn't vote, couldn't ride in the front of a bus, couldn't drink from any public water fountain, couldn't use any john they wanted. Now Nixon says to Thurmond and Stennis, "Take care of them poor folks." Right this minute, there are 40 states violating the welfare laws. We don't need a redistribution of welfare-disbursement stations in this country; we need a redistribution of wealth. The President challenged the poor to go to work, without saying what he would do to improve the lot of those who *can't* work. I'll be encouraged when the President challenges the rich to show their humanity and grant to the poor their basic rights as human beings.

PLAYBOY: The white lower middle class is becoming quite vocal about its opposition to welfare in any form for those they characterize as too lazy to work. What's your reaction?

JACKSON: The fact is that the poor work the hardest and have always done so. We made cotton king, cooked other people's food when we had none of our own, stooped to clean bathrooms. Now we are unskilled, because the schools don't teach us, because less money is spent on the education of blacks than is spent on whites. A state of despair has set in for those in the black community who have been told no too often, and perhaps they can never be healed. When white people say they know a man on welfare who is too lazy to work, I say that may be so. But the man they see is a dried-up prune. I ask them, "Did you see that man when he was a boy? Did you see him when he

(continued on page 188)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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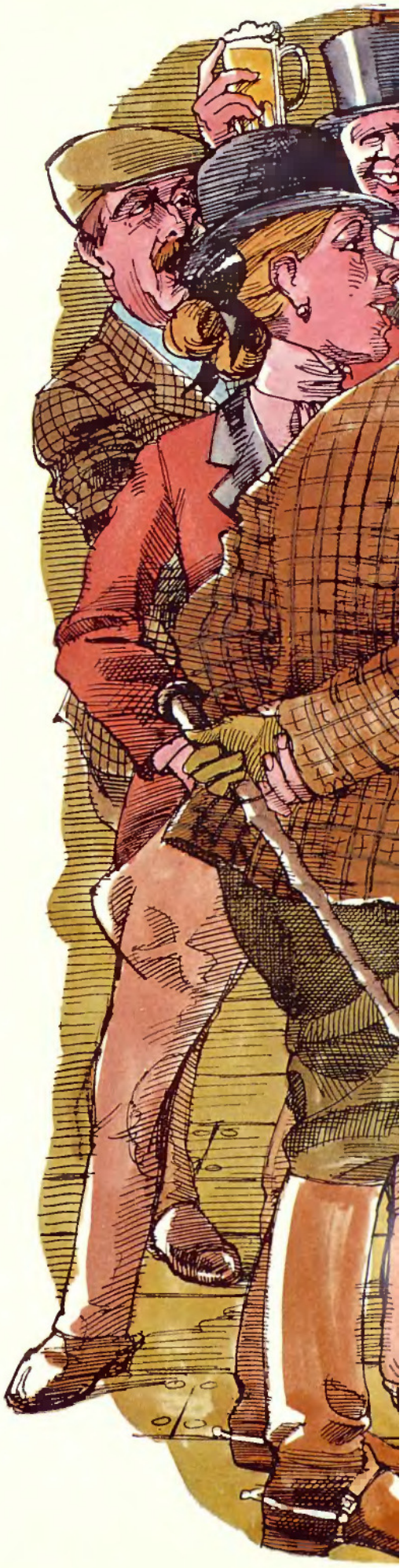
bumping into my aunt augusta at the crematorium was just the first of a number of surprises that included a visit from the police and my being commandeered for a sudden flight to paris

crook's tour

Part one of a new suspense comedy

By Graham Greene



I MET MY AUNT AUGUSTA for the first time in more than half a century at my mother's funeral. My mother was approaching 86 when she died, and my aunt was some 11 or 12 years younger. I had retired from the bank two years before with an adequate pension and a silver handshake. There had been a take-over by the Westminster and my branch was considered redundant. Everyone thought me lucky, but I found it difficult to occupy my time. I have never married, I have always lived quietly and, apart from my interest in dahlias, I have no hobby. For those reasons, I found myself agreeably excited by my mother's funeral.

Not many people attended the service, which took place at a famous crematorium, but there was that slight stirring of excited expectation that is never experienced at a graveside. Will the oven doors open? Will the coffin stick on the way to the flames? I heard a voice behind me saying in very clear old accents, "I was present once at a premature cremation."

It was, as I recognized with some difficulty from a photograph in the family album, my Aunt Augusta, who had arrived late, dressed rather as the late Queen Mary of beloved memory might have dressed if she had still been with us and had adapted herself a little bit to the present mode. I was surprised by her brilliant red hair, monumentally piled, and her two big front teeth, which gave her a vital Neanderthal air. Somebody said, "Hush," and a clergyman began a prayer that I believe he must have composed himself. At any rate, I have never heard it at any other funeral service of any denomination, and I have attended a great number in my time. A bank manager is expected to pay his last respects to any old client who is not, as we say, "in the red"; and, in any case, I have a weakness for funerals. People are generally seen at their best on these occasions, serious and sober and optimistic on the subject of personal immortality.

The funeral of my mother went without a hitch. The flowers were removed economically from the coffin, which, at the touch of a button, slid away from us out of sight. Afterward, in the troubled sunlight, I shook hands with a number of nephews and nieces and cousins whom I hadn't seen for years and could not identify. It was understood that I had to wait for the ashes, and wait I did, while the chimney of the crematorium gently smoked overhead.

"You must be Henry," Aunt Augusta said, gazing reflectively at me with her sea-deep blue eyes.

"Yes," I said, "and you must be Aunt Augusta."

"It's a very long time since I saw

Gerstein

anything of your mother," Aunt Augusta told me. "I hope that her death was an easy one."

"Oh, yes, you know, at her time of life—her heart just stopped. She died of old age."

"Old age? She was only ten years older than I am," Aunt Augusta said accusingly.

We took a little walk together in the garden of the crematorium. A crematorium garden resembles a real garden about as much as a golf links resembles a genuine landscape. The lawns are too well cultivated and the trees too stiffly on parade: The urns resemble the little boxes containing sand, where one tees up. "Tell me," Aunt Augusta said, "are you still at the bank?"

"No, I retired two years ago."

"Retired? A young man like you! For heaven's sake, what do you do with your time?"

"I cultivate dahlias, Aunt Augusta." She gave a regal rightabout swing of a phantom bustle that resembled Queen Mary's.

"Dahlias! Whatever for?"

By the time we had finished our walk, the ashes were ready for me. I had chosen a very classical urn in black steel, and I would have liked to assure myself that there had been no error, but they presented me with a package very neatly done up in brown paper, with red-paper seals, which reminded me of a Christmas gift. "What are you going to do with it?" Aunt Augusta said.

"I thought of making a little throne for it among my dahlias."

"It will look a little bleak in winter."

"I hadn't considered that. I could always bring it indoors at that season."

"Backward and forward. My sister seems hardly likely to rest in peace."

"I'll think over it again."

"You are not married, are you?"

"No."

"Any children?"

"Of course not."

"There is always the question to whom you will bequeath my sister. I am likely to predecease you."

"One cannot think of everything at once."

"You could have left it here," Aunt Augusta said.

"I thought it would look well among the dahlias," I replied obstinately, for I had spent all the previous evening designing a simple plinth in good taste.

"*A chacun son goût*," my aunt said with a surprisingly good French accent. I had never considered our family very cosmopolitan.

"Well, Aunt Augusta," I said at the gates of the crematorium (I was preparing to leave, for my garden called), "it's been many years since we saw each other. . . . I hope. . . ." I had left the lawn mower outside, uncovered, and there was a hint of rain in the quick gray clouds overhead. "I would like it very much if one day you would take a cup of tea with me in Southwood."

"At the moment, I would prefer something stronger and more tranquilizing. It is not every day one sees a sister confined to the flames. Like the Pucelle."

"I don't quite——"

"Joan of Arc."

"I have some sherry at home, but it's rather a long ride, and perhaps——"

"My apartment is, at any rate, north of the river," Aunt Augusta said firmly, "and I have everything we require." Without asking my assent, she hailed a taxi. It was the first and, perhaps, when I think back on it now, the most memorable of the journeys we were to take together.

• • •

The Crown and Anchor was built like a bank in Georgian style. Through the windows, I could see men with exaggerated mustaches in tweed coats, which were split horsily behind, gathered round a girl in jodhpurs. They were not the type to whom I would have extended much credit, and I doubted whether any of them, except the girl, had ever ridden a horse. They were all drinking bitter, and I had the impression that any spare cash they might have put aside went on tailors and hairdressers, rather than equitation. A long experience with clients has made me prefer a shabby whiskey drinker to a well-dressed beer drinker.

We went in by a side door. My aunt's apartment was on the second floor, and on the first floor there was a small sofa, which I learned later had been bought by my aunt so that she could take a little rest on the way up. It was typical of her generous nature that she had bought a sofa, which could barely be squeezed onto the landing, and not a chair for one. "I always take a little rest at this point. Come and sit down, too, Henry. The stairs are steep, though perhaps they don't seem so at your age." She looked at me critically. "You have certainly changed a lot since I saw you last, though you haven't got much more hair."

"I've had it, but I've lost it," I explained.

"I have kept mine. I can still sit upon it." She added surprisingly, " 'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.' Not that I could have ever let it down from a second-floor flat."

"Aren't you disturbed by the noise from the bar?"

"Oh, no. And the bar is very convenient, if I suddenly run short. I just send Wordsworth down."

"Who is Wordsworth?"

"I call him Wordsworth because I can't bring myself to call him Zachary. All the eldest sons in his family have been called Zachary for generations—after Zachary Macaulay, who did so much for them on Clapham Common. The surname was adopted from the bishop, not the poet."

"He's your valet?"

"Let us say he attends to my wants. A very gentle sweet strong person. But don't let him ask you for a C. T. C. He receives quite enough from me."

"What is a C. T. C.?"

"That is what they called any tip or gift in Sierra Leone, when he was a boy during the War. The initials belonged to Cape to Cairo cigarettes, which all the sailors handed out generously."

My aunt's conversation went too quickly for my understanding, so that I was not really prepared for the very large middle-aged Negro wearing a striped butcher's apron, who opened the door when my aunt rang. "Why, Wordsworth," she said with a touch of coquetry, "you've been washing up breakfast without waiting for me." He stood there glaring at me, and I wondered whether he expected a C. T. C. before he would let me pass.

"This is my nephew, Wordsworth," my aunt said.

"You be telling me whole truth, woman?"

"Of course I am. Oh, Wordsworth, Wordsworth!" she added with tender banter.

He let us in. The lights were on in the living room, now that the day had darkened, and my eyes were dazzled for a moment by rays from the glass ornaments that flashed back from every open space. There were angels on the buffet wearing robes striped like peppermint rock; and in an alcove, there was a Madonna with a gold face and a gold halo and a blue robe. On a sideboard on a gold stand stood a navy-blue goblet, large enough to hold at least four bottles of wine, with a gold trellis curled around the bowl, on which pink roses and green ivy grew. There were mauve storks on the bookshelves and red swans and blue fish. Black girls in scarlet dresses held green candle sconces, and shining down on all this was a chandelier that might have been made out of sugar icing hung with pale-blue, pink and yellow blossoms.

"Venice once meant a lot to me," my aunt said rather unnecessarily.

I don't pretend to be a judge of these things, but I thought the effect exaggerated and not in the best of taste.

"Such wonderful craftsmanship," my aunt said. "Wordsworth, be a dear and fetch us two whiskeys. Augusta feels a teeny bit sad after the sad sad ceremony." She spoke to him as though he were a child—or a lover, but that relationship I was reluctant to accept.

"Everything go OK?" Wordsworth asked. "No bad medicine?"

"There was no contretemps," my aunt said. "Oh, gracious, Henry, you haven't forgotten your parcel?"

"No, no. I have it here."

"I think perhaps Wordsworth had better put it in the refrigerator."

"Quite unnecessary, Aunt Augusta.

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"I said, 'It figures.'"

THE HOUSE

article By
U.S. REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD BOLLING

how the lower chamber, beset by reactionary coalitions, stalemated by an archaic and corruptible committee system, fails in fulfilling the nation's most pressing legislative needs

IT IS MY CONVICTION, a heresy in my trade, that the primary failures of political leadership at the Federal level are found in the United States Congress. Particularly, these failures are found in the House of Representatives, where I serve—the legislative area of civil rights excepted. The House has failed to organize itself in such a way as to exercise effectively and responsibly its share of the political leadership that the American people may fairly expect from their Federal Government. A drastic change in the House power structure and major reforms of the House as an institution are needed. The House as now constituted is ineffective. It is negative in its approach to national tasks and usually unresponsive except to parochial economic interests. Its creaky procedures are outmoded. Its organization camouflages anonymous centers of irresponsible power. It often passes legislation that is a travesty of what is really needed.

The fundamental reforms I suggest are directed at the way Democrats in the House organize themselves. In the majority during 34 of the past 38 years, the Democrats are largely responsible for the present condition of the House. The inflammations in our cities and the unresponsiveness in our schools and the effluence of our polluted environment would be much less aggravated if the Democrats had faithfully put the House in order. If the House were properly organized, such reactionaries as Howard Smith of Virginia, longtime chairman of the House Rules Committee and a Democrat in name only, could not have arbitrarily throttled school aid, housing programs and civil rights legislation in the Forties, Fifties and early Sixties. If the House were properly organized, Representative Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, chairman of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee, would not have been able to pigeonhole Medicare for the elderly until 1965. Congress would be a more respected body today if it, rather than the Supreme Court, had outlawed malapportioned Congressional districts and segregated public school districts. A majority of the Democratic Party in the House has permitted its minority Tories to misuse seniority in order to obstruct, damage and deflate the party's national programs. The House must assume part of the blame for ghetto fires and rioting, Birmingham bombings and the Little Rock school confrontation.

Is the Congress, especially the House, to continue as the least responsible organ of Government, responding, if at all, often 10, 20 or 30 years after social problems arise? Is the essential well-being of the nation dependent on an occasional political landslide, such as occurred in 1964 because of the Goldwater Presidential candidacy? Will the nation learn to improve itself by means of other institutions and thereby push the Congress to the outskirts of American society?

The naysaying 90th Congress of 1967–1968 is a good illustration of how a legislative body should *not* work. The House during those years gave one of its worst performances. The Congressional trail was dotted with the sump holes of legislative ineptitudes and misadventures. The House mangled elementary-secondary school aid, Model Cities, the promising Teacher Corps, rent-supplement and other anti-poverty programs. It amounted to a virtual war *against* America's poor.

The first mishap was the handling of that flamboyant Harlem grandee, Adam Clayton Powell. *(continued on page 126)*

THE SENATE

article By
DREW PEARSON

how the upper house protects the privileges of entrenched military, rural and big-money interests while purporting to serve the public weal and safeguard the rights of the electorate

FOR 180 YEARS, the American people have struggled forward with their Congress. They struggled through the corrupt days of Daniel Webster—when the great orator was so drunk that he had to hold onto his desk to speak. They struggled through those bitter days when Representative Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina strode over to the Senate floor and so severely beat up Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, the abolitionist, that it took him three years to recover; the time when Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee pulled a pocketknife on Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York; the period of the 1870s and 1880s, when lobbyist generosity made sure that almost every Senator had a bottle of whiskey in his desk; and we struggle now, as the sergeant at arms presides over an informal bar just off the Senate floor.

The Senate has also seen a little band of irreconcilables, led by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, grandfather of the present diplomat, filibuster the League of Nations to death. And Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, a rubber receptacle strapped to his thigh, once outlasted the calls of nature and the demands of sleep to keep a sleepless Senate in session for 24 hours and 18 minutes, all for the purpose of denying one tenth of the population their right of full citizenship. It has seen moments of piety, as when newly elected Senator William Vare of Pennsylvania was denied his seat for spending $200,000 in his primary campaign, and moments of complacency, as when it looked the other way after Senator Robert F. Kennedy of New York spent $3,000,000 on his primaries.

It has seen a boisterous Republican Senator from Wisconsin terrorize witnesses, disrupt the Army and intimidate the other Senators; watched a doleful Democratic Senator from Connecticut grovel for forgiveness for his use of campaign funds for personal gain; and listened to the studied sanctimony of the [late] Minority Leader from Illinois, only to see him vote right down the line for the interests of his law firm back in Peoria.

Yes, we have struggled. But we have survived. Little by little, we have even inched forward. But can we survive further in a day when the procedures of the Senate are as out of date as the inscribed shaving mugs that stand in the Senate barbershop and are never used, in this era of electric razors and instant shaving cream? In this computer age, can we afford an "After you, Alphonse" attitude that permits a committee chairman to bottle up an important bill for weeks, purely because of personal whim? Can we, when we are putting men on the moon, afford a horse-and-buggy legislative system whereby a half-dozen men can tie up Senate machinery for weeks with "discussion at some length" —the polite name for a filibuster?

Is not the President of the United States entitled to more than a one- or two-year honeymoon before Congress in general and the Senate in particular turns against him? Must he coax, wheedle and deal to get his programs passed? Should we not

change the system whereby a handful of elderly men, usually from rural, southern America, are able to put cotton, tobacco, rice and cattle ahead of schools, hospitals, housing, transportation and people? Should we not set aside campaign funds from the public treasury, so that candidates from the big urban areas of the North can compete with candidates from the rural areas of the South and West without hocking future votes either to big business or to big labor? Should not the Constitution be revamped in order to give the Executive more power to govern, the Congress less power to obstruct? The answer, if left to a majority of the Congress, would definitely be no.

Furthermore, if you were to tell Southern Senators, most of them charming and chivalrous, that they were responsible for the soaring crime rate, for the race riots in Watts, Newark, Detroit and Washington and for the school upheaval in Brooklyn's Ocean Hill–Brownsville, they would counter with vigor and conviction that the Supreme Court was responsible. Or some who are not so chivalrous would put the blame on the "nigger-loving policies of Northern do-gooders."

When you examine the structure of Congress and compare it with the results, however, the conclusion is inescapable that our creaking, old-fashioned legislative machinery is geared and greased in favor of the farms, as against the big cities. It has been so since the beginning. And this is the real reason for crime in the streets, restlessness on the campus, revolt in the ghettos and our bulging relief rolls.

To illustrate: One of the most powerful members of the Senate is James Oliver Eastland of Doddsville, Mississippi. Eastland is part of the rural America that controls Congress. He was born in Doddsville, which has a population of 190, and he owns 5800 acres of good cottonland around the town. He has served in the Senate for almost three decades. Now 65, he will continue to serve the rest of his life: It is inconceivable that any rival politician in Mississippi would dare run against the big, genial, cigar-chomping Senator from the cotton belt—or, if so, that he could unseat him. As a cotton-plantation owner, Big Jim Eastland and his family were paid $211,364 by the Federal Government in 1967 for taking approximately 1700 acres of cotton out of production. This meant that about 20 farm hands were laid off, plus other hands displaced by the mechanical cotton picker. These displaced Negroes, unskilled and uneducated, probably joined the rest of the army of displaced workers from other Mississippi plantations and took the Illinois Central north to Chicago. There they might well have found themselves without family, church, neighbors or the stabilizing ties of home. The women might engage in the world's oldest profession. Their illegitimate children would help swell the welfare rolls. The males, if unable to get work, might take to crime.

Thanks to a Congress where the legislative cards are stacked against the city, this system continues. On September 24, 1968, the Senate voted to violate the six-billion-dollar budget cutback that Congress itself had imposed on President Johnson, in order to increase farm subsidies by one billion dollars. It then turned around and voted *not* to violate the ceiling by the $600,000,000 necessary to increase welfare rolls in the big cities. All this on one day in September.

Also in that miserable autumn, the Senate voted to slash food stamps, trim low-income housing and chop $500,000,000 in Medicaid funds that were desperately needed by the elderly to meet their medical bills. Simultaneously, Senators looked the other way regarding tax loopholes, went along with the House of Representatives on permitting individual farm subsidies to exceed $20,000—some individual farmers get as much as $2,000,000 annually—and gave preliminary approval to the anti-ballistic missile system.

The current Congress has addressed itself to moderate tax reform, and the Senate in particular vigorously debated the Nixon Administration's ABM proposal—before accepting it by a tie vote—but the Congressional favoritism for rural and military America over the cities and the poor remains. It has been studiously developed by the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition, pushed by the lobbies and protected by the seniority system. The Senator from rural America gets re-elected without much opposition, and continuity in office elevates him to a position of power.

This is why, with more than half of our population living in cities and our farm population reduced to about 4.5 percent, the Department of Agriculture employs a vast bureaucracy of 86,000, the Department of Housing and Urban Renewal only 16,000. This is why every cow on American farms must be tested every year for tuberculosis, while American children are not; why $21,500,000 is appropriated annually to fight Bang's disease in cows; why $26,900,000 comes out of the treasury for weed control, $3,200,000 additional to eliminate witchweed, $6,700,000 more to keep water hyacinths out of Southern waterways—a grand total of $36,800,000 spent on rooting out weeds, considerably more than the Federal Government spends to root out juvenile delinquency. This is why $76,300,000 is drawn from the Federal treasury annually to help farm families with problems of marketing, home living, home economics and 4-H clubs; yet up until recently, there was no equivalent program for the cities.

Thanks to seniority on the Senate Agriculture Committee, a cabal of four elderly Southerners makes sure these programs continue. Each is guardian of a special commodity. Louisiana's Allen Ellender, 79, chairman of the committee, is the protector of sugar. Spessard Holland of Florida, 77, is the protector of citrus fruit. Big Jim Eastland is the protector of King Cotton. B. Everett Jordan of North Carolina, 73, is the guardian of tobacco. They have been running the Agriculture Committee for years. They are secure politically. They cannot be defeated. Together with Representative Bob Poage of Texas, their counterpart in the House, and the two chairmen of the appropriations subcommittees on agriculture, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia and Representative Jamie Whitten of Mississippi, they—not the Secretary of Agriculture—dominate American farm policy. They are so powerful that in 1964 all the funds for the Agriculture Department were held up for seven months while Senator Russell and Representative Whitten argued over a $1,500,000 peanut laboratory in Dawson, Georgia. Finally, as the year drew to a close, they compromised by putting a food-research lab in Athens, Georgia, at a cost of $9,500,000, and a $1,500,000 cottonweed-control laboratory in Stoneville, Mississippi. You guessed it—Stoneville is in Whitten's district.

With power goes audacity. Chairman Ellender is so secure and so brassy that he takes an annual trip around the world, with a convenient call on his tailor in Hong Kong, later submitting to his fellow Senators an account of whom he sat beside at dinner from Hong Kong to Rome and what each dinner partner told him—all neatly printed at Government expense. The gentleman from Louisiana is so audacious that he permitted two lobbyists, Robert Shields of the American Sugar Beet Industry Policy Committee and Josiah Ferris of the American Sugar Cane League, to sit in on the closed-door sessions of his Agriculture Committee at a time when the committee was marking up the sugar-quota bill, an act so unethical that the late Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, a power in the Republican Party, was censured by the Senate for doing the same thing with the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act. Not Ellender, however. He is too powerful—and Senate ethics have sunk too low.

The refusal of Senators to investigate and discipline a member of the club unless under compelling pressure from the press and the public is one reason for the stench of putrefying ethics that hangs over the Capitol today. It is not merely the rural Senators who are able to obstruct progress in the rest of the nation; other Congressional cliques do the same. They throw their influence behind the munitions makers, the truckers, the oil-and-gas cabal, the lords of the shipping industry, the real-estate

(continued on page 267)

MOTHER GOOSED

presented herewith: a flock of the little tykes' nursery rhymes saltily revamped to suit adult tastes

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
So nothing of Jill's was broken.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI
BACKGROUND DESIGNS BY MARK BELENCHIA

BOBBY SHAFTOE

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He won't come back and marry me;
Shaftoed again!

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A CURL

There was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was marvelous.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy who looks after the sheep?
Under the haystack, making hay!

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he fiddled with his callgirls three.

THE HOUSE *(continued from page 118)*

At the time, Powell was in deep trouble of his own making. He had abused his trust as chairman of the Education and Labor Committee. It distressed the country. It distressed many House members. But the Speaker of the House, John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, did not see it that way. He felt that there was no problem. Just newspaper talk, the Speaker said. Yet mail demanding Powell's head was being delivered by the truckloads to House members from irate constituents. A few of the senior bulls shared McCormack's view. Disturb Powell, they reasoned, and who knows which of us committee chairmen may someday be dislodged from our seniority shelter?

So what happened? Powell was quite properly stripped of his chairmanship of the Education and Labor Committee by a caucus of his Democratic colleagues. This action then snowballed into a successful but unconstitutional move to deprive Powell of the seat to which his Harlem constituents had elected him. Incompetent leadership was to blame for not blocking the exclusion effort. As a result, Harlem, festering with dire poverty, was not represented in the House for the two-year life of the 90th Congress.

The Powell affair was only the first in a series of bumblings. The Democratic House leadership agreed to accept an apportionment of seats among Republicans and Democrats on the key Ways and Means and Appropriations committees that doomed at the outset the liberal domestic legislative program of the President. While urban ghettos blazed during the midsummer of 1967, the House gutted remedial legislation for urban areas in mindless fashion. It refused even to discuss a bill to authorize a rat-eradication program for cities—yet a few days later, it became known that a contract had been let to eradicate rats in the office buildings occupied by House members. A bill to renew and extend the anti-poverty program—a real hope for millions of Americans, both black and white—was so incompetently scheduled that it barely survived debate on the House floor.

Finally, in late 1968, the 90th Congress ended on perhaps the most outrageous note of all. The core of parliamentary government is the vote. When it is abused or besmirched, our democracy is gravely wounded. Yet last fall, it appeared that House assistant clerks were registering as present many members who were not present—indeed, one member was in California at the time he was recorded. This scandalous ghost voting caused no great outcry among House members, although it was referred for inquiry to the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct. That committee has recommended a preliminary course of action that can lead to effective reform in this vital area.

Amid this bedlam, the conservative and reactionary committee chairmen prospered. One was Mills, the chairman of Ways and Means. Under the rules of the House, legislation involving tax reform, Social Security, Medicare, welfare programs and a vast array of other domestic problems are referred to this grand committee. Mills is a legislator of considerable ability and strong conservatism. At some time or other, he has voted against Medicare, minimum wage, foreign aid, Model Cities, anti-poverty funds and civil rights. He bottled up the surcharge until he forced the President into agreement on a ceiling on domestic spending, a deceptive-sounding objective that disguised its true purpose: rather than curtailing or stretching out such expenditures as postponable military construction, civil public works and highway construction, Mills assured slashes in the newer, innovative programs designed to solve the problems of our cities.

As chairman of the Committee on Committees, composed of the 15 Democrats on Ways and Means, Mills also occupies a powerful Democratic Party position in the House. Until this year, when a small halter was placed on it, this committee had, without restraint, assigned all other Democrats to seats on the other permanent committees of the House. Southern Democrats—actually, "Republicans with Southern accents"—have, until recently, been a majority on this key Committee on Committees. Over the years, this custom has enabled Southerners—many of whom are able men of great integrity, but virtually all of whom are stuck to the segregationist flypaper—to rise to head the major legislative committees and key subcommittees within these full committees. Even this year, nine of the 21 committees have Southern Democrats as chairmen and only one of the nine chairmen is what I would call a "national Democrat."

How in the devil did this regressive state of affairs develop? And why has it been permitted to continue? The story begins in 1910, when insurgent Republicans, joined by Democrats, successfully rebelled against a tyrannical and deeply conservative G. O. P. Speaker, Joseph "Uncle Joe" Cannon of Illinois. The bipartisan rebels forged a voting majority to strip the Speakership of its major powers, among them the unilateral power to appoint all members, Democrats as well as Republicans, to committees. Subsequently, House Democrats and Republicans each devised separate machinery to name their respective members to the committees. It soon became the firm practice to re-elect returning members to the committees on which they had served in the previous Congress. The Democratic committee members came to be listed in order of the length of time they had served on a particular committee. The one with the greatest service was chairman, if his party was the majority party in the House. In a broad sense, this custom was acceptable. After all, it takes time to learn to be a competent national legislator. But seniority became the overriding factor in determining appointments to committees—a custom no other state or national assembly in the world follows. Custom became Congressional "common law." Violating seniority became as unthinkable as soliciting for one's sister. Senior Congressmen, of course, enjoy the seniority system. Most of those far less senior tolerate it, in the hope they, too, someday will enjoy the trappings of chairmanships. The few who recognize its evils are outgunned in any attempt to change matters.

The present state of affairs, then, is this: For a Democrat to become a chairman, he need only live long enough and get re-elected often enough to outdistance his colleagues. Eventually, he'll make it, although he may have the morals of a Mafia *capo* or the mind of a moron—or both. And who among Democrats is most likely to achieve the cherished goal of chairman? The answer is easy: He is a member from a one-party Congressional district, usually in the rural South—insular, suspicious and racist. His rise on the seniority ladder is aided by the competitive nature of many Northern districts, where Democrats fare less well. Consequently, Southern Democrats generally hostile to the moderately liberal cast of their national party came to dominate the House power structure. It is as if we named George Wallace to head the United States Civil Rights Commission, a Democrat to head the Republican National Committee or someone who believes the world is flat to head the Federal space agency. (Along their way to power, it should be noted, the Southerners have the assistance of the "doughfaces"—Northern men with political appetites rather than convictions—elected from rotten districts in New York, Chicago and other large cities. Both types come to the House to feast on the spoils. They don't give a damn about issues.)

Occasionally, an aspiring Southern Democrat lets slip his mask in this farce. Both Albert Watson of South Carolina and John Bell Williams of Mississippi, for example, supported the Republican Presidential candidate, Barry Goldwater, in 1964. Their actions were so blatant that a thin majority of House Democrats, in caucus, was able to strip them of their accumulated seniority. Watson then showed his true colors. He resigned his seat in the House, returned to South Carolina, ran as a Republican for the seat he had just vacated and was elected. He still sits as a Republican in the House. Williams, a much more senior member of the House, would now be the

(continued on page 254)

"Golly! You do have the quickest hands of any receiver in pro football!"

he was a lost piece
of a broken set, a
fragment, inexpert at solitude
and love; and now
—alone on that
seething planet—
he faced
the greatest trial of all

fiction By U. K. LE GUIN

NINE LIVES

SHE WAS ALIVE INSIDE but dead outside, her face a black and dun net of wrinkles, tumors, cracks. She was bald and blind. The tremors that crossed Libra's face were only quiverings of corruption; underneath, in the black corridors, the halls beneath the skin, there were crepitations in darkness, ferments, chemical nightmares that had gone on for centuries. "Oh, the damned flatulent planet," Pugh murmured, as the dome shook and a boil burst a kilometer to the southwest, spraying silver pus across the sunset. The sun had been setting for the past two days.

"I shall be glad to see a human face."

"Thanks," said Martin.

"Oh, yours is human, to be sure," said Pugh, "but I've seen it so long I can't see it."

A clutter of rad-vid signals crowded the communicator that Martin was operating, faded, returned as face and voice. The face filled the screen; young, powerful, the nose of an Assyrian king and the eyes of a samurai, the skin bronze, eyes the color of iron: magnificent. "Is that what humans look like?" said Pugh with awe. "I'd forgotten."

"Shut up, Owen, we're on."

"Libra Exploratory Mission Base, come in, please, this is Passerine launch."

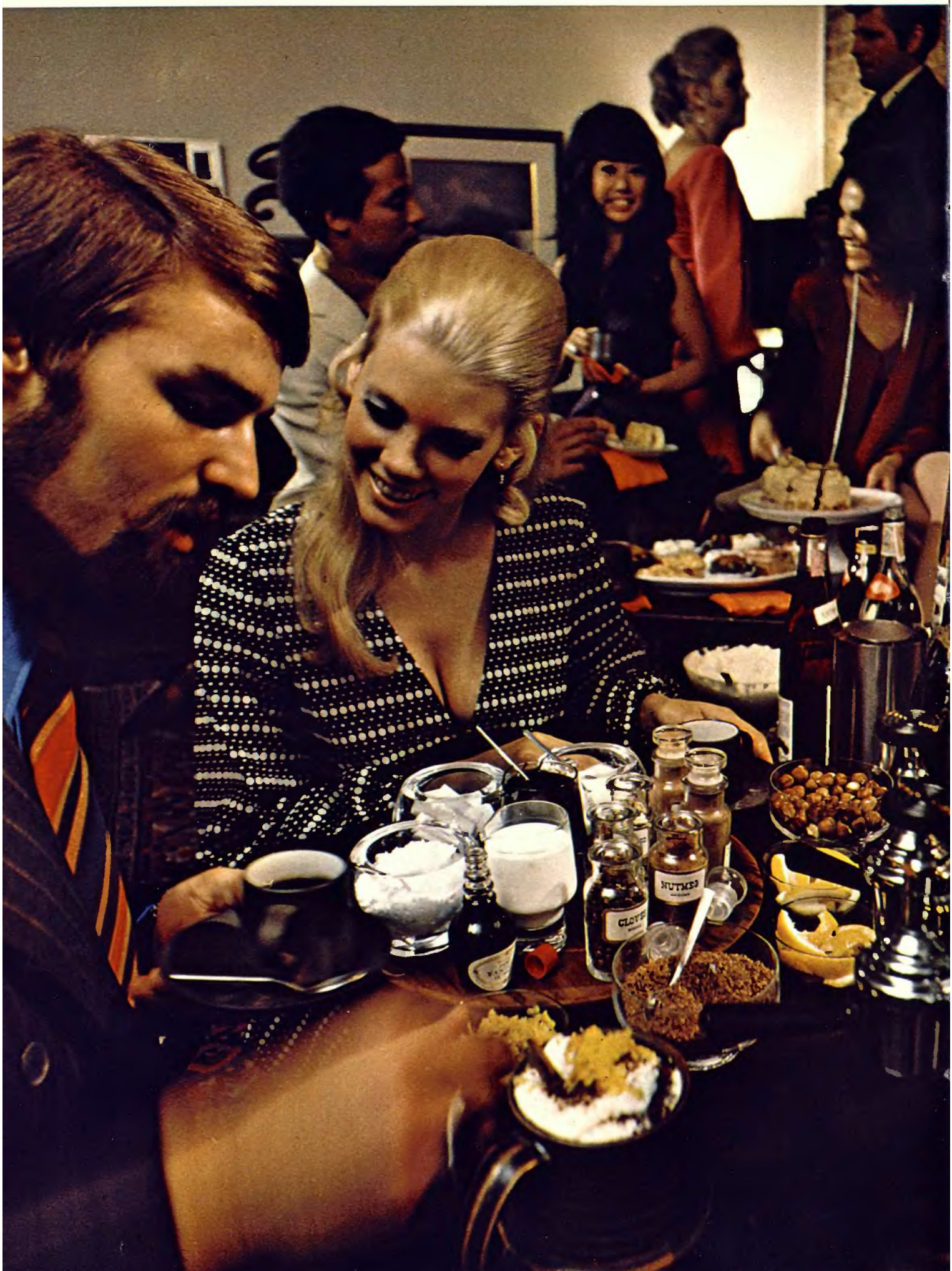
"Libra here. Beam fixed. Come on down, launch."

"Expulsion in seven E seconds. Hold on." The screen blanked and sparkled.

"Do you think the whole lot of them look like that?" said Pugh, still bemused. "Martin, you and I are uglier men than I thought."

"Shut up, Owen. . . ."

For 22 minutes, Martin followed the landing craft down by signal and then, through the *(continued on page 132)*


NUTMEG

COFFEE SOIREE

diverse and delicious brews from the ubiquitous bean—and handsome appurtenances in which to prepare them—are made to order for relaxed autumnal entertaining

drink By THOMAS MARIO

Coffee-making paraphernalia for brewing up a special pot party that's full of beans. Clockwise from 11: Chrome-plated espresso machine makes up to five demitasse cups, by Inventa, $200. Electric coffee grinder automatically measures and grinds the amount of coffee beans required per cup, by Salton, $19.95. Chrome-plated Quick Mill espresso unit that's made in Italy has a separate switch for reheating and a heat-controlled thermostat, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $150. Inventomatic coffee maker filters the coffee for the correct length of time, thermostatically regulates the water at precisely 205° F., by Inventa, $59.50. Force-filtered Cona coffee maker ensures that no liquid touches metal during the brewing process, by Inventa, $22.50 for four-cup brewer. Turkish coffeepot of aluminum makes eight demitasse cups, from Cook's Cupboard, $3.95. Filter-type coffee maker brews all grind variations, has two- to nine-cup capacity, by Chemex, $7.95. Center: Copper turnover-type Neapolitan espresso maker and server with hardwood handles, by Inventa, $13.

OF ALL THE DIVERSE FORMS of partying, perhaps none is more refreshingly different and effortlessly pleasurable than that which has a coffeepot as its focal point. Spirits seem to become as liberated as the steam from an espresso machine, and any residues of stiff formality melt away like sugar in a cup of piping-hot Colombian.

The real beauty of a bean-based get-together is the minimum advance notice needed. There are countless occasions when you'd like friends to gather in your digs but you don't have time to do the groundwork for a dinner or even a late supper. Sometimes, the sheer size of a crowd makes a buffet supper practically impossible. One of the master keys to this kind of situation is to stage your own *Kaffeeklatsch* with compatible friends sipping *Schlagobers* and eating *Kugelhof*. A private coffeehouse party can fill the edibility gap between hunger and the theater. Before an early off-Broadway show or early cinema, pots of coffee and *(continued on page 210)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

NINE LIVES *(continued from page 129)*

cleared dome, they saw it, small star high in the blood-colored east, sinking. It came down neat and quiet, Libra's thin atmosphere carrying little sound. Pugh and Martin closed the headpieces of their insuits, zipped out of the dome air locks and ran with soaring strides, Nijinsky and Nureyev, toward the boat. Three equipment modules came floating down at four-minute intervals and 100-meter intervals east of the boat. "Come on out," Martin said on his suit radio, "we're waiting at the door."

"Come on in, the methane's fine," said Pugh.

The hatch opened and the young man they had seen on the screen flung himself out with one athletic twist and leaped down onto the shaky dust and clinkers of Libra. Martin shook his hand, greeted him, but Pugh stared at the hatch, from which another young man emerged with the same neat twist and jump, followed by a young woman, who emerged with the same twist, ornamented by a wriggle, and the jump. Like the first one, they were tall, with bronze skin, black hair, high-bridged nose, epicanthic fold, the same face. They all had the same face. The fourth was emerging from the hatch with the identical neat jump movement of the three others. "Martin, *bach*," said Pugh, "we've got a clone."

"Right," said one of the newcomers, "we're a tenclone, John Chow's the name. You're Lieutenant Martin?"

"No, I'm Owen Pugh."

"Alvaro Guillen Martin," said Martin formally. Another girl was emerging, the same beautiful face: Martin stared at her and his eyes rolled like a nervous pony's. Evidently, he had never given any thought to cloning and was suffering technological shock.

"Steady," Pugh said in the Argentine dialect, "it's only excess twins." He stood close by Martin's elbow. He was glad of the contact.

It is hard to meet a stranger. Even the greatest extrovert meeting even the meekest stranger knows a certain dread, though he may not know he knows it. Will he make a fool of me, wreck my image of myself, invade me, destroy me, change me? Will he be different from me? Yes, that he will. There's the terrible thing: the strangeness of the stranger.

After two years on a dead planet, and the last half year spent as a team of two with only radio contact with the rest of their crew, two men working hard and seeing nobody else at all for six mortal months; after that, it's even harder to meet a stranger, however welcome he may be. For you're out of the habit, you've lost the touch; and so the fear revives, the primitive anxiety, the old dread.

The clone, five males and five females, had done in a couple of minutes what a man might have done in 20: It had greeted Pugh and Martin, had a look at Libra, unloaded the boat and now was ready to go. As they set off, Martin asked, "Which of you did I speak to during flight?" His voice was rather sharp.

"Me, John Aleph. Also Yod got a word in," one said, nodding at a second one, who appeared all at once to be younger and smaller.

"Big Aleph generally talks first," this one said. But the next moment, as they all float-bounced along, Pugh couldn't tell which one was Aleph and which one Yod.

The dome filled with them, a hive of golden bees. They hummed and buzzed quietly, filled up all silences, all spaces with a honey-brown flood of human presence. Martin looked bewilderedly at the long-limbed girls, whose smile was a little gentler than that of the boys, though no less radiantly self-possessed.

"Self-possessed," Owen Pugh murmured to his friend, "that's it. Think of it, to be oneself ten times over. Nine seconds for every motion, nine ayes on every vote. It would be glorious!" But Martin was asleep. And the John Chows had all gone to sleep at once. The dome was filled with their quiet breathing. They were young, they didn't snore. Martin sighed and snored, his Hershey bar–colored face relaxed in the dim afterglow of Libra's primary, set at last. Pugh had cleared the dome and stars looked in, Sol among them, a great company of lights, a clone of splendors. Pugh slept and dreamed of a one-eyed giant who chased him through the shaking halls of hell.

• • •

Pugh watched the clone's awakening from his sleeping bag. They all got up within a minute, except for one pair, a boy and a girl, who lay snugly tangled and still sleeping in one bag. Seeing this, there was a shock like one of Libra's earthquakes within Pugh, a very deep tremor. Yet consciously, he was pleased at the sight; there was no other such comfort on this dead hollow world. More power to them who made love. One of the others stepped gently on them; they woke; the girl sat up, flushed and sleepy, with bare golden breasts. One of her sisters murmured something to her, she shot a glance at Pugh and disappeared into the sleeping bag, followed by a faint giggle, from another direction a brief fierce stare, from yet another direction a voice: "Christ, we're used to having a room to ourselves. Hope you don't mind, Captain Pugh."

"It's a pleasure," Pugh said half truthfully. He had to stand up then, wearing only the shorts he slept in, and he felt like a plucked rooster, all white scrawn and pimples. The United Kingdom had come through the Great Famines rather well, losing less than half its population: a record achieved by rigorous food control. Black-marketeers and hoarders had been executed. Crumbs had been shared. Where in richer lands many had died and a few had thrived, in Britain fewer died and none throve. They all got lean. Their sons were lean, their grandsons lean, small, brittle-boned, easily infected. They had replaced the survival of the fittest with the survival of the fairest. Owen Pugh was a scrawny little man. But he was there.

Just at the minute, he could have wished he wasn't.

At breakfast, a John said, "Now, if you'll brief us, Captain Pugh——"

"Owen, then."

"Owen, we can work out our schedule. Has anything new concerning the mine turned up since your last report to your mission? We saw all your reports when Passerine was in orbit around Planet V."

Martin did not answer, though the mine was his discovery and project; Pugh did his best. It was hard to talk to them, the same expression of intelligent interest on the same faces, all leaning forward at almost the same angle. Over the Exploitation Corps insignia on their tunics, each had a name band, first name John and last name Chow, of course, but the middle names different. The men were Aleph, Kaph, Yod, Gimel and Samekh; the women Sadhe, Daleth, Zayin, Beth and Resh. Martin buttered and chewed his toast, and suddenly interrupted: "You're a team, aren't you?"

"Right," said two Johns.

"God, what a team! I hadn't seen the point. How much do you each know what the others are thinking?"

"Not at all, properly speaking," replied one of the girls, Zayin. The others watched her with the proprietary, approving look they had. "True ESP is still unachieved. But we do think alike, having the same equipment. So, given the same problem or stimulus, we are likely to be thinking the same thing at the same time. Explanations are easy, a word or two. We seldom misunderstand one another. It does facilitate our working as a team."

"Christ, yes," said Martin. "Pugh and I have spent seven hours out of ten for six months misunderstanding each other. What about emergencies—are you as good at meeting the unexpected problem as a nor—— an unrelated team?"

"Statistics so far indicate that we are," Zayin answered readily. "We can't brainstorm as singletons can, we can't profit from the interplay of varied minds; but we have a compensatory advantage. Clones are drawn from the best human material, individuals of I. I. Q. ninety-ninth percentile, genetic constitution alpha double A, and so on. So we have

(continued on page 220)

ALTERNATIVES TO ANALYSIS

today's tuned-in psychotherapists are offering a variety of regimens they are convinced will lead us out of horse-and-buggy freudianism into space-age psychological health

article By ERNEST HAVEMANN

JOHN BLANK, at the age of 33, was in many respects a model husband and father. He was also, as it happened, a confirmed, habitual, compulsive transvestite. He had started before he was 12 to dress up in his mother's or his sister's clothes whenever they were away from the house. By the age of puberty, he was hooked.

Service in the Army forced him to give up the habit for a while—a barracks being hardly the place to practice transvestitism. It was a miserable period for John Blank. By the time he got out of the Army and back to a secret wardrobe of women's clothing, he had developed a full-fledged ulcer.

Civilian life and marriage, though they calmed his ulcer, did nothing else to change him. He found, indeed, that he could not have sexual relations with his wife unless he dressed up first. Every now and then, he had an irresistible urge to spend an evening in public in a dress, nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes and a woman's wig.

As he neared his mid-30s, John Blank was almost as unhappy as he had been in the Army. He worried about being arrested some night and losing his job. He wondered how long his wife would put up with him. Above all, he worried about the fact that his son was getting to the age where the boy would surely discover his secret. In addition to being

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM STAEBLER

addicted to the strange wardrobe, he was now also addicted to sedatives, which he gulped constantly to soothe his jangling nerves.

In desperation, John Blank sought help from a new kind of treatment, totally different from psychoanalysis in theory and practice: behavior therapy. The treatment prescribed for him was extremely simple. He did not lie on a couch and try to produce free associations about the childhood origins of his compulsion; indeed, he hardly talked to the therapist at all except to explain his problem. On each visit to the therapist's office, he merely undressed, put on a dressing gown and went behind a screen, where his favorite outfit of women's clothing was laid out on a chair. On signal from the therapist, he took off the gown and began dressing in this clothing. At some point, at times soon after he had started, at other times when he was nearly finished, he was rudely interrupted by a jolt of electricity delivered through a grid on the floor. He then, as instructed by the therapist, began to remove the clothes. The shock—or sometimes just the sound of a buzzer—was repeated at intervals, until he had them all off.

At each session in the therapist's office, this process was repeated five times. John Blank never knew when the electric shock would hit him, whether to expect the shock or just the buzzer nor how many times shock or buzzer would be repeated while he pulled off the clothes. After 80 visits to the office, he had had his fill of this kind of nerve-racking waiting for the blow to strike—and the therapist figured he had also lost his taste for women's clothing.

The treatment proved to be a striking success. When the therapist looked him up six months later, John Blank reported that he had not once gone back to his secret wardrobe. He felt better than he had felt in years; his worries were vanishing and he was tapering off his use of sedatives.

• • •

Behavior therapy, which produced such remarkable results for John Blank, is one of many forms of patching, refurbishing and expanding the human psyche that have begun to flourish as the influence of psychoanalysis has waned [see *Crisis in Psychoanalysis*, PLAYBOY, October 1969]. By the careful count of one observer of the psychotherapeutic scene, there are now no fewer than 200 different schools of thought, most of them very new, on how to make Americans less neurotic, more normal, more "fulfilled" than they have been in the past.

The new schools of thought cover a broad and baffling range, from the commonsensical to the exotic. At one extreme is the growing number of psychiatrists who believe that mental disturbances are caused by faulty brain chemistry and can best be treated with the new personality-control drugs (see *Psychochemistry: Personality by Prescription*, PLAYBOY, November 1968). Near this end of the scale is behavior therapy, a product of the psychology laboratory. At the opposite end are numerous methods that have no scientific basis at all, such as the mystical tenets of yoga and Zen Buddhism.

Some methods are still based, like psychoanalysis, on a one-to-one meeting of therapist and patient. But the great move today is toward groups—all kinds of groups made up of young and old, men and women, single and married, rich and poor, black and white, sometimes led by professional therapists and sometimes meeting on their own, seeking in various ways to help one another get over their hang-ups. The most publicized branch of the group movement is Esalen Institute, high on a cliff above the Pacific Ocean, where, on almost any day of the year, 20 or 30 people at once can be found running across the magnificent California landscape, singing, shouting, dancing, looking into one another's eyes and otherwise engaging in a mass effort to help their inner feelings bubble to the surface.

There are not only 200 different approaches but roughly 10,000 specific techniques, most of them developed for use in groups. At any given moment of the day, most or all of these techniques are being practiced somewhere. Groups of ordinarily staid businessmen work as if their lives depended on it to build playhouses of index cards; a college professor and an unemployed chorus girl sit back to back on the floor and try to "communicate" with their shoulder muscles; a plump California housewife and an ascetic clergyman stand barefoot on a bed sheet, trying to tune their senses to the feel of the grass beneath; a man who earns $100,000 per year breaks down and weeps in front of a dozen strangers because nobody likes him; another group of strangers, men and women, shed their clothes and plunge naked into a swimming pool with a therapist who believes that nudity frees the emotions. All this varied activity goes on not only by day but often through the night; one of the most popular new approaches is the "group marathon," which continues for 24 hours without interruption or sleep, leaving its members weary and groggy but somehow exhilarated.

The new brands of therapy and the new group encounters have been sampled by hundreds of thousands more Americans than ever have had any personal experience with psychoanalysis. For one thing, they are far more available. There are more psychiatrists and clinical psychologists using various new methods and techniques of therapy than there ever were analysts in the U. S. As for the groups, these are springing up everywhere; they have even been conducted by television, with everybody within the station's broadcasting range welcome to tune in and take part. For another thing, the new methods are far cheaper. Even the new one-to-one therapy is much less expensive than psychoanalysis, if only because it is faster; the 80-session treatment of John Blank, though far above average for behavior therapy, was still much shorter than the three to five or more years usually required in psychoanalysis. Groups are cheaper yet. It costs nothing at all to organize your own group and as little as $50 to attend a group or marathon led by a professional. You can spend a weekend at Esalen, the holy of holies of the group movement, for as little as $65, including room and board.

Psychoanalysis has never promised its patients very much—only that if they were willing to work long enough and hard enough on the couch, and then the rest of their lives on their own, they might be able to conquer their most crippling conflicts. Most of the new schools of thought, by contrast, have a kind of evangelical optimism and fervor. One of the Esalen psychologists, William C. Schutz, has written a book on Esalen's methods and goals; he calls it *Joy* and his subtitle is "Expanding Human Awareness." Other terms popular among spokesmen for the new schools are mind expansion, self-realization, self-fulfillment, bodily awareness, personal growth and ecstasy. Spurred on by these slogans and, evidently, by pleasurable experiences in group encounters, quite a few Americans have turned into a new kind of fanatic; they are not alcohol addicts, not heroin addicts but group addicts, eagerly tracking down every new group encounter and rushing to every one that they can possibly attend.

Americans, of course, have had many previous infatuations—in recent years, bowling, astrology, the hula hoop, isometric exercises, jogging, health foods and the drinking man's diet. Are the new alternatives to psychoanalysis also fads, or are they the way of the future? Since the new methods vary so widely, from the fact-conscious products of the psychology laboratory to the hashish-inspired visions of Oriental mystics, from the commonplace to the far-out, there is probably no single answer. An examination of some of the most prominent of the new methods, however, will offer some clues.

Behavior therapy, the newest treatment method with a truly scientific basis, is in large part the creation of Joseph Wolpe, a psychiatrist who teaches at Philadelphia's Temple University School of Medicine. Dr. Wolpe was originally a follower of Freud, but changed his mind after studying the learning theories that have been developed by psychologists; he was particularly influenced

(continued on page 142)

playboy's guide to the finest trails and runs, handsomest hostelries and most atmospheric après-ski activities in the scenic northeast

Skiing New England

travel

New England draws skiers for at least four compelling reasons: The first is a drive through the wintry countryside, in settings as scenic as Sugarloaf Mountain, Maine (top left); next, there's the kick of being hoisted up, skis and all, in a gondola lift, this one at Mt. Snow, Vermont; third is meeting a comely companion, perhaps at Stowe, Vermont (top right), persuading her to take a draft from your wineskin—and to accept a date for libations later on; and finally, there is the exhilaration of a rush down the slopes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARVIN KONER

Phillips
P

IF ONE WERE PRESSED to explain why skiing has become such a favored *divertissement* of young America, the answer would have to include feminine participation; were it not for the presence of all those beautifully filled stretch slacks, the Rockies' slopes would still be dotted mostly with bears and boulders, and the sole wintry sound emanating from New England's mountain fastnesses might well be the melancholy chirping of the hermit thrush.

No area of the U. S. supports this thesis as exuberantly as does New England, where, this winter, almost 1,000,000 skiers will do their schussing and social thing—primarily in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. (Massachusetts and Connecticut ski scenes are few and scattered.) If the thought that young men and women from all over the East, indeed, from all over the country, hie themselves to the hills primarily for the pleasures of the great indoors strikes you as oversimplification, then check it out yourself. You'll discover, as *(continued on page 243)*

New England's *après-ski* social whirl is made to order for upbeat, eclectic tastes. At Mt. Snow's Snow Lake Lodge (for left), a newly acquainted couple swap ski tales at the inn's indoor pool. At Sister Kate's, a popular pub in Stowe (left), pianist Rock King leads a round of *gemütlich* group singing. Below, at Sugarloaf Mountain, an alfresco beer blast with live rock music is staged in the campy surroundings of the town dump. The usual result is fresh companionship—and often, a final run down the trails at sunset (right).

"Most emphatic rejection of foreign tissue I've ever seen!"

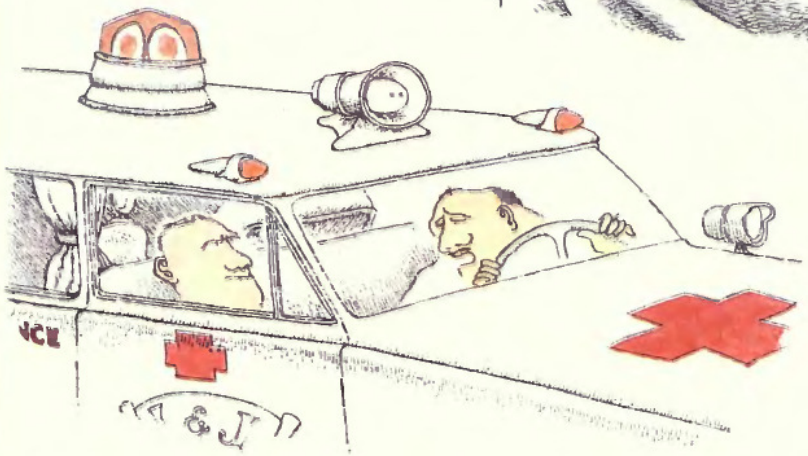
Have A Heart

a scalpel-sharp dissection of the innards sanctum: the current surge in transplant surgery

BY

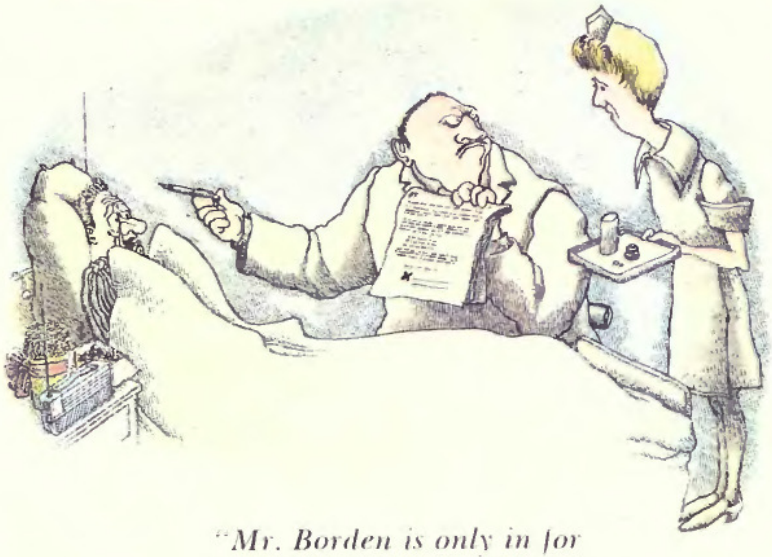
Graham Wilson

"Dibs!"



"You got it, now? If they crash between Page Corners and Route Nine, they're Mount Sinai's; if they go off between Route Nine and Baysfort, they belong to Holy Cross; and if they buy it between Baysfort and the throughway, then Hopkins Memorial gets to use them."

"By George, I do believe you're right— there's nothing of the original Mr. Russell left!"



"Mr. Borden is only in for an appendectomy, doctor."

"Look, Mr. Parker, I'm only human."

"Start the press conference."

"He says he's willing to donate his tonsils."

"OK—which one gets the kidney?"

"Sometimes I miss how it was in the old days . . .
the hidden laboratory in the ancient castle . . .
the graveyard raids . . .
the angry crowds of peasants bearing torches. . . ."

ALTERNATIVES TO ANALYSIS *(continued from page 134)*

by the evidence that behavior that is in some way rewarded tends to be repeated, while behavior that is not rewarded or is punished tends to be abandoned. To Dr. Wolpe, a neurotic symptom such as John Blank's transvestitism, far from representing an unconscious conflict, as maintained by Freud, is, in fact, "just a bad habit." It was acquired through some unfortunate quirk of learning and is in some way rewarding to the patient —but it can be eliminated or modified by taking away its reward value.

Dr. Wolpe spends no time at all discussing a patient's childhood or trying to probe into the patient's unconscious mind. Instead, he and his followers make a direct frontal attack on the current problem. John Blank, for example, was treated by associating the wearing of women's clothing with the punishment of electric shock, rather than the reward of whatever kind of pleasurable feelings it previously produced. Similarly, Dr. Wolpe has successfully treated a homosexual by strapping an electrode on the man's calf and showing him pictures of naked men and women. When a man appeared, the electrode produced a shock: when a woman appeared, the electricity went off.

Most people who visit a psychotherapist, however, do not have a simple "bad habit" such as transvestitism or homosexuality. They are more likely to be troubled by anxiety—for example, by a fear of entering an elevator, going to social events, meeting the opposite sex or talking to the boss. For such patients, Dr. Wolpe has developed a method that he calls "desensitization." One of his patients was a 52-year-old housewife terrified by thoughts of death. She had feelings of anxiety every time she saw an ambulance or a hospital, much stronger feelings when she drove past a cemetery and intense fear when she thought of her first husband dead in his coffin. Dr. Wolpe treated her by having her relax completely, then asking her to think about the sight of an ambulance but to stop thinking about it if she began to feel at all anxious. Step by step, he led her to remain relaxed while thinking about all the things that had previously frightened her. By the end of the treatment, she had been fully "desensitized" —the sights and thoughts once associated with anxiety were now associated, instead, with feelings of relaxation.

Recently, the school of behavior therapy has been given a new dimension through an experiment conducted by Albert Bandura, a psychologist noted for his studies of the learning process. Dr. Bandura, who teaches at Stanford University, advertised in the local paper for people who were disturbed by a fear of snakes. To his surprise, since Stanford is in the San Francisco metropolitan area and hardly infested with snakes, nearly 100 people responded. To his further surprise, about a third of the volunteers turned out to have diagnosed themselves incorrectly: when actually confronted with a snake, they were not afraid at all (a fact that has led Dr. Bandura to suspect that perhaps many people only *think* they are neurotic).

From the volunteers, Dr. Bandura finally selected 48 people, both men and women, young and old, who were genuinely terrified of snakes. Among them: a plumber who was afraid to work outdoors, a real-estate salesman who could never bring himself to show a house in which there was a pet snake and two members of the Peace Corps who were frightened by the very thought of being assigned to jungle country. From the Freudian viewpoint, all of them would have been considered victims of deep-seated sexual conflicts, for a snake is the most obvious kind of phallic symbol. Dr. Bandura, however, chose to regard them as the victims of something quite different—namely, a pure-and-simple fear of snakes.

To one third of the volunteers, Dr. Bandura applied the Wolpe desensitization technique. Another third were turned into their own therapists: they were shown how to relax completely (by first tensing and then slackening all the muscles of the body) and asked to watch a moving picture of children and adults approaching and finally playing with snakes, as shown by a projector that the patient himself could stop and turn back if the pictures became disturbing. The remaining third watched through a window while one of Dr. Bandura's colleagues, in the next room, approached a snake, touched it and, after a time, let it crawl around his neck. Once these patients had got up their courage, they were invited in to imitate this procedure.

All the volunteers lost some of their fear of snakes—the third group most quickly and completely of all. Within an average of two hours, indeed, many members of the third group were playing with snakes the way they might play with a puppy. The two other groups, switched to the method of watching through the window, quickly reached the same level of almost complete fearlessness.

The significance of Dr. Bandura's experiment is its indication that at least one kind of neurotic fear can be conquered through the simple process of imitating another person. To psychologists, imitation is one of the most effective forms of learning: babies learn to speak in large part by imitating the sounds their parents make; older children learn to write by imitating the strokes the teacher makes on the blackboard; all of us learn to dial a telephone, play baseball and drive an automobile through imitation. Dr. Bandura's new experiment seems to indicate that people can learn how to be normal instead of neurotic in the same fashion—a finding that may open up an entirely new frontier in psychotherapy.

• • •

Another new kind of treatment, called reality therapy, developed by Los Angeles psychiatrist William Glasser, is of special interest, because it appears to produce good results even though it is the exact opposite of psychoanalysis in every respect. The psychoanalyst speaks of mental illness; Dr. Glasser believes that there is no such thing. The psychoanalyst searches for the origins of the patient's problem; Dr. Glasser believes that there is no point in dealing with past events, because these events are over and done with and cannot be changed. The psychoanalyst tries to remain as neutral and anonymous toward the patient as possible; Dr. Glasser tries to establish a strong, intimate personal relationship. The psychoanalyst looks for the patient's unconscious conflicts and motivations; Dr. Glasser holds that these matters, though perhaps interesting, have nothing to do with helping the patient. The psychoanalyst avoids making any moral judgments of the patient; Dr. Glasser makes the patient face up to the question of whether his behavior is right or wrong, not necessarily in the ultimate moral sense but in terms of social realities and his own desires. ("If a patient says he's a thief and is willing to accept the consequences of being a thief, that's all right," says Dr. Glasser. "I don't judge it, but it's basic to reality therapy for him to judge it.") Finally, the psychoanalyst avoids giving advice, on the theory that the patient should find his own way of living: Dr. Glasser tries to help the patient plan better ways of fulfilling his needs.

The basic problem of all people who require therapy, in Dr. Glasser's view, is that they are "irresponsible." They have never learned, or have forgotten, how to accept the world as it is, take responsibility for their own lives, get along in society and meet their needs while respecting the needs of others. Dr. Glasser worked for many years with the inmates of a California school for delinquent girls; possibly as a result, there is a very down-to-earth and even hard-boiled quality in his thinking. He rejects as "psychiatric garbage" the long, sad stories of unhappy childhoods with which patients often attempt to justify their present inadequacies. "A lot of people," he states, "are looking for excuses. Reality therapy says the hell with the excuses; let's get on with the business of improving our lives."

As a therapist, however, Dr. Glasser radiates a good deal of warmth, and he is regarded with much affection by his former patients, including some of the once toughest of the delinquent girls. His therapy proceeds in three steps.

(continued on page 214)

COLLAGE BY RON BRADFORD

WHAT IS ALL THIS?

it was a typical freaked-out weekend for the painter: his wife, his girl, a hippie chick and some kids—mostly his

fiction By STEPHEN DIXON DIRK DROVE TO HELEN'S HOUSE to pick up their son. It was his weekend with Roy—once every other, which he and Helen, without lawyer advice or court decree, had congenially agreed to a year ago, when they separated and she filed for divorce—but she had different plans for today.

"Donald's invited us to the city for the weekend. Roy can't wait, as Donald's been telling him what great wooden planes they'll make and how much fun Roy'll have sleeping in the balcony-bedroom setup Donald's built in his studio. But what happened to your phone? Because I called before, about the time I figured I wasn't going to hear from you. Called collect, but the operator, checking with her records office, because at first I refused to believe what she said, told *(continued on page 233)*

ACTING PLAYMATE

claudia jennings, bright young musical-comedy veteran, looks ahead hopefully to hollywood and a cinematic career

THERE REALLY IS NO BUSINESS like show business—at least as far as 19-year-old Claudia Jennings is concerned. Since she made her stage debut at the age of ten, in a production of *The King and I* by a repertory group in her native Milwaukee, Claudia has performed in about two dozen musical comedies—occasionally as an ingénue, but more often in character roles: "Ironically enough, I usually get to play little-girl parts. But that's just as well, since it forces me to really act." Currently ensconced in a bachelorette apartment on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago—where she arrived several seasons ago to model fashions—the well-rounded thespian has been performing lately under the auspices of Hull House Theater: "I heard their productions were first-rate, so I went to see for myself—and before I knew what was happening, I had joined the company." Having made up her mind that she'd rather earn a living by emoting than by posing ("Modeling gets more tedious all the time"), Claudia feels it's necessary for her, at this point in her career, to move to one coast or the other, for the Windy City's theatrical opportunities are limited. "Every actress has her particular skills and drawbacks," says Claudia. "It's a show-business axiom that if you really want to overcome your limitations, you go to New York, but if you're satisfied with your skills, then you're ready for Hollywood. The reasoning is that with a stage play, you get to work with the same material over a longer period of time than you do with a film, so you have more of a chance to

Early in the morning, Claudia can often be seen jogging along the lake shore on Chicago's North Side with her Samoyed. As these unobstructed views attest, it's exercise well spent.

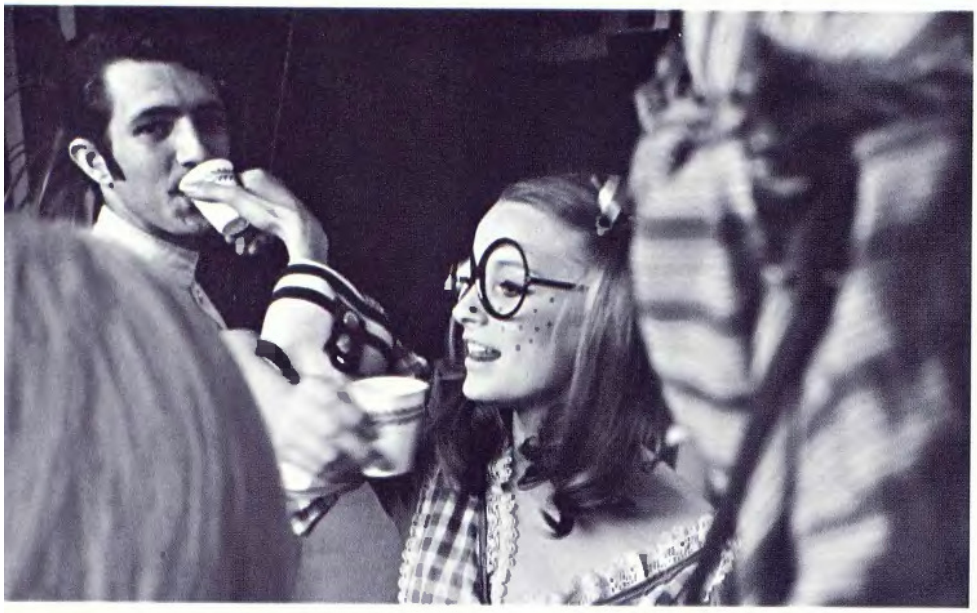
PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

improve." Although Claudia's celluloid experience has been held to one experimental short subject, she feels ready to try for stardom via the Hollywood route, and is awaiting the results of a recent screen test. Not that she's naïve enough to expect a sudden windfall: "Rarely does anyone establish herself in this profession with one dramatic stroke. You have to keep chipping away at the industry." Between shows, Claudia busies herself by counseling teenaged girls at a Chicago Y.W.C.A.; and when she wants distraction from social realities as well as from the theater, she picks up a bag of apples, throws in a book by Hemingway or Roth and hies herself to the lake shore: "You've got to sit down and relax sometimes, since the future will be unpredictable even if you work twenty-four hours a day." True enough—but we feel secure in predicting a cinematically gratifying future for Claudia.

Above, left: Latcho accompanies Claudia on her frequent excursions to Chicago's Belmont Harbor, where she memorizes her lines or else loses herself in contemporary fiction—that is, until such time as Latcho develops an interest in her reading matter: "I had gotten to a critical moment in *Portnoy's Complaint* when he decided to devour the book. I never did find out what happened." Above: With Latcho suffering from a respiratory ailment, Claudia's obliged to visit the Lake Shore Animal Hospital, where she comforts her sick puppy in the waiting room. The veterinarian eventually reassures her that Latcho is afflicted by nothing worse than a cold, and administers his patient an unwelcome shot.

Delayed by her visit to the animal hospital, Miss November arrives at Hull House late in the afternoon for a mid-production rehearsal of her current show—a satirical version of Sigmund Romberg's *The Desert Song* in which she plays Susan, a lass who tries to win the heart of a mincing male ("Needless to say, I try in vain"). After buttoning and lacing herself into costume (right), Claudia hustles onstage (left), where she listens attentively to the director's suggestions, then watches over his shoulder (below, left) as her fellow performers work on a scene in which she does not appear. Below: The house is full that night as Claudia and the rest of the cast turn their version of Romberg's classic into reality.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Left: Scheduled to depart the next morning for a screen test in Hollywood, Claudia's the toast of her Hull House colleagues at a post-performance champagne party; leaving the premises together for the last time (below), she and a companion simultaneously dramatize and make light of their feelings with a display of comic-opera grief. Bottom: After checking in at O'Hare International Airport in the morning, Claudia watches a skycap wheel Latcha's kennel planeward. Finally on board, she wonders if Hollywood will bring her down—or keep her up in the clouds.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The young, attractive housewife was a bit surprised when her husband's best friend dropped by one afternoon and offered $500 to make love to her. Thinking that the extra money would come in handy, she led him into the bedroom and fulfilled her part of the bargain. Later that afternoon, her husband returned from work. "Did David stop by today?" he asked casually.

"Yes, he did," she stammered. "Why do you ask?"

"Well," her spouse replied, "he was supposed to return the five hundred dollars I lent him last week."

The two stoned hippies were staggering along a railroad track when one tiredly complained to the other, "I sure wish we'd get to the bottom of this flight of stairs."

"The stairs aren't the worst of it," grumbled the second. "It's the low handrail that bugs me."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *penicillin* as what you give the man who has everything.

Then there was the freaky WAC who was court-martialed for contributing to the delinquency of a major.

The libidinous miss listened patiently as her married sister extolled the benefits of the quiet life. "That's not for me," she playfully commented. "I once tried to give up drinking, smoking and sex—and it was the longest twenty minutes I ever spent."

When the Hollywood star announced his plans to vacation in Tangier, his agent told him to be sure to visit a very exclusive brothel there that specialized in unusual sexual practices. On his return, the star called his agent and announced that he'd taken his advice. "It was really quite an experience," he declared. "First the girl told me to strip and lie down on the bed. Then she covered me from head to toe with strawberry jam, sprinkled marshmallows over that, smothered it all with whipped cream and topped it with a handful of almonds and maraschino cherries."

"Fantastic," the agent gasped. "And then she licked it all off?"

"Hell no," the star exclaimed. "It looked so good I ate it myself."

My so-called liberal mother is really such a prude," the high school cheerleader sadly told her locker partner. "She said that I could only pet with my dates if they didn't touch me below the waist."

"Oh, that's too bad," her schoolmate commiserated. "What do you intend to do about it?"

"Well," the cheerleader giggled, "the first thing I'm going to do is learn to stand on my head."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *logarithm* as a Catholic birth-control record.

The two elderly farmers were leisurely strolling through a pasture when one stopped and remarked, "Here's where I got my first piece of ass and right over there's where her mother stood."

"Her mother," said his surprised companion. "What did she say?"

"Ba-a-a-a-a," came the reply.

We know an ingenious doctor who prescribed sex for insomnia. His patients didn't get any more sleep, but they had more fun staying awake.

A well-dressed but obviously inebriated gentleman stumbled up to a policeman at a busy downtown intersection and voiced a thick-tongued complaint. "Somebody stole my car, officer," he announced groggily. "I had it right here on the end of my ignition key."

"We'll go right to the station and report it," the patrolman replied, amused at the fellow's drunken condition. "But I think you should zip your trousers before we leave."

"Oh, my God," blubbered the drunk, noticing his open fly. "Somebody's stole my girl, too."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *buffalo* as a greeting between two nudists.

While driving through an Indian reservation, the salesman was approached by a very lovely Algonquin maid, who offered herself to him for $50. "That's a lot of money," he said. "Manhattan island cost only twenty-four."

"True," she agreed. "But Manhattan island just lies there."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"And, say, on your way back, pick up a six-pack from the Fountain of Youth."

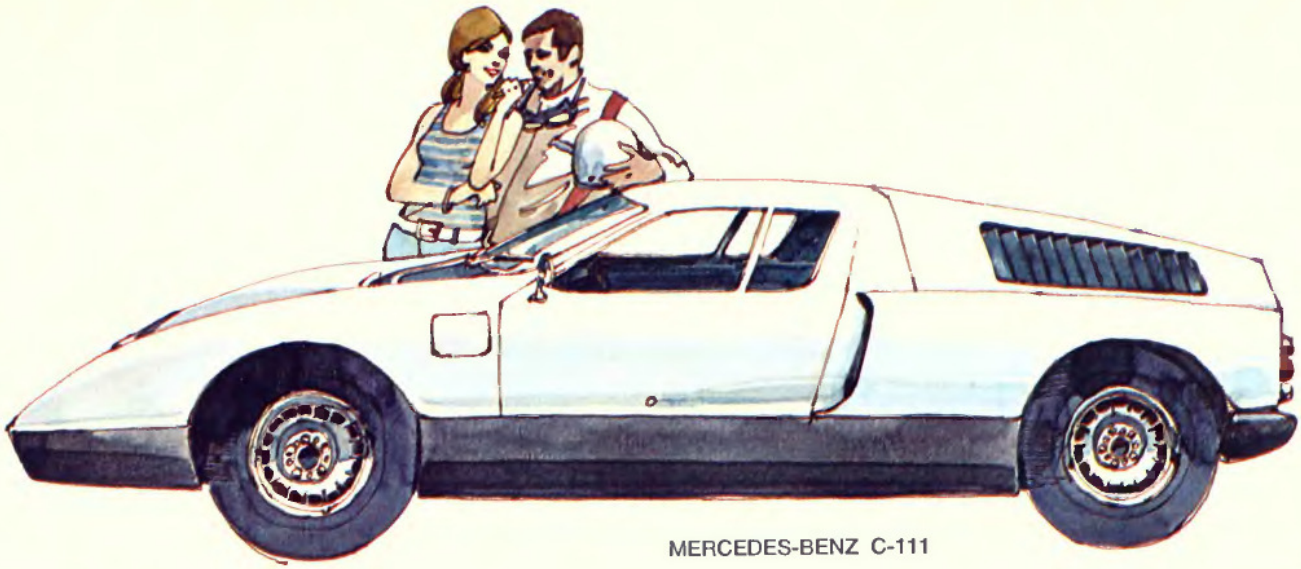
THE PLAYBOY CARS—1970

our own selection of those foreign and domestic machines with the style, speed, engineering and breeding to satisfy the urbane owner

OLDSMOBILE 4-4-2

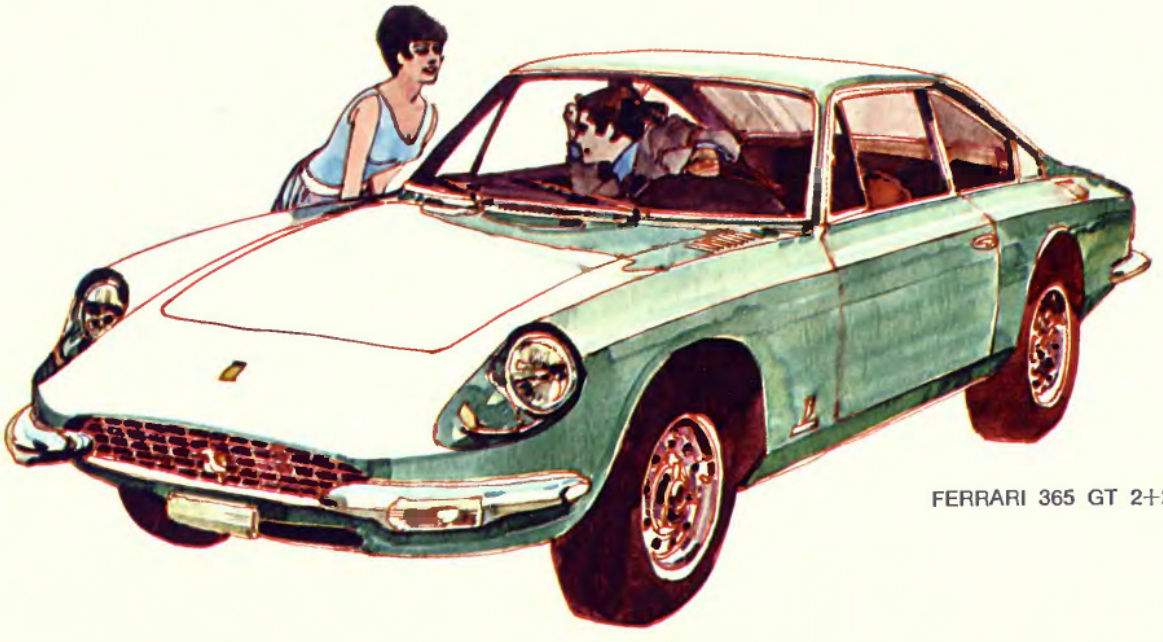
modern living By KEN W. PURDY DAIMLER-BENZ, the oldest manufactory of motorcars on this planet, at least, is a house of legendary puissance. With the advantage of founding by the two men most authorities credit with the actual invention of the automobile, Carl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler, the company has moved across the years since 1886 with an air of sure and unflagging competence, turning out, in good times and bad, an extraordinary variety of fast, well-made, long-lived automobiles. Convinced from the beginning that racing is valuable both as laboratory and as publicity producer, D-B put together an unparalleled string of successes in a straight line, from a one-two-three sweep of the French Grand Prix in 1914 to the stunning triumph of Stirling Moss and Denis Jenkinson in the 1955 *Mille Miglia*, when they ran a Mercedes-Benz 300SLR roadster over 1000 miles of Italian roads at an *average* speed of 97.8 mph, the permanent record for the course. The 300SLR was a blood relation of the gull-wing 300SL, a world sensation when it appeared in 1952 and a modern classic now.

The designs that have made Daimler-Benz history have come at milestone intervals: 1894, the Benz Velo and the Daimler Vis-à-Vis; 1902, the Mercedes-Simplex; 1910, the Mercedes-Knight sleeve valve; 1911, the 200-horsepower Blitzen Benz; 1921, the supercharged four-cylinder Mercedes; 1930, the Grosser Mercedes; 1936, the 260D, the world's first *(text continued on page 160)*



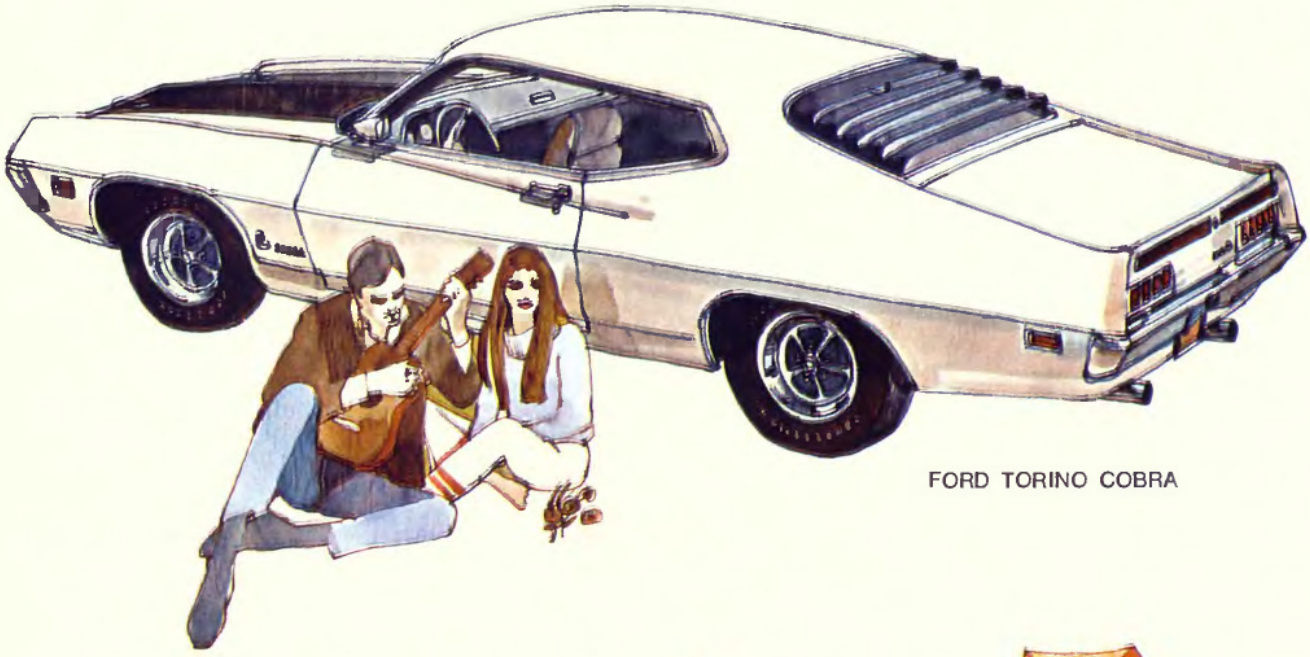
MERCEDES-BENZ C-111

AMX 390



FERRARI 365 GT 2+2

MONTEVERDI 375L 2+2



FORD TORINO COBRA

TRIUMPH TR6

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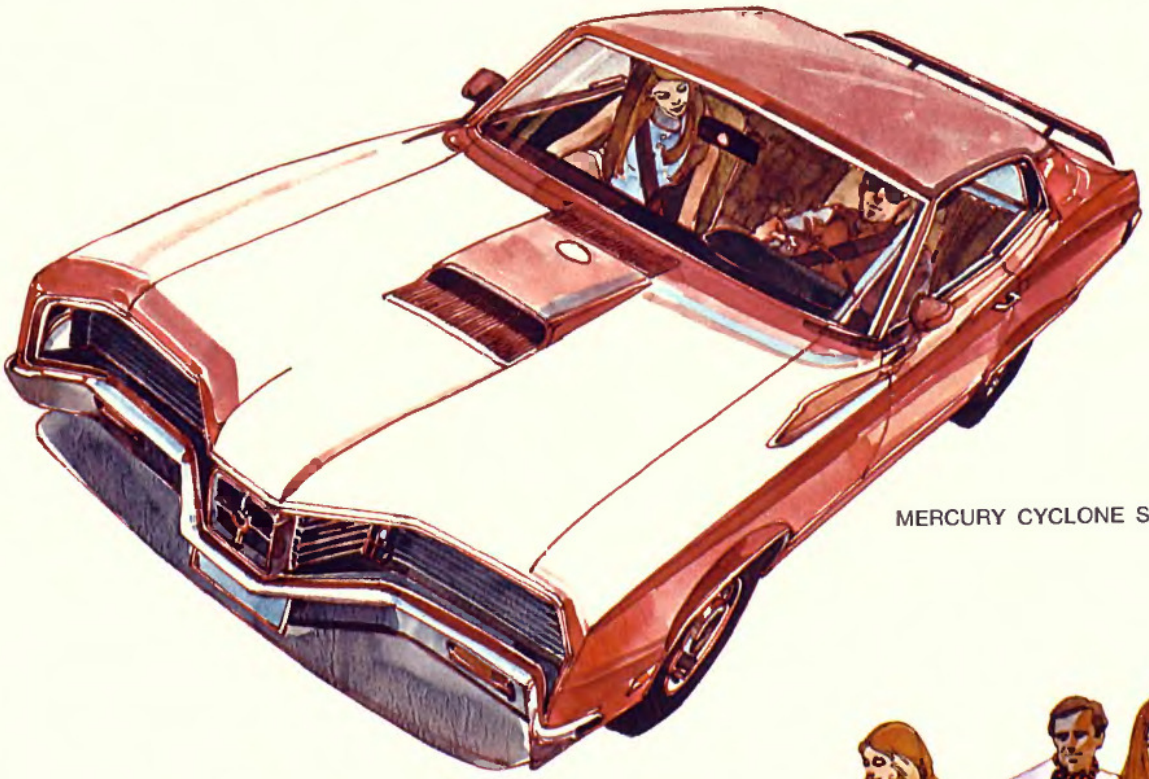
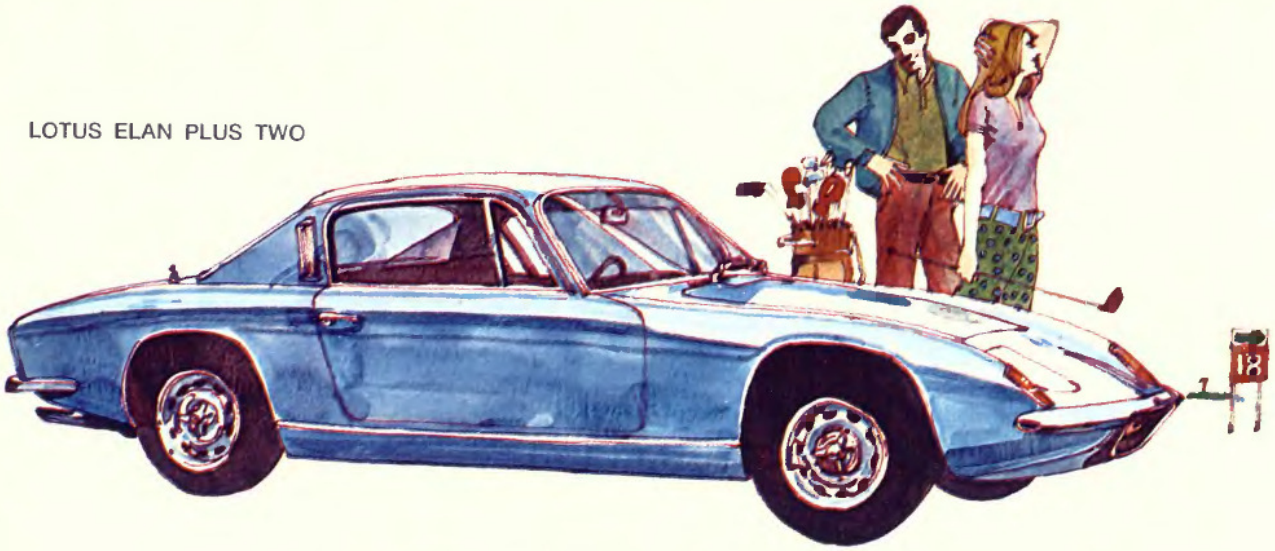


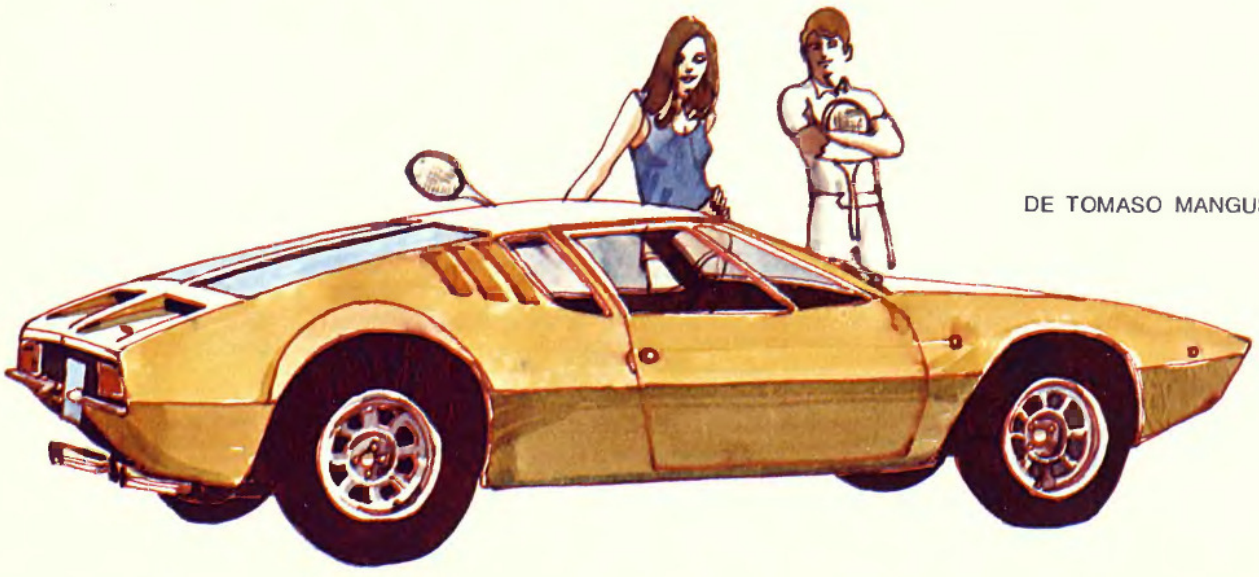
MERCURY CYCLONE SPOILER

LAMBORGHINI ESPADA

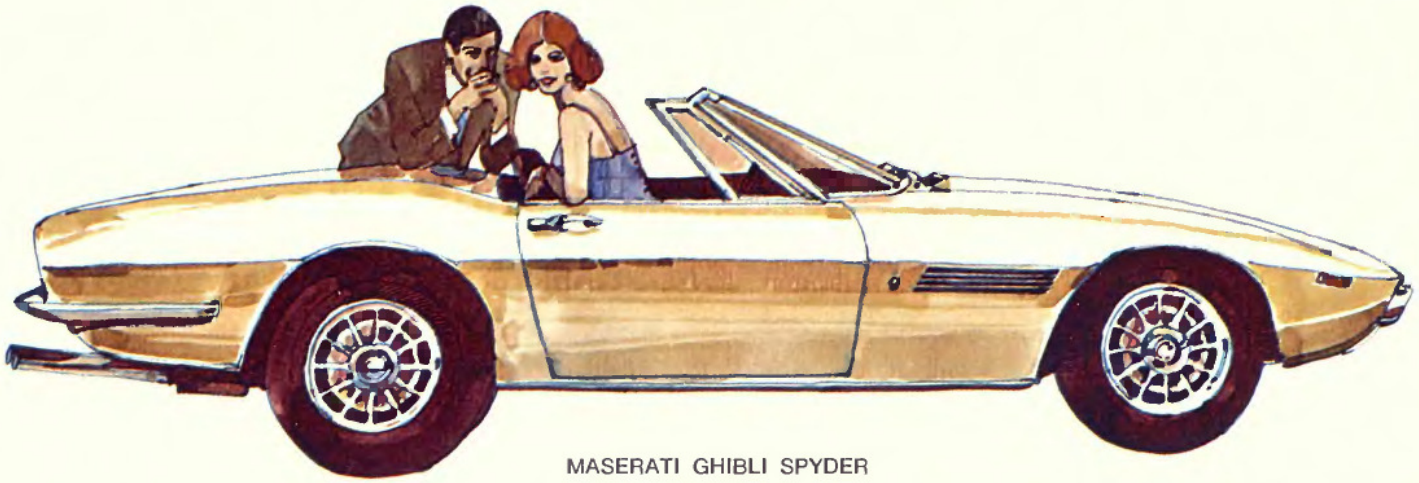
LOTUS ELAN PLUS TWO



PLYMOUTH HEMICUDA



DE TOMASO MANGUSTA



MASERATI GHIBLI SPYDER

BMW 2800 CS

PERTINENT DATA ON PLAYBOY CARS · 1970

SPORTING & LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILES BOTH FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL BASE	ENGINE (cu. in.)	MAX. BHP @rpm	MAX. TORQUE lbs.-ft.@rpm	0-60 mph	TOP SPEED	PRICE	FEATURES
UNITED STATES									
AMC Rebel Machine	199 in.	114 in.	390-V8	340@5100	430@3600	6.6 sec.	125 mph	$ 3,400	Gets 340 hp out of standard 390-cu.-in. engine
AMX 390	179	97	390-V8	325@5000	420@3200	6.6	127	3,500	Power blister hood included with Ram Air package
Avanti II	192.5	109	350-V8	300@5000	380@3200	7.5	135	7,145	Now offers choice of automatic or 4-speed transmission
Buick GS 455 Stage 1	202	112	455-V8	360@4600	510@2800	7	115	3,181	New body styling
Cadillac Eldorado	221	120	500-V8	400@4400	550@3000	8.4	120	6,693	Biggest engine in the business
Chevrolet Camaro Z/28	186	108	302-V8	290@5800	290@4200	7.4	133	3,545	Front end features super scoop and spoiler
Chevrolet Chevelle SS 396	197	112	396-V8	350@5600	380@3600	5.8	116	3,138	Front-wheel disk brakes are standard
Chevrolet Corvette Convertible SS 427	182.5	98	427-V8	435@5800	460@4000	6.6	141	5,182	3 2-barrel carburetors
Continental Mark III	216.1	117.2	460-V8	365@4600	500@2800	9.5	125	6,741	Special "stardust" paint available
Dodge Challenger RT	191.3	110	383-V8	335@5200	425@3400	5.9	140	3,400	Air-flow pattern styling; canted headlights
Dodge Charger Daytona	207.9	117	440-V8	375@4600	480@3200	6.9	170	3,993	Twin-fin stabilizer on rear deck; pop-up headlights
Dodge Coronet Super Bee	206.6	117	383-V8	335@5200	425@3400	5.6	129	3,059	Front and rear restyling; available with 440-cu.-in. engine
Excalibur Phaeton	170	111	350-V8	300@5000	350@3700	5	150	12,000	Air conditioning and power steering are standard
Ford Mustang Mach I 428	187.4	108	428-V8	335@5200	440@3400	7.5	135	3,122	Comes with through-the-hood air scoop
Ford T-Bird Landau 2-door	212.5	115	429-V8	360@4600	480@2800	9.4	125	4,964	Longer hood and V-shaped front grille
Ford Torino Cobra	206.2	117	429-V8	375@5600	450@3400	7.5	130	3,206	Available with 429-cu.-in. Cobra Jet high-output engine
Imperial LeBaron 2-door	229.7	127	440-V8	350@4400	480@2800	11.6	110	5,898	Automatic temperature control optional
Javelin SST	191	109	360-V8	290@4800	395@3200	6.9	123	3,100	Longer and lower styling; integrated front bumper
Lincoln Continental 2-door	225	126	460-V8	365@4600	500@2800	10	125	5,813	Concealed dual headlights; redesigned horizontal grille
Mercury Cougar Eliminator	196.1	111.1	351-V8	300@5400	380@3400	7	130	3,345	Front and rear spoilers; high-backed bucket seats
Mercury Cyclone Spoiler	209.9	117	429-V8	375@5200	490@3400	6	130	3,200	Gun-sight front grille
Oldsmobile 4-4-2	203.2	112	455-V8	365@5000	500@3200	7	122	3,395	Fiberglass hood with integral Ram Air scoops available
Oldsmobile Toronado	214.3	119	455-V8	400@3200	500@3200	8	131	4,836	Hidden antenna; redesigned front grille and rear bumper
Plymouth Hemicuda	186.6	108	426-V8	425@5000	490@4000	5.5	135	4,000	New muscle-car series; 2 4-barrel carburetors
Plymouth Roadrunner	202.7	116	383-V8	335@5200	425@3200	7.1	110	2,945	Available with 426-cu.-in. hemi engine
Pontiac Firebird Trans Am	191.1	108.1	400-V8	335@5000	430@3400	5.5	110	3,705	Optional Ram Air IV package
Pontiac Grand Prix SJ	210.2	118	455-V8	370@4600	500@3100	6.9	120	3,846	455-cu.-in. engine standard on SJ, optional on J
Pontiac GTO Judge	202.9	112	400-V8	366@5100	445@3600	5.9	128	3,271	Redesigned front end; continued use of Endura bumper
Shelby GT 500	190.62	108	428-V8	335@3200	440@3400	6	130	4,709	Integral padded roll bar standard
ENGLAND									
Aston Martin DBS	180.5	102.75	244-6	325@5750	290@4500	7.8	120	17,900	Full 4-seater; aluminum double-overhead-cam engine is standard
Austin Healey Sprite MK IV	137.6	80	77.9-4	62@6000	72@3000	14.7	93	2,081	Optional wire wheels and knock-on hubs
Bentley T Mulliner 2-door Saloon	203.5	119.5	380-V8	300@4000	400@2500	10.9	115	29,000	Wide selection of optional interior appurtenances
Jaguar XJ 6	189.6	108.9	258.4-6	246@5500	263@3000	8.7	127	6,465	Leather interior is standard
Jaguar XK-E 4.2 2+2 (series 2)	184.4	105	258.4-6	246@5500	263@3000	7.5	130	5,907	Disk brakes inboard at rear; optional automatic transmission
Jensen FF	190.5	108.9	383-V8	330@4600	425@2800	8.4	130	15,000	4-wheel drive
Lotus Elan Plus Two	190	95.75	95-4	130@6200	115@4600	8.2	125	5,995	Fiberglass body
Lotus Europa	157.25	91	89.7-4	87@6000	55@4800	8.7	120	4,195	First rear-engined Lotus; hammocklike bucket seats

production diesel passenger car, and the supercharged eight-cylinder 540K; 1952, the 300SL; and 1968, the 300SEL 6.3, widely held to be the best sedan automobile available today on the world market. It is about time for a new *Wunderwagen* from Stuttgart-Untertürkheim, and, with either great good luck or eerily competent timing, because 1970 looks like a year that will be uncluttered with sensational new models, D-B has brought forth the C-111: a Wankel-engined, gull-wing, 44-inch-high two-seater 165-mph sports car.

The C-111 will have been given its first public display (at September's Frankfurt auto show) by the time you read this. It will have been a major sensation. Indeed, it will no doubt have been *the* sensation at Frankfurt. And there will be lamentations and the rending of garments when Daimler-Benz officials say that there are no plans to produce the car for sale. They'll maintain this position stubbornly. They'll argue that the car is strictly an experimental vehicle, built as a design exercise, to work out some ideas and to give the research people, soaked in anonymity, the reward of seeing a wheeled and tangible result of their efforts. That is no

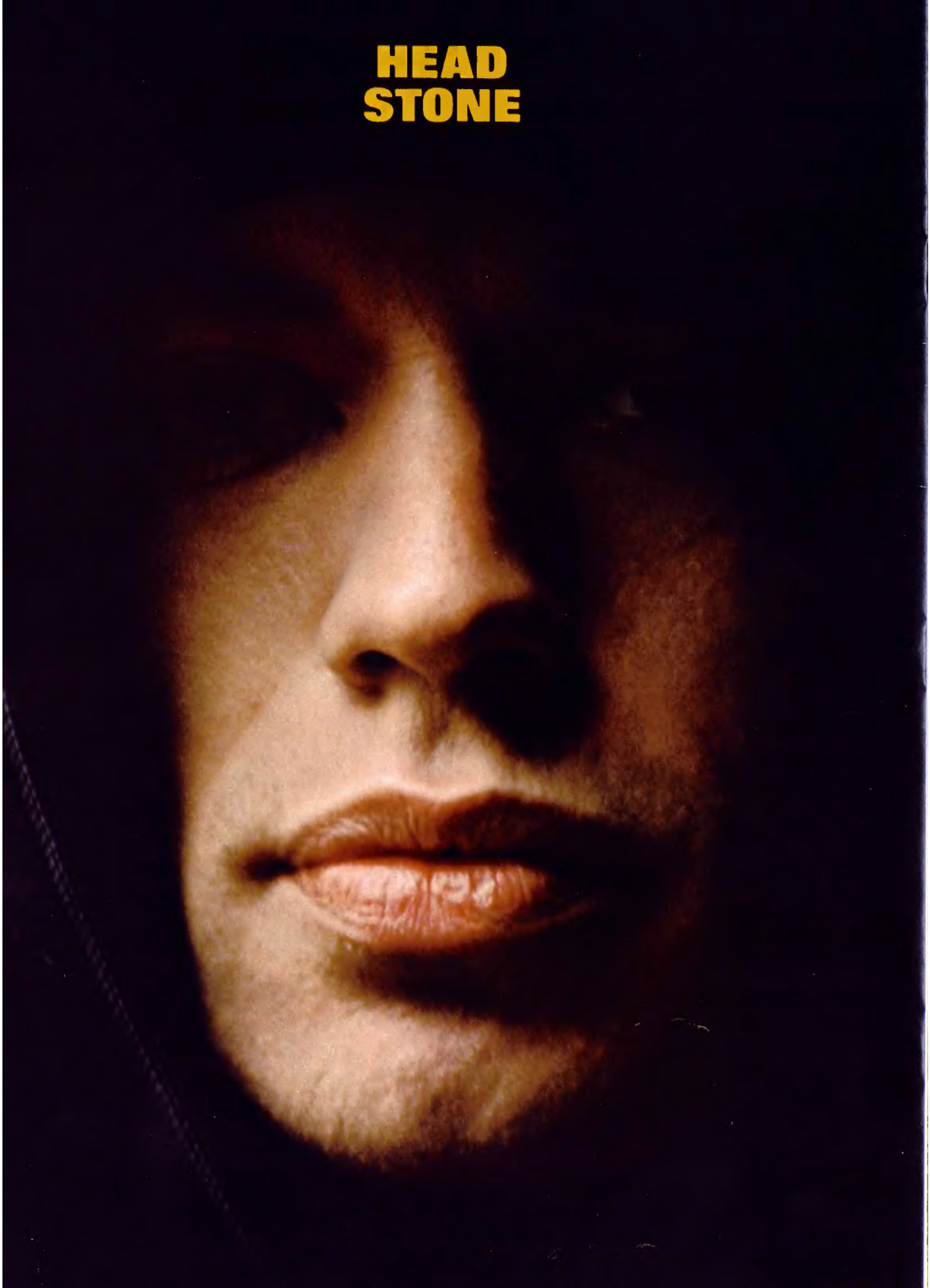
Marcos 1600 GT	160.5	89	97.7-4	100@5500	105@3600	10.5	120	5,250	Sliding sun roof; push-button door handles
MGC-GT	153	91	177.7-6	145@5250	174@3500	10.1	118	3,715	Overdrive standard; optional automatic transmission
Morgan Plus Eight	146	98	215-V8	184@5200	226@3000	6.4	130	3,500	Rover V8 aluminum engine; redesigned bucket seats
Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow	203.5	119.5	380-V8	300@4000	400@2500	11	114	19,600	Burl-walnut dash; automatic suspension-leveling system
Rover 2000 TC	178.5	103.4	120.8-4	124@5500	132@4000	13.2	106	4,198	4-wheel disk brakes
Sunbeam Alpine GT	174.5	98.5	105-4	94@5300	105@3100	12.3	94	2,475	4-seater with exceptionally roomy trunk
Triumph GT6+	147	83	122-6	95@4700	116.6@3400	10	107	2,995	Improved rear suspension
Triumph TR6	155	88	152-6	104@4500	142.5@3000	10.7	119	3,275	Hardtop model available
FRANCE									
Citroen DS-21 Pallas	190.5	123	132.7-4	117@5750	126@3000	12	115	4,329	Aerodynamic body; air-oil suspension; front-wheel drive
GERMANY									
BMW 2800 CS	183.5	103.3	170.1-6	192@6000	173.6@3700	9	127.5	7,480	6-cylinder engine is standard
Mercedes-Benz C-111	166.5	103.2	219.7	335@7000	217@6500	5	161.2	12,000+	Wankel 6-disk rotary piston mid-located engine
Mercedes-Benz 300 SEL 6.3	196.9	112.2	386.3-V8	300@4100	434@3000	6.5	137	14,410	Vacuum door locks; automatically extending antenna
Mercedes-Benz 280 SL Roadster	168.7	94.5	169.5-6	180@5750	193@4500	9.0	124	7,224	Available with two tops; 5-speed ZF gearbox optional
NSU RD 80	188.19	112.6	121.3	113.5@5500	117@4500	12.4	112	5,000	Wankel rotary piston engine
Opel GT	161.9	95.7	115.8-4	102@5400	115@3200	10.2	105	3,495	Automatic transmission available
Porsche 911 E Targa	163.9	89.5	121.5-6	160@6500	145@4500	8.4	125	7,720	Convertible with integral roll bar
Porsche 911 S	163.9	89.5	121.5-6	190@6800	149@5500	6.5	140	8,420	Fuel injection; self-leveling suspension
Porsche 912	163.9	89.5	96.5-4	102@5800	120@3500	11.9	115	5,195	4-cylinder engine with 2 2-barrel carburetors
ITALY									
Alfa Romeo 1750 GT Veloce	161	92.5	108.5-4	132@5500	137@2900	9.9	118	4,446	Body styling by Bertone
Bizzarrini GT America	172	96.5	327-V8	350@5800	360@3600	6.3	145	10,500	Comes with Chevrolet engine and transmission
De Tomaso Mangusta	167.9	98.4	302-V8	230@4800	310@2800	7	142	11,150	Ford 302-cu.-in. engine mounted ahead of rear axle
Ferrari 365 GT 2+2	208	104.2	268-V12	320@6600	385@4100	6.1	161	19,800	Body by Pininfarina
Ferrari 365 GTB 4 Daytona	189.6	94.4	268-V12	352@7500	310@5500	5.1	178	19,800	Bold new body style
Ferrari 365 GTS	180	94.4	268-V12	320@6600	385@4100	5.8	162	17,400	Porsche-type synchromesh on all 5 forward speeds
Fiat 124 Coupe	162.2	95.3	87.8-4	96@6500	82.5@4000	10.8	105	2,940	5-speed gearbox optional
Fiat 850 Spider	150.5	79.8	49.9-4	52@6400	48@4000	20	84	2,136	Bertone body; engine mounted in rear
Iso Grifo GL	174.4	98.4	327-V8	350@5800	360@3600	7.4	161	13,000	327-cu.-in. Corvette engine; Bertone body styling
Italia GFX	172.5	94.5	351-V8	300@4800	385@3200	5.6	160	6,675	Ford V8 engine available in both coupe and convertible
Lamborghini Espada	185	104.3	240-V12	365@6500	275@4500	6.5	158	21,000	Air conditioning standard
Lamborghini Miura	171.6	98.4	240-V12	400@7000	300@5000	6.3	163	21,900	Transverse 12-cylinder engine; electric windows
Lancia Fulvia Coupe Rallye	156	92	79.2-4	101@6000	88@4500	12	105	3,385	Front-wheel drive
Maserati Ghibli Spyder	180.7	100.3	288-V8	330@5000	289@4500	7.7	174	19,300	Leather interior and air conditioning both standard
Maserati Quattroporte	196.8	108.3	252-V8	260@5000	260@4000	8.3	130	14,300	4-door Italian luxury sedan
JAPAN									
Datsun 2000 Convertible	155.7	89.8	119-4	135@6000	132@4400	9.3	125	3,100	5-speed gearbox; radio and tonneau cover both standard
Toyota 2000 GT	164.4	91.7	121.3-6	150@7000	130@5000	10.1	137	7,150	3 2-barrel carburetors
SWEDEN									
Saab Sonett	149	85	91.4-V4	73@5000	87@2700	12.5	100	3,725	Front-wheel drive; GT body with integral roll bar
Volvo 1800 S	173.2	96.5	121-4	118@5800	123@4000	11.5	115	4,140	New 2-liter engine
SWITZERLAND									
Monteverdi 375L 2+2	181.5	104.7	440-V8	375@4600	480@3200	5.6	162	21,900	Chrysler engine and gearbox; power steering is standard

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes; it does not list all models, nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are estimates of what the 1970 factory-suggested retail prices will be; they include Federal excise tax and dealer preparation cost, but not transportation costs, state or local taxes. Price is for auto with engine listed. Foreign prices are Port of Entry; they do not include state or local taxes. Not all foreign makes are currently available in the States; however, a P.O.E. price is listed on the assumption that most will meet U.S. safety standards within 1970.

doubt the truth; it's just that I doubt it's the whole truth; and I'm happy to say, emphatically on no one's authority but my own, that I'm sure Daimler-Benz will make and sell the C-111. There'll be a lag in time before the car comes onto the market—a year, perhaps more—but it will come. It will be sold in a limited edition, priced in five figures but not stratospherically: The publicity value of the C-111 is going to be so great that to make money on it would be vulgar. It would be easy enough to do, because early indications are that the market resistance will be minimal, indeed. The mere rumor of the car's existence, months ago, drew thousands of dollars in deposit checks here and abroad. (Don't send yours; they are being returned as fast as they come in.)

C-111 is a dull designation for an extraordinarily exciting motorcar. I first saw it being parked outside a country hotel near Stuttgart. At the wheel was Dr. Rudolf Uhlenhaut, the renowned design engineer and research-development specialist whose stamp has been on every high-performance and racing Mercedes-Benz since the 1930s. He had come by *(continued on page 293)*

HEAD STONE



personality

By ALAN COREN

a revelatory probe into the psyche and substance of mick jagger

Late on the night of March 18, 1965, a large, unwashed automobile pulled up outside the Francis Service Station, Romford Road, London, and a number of youths got out. Naturally suspicious (London being the iniquitous place it is), an attendant approached them; there was a short, heated exchange. And suddenly, without any warning, three of the men threw aside their coats and urinated against the wall. It was the worst thing that had happened to a garage since the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. If the newspapers were to be believed, that is. Drawing on that strength of moral outrage rarely encountered outside circulation departments, they fell on this monumental news item and shook it out into column lengths that dwarfed such trivia of the day as Leonov's first space walk and the first landings of the Marines in South Vietnam. For were these monstrous criminals not the Rolling Stones, bastard offspring of Dr. Savannah and the Wolf Maiden, threats to society beside whom Great Train Robbers, Boston Stranglers and the Waffen SS paled into insignificance? Well, yes, is the short answer. And, of course, no. They were the Stones, all right, who have bladders pretty much like everyone else, and whose jail record, at the time of going to press, happens to be nil. What the journalists neglected to point out, in their excess of crusading zeal, was that on any given night in England, after the pubs have closed, something like half the male population of the country pees against the nearest shady wall. Without being crucified for it. Stones, however, do not get off as lightly as people; and four months later, when Mick Jagger, Bill Wyman and the late Brian Jones came up before the West Ham magistrates, they were found guilty of using insulting behavior and fined five pounds apiece. Which was nowhere near enough for the decent people with whom I am fortunate to share an island, the general feeling at that time being that a conspiracy to assault a British garage should have been punishable by hanging. One or two of the more enlightened barroom lawyers would have compromised with their consciences and accepted castration as the suitable sentence, but they were few and far between. Because the Rolling Stones, and Mick Jagger in particular, had by that time become the moral scapegoats for the English middle class; and, make no mistake, when it comes to moral standards, 99 percent of England is middle class, irrespective of what they shake out of their pay packets on a Friday night. The sole criterion is respectability; and respectability is compounded of conformity, ears visible beneath the hairline, small-knotted ties, sexual restraint (or, at least, discretion, which is how we spell hypocrisy) and clean fingernails. It didn't take Mick Jagger long to become the focus of bourgeois hatred and—what else?—guilt. Like all good sociohistorical phenomena, and I'm sure Richard Nixon would be the first to bear me out, he was the man for whom the times had been waiting. For 20 years, following the end of World War Two, England had been suffering, still is, a terrible religious agony: Believing with our whole souls in capitalism and commercial success, we have unfortunately found ourselves growing poorer and poorer. People kept coming and taking away our possessions; right now, we don't have much besides

Hong Kong, and, as far as status goes, that's a little like having an Edsel in Palm Springs. Like all truly devout believers, Englishmen looked around for someone to blame for the fact that the island race was going to the dogs. *Where have we gone wrong?* they cried; and the figure who most totally summed up the decay of the old values, who most clearly represented threat, deviation, social destructiveness and a lack of those qualities that had made this country great (or, at any rate, rich) was M. Jagger. To the disgusting sensual rhythms of this tieless Pied Piper, the youth of England would frug themselves to perdition. They would tune in, they would turn on and (*Are you listening, Queen Victoria? Do you hear me, George V?*) they would drop out. Taking England with them.

The odd thing is that Jagger didn't actually *do* anything to warrant this terror nor substantiate these apocalyptic visions. True, he wore his hair long and his jeans tight, and, whether he washed regularly or not, he did not rush forward with evidence to refute hysterical middle-aged claims that soap passed through his hands less frequently than girls. But his offstage, off-disc behavior, publicly, at any rate, in no way differentiated him from any other intelligent 20-year-old somewhat irritated by the prejudices, conformities and general lackluster of his carping seniors. Unlike many other entertainers (usually more middle aged than Jagger), he did not figure in brawls, divorces, paternity suits; no one found him drunk or high in public places.

What they found was his music and his words. Both were sexually intense and suggestive: It was revealed that he couldn't get no satisfaction, that his little red rooster was too lazy to crow today, that he was engaging in something wicked under the boardwalk. And all the little prepubescent girls, disqualified by time from anything more orgiastic, wet their pants in ecstasy. Maybe the only people genuinely entitled to lay a complaint against the Rolling Stones are laundrymen. This, of course, didn't stop the whole world from taking a crack at the title, particularly parents, who, through their own sad inadequacies or just the luck of the draw, rushed to attribute their children's shortcomings to the *terrible* influence of the Stones. What they avoided recognizing, since the trend was as much the responsibility of their generation as anyone's, was that the whole of England was suddenly entering into what has since been tagged the permissive age. And it wasn't the Stones who reformed the laws concerning onstage nudity, or cinema censorship, or homosexuality, or striptease; nor did they own chains of pornographic bookstands, blue-movie houses, nor take money from the 30,000 girls who made London the prostitute's mecca. I don't think they had a hand in developing the contraceptive pill, come to that.

But it was more complicated than frustrated sex on the part of Jagger's detractors. What grabbed the infibulators more than anything was the apparent dedication of Jagger to pleasure. All pleasure. The English are not a naturally hedonistic race; if anything's going to be stiff, they'd prefer it to be the upper lip. They do not take easily to joy, they resent what looks like easy money and easy success, they feel the weight of the respectable shackles on their ankles and hate the scoundrels who've managed to slip the chain. Restricted, they project their fantasies at the same time as they condemn those onto whom the fantasies have been projected. And because of this, they made Mick Jagger into the image they would wish to have themselves, were guilt not the inconvenient thing it is. Because Jagger seemed to have won himself some sort of freedom, they labeled it anarchy.

And since that overabused word has now been thrown into the ring, it's not a bad time to examine it and whatever application it has to Mick Jagger. For there are those in England who, quite seriously, feel that the harvest of protest that currently has a large section of the world's youth reaching for their scythes was, in fact, sown by Mick Jagger and what they loosely term "his kind." The argument, if you can call it that, being that today's student generation was just entering teenhood when the first Stones records were placed on the turntables; and that the past seven years have seen them pacing Mick Jagger into depravity, irresponsibility, anarchy and, finally, violence. In light of these supposed satanic powers, PLAYBOY and I felt it was time to talk to Jagger about the role in which so much of the world is so eager to cast him.

Jagger isn't easy to get hold of. But there's no reason he should be; the Stones have never made any secret of the fact that their fans take from them what they can get and, if it's not enough, well, that's too bad. They won't serve themselves up on a plate to be devoured; they don't feel that because the public has bought their discs, then it has acquired the lease on their souls. Part of the calumny that's been heaped on Jagger's head has been the direct result of the shrift he's given the press, which has been characteristically short. He won't fawn on journalists and his disrespect for them is no part of image building, no cunning underground plan to make them hate him because hate is good copy and good copy sells records. He genuinely doesn't see what right they've got to find out whom he slept with last night, whether either of them enjoyed it or what they smoked after it was all over.

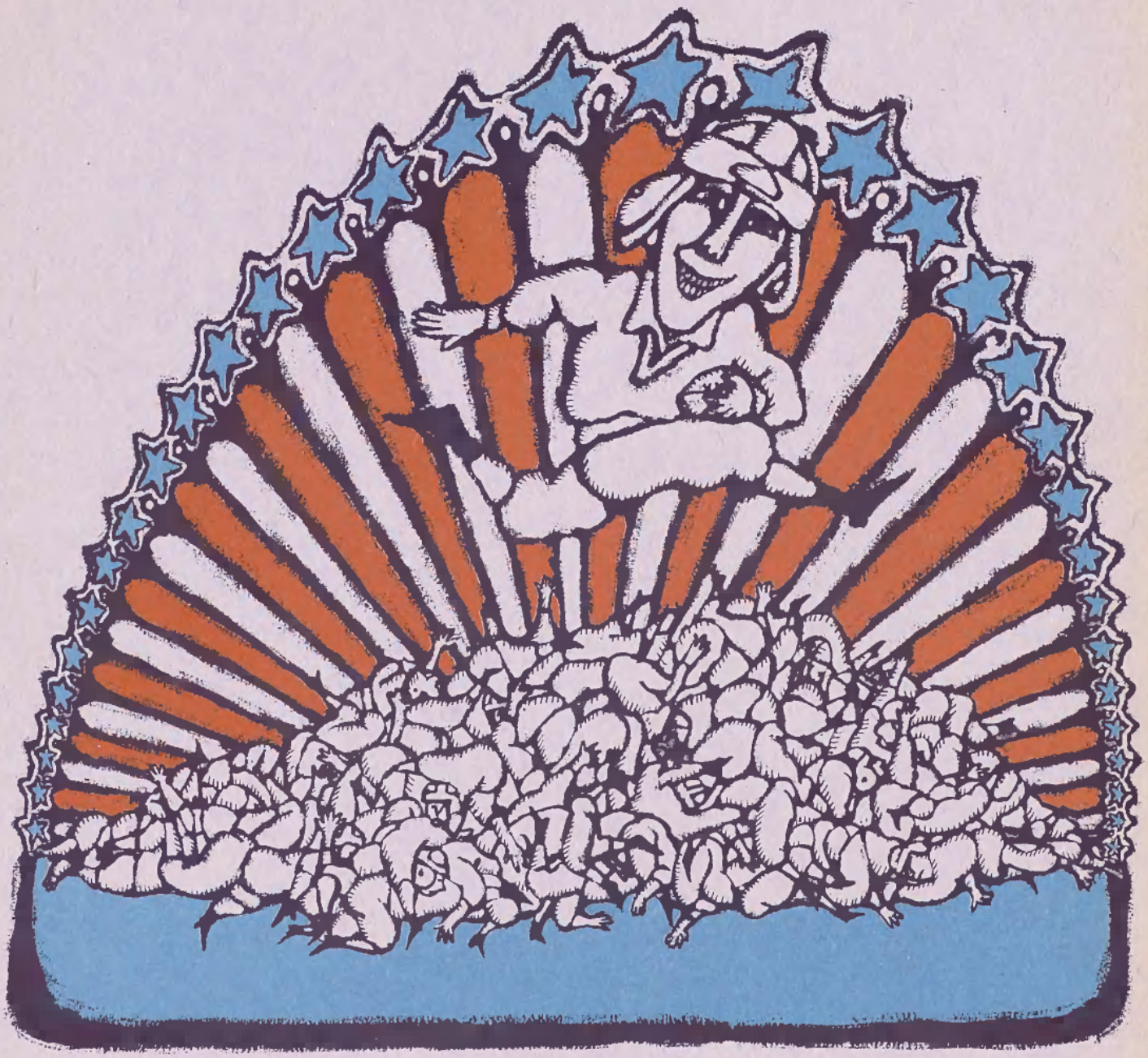
When I finally got to spend some time with him, the first shock was realizing how old he looked. One had thought of him as an *enfant terrible* in every sense of the cliché, a teenager with what Baudelaire called *la beauté du diable*. Not so: Jagger looks more than his 25 years, with a thinness in his pale face that suggests strain, not boyish leanness. He reminded me very much of portraits of Charles II, which always seem to have been dashed off at a moment when the sitter was sighing. The dark hair breaks on his shoulders (*no dandruff, England!*), framing deep-socketed eyes that are resigned, perhaps, rather than sad; the mouth, probably the most notorious *moue* since Bardot's first fellatial promise hit the neighborhood screens, is surprisingly less full, less aggressively sensual than the lenses would have us believe; the voice is soft, a London sound, not Cockney, not suburban, but shaded by both. He's very thin, of middle height, hipless; his hands are made larger and flatter by skin-fitting clothes and move restlessly, very white. We met for the first time in his London office, on the commercial rim of Mayfair, off Bond Street. It's a comfortable, haphazard, unfunctional suite, full of whitewood and deal furniture, draped in bright, inexpensive multicolors, piled with records and song sheets, awash with bits of a stereo kit, tapes, film cans, among which the minied legs of his secretaries and assistants twinkle delicately. The whole place is like nothing so much as the flat of a fairly well-heeled undergraduate. He had recently finished his first feature film, *Performance*, in which he seemed to have lost all interest immediately.

"I suppose I enjoyed it," he said. "These days, you have to do a film before you can actually Get Into Films, with capital letters. What it is doesn't matter that much. Apart from anything else, film people don't think you can actually get up at seven in the morning and start work. It's as simple as that. They reckon that being a rock-'n'-roll singer for seven years isn't hard work. But it's a bloody sight harder than doing a film." He didn't laugh—I didn't get the impression that he ever laughs much—but he half smiled. "*Nobody* thinks I work. They reckon I just get up and dance about a bit and collect the bread."

He drops the word distastefully. Only those for whom the bakery never shuts can afford such disrespect; Jagger has been accumulating the stuff since 1962. No one, naturally, will say what Jagger is worth, no one will even release details of the current disc tally (though a Decca spy, from the comparative security of his home number, muttered, "Thirty million," *sotto voce* and rang off quickly), but it's clear that Mick Jagger's old age is unlikely to be spent bumming bus fare. As far back as 1964, the boy whose name had become a synonym for profligacy and anarchy was already an astute

(continued on page 249)

memoir **By HARRY BROWN** *an unsung saturday hero—the history-making coach of the intrepid forest avenue rangers—applies tardily for membership in the hall of fame*



How I Revolutionized The Game Of Football

NOTHING MUCH has happened in Maine since the brutal 1813 battle of war brigs off Monhegan Island, when the British Boxer was hammered into submission by the American Enterprise before being towed to the victor's corner. The state's last high-water mark came in 1851, when an old bluenoser named Neal Dow finagled a piece of legislation that forbade the distillation, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages. This so-called Maine Law put Mr. Dow's stamping ground, for the first and last time, 69 years ahead of the other United States. As might be expected, when the entire country was put on Prohibition over a half century later, the best hard cider and applejack to be had anywhere came from good old long-dry Maine. Only the loving care and subtle expertise of generations of illegal distillers could have produced such potent, honeyed nectar.

Maine's principal exports, aside from bootleg booze, have always been lumber, live lobsters, potatoes and people—not necessarily in that order. The emigration of native-born was accelerated by the Civil War, when whole regiments of farm boys, fishermen and peavey wielders discovered with astonished delight that, south of Boston, each year had *four* seasons, instead of merely winter and the Fourth of July; and the outbound exodus has continued ever since. But one item that Maine has never exported is men who play games well, for the simple reason that there haven't been any. On the map of competitive sports, the state appears as a big, green, rock-bound terra incognita. Take football, for instance: No Maine college has ever fielded a single outstanding team, let alone a great player. The same holds true for coaches. The most encyclopedic football buff won't be able to name a coach who achieved national prominence by guiding Bates or Colby in the way Pop

ILLUSTRATION BY BYRON HUMPHRIES

Warner did with Carlisle, nor even a Maine-born coach who became famous after he emigrated to a big Midwestern university that offered him four seasons, a recruiter behind every bush and more football scholarships than a Bryant could bear.

But I am in a position to say that a master coach *might* have begun his transmigration to gridiron immortality if an anonymous and now-forgotten woodworker had been somewhat better at his job. The reason I can say this is that I, Harry Peter McNab Brown, aged 15 and a whisker, was that potential master of coaches. Unheralded as a trail blazer, my discoveries unsung, a cipher to American sports desks, I revolutionized the game of football a full eight years before Clark Shaughnessy immodestly took unto himself the credit that was due unto me. Of course, he had the advantage of a sizable audience when his Chicago Bears whupped the Washington Redskins 73–0, whereas my boys got delusions of grandeur as soon as the crowd on the side lines totaled seven; but such injustices tend to embitter good men, who then bring empires down. Yet, in fairness to Shaughnessy, if he was unaware of my earth-shaking innovations—well, so was I, gentlemen, so was I.

In late September of 1932, the civilized world lay flat on its economic back as I began my senior year at Portland High School. The slump had no noticeable effect on Portland business, which at best was none too good. Maine may have heard about the Depression, but the Depression either hadn't heard about Maine or (and more likely) considered the state a kissin' cousin. Anyway, near noon on a mild Saturday in this particular September, I was sprawled with six other adolescent males below a stone wall in a corner of the old Dell estate, a prime parcel of acreage that ran from Forest Avenue to the back cove of Casco Bay. Evidently, the Dell family was extinct, for in the estate's deepest fastnesses, an empty Charles Addamsish gingerbread mansion loomed frighteningly among ancient, lightning-struck elms and brooded over unkempt vistas. At the southwest end of the Forest Avenue side was an open, fairly level space that the neighborhood boys used for their pickup games of football.

At the moment, the seven of us were taking it easy after a fast two hours of touch, in which Hal Alvarson's three-man team had routed Phil Pike's four-man brigade. I had been the extra man on Phil's side. I had fumbled twice, dropped three easy passes, missed every ball carrier I tried to touch and failed to block a living soul. Indeed, I'd played rather well, considering a few of my past performances. But now, along with the others, I was endeavoring to keep my mind off the dull but unavoidable chore of shuffling home for lunch, by means of a group-therapy discussion on the finer points of Jack Beaumaison's twin sister, Felice, who was the belle of 40 square blocks.

When Stilton Cartright swung over the wall and flopped down beside us, the discussion of Felice was interrupted by a couple of listless greetings and then went on as before. Cartright was new to the neighborhood and he was such an odd-looking creature that God, when He put the kid together, must have had all He could do to keep a straight face. A tiny, pale, cue-ball head wobbled on a body so scrawny and elongated that any keen-eyed stork, seeing him for the first time, would have done a double-take and then gone flapping away to the nearest ophthalmologist. When I think of Cartright, as I occasionally do, I visualize him as a figure in one of Bosch's wilder paintings. His matchstick arms were an illogical three inches too long and ended in a pair of hands that were perhaps a shade small for a side-show giant but looked grotesque when attached to a 14-year-old boy. We had called him Pipestems or Pipey until the day Simmy Schwartz, after pondering on the Cartright hands, said: "Hey, Pipey, if your family's got two garbage cans, I bet you save 'em money on lids." From then, Stilton Cartright was Garbage to us, usually (and mercifully) shortened to Garb.

Mrs. Cartright's great passion was to see her gawky son become a world-renowned concert pianist, and her strictures toward that end made serious inroads on his social and sporting life, such as it was. In school or out, Garb had to practice two hours a day, six days a week. Sunday was, comparatively, a day of musical rest: A half hour's practice, early in the morning, served to keep the outsized fingers limber. If a concert pianist needed nothing more than a pair of hands that, between them, spanned four octaves, Garb Cartright would now be the toast of five continents and Cumberland County, Maine.

I was fascinated at the sight of him descending from the wall and reclining next to me; it was like watching an Erector-set tower collapse in slow motion. "I had to go to Congress Street," he told me, "to buy some sheet music. You been playing football? Who won?"

"Nobody," I said.

"I saw Billy Whittaker on the streetcar coming home," Garb went on. "Him and a bunch of those Stevens Avenue guys've got a football team, regular size, eleven men, and Billy said he'd like to take on a team from around here, except he didn't think we could——"

Garb was suddenly the center of attention; the subject of Felice Beaumaison had been forgotten. "They play touch?" Hal Alvarson demanded. In January, he and Billy had had a superantagonistical fistfight, on skates, because of a hard body check by Hal. Billy won, and the Alvarson hackles had bristled automatically ever since at the sound of the Whittaker name.

"Naw," Garb said cheerfully, "tackle. But what Billy said was, he didn't think there *was* eleven of us with enough guts to play his Stevens Avenue guys."

"Eleven *hundred* we can get," the Burning Bush said. This was Sammy Schwartz, Simmy's big brother, a plumpish 15-year-old whose mushroom cloud of wiry black hair, combined with his chain-smoking of Fatimas, had caused me to liken him, in an unwise moment, to that Old Testament phenomenon. My reward had been the sore nose I took to bed with me that night, but the name stuck. Now he took the latest Fatima out of his mouth and added: "Eleven goddamn *thousand*, even. It's no problem. If you don't believe me, ask Hal here."

Hal was frowning at the ground, gnawing at his lower lip. "Well," he said, "I guess we can dig up eleven, anyway. Ayah, I'm pretty sure we can."

Jim Fletcher's eyes went from Garb to me. "Make that *nine*," he said. Jim took pleasure in pounding nails into the coffin from which my self-confidence was always trying to escape. At a time when the best-dressed teenage boy was the one with the droopiest plus fours, Jim was the neighborhood fashion plate.

"Oh, yeah, another thing," Garb went on. "The Stevens Avenue bunch've got a real coach, too. Billy's brother, Fred."

"*He's* playing on their team?" Hal asked. His frown had deepened, but we were all frowning now. In June, Fred Whittaker had graduated from Deering High, where he'd been the second-string quarterback. As a player, he was better than any three of us combined.

"Nope," Garb said. "He's only the coach."

Hal looked relieved, but not completely so; the Stevens Avenue crowd was tough enough, without being coached, and Fred Whittaker's presence was an unknown threat. The honor of Forest Avenue had been mocked, however, and there was no alternative to picking up the gauntlet. "OK," Hal said, "let's get all the guys together at eleven tomorrow morning. Pass the word around."

"Get together where?" the Burning Bush wanted to know.

"At your house," Hal said. "Where else?"

Although their children were sent to Hebrew school, along with the normal public schooling, the Schwartzes were very unorthodox Jews, and not merely in the religious sense. Mr. Schwartz, for instance, was—of all things—a boilermaker, the founder and working president of the Casco Bay Boiler Works, Inc. Nothing fazed him and his wife, least of all the stream of young goyim that flowed through the house with the Schwartz children. Sammy and Simmy were the oldest of a regular clutch of Schwartzes, in a happy, rambunctious, casual house without any of the fretful

(continued on page 184)

"They've shot twenty-nine of our braves, polluted all the rivers, killed most of the game and raped the chief's sister. Now he wants us to drop over next Thursday for turkey dinner with all the fixin's."

riding high on the new wave of explicit erotica in the arts, movies are not only better but bawdier—and kinkier—than ever

article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT** IN THE TEN MONTHS since our last installment of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, the inundation of sex on screen has exceeded even our permissive predictions. Erotica in films from the major studios now rivals that seen in grind-house sexploitation movies. We are seeing kookie sex, kinky sex, leering sex and loving sex; sex spoofs, sex satires, sex dramas and sex melodramas. Pictures, in short, have become by sex possessed and, considering those still in production, the end is nowhere in sight.

Heralding this change, and in no small measure precipitating it, was the prolonged battle of Grove Press to pass U. S. Customs with the controversial Swedish-made *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. The series of appeals to overrule the Customs ban, begun in May 1968, culminated ultimately in the New York premiere of the film in March 1969. But even as the appeals were slowly wending their way upward through the courts, importers of foreign films (such as Trans-Lux, with the Danish *People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart*) and domestic producers (such as Universal, with *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?*) stood poised, awaiting the final outcome. Few doubted what it would be.

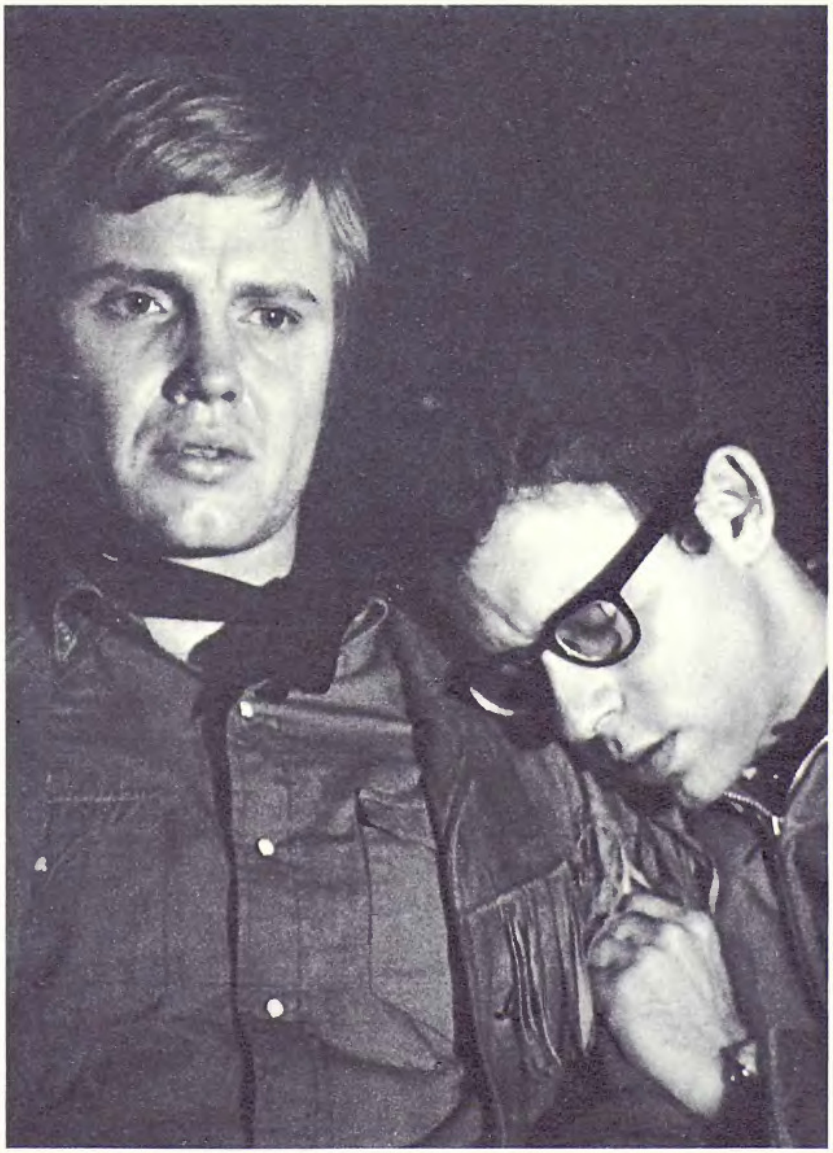
For the fact is that the new permissiveness was by no means confined to films alone. Gore Vidal's perverse *Myra Breckinridge* and Jacqueline Susann's randy *The Love Machine*, both replete with sexual scenes of remarkable candor, had dominated the best-seller lists for months, only to be succeeded by Philip Roth's even more graphic descriptions of intercourse and masturbation in *Portnoy's Complaint*. *Hair*, originally an off-Broadway production with a flash of nudity at the end of the first act and a song detailing the delights of fellatio, was swept not only to Broadway itself but to more than a dozen major cities throughout the world. After such subsequent productions as *Che!*, *Geese* and *Oh! Calcutta!* began staging total nudity and simulated acts of coitus, Actors Equity actually found it necessary to draw up a full set of "rules and requirements regarding auditions and performances where nudity and acts of a sexual nature are involved." For the benefit of its membership, it included an injunction that "actual sex acts during rehearsals or performances shall not be required of a performer."

Even the art galleries and museums were not immune. Los Angeles councilmen sought vainly to close a County Museum of Art show that included Ed Kienholz' graphic, three-dimensional representation of a young boy manually stimulating his date in the back seat of an old Dodge; and Los Angeles police attempted to cut short the David Stuart Galleries' exhibition of works by 43 artists, some of them depicting larger-than-life genitalia in exquisite detail. More recently, Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art devised a kind of X rating for a show consisting of original drawings for comic strips published in the underground press, with a heavy accent on drugs, violence, racism and sex. "Rather than censor the artists," said the Corcoran's director, Walter Hopps, "we've decided to warn our visitors. If their sense of decorum is offended by four-letter words or outrageous drawings, they *(text continued on page 258)*

MULTIPLE CHOICE: *In 1969, the entire spectrum of human sexuality exploded on film with unprecedented frankness. "I Am Curious (Yellow)" followed Lena Nyman (top left) through a series of often acrobatic coital acts; and Franco Zeffirelli included a nude scene in his version of "Romeo and Juliet" (top right). Tony Curtis vented deadly sexual compulsions as "The Boston Strangler" (center left); and Rod Steiger, as "The Sergeant" (center right), succumbed to repressed homosexual tendencies. Jim Brown and Raquel Welch (above left) played one of 1969's many interracial love scenes in "100 Rifles"; in "Birds in Peru" (above right), Jean Seberg was cast as a nymphomaniac whose appetites drove her to the outer limits of erotica.*

GIRL MEETS GIRL: *Coral Browne and Susannah York's explicit loveplay in "The Killing of Sister George" (left) inspired many film makers to cash in on the theme of Lesbianism. As "Therese and Isabelle" (above), Anna Gael and Essy Persson discovered each other before they discovered boys. "People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (below left) chronicled a transcontinental bisexual gambol. "The Real Gone Girls" (below) was an American film in the same genre; and the heroines of "More" (bottom) were addicted not only to each other but to heroin as well.*

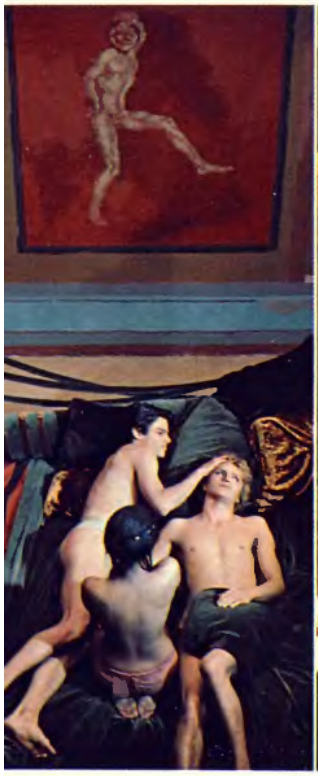
BOY MEETS BOY: *Treated as a social problem in films of the past, male homosexuality this year became little more than another erotic alternative. Richard Burton and Rex Harrison teamed up in "Staircase" (above, left and right) for a sympathetic portrayal of an aging but still gay couple. "The Queen" (below left) employed cinéma vérité to cover a beauty pageant featuring the nation's most spectacular transvestites. "The Boys in the Band" (bottom left) focused on the group dynamics of a homosexual clique; and in "Midnight Cowboy" (below right), Jon Voight reluctantly sold himself to a nervous schoolboy, Bob Balaban, in a Times Square moviehouse.*



KINKY AND KOOKIE: *"De Sade" (featured in* PLAYBOY, *June 1969) was highlighted by a number of orgies involving Keir Dullea (left) as the infamous Marquis who practiced what he preached about sex and violence. In "The Wild Bunch," Western badmen Ben Johnson and Warren Oates took a respite from the film's brutality with a pair of simpatico señoritas (above). "The White Whore and the Bit Players" (below left) brought the surreal sexuality of Tom Eyer's off-Broadway play to the screen. "Women in Love" detailed the hetero- and homosexual relationships of Alan Bates and Oliver Reed (below).*

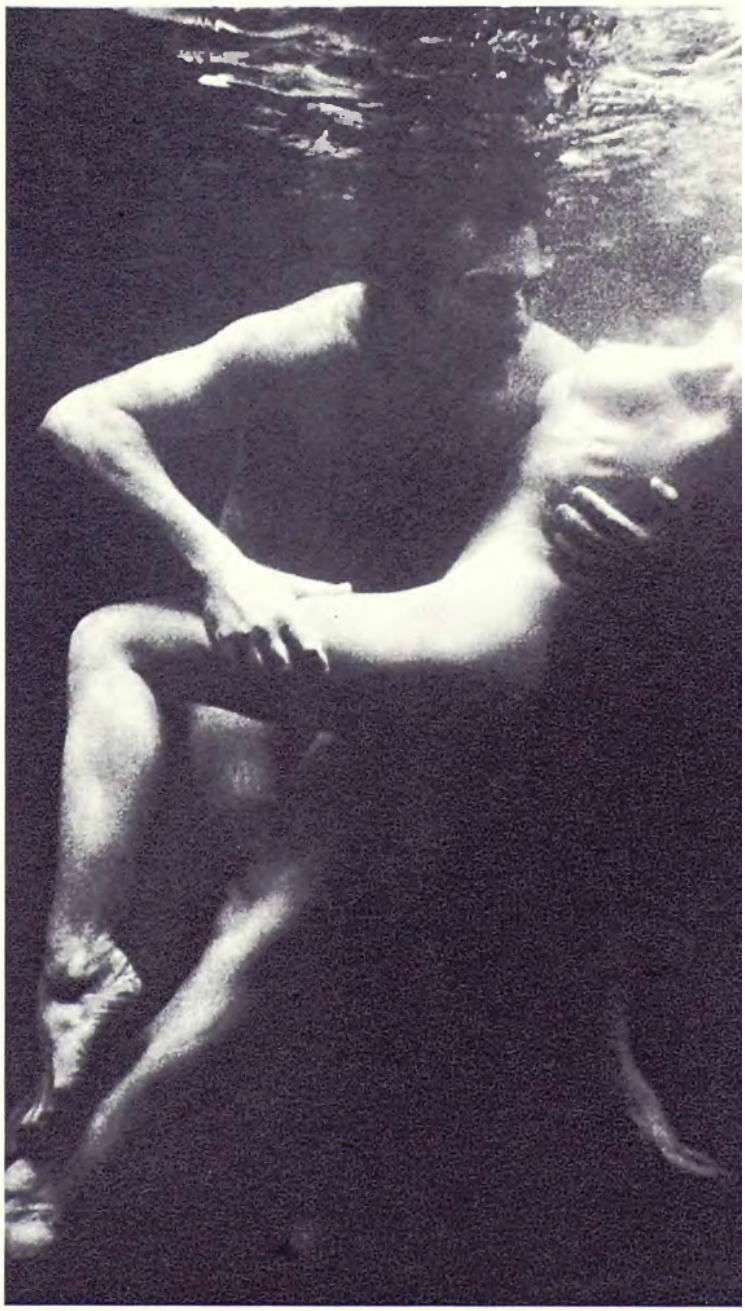
NO HOLDS BARRED: *In "The Big Bounce," Leigh Taylor-Young and Ryan O'Neal sated their appetites in a cemetery (above); in "La Prisonnière," Laurent Terzieff (above right) toyed with the sadomasochistic tendencies of his diminutive captives. In "Lonesome Cowboys," Andy Warhol's campy western, actress Viva was repeatedly gang-raped by a gaggle of Greenwich Village vaqueros (right). Gigi Proietti preferred to go it alone with Tina Aumont (below right) in the Italian film "L'Urlo" ("The Shout"); and John Huston's "The Kremlin Letter" showed Bibi Andersson brutalized by a male companion (below).*

THE MORE THE MERRIER: *In "Three in the Attic" (above left), Yvette Mimieux was one of three coeds who took revenge on Christopher Jones, their mutual lover, by holding him captive and forcing him to perform erotically extracurricular activities every hour on the hour. "Futz!" (above right), based on Rochelle Owens' off-Broadway play, is liberally sprinkled with distinctly human sexual acts, but hinged primarily on the community's reaction to a love affair between a devoted farmer and his favorite swine. "Satyricon" (below, left and right), Federico Fellini's latest production, catalogs the voluptuous sensual pleasures suggested by Petronius' account of the kinky diversions practiced by the nouveau-riche libertines of Nero's Roman empire.*

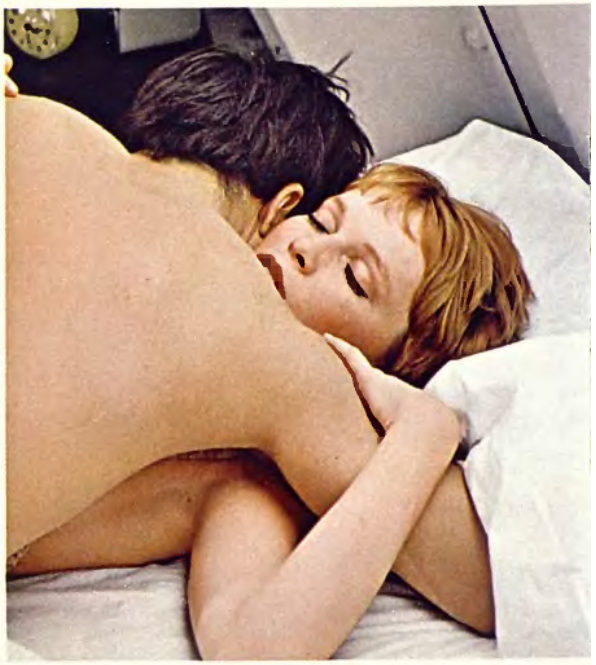


ENTER LAUGHING: *In "Can Heironymous Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?" (previewed in* PLAYBOY, *March 1969), Anthony Newley's bizarre seductions often left him coolly detached, watching his faceless "other self" (above). In the same film flam, 1969's Playmate of the Year, Connie Kreski (right), made her screen debut as Mercy Humppe. "Candy," originally a best-selling pseudo-pornographic novel, featured blonde Ewa Aulin as the archetypal innocent who bestowed her favors on anyone, including Walter Matthau (below).*

WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY: *Russ Meyer's "Vixen" (top and center), the best of the sexploitation films, cast Erica Gavin as a nymphomaniac who coupled impartially with every male she encountered—and an occasional female as well. "All the Loving Couples" (above), which chronicled a standard suburban wife-swapping marathon, epitomized the all-out efforts of sexploitation moguls to compete with the erotica from major studios.*



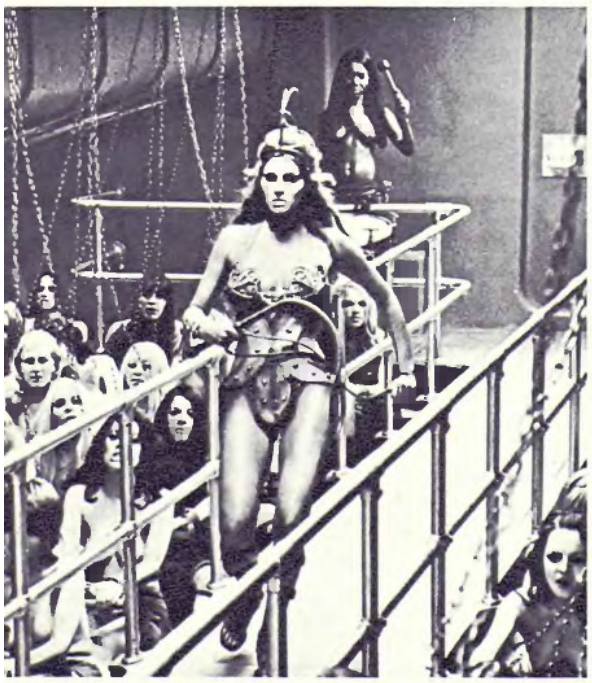
PLAYING IT STRAIGHT: *1969 was also a banner year for good old heterosexual relationships, as typified by the antic romance of Ali MacGraw and Richard Benjamin, the premarital lovers of "Goodbye, Columbus" (above). In "Joanna," Genevieve Waite (top center) accommodated numerous male friends, including a black gang leader, Calvin Lockhart. Also helping to shatter interracial sex taboos was Stephen Boyd and Dionne Warwick's affair in "Slaves," which featured Aldine King in a revealing tub scene (top right); and Marcello Mastroianni took the plunge (right) in "Leo the Last." In "The Damned," Dirk Bogarde and Ingrid Thulin (below) went straight to bed without bothering to undress; and Brigitte Bardot's unabashed nude scene (left) added spice to "Shalako."*



BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER: *Before conceiving her demonic infant, Mia Farrow stripped for action with John Cassavetes, her husband in "Rosemary's Baby" (top left), who bought fame and fortune by allowing Satan to act as his coital proxy in a grotesquely erotic nightmare, brilliantly filmed by Polish director Roman Polanski. Mia appeared nude again with Dustin Hoffman in "John and Mary" (top right)—the story of a youthful love affair so casual that the participants almost neglected to introduce themselves. In "The Sweet Body of Deborah," a convoluted murder mystery (below left), Jean Sorel and Carroll Baker shared a matrimonial shower; and in "Belle de Jour," Catherine Deneuve (below center) played a proper young matron who surrendered to her sexual fantasies and found that working afternoons as a part-time prostitute in a Parisian brothel provided more excitement than her marriage.*

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT: *Turned on by the thought of incest, Susanne Benton tried to catch the eye of Michael Burns, her brother in "That Cold Day in the Park" (top left); Burns then played the hypotenuse in a deadly triangle involving a prostitute and a frustrated spinster. As a Greek marriage counselor in "A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn fought a losing battle to resist a topless and determined Inger Stevens (right). With her date in the driver's seat, Solveig Andersson willingly surrendered herself in "The First Stone" (below left). Having pretended to be her lover, Renaud Verley was forced by a jealous rival to fondle his own mother, Elsa Martinelli, in "The Road to Katmandu" (below); Pierre Clémenti and Britt Ekland were more suitably matched in "The Cannibals" (below right).*

AND THE BEAT GOES ON: *Charlton Heston, the aging quarterback in "Number One," shared a marital bed with Jessica Walter (above left). In "The First Time" (top right), Jacqueline Bisset provided teenaged admirers with their first lesson in sex education. Christine Noonan and Malcolm McDowell, youthful revolutionaries in "If . . . ," grappled in a roadside diner (above right). "The Magic Christian," based on Terry Southern's novel, included footage of a briefly costumed Raquel Welch (below left); and Rod Steiger, attired only in ornate tattoos (below right), disported with Claire Bloom in "The Illustrated Man." "If He Hollers, Let Him Go" (pictured in* PLAYBOY, *October 1968) recalled an affair between a convict—Raymond St. Jacques—and his girlfriend, Barbara McNair (opposite, top left). Before stealing the gate receipts from a football game, Jim Brown and Diahann Carroll took time out in "The Split" (opposite, center); Horst Buchholz and Danièle Gaubert left nothing unanswered in "How, When and with Whom" (opposite, right). "Camille 2000" (previewed in* PLAYBOY, *May 1969) *cast Silvana Venturelli (opposite, far right) as the hostess of an open-house orgy that erotically epitomized the sexually liberated films of 1969.*



"I'm told sex isn't
good for one—but
it's great for two."
Vargas

the chinese lesson

from "Jou Pu Tuan" by Li Yü

Ribald Classic

THIS IS THE STORY of two young men who met by chance one fine summer day in a market place in the province of Chekiang during the reign of Chih-ho of the Mongol dynasty. First, they exchanged *ming* and *hsing*, first and last names; then, as they grew better acquainted, they made known their nicknames. One was called Before-midnight-scholar, because he did not study very late, and the other was known as After-midnight-burglar, because he did not begin work very early.

As they sat talking, the most delectable vision in the world appeared in the market place, and they halted to stare. She had a face like a face in a dream, a figure with the grace of a young bamboo shoot swayed by the wind. All that spoiled the view were two ugly and suspicious-looking armed servants, who followed a pace behind her.

"Her father is the great mandarin Chin," said After-midnight-burglar. "He keeps her in strictest seclusion in his house; her name is Aroma. The heir to the throne is not watched over more zealously."

"I am afire with love," said Before-midnight-scholar. "I must have her. I must tell her of my passion. But how?"

"Very simple," said the thief. "I shall steal her for you."

"But the walls, the moat, the fierce guards, the vicious watchdogs!" cried the scholar.

"Ah, thank you for reminding me. I must charge you two thousand ch'ien more than my first thought," replied After-midnight-burglar.

Elementary Chinese prudence should make an early-retiring scholar wary of a late-retiring burglar, but the flame of lust makes ashes of discretion—and so the bargain was sealed.

Now, this young housebreaker was no looby at his trade; he could slide over walls, ease through locked doors and oil his way past sleepy guards noiseless as a mulberry leaf on a gentle breeze. But how he removed the bound, gagged and neatly wrapped form of Aroma from the mandarin's house is a technical secret not to be revealed to the vulgar curious.

When the delicious package had been laid on the scholar's floor, money had changed hands and the after-midnight artist had withdrawn, the scholar began to unwrap his sweetly scented parcel with trembling hands. Confused and still dazed with sleep, the girl looked around her; she was even more beautiful than he had imagined. Now, scholars, when confronted with any sort of difficulty, invariably resort to a book—and Before-midnight-scholar had one for the occasion. It was an elegant pillow book of the kind used to disclose the secrets of matrimony to innocent brides. Wooing

her in a soft voice, the scholar showed her pictures of those postures of love known as "the hungry steed gallops to the feed crib," "the butterfly collapses in flight," "the fire is fetched from behind the hill," "the fall from the plum tree"—and some even more lascivious than these.

Aroma, strange to say, was far more skeptical than astonished. "Impossible!" she kept saying. "I don't believe it!" He assured her that love makes all possible—and gently, they went from argument to experiment, peering at the book to make sure that everything was done correctly. Aroma soon proved to be a most gifted and ambitious student.

Three days later, Before-midnight-scholar staggered from his bedroom and called for a sedan chair, in order to take a tour of the city for respite. He felt too drained to be capable of lovemaking for many months, but an hour or so of leisurely rambling revived his spirit. It was revived even more sharply when he arrived in the silk market and suddenly found himself gazing at a girl of even more subtle and piquant beauty than Aroma. She was standing before a prosperous shop, in the act of bidding goodbye to a fat and somewhat elderly merchant who seemed on the point of setting out on a journey. Before-midnight-scholar was suddenly overwhelmed with the desire to shop for an elegant piece of goods. He turned the sedan chair toward the humble dwelling of After-midnight-burglar.

"It is possible, but expensive," said the thief. "The lady's name is Fruit Blossom. Her husband, the silk merchant, is troubled with an ailment of the heart; and my guess is that his disability has made impossible a full and vigorous conjugal life, if you catch my meaning. Now, as your agent, I don my best garments and set off for the silk market."

Fruit Blossom, a simple and innocent girl, was much impressed with this smooth-talking agent who represented, as he said, a rich buyer who was interested in only the finest of merchandise. She was even more distracted when she met the handsome buyer, lingered in long private negotiations with him over tea and ended up by showing him her dearest wares.

In due time, the merchant returned from his journey; and in due time, he retired to bed with his wife. He arose shortly with a terrible shock and a pounding heart. It had become painfully clear to him that Fruit Blossom had learned some astonishing notions in his absence.

As he was convalescing, he received a call from After-midnight-burglar in the guise of a respectable agent. After many polite expressions of sympathy, the caller subtly suggested that, for the sake of health and serenity, the merchant might be willing to part with his young wife for a handsome price—and, sighing, the old man agreed.

The thief then hurried to the home of the scholar, who met him with expressions of despair. "I am dying superbly," he said, "but nevertheless, I hate dying. Life is nothing but Fruit Blossom by day and Aroma by night. And both of these innocent beauties have developed the most voracious appetites. Soon I shall be with my ancestors."

"Complain no longer," said the burglar, "for I have a plan. I happen to have a kindly old aunt in Peking. Her truly delightful establishment is known as the Grotto of the Demigods, and I know that she will welcome Aroma and Fruit Blossom."

Summer has passed and the leaves have fallen. The snow has come. The sophisticated gentlemanly society of Peking is agog over the sensational athletic performances of Aunt Chen's new protégées. What great mandarin of the court has not already fallen from the plum tree or fetched fire from behind the hill?

In a fine house in the richest sector of the city lives a gentleman known to his friends as Former-after-midnight-burglar. In a hovel in the slums lives a poor man who has lost all his wealth and, because he must labor at many jobs of hack writing and tutoring, he is known as All-night-scholar. As Lao-tzu, in his eternal wisdom, has told us:

The five colors darken the eye;
The five sounds will deaden the ear;
The five flavors weary the taste.
Chasing the beasts of the field
Can drive a man mad.

—Retold by Robert McNear

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

Revolutionized Football *(continued from page 166)*

very unorthodox Jews, and not merely in the religious sense. Mr. Schwartz, for instance, was—of all things—a boilermaker, the founder and working president of the Casco Bay Boiler Works, Inc. Nothing fazed him and his wife, least of all the stream of young goyim that flowed through the house with the Schwartz children. Sammy and Simmy were the oldest of a regular clutch of Schwartzes, in a happy, rambunctious, casual house without any of the fretful formalities and taboos that the rest of us were hounded with at home.

Until Garb Cartright came ambling around the corner on the dot of 11 the next morning, there had been only ten of us tossing Phil Pike's football around in front of the Schwartz house. The football, less than a month old, had been Mr. Pike's present to his son on his 15th birthday. We called Phil "Rumble Seat." There may have been a touch of adolescent cruelty in the term, but it was an accurate description. Phil's five feet of hard-muscled body was warped by a spinal defect that made his back, from the lower reaches of the rib cage to well beyond the coccyx, resemble a ski jump in clothing, while his buttocks stuck out so far to the rear that once, when Phil fastened an old bicycle taillight to the seat of his britches, he didn't get the laugh he'd hoped for; on the contrary, the light seemed to us a sensible precautionary measure. He also had a minor speech defect, but perhaps from unconscious adolescent compassion, we never took advantage of *that*.

Garb stopped beside me just as Jack Beaumaison, 20 yards down the street, was hunting a receiver for the pass his arm was cocked to throw. Suddenly, the endless Cartright arms were in the air and Garb was yelling, in his cracked voice: "Hey, Jack, me! Throw it to *me*!"

With an Oh-God-what'll-he-think-of-next expression on his handsome face, Jack threw it to him.

I'd never seen Garb so much as hold a football, and I doubted if he could play the game at all. I therefore viewed the approaching pass—a soft, wobbly floater—with a contemptuous disinterest that changed, as the ball slipped through Garb's huge hands and went bouncing crazily along the street behind him, to smug satisfaction. But when Garb, after disjointedly pursuing the ball and clumsily picking it up, threw it back to young Beaumaison—*Yipes!*—my eyelids popped apart so hard, fast and wide that they were sore for a day and a half. For what came at Jack, and nearly knocked him galley-west when he caught it, was a flat, perfect spiral that covered 40 yards and had less drop in trajectory than a .30/.30 bullet. "Hey!" Jack bawled. "You trying to *kill* me?"

"Gee, I'm sorry, Jack," Garb said. When he returned to where I was standing, he didn't notice the astonishment on my face. "I can throw pretty good sometimes," he told me in a matter-of-fac voice. "My mother don't like me to play, though. She's scared I'll hurt my darned old hands or something."

"What're you doing here, then, if your mother won't let you play?"

"Aw," Garb said, "a guy can have *one* secret, can't he?"

Our business was too important to be done inside the Schwartz house, which was echoing with the fun and games of the smaller Schwartzes and their caterwauling cronies. By twos and threes, we drifted into the back yard, where nicked and climbable trees, festooned with swings made from rope and old tires, spread above the bare earth like a living jungle gym. Frightened, stunted clumps of grass shrank up against the fence or huddled between its pickets in a last stand, desperate but doomed, against the feet of little boys at frantic play.

There were three matters on the agenda: (1) The election of a captain, (2) a name for the team and (3) the assignment of positions. The first of these was no problem and was settled quickly. Jim Godalming, who was known (I forget why) as "the Old Black Doctor," nominated Hal Alvarson; the Burning Bush seconded; the vote was unanimous; and that was that.

The second took more time. A dozen suggestions were tossed into the hopper, ground to dust, then dumped. I turned one possible name to powder singlehandedly: the Pine-Tree Punters, which little Mush McWhirter had timidly proffered. "Good teams don't punt," I said with unaccustomed firmness. It was a fine, ringing statement that I'd read somewhere; the others, who hadn't read it, were impressed. Eventually, we decided to call ourselves the Forest Avenue Rangers, which had all sorts of virile connotations.

I had reason to feel that the third item on the agenda would dissolve into a Donnybrook, since everybody, including me, would expect to be quarterback, or at least in the backfield. I was trying to choose the tree that would give me the best protection against the roundhouse swings of my friends when I heard our newly minted captain announce, ex cathedra: "I've been thinking, and I think that if Whittaker and those bums've got a coach, we oughta have one ourselves."

Uncomprehension in the ranks. Then: "Who here's got a brother that used to play football?" the Old Black Doctor asked.

"Who said a coach has to've been a player?" Hal demanded. "All he's got to be is smart."

"So who's that smart?" Simmy Schwartz asked.

"Him." Hal's finger pointed straight at me. I became an instant statue. My abruptly accelerated heart threatened to bust right through my breastbone. If I hadn't been made breathless, I'd have caught my breath at the thought that perhaps here, now, at last, my near decade of omnivorous reading was going to pay off. I wanted to close my eyes and wait to hear loud shouts of assent ringing in my ears.

I kept them open, however, and all I heard was loud consternation. Raucous laughter. Contemptuous snorts. Then: "*That* guy?" Jim Fletcher said. "My dog's smarter than him."

"Better lookin', too," What's-His-Name added. This was a squat, square-faced, hard little towhead whose real name, John Smith, was so common that we could never think of it.

"Look, fellas," Hal said patiently, "he's the youngest guy in his class at school, right? So that makes him smart. And he reads all the time, don't he? So he can read up on trick plays and stuff like that and pick out the best ones to give us. And, besides," he went on, clinching his argument, "he's the worst player around, right? So if he's the coach, he can't play, and with him on the side lines, we can't lose."

While this dialog droned on, I was seeing visions of myself, borne in triumph off field after field on the victorious shoulders of what every sportswriter, from Grantland Rice on down, called "Brown's Juggernaut"—the most brilliantly coached powerhouse in the history of football.

"Brown may be lousy," said Jack Beaumaison glumly, "but we'll only be ten men without him."

"And we've scraped the bottom of the barrel already, it looks like," said the Burning Bush, glaring at tiny Mush McWhirter.

"Right *through* the bottom and out," said What's-His-Name, glaring at Garb.

Snapping back to reality, I babbled, "I know a guy I can get to play for us. A *big* guy. Real tough."

"Who?" Jim Fletcher asked nastily. "Who do *you* know that's real tough?"

"He lives on Bradford Street, off Pine, on the way to the Western Promenade. Near where I used to live. And he's good. I can get him. Tomorrow."

My tone must have carried more confidence than I felt, because, after a few dying grumbles, I was elected coach—but without much enthusiasm on the voters' part. A good deal of ire was aroused, however, by coach Brown's statement that he would not announce his line-up until three P.M. the next afternoon, when practice would begin at the Dell estate; meanwhile, he would make an intensive study of the various positions

(continued on page 270)

a rich assemblage of yuletide gifts—imported, bespoke or special-order—that require advance notice

PRESENTS PERFECT

1. Six-piece monogrammed terry bath-towel set, $48, plus bross towel rock, $55, both from Shaxted. **2.** Condor RSM electronic unit can be connected to both reed and brass musical instruments; imitates the sound of sax, tuba and others, by Innovex, $595. **3.** Giftee's likeness cost in bronze, by Barbara Gainey, $800. **4.** Stereo system that enobles sound selections to vary from room to room, with tapes, records and radio housed in a single unit, by Boulton Stereo System, $1500–$3000. **5.** Hammered sterling-silver chess set, by George Chiou, about $6000. **6.** Ployer-piano rolls, $1.45 each, presage the gift of a player piono, about $1495, all from Lyon & Healy. **7.** Wilkinson limited-edition investiture sword is a replica of one used by Queen Elizabeth, from Sears, Roebuck, $200. **8.** Desktop electronic calculator model ICC-500W computes percentages, interest, etc., by Sony, $1250. **9.** Aluminum trunk fitted with bar, from Bloomingdale's, $90. **10.** Home Language Lab comes with a cossette for pronunciation comparison, by Linguaphone Institute of America, $695.

SANTA COURTESY OF THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

1. Smoked Plexiglas floor lamp, from Raymor, $189. **2.** Model 2000 tronsistorized color TV thot's one of a limited production of 2000, by RCA, $2000. **3.** Lucite "tree of life" cubes can be embedded with objects of your choice, by William J. Opper, $75. **4.** Monogrammed Italian antiqued-leather attoché case, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $195. **5.** Wings canvas one-suiter, from Alfred Dunhill, $75. **6.** Spanish deerskin leather tote, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $98.50. **7.** Italian coat rock, designed by Tippett, has movable arms, from Knoll, $300. **8.** Marble shell-shaped pedestal sink, $795, with 24-kt. gold-ploted fixtures, $165, both by Sherle Wagner. **9.** Mahogany and aluminum steering wheel, from V. Haan, $39.95. **10.** Silk neck square, from Allen Winston, $10. **11.** Sterling-silver cigarette/cigar box thot's cedar lined, from C. D. Peacock, $550. **12.** Fleece-lined sheepskin boots with raw-leather thongs, by Jean Claude Killy—Wolverine, $85. **13.** Transistorized auto rally computer, by Heuer Time, $425. **14.** Custom vicuña robe, from A. Sulka, $950.

SANTA REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. COPYRIGHT 1952, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

1. Battery-powered desk clock, by Washington Works, $64. **2.** King-size bedspread of Ejare, a special breed of chinchilla, from Reimex, $729. **3.** Playboy gift offer includes Club key-card, four glass-bottomed metal tankards and a LeRoy Neiman print, from Playboy Clubs International, $30. **4.** Supergraphic-design portable bar, fram Harvey Prabber, $99B. **5.** The Maynard, a remote-cantrol golf cart, by Citation, $495. **6.** Mini 72 autamatic sauna heater, by Hela Marketing, $450. **7.** UHF Skyphone for use in airplanes is free af noise and interference, by Skyphone Division Litton Industries, $3994. **8.** Pertoosh muffler of cashmere and silk, from Neiman-Marcus, $35. **9.** Hand-cut Danish pipe, from Snug Harbour, $45. **10.** Handmade briar pipe, by Savinelli, $300. **11.** Horoscape Record-af-the-Month Club subscription, from Future Record, $30. **12.** Insta-tape Mini-mate multicartridge unit can be preprogrammed to play up to eight hours of nonrepetitive selections, by Ampra, $4315. **13.** Mexican geode mounted an a brass base, from Decorator's Walk, $75.

SANTA BY IBM 360-40

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 112)*

said, 'Momma, do you have a piece of bread?' Did you see him before hope was snuffed out by despair?" The white middle class is paying less tax money to support welfare mothers than it is to support the farm industry. I don't hear them complaining about that. The bulk of their tax money goes to subsidizing the rich and fighting wars abroad—wars fought by the sons of welfare mothers, not by the middle-class kids who go to college. The middle class invests in America with its tax dollars, but the poor have to invest their lives.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to raise a family on the funds provided by welfare? Many claim it isn't.

JACKSON: Let me put it this way: If I give you 22 cents for a meal, you know pretty well what you're going to get to eat. I thought I knew what poverty was all about until I went on our hunger campaign. I saw children eating red clay. Doctors call it pica when people who don't get sufficient food eat things that have the appearance of food. I saw a mother give her child saltines and onions for breakfast and send her off to school on that. I saw a white mother with four kids, one of whom, a boy, had leukemia. He drank all the milk the family was allotted on a food-stamp supplement, and it wasn't enough even for him. She took him everywhere in a little wagon, the kind kids play with. He was frail and helpless, and the mother was exhausted; the entire family looked bloodless and frightened, as if they would never have a moment's joy. I can understand why they might feel that way, living as they must with the fact that there is a ceiling on the welfare allotment but no ceiling on the rent or the food prices or the amount of tragedy a family can suffer. The insufficient welfare funds are especially damaging to babies. Eighty percent of the brain develops during the three months immediately before birth and the first three years of life. The minds of welfare children, who cannot get enough to eat, are stricken early.

PLAYBOY: Why don't welfare allowances provide adequate support?

JACKSON: Welfare allotments tend to be about one third of the minimal standard of living as defined by the Government. In Texas, New York and California this year, even that meager appropriation was cut. Furthermore, rents and food prices are higher in poor areas than in middle-class areas, so the poor must spend more, even though they have less. The result of this deprivation is that the black child goes to school without breakfast, cannot afford lunch at school and cannot look forward to a decent supper at night. His hunger is such a distraction that he is not motivated to learn. All of these elements combine to place him farther and farther behind in school. He has no goals, no hero images, no sense of purpose or identity. He is physically weaker than his white contemporaries and probably sickly, because he doesn't get medical care.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you referred to the dominance of professional sports by black athletes. That doesn't fit with the image of physical weakness you just presented.

JACKSON: Some men will thrive even in a prison camp, so it isn't surprising that you'll find an occasional black youth who overcomes his poverty. But the important reason for the dominance of black athletes is that a high proportion of black men—both those who ate well and those who didn't—directed themselves toward athletics because the field was more open to them than any other. More blacks tried to be boxers because there was no point in trying to be a bookkeeper or a mathematician. A black man whose mind might have had great aptitude for math wouldn't have been trained by a ghetto school. It made more sense for him to try to be a ballplayer, even a third-rate one, because it was so unlikely that he'd have a fair chance to be anything else.

PLAYBOY: A persistent part of the white stereotype of the black man is that he runs faster and jumps higher than whites. But some anthropologists have claimed recently that there actually are genetic differences between white and black. Will this new evidence worsen the relationship between white and black?

JACKSON: It won't affect us. The black man has never needed to believe that there are differences; that's a white man's problem. Our natures are the same. Our urges and drives as people are the same. Mankind has one father, and that's time. It has one mother, and that's nature. Both of these life processes are sound and consistent and universal. The third process is brotherhood, which is all messed up, because white folks have tried to withdraw from it. The eternal existential dilemmas of fate and death, guilt and condemnation, emptiness and meaninglessness are the same for all men. But our relationship, based upon distorted information peddled by white folks who reject the humanity of others, has been perverted.

PLAYBOY: What are the psychological and cultural differences between white and black, if any?

JACKSON: Slavery is our cultural heritage and it should have been a thoroughly destructive one. But instead of seeing ourselves as slaves from Africa brought over to serve the lusts and wants of white people, a providential way of seeing our slavery is that we are missionaries sent from Africa by God to save the human race. Who else is in a position so close to the Pentagon, the greatest threat to the world's existence? Who else is in a position to literally redirect the most powerful economy on earth? Who else in the world is in the enemy's kitchen and his schoolroom? We are, perhaps, the only ethnic group in the world that has the power to redirect the destiny of white America. Neither China nor Russia nor France nor England could do it. I don't look for white folks to give me any direction. My experience has taught me that white people are spiritually impotent, by and large, because all they've really produced is a lot of goods and services and a lot of death.

PLAYBOY: That's a sweeping condemnation. Would you say that the late Norman Thomas, to name one of many men, was spiritually impotent?

JACKSON: No, he was certainly a spiritual man, and you could find others. The point is that such a man is not representative of the white American culture. In fact, the secondary roles that genuinely humane white people are forced to play is indicative of what I'm trying to say. Black society chooses to be led by its prophets, white society by its hustlers. The men of highest sensibility in white society find themselves rebelling from it —just as blacks must rebel. America is known not for her capacity to love and heal but for her capacity to organize and kill. America has an aristocratic, military definition of man. American men judge themselves by their wealth, status and power, not by their intelligence, compassion or creativity. That's why the idea of looking for racial equality here is a farce. To become equal to white folks would be to become part of the greatest tradition of killing in the history of the world.

PLAYBOY: That might sound to some not only like a blatant overstatement but like a proclamation of black supremacy.

JACKSON: I don't know what it sounds like, but I know what the record will indicate. There is no evidence of Africa invading Europe, of her early advanced civilizations killing or enslaving other nations. Historically, blacks have not been the aggressors in war, not even here in America. We did not mobilize to go to war for our long-overdue justice, but there have been wars of injustice waged against us. The profound men in this culture have been black—Frederick Douglass, for example, who was more pertinent than Lincoln on the subject of slavery and the liberation of mankind. And the crusader for justice in Mississippi was Medgar Evers, not Jim Eastland. In New York, Malcolm was pertinent, not Nelson Rockefeller, who did not bat an eye when he approved the welfare cuts. The one who cried out for peace in the world and meant it was not the white leader, President Johnson; it was the black leader, Dr. King. During the past 15 years, Dr. Abernathy has been more relevant than any American President. Blacks have striven for moral dignity and, by contrast with America's state of immorality, we appear to be moral

(continued on page 290)

You are what you write

article **By DANIEL S. ANTHONY** *the nation's top graphologist demonstrates that when the medium is longhand, the message is one's personality*

THE NEXT TIME you apply for a job, don't be surprised if the personnel director asks you to fill out the application in longhand—with no typing allowed. Your prospective employer may be among the growing number of businesses that use handwriting analysis as a hiring tool. My estimate is that at least 600 American companies are now employing the services of reputable graphologists, and the comparable figures from Europe are even more impressive: A 1966 survey of industries in the metropolitan area of Amsterdam determined that 80 out of 100 firms polled were using either staff or outside professional graphologists to help them select and promote company personnel.

Even in the world of psychoanalysis, graphology has made some significant achievements. There are still more psychologists who would scorn its use before they would promote it, but many are now ready to admit that an in-depth graphological analysis frequently gets to the core of a patient's emotions more quickly and accurately than conventional psychoanalytical procedures. Again to use the European example, few clinical or industrial psychologists on the Continent would think of going out to practice without some training in handwriting analysis. Remarkably, graphology enjoys special favor in Switzerland, home of the Rorschach test. But it is in the business world, where success is measured mostly on the balance sheet, and where executives are less interested in academic tradition than in results, that graphology is being accorded its most dramatic acceptance. Personnel managers don't care whether or not their evaluative techniques are endorsed by the psychological establishment; they *do* care that the techniques work, that the people they hire perform according to expectations. Professional handwriting analysis, no matter what might be said about its more dubious amateur practitioners, has delivered. The accumulated statistics for the past six years of my own use of graphology in personnel assessment—which involves the hiring process, from secretaries all the way up to executive management—tallies out at better than 86 percent accuracy, based solely on reports from the companies with which I've dealt. I was especially amused by a comment Robert Wenzlaff of The Equitable Life Assurance Society made at a meeting of the New York City Life Managers Association about my work: "I have hired twenty men whom Anthony rejected in his evaluations," Wenzlaff told the group. "To date, nineteen of those men are no longer with us and the twentieth will be leaving before the end of the month." In increasing numbers, you will find not only personnel directors but sales managers, teachers, social workers, marriage counselors, vocational advisors, psychologists, doctors and even lawyers using graphology to better understand the people with whom they have to work. Word is finally beginning to get out that handwriting *is* a sort of brain writing and that graphology, as practiced by a professional, is far more than a subspecies of fortunetelling.

Graphology is based on the *(continued on page 278)*

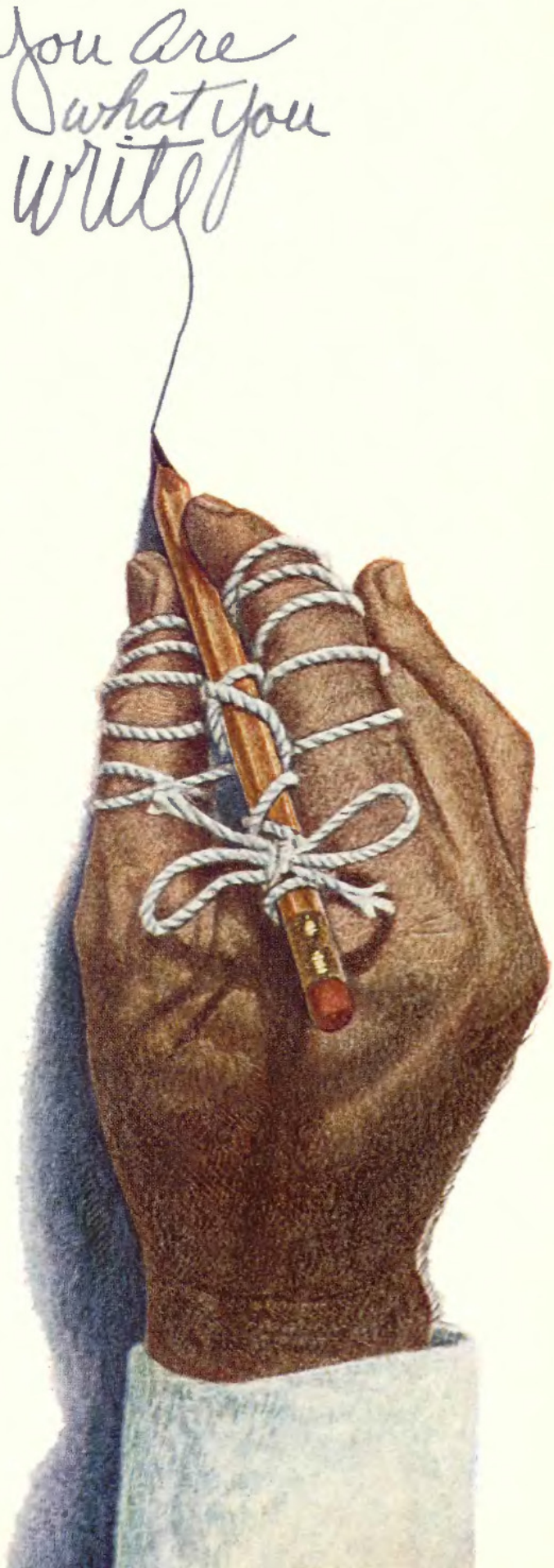
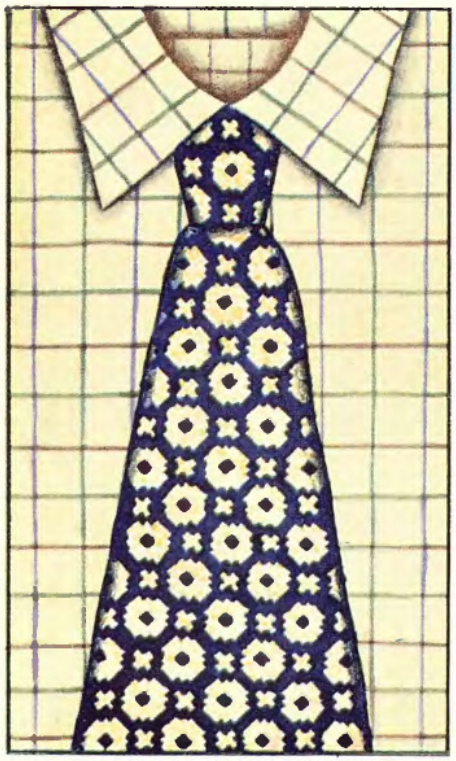


ILLUSTRATION BY MARVIN HAYES

Pencil-striped Dacron and cotton shirt with flare-spread collar and French cuffs, by Aetna, $9.50, looks right with a 4½-inch-wide print silk tie, by Oleg Cassini for Burma Bibas, $8.50.

Wide-striped cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Manhattan, $10, can be colorfully combined with a multihued tapestry-design tie, by Bert Pulitzer, $10.

Cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Sero, $10, coordinates well with a classic Art Deco–patterned chain-link print wide Italian silk tie, by Madonna, $15.



Windowpane-patterned imported cotton shirt with a short-spread collar, tapered body and French cuffs, by Bill Blass for PBM, $22.50, and a geometric-patterned silk tie, by Resilio, $10.

WILD & WIDE

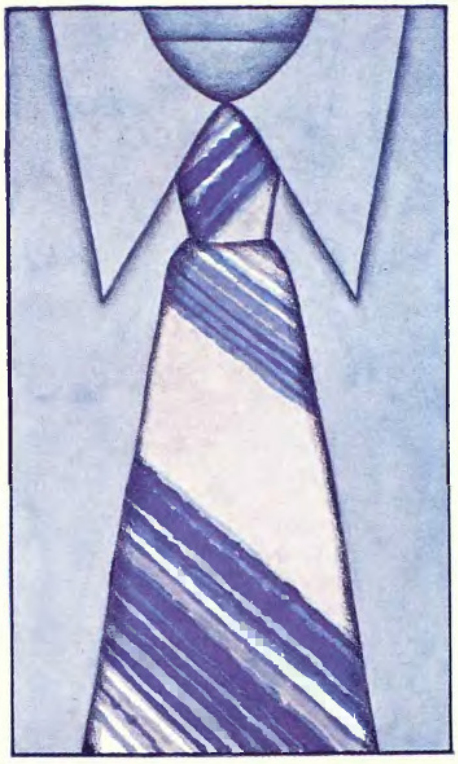
bold shirts and broad ties for getting something important on your chest

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

Subdued colored print-patterned silk shirt with medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Gant, $25, can be worn with a multicolor tapestry-design silk tie, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, $20.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT LOSTUTTER

Random-striped cotton broadcloth shirt with a medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Hathaway, $15, is shown with a print-patterned silk tie, by Liberty of London for Berkley, $10.

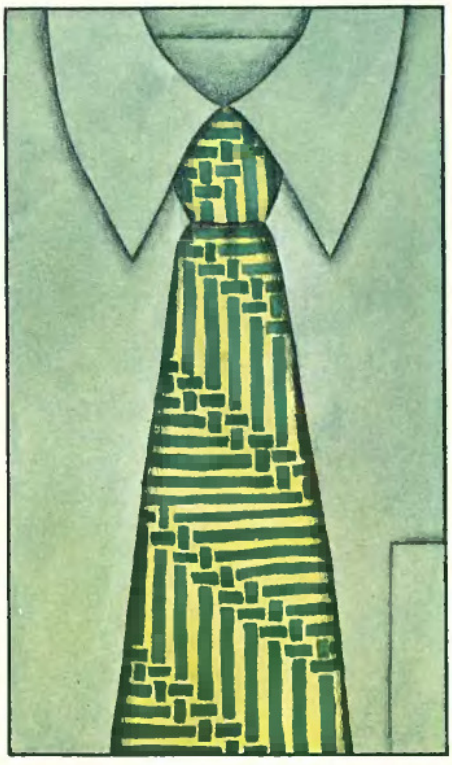


Cotton broadcloth body shirt with long-pointed collar, fly front and French cuffs, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle, $16, and a silk tie, from the Sassafras and Clover Collection by Liebert, $10.

Colorful medium-wide-striped cotton shirt with a long-pointed collar and single French cuffs, $25, and a striped extra-wide pure silk tie, $15, both made in England by Turnbull & Asser.

Appliqué-design imported cotton shirt with one-piece collar and body that can be worn either outside or tucked into slacks, $35, is shown with a striped silk tie, $15, both by R. Meledandri.

Geometric windowpane-check Italian Jacquard weave cotton shirt with pointed collar, fitted body and double cuffs, by Madonna, $25, and a woven plaid wide silk tie, by Bert Pulitzer, $12.50.



Imported cotton solid-color shirt with long-pointed collar and French cuffs, made in England by Turnbull & Asser, $22.50, and a bold geometric-patterned Italian silk tie, by Cerruti, $8.50.

crook's tour

(continued from page 116)

Ashes don't deteriorate."

"No, I suppose not. How silly of me. But let Wordsworth put it in the kitchen, just the same. We don't want to be reminded all the time of my poor sister. Now, let me show you my room. I have more of my Venice treasures there."

She had, indeed. Her dressing table gleamed with them: mirrors and powder jars and ashtrays and bowls for safety pins. "They brighten the darkest day," she said. There was a very large double bed as curlicued as the glass. "I am especially attached to Venice," she explained, "because I began my real career there, and my travels. I have always been very fond of travel. It's a great grief to me that my travels now are curtailed."

"Age strikes us all before we know it," I said.

"Age? I was not referring to age. I hope I don't look all that decrepit, Henry, but I like having a companion and Wordsworth is very occupied now, because he's studying to enter the London School of Economics. This is Wordsworth's snuggery," and she opened the door from an adjoining room. It was crowded with glass Disney figures and worse—all the grinning mice and cats and hares from inferior American cartoon films, blown with as much care as the chandelier.

"From Venice, too," my aunt said, "clever but not so pretty. I thought them suitable, however, for a man's room."

"Does he like them?"

"He spends very little time there," my aunt said, "what with his studies and everything else. . . ."

"I wouldn't like to wake up to them," I said.

"He seldom does."

My aunt led me back to the sitting room, where Wordsworth had laid out three more Venetian glasses with gold rims and a jug of water with colors mingled like marble. The bottle of Black Label looked normal and out of place, rather like the only man in a dinner jacket at a fancy-dress party, a comparison that came at once to my mind, because I have found myself several times in that uncomfortable situation, since I have a rooted objection to dressing up.

Wordsworth said, "The telephone talk all the bloody time while you not here. Ar tell them you don gone to a very smart funeral."

"It's so convenient when one can tell the truth," my aunt said. "Was there no message?"

"Oh, poor old Wordsworth not understand one bloody word. I say to them you no talk English. They go away double quick."

My aunt poured out larger portions of whiskey than I am accustomed to.

"A little more water, please, Aunt Augusta."

"I can say now to both of you how relieved I am that everything went without a hitch. I once attended a very important funeral—the wife of a famous man of letters, who had not been the most faithful of husbands. It was soon after the first great War had ended, I was living in Brighton and I was very interested at that time in the Fabians. I had learned about them from your father when I was a girl. I arrived early as a spectator and I was leaning over the Communion rail—if you can call it that in a crematorium chapel—trying to make out the names on the wreaths. I was the first there, all alone with the flowers and the coffin. Wordsworth must forgive me for telling this story at such length—he has heard it before. Let me refresh your glass."

"No, no, Aunt Augusta. I have more than enough."

"Well, I suppose I was fumbling about a little too much and I must have accidentally touched a button. The coffin began to slide away, the doors opened, I could feel the hot air of the oven and hear the flap of the flames, the coffin went in and the doors closed and, at that very moment, in walked the whole grand party, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, Miss E. Nesbit (to use her maiden name), Dr. Havelock Ellis, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the widower, while the clergyman—nondenominational, of course—came through a door on the other side of the rail. Somebody began to play a humanist hymn by Edward Carpenter, 'Cosmos, O Cosmos, Cosmos shall we call Thee?' But there was no coffin."

"Whatever did you do, Aunt Augusta?"

"I buried my face in my handkerchief and simulated grief; but you know, I don't think anyone—except, I suppose, the clergyman, and he kept dumb about it—noticed that the coffin wasn't there. The widower certainly didn't; but then, he hadn't noticed his wife for some years. Dr. Havelock Ellis made a very moving address—or so it seemed to me then: I hadn't finally plumped for Catholicism, though I was on the brink—about the dignity of a funeral service conducted without illusions or rhetoric. He could truthfully have said without a corpse, too. Everybody was quite satisfied. You can understand why I was very careful this morning not to fumble."

I looked at my aunt surreptitiously over the whiskey. I didn't know what to say. "How sad" seemed inappropriate. I wondered whether the funeral had ever really taken place, though in the months that followed, I was to realize that my aunt's stories were always basically true—only minor details might sometimes be added to compose a picture. Wordsworth found the right words for me. He said, "We must allays go careful careful at a funeral." He added, "In Mendeland—ma first wife, she was Mende—they go open deceased person's back an they go take out the spleen. If spleen be too big, then deceased person was a witch an everyone mock the whole family and lef the funeral double quick. That happen to ma wife's pa. He dead of malaria, but these ignorant people, they don know malaria make the spleen big. So ma wife and her ma, they go right away from Mendeland and come to Freetown. They don want to be mocked by the neighbors."

"There must be a great many witches in Mendeland," my aunt said.

"Ya'as, sure thing there are. Plenty too many."

I said, "I really think I must be going now, Aunt Augusta. I can't keep my mind off the mowing machine. It will be quite rusted in this rain."

"Will you miss your mother, Henry?"

"Oh, yes . . . yes," I said. I hadn't really thought about it, so occupied had I been with all the arrangements for the funeral, the interviews with her solicitor, with her bank manager, with an estate agent arranging for the sale of her little house in north London. It is difficult, too, for a single man to know how to dispose of all the female trappings. Furniture can be auctioned, but what can one do with the unfashionable underclothes of an old lady, the half-empty pots of old-fashioned cream? I asked my aunt.

"I am afraid I didn't share your mother's taste in clothes, or even in cold cream. I would give them to her daily maid, on condition she takes everything—everything."

"You will come one day and see my dahlias, won't you? They are in full bloom."

"Of course, Henry, now that I have found you again, I shan't easily let you go. Do you enjoy travel?"

"I've never had the opportunity."

"With Wordsworth so occupied, we might make a little trip or two together."

"Gladly, Aunt Augusta." It never occurred to me that she meant farther than the seaside.

"I will telephone you," my aunt said.

Wordsworth showed me to the door, and it was only outside, when I passed the Crown and Anchor, that I remembered I had left behind my little package. I wouldn't have remembered at all if the girl in the jodhpurs had not said angrily, as I pushed past the open window, "Peter can talk about nothing but cricket. All the summer it went on. Nothing but the fucking ashes."

I don't like to hear such adjectives on the lips of an attractive young girl, but her words reminded me sharply that I had left all that remained of my mother in Aunt Augusta's kitchen. I went back to the street door. There was a row of

"Well, so much for a second honeymoon—let's go home and get back to our affairs. . . ."

bells with a kind of microphone above each of them. I touched the right one and heard Wordsworth's voice. "Who be there?"

I said, "It's Henry Pulling."

"Don know anyone called that name."

"I've only just left you. I'm Aunt Augusta's nephew."

"Oh, that guy," the voice said.

"I left a parcel with you in the kitchen."

"You wan it back?"

"Please, if it's not too much trouble. . . ."

Human communication, it sometimes seems to me, involves an exaggerated amount of time. How briefly and to the point people always seem to speak on the stage or on the screen, while in real life, we stumble from phrase to phrase with endless repetition.

"A brown-paper parcel?" Wordsworth's voice asked.

"Yes."

"You wan me bring it down right away?"

"Yes, if it's not too much——"

"It's a bloody lot of trouble," Wordsworth said. "Stay there."

I was prepared to be very cold to him when he brought the parcel, but he opened the street door wearing a friendly grin.

"Thank you," I said with as much coldness as I could muster, "for the great trouble you have taken."

I noticed that the parcel was no longer sealed. "Has somebody opened this?"

"Ar jus wan to see what you got there."

"You might have asked me."

"Why, man," he said, "you not offended at Wordsworth?"

"I didn't like the way you spoke just now."

"Man, it's jus that little mike there. Ar wan to make it say all kind of rude things. There ar am up there, and down there ma voice is, popping out into the street, where no one see it's only old Wordsworth. It's a sort of power, man. Like the burning bush when He spoke to old Moses. One day it was the parson come from St. George's in the square. An he says, in a very cream-in-your-tea sort of voice, 'I wonder, Miss Bertram, if I could come up and have a little chat about our bazaar.' 'Sure, man,' ar say, 'you wearing your dog collar?' 'Why, yes,' he say, 'of course, who is that?' 'Man,' ar say, 'you better put on a muzzle, too, before you go come up here.' "

"What did he say?"

"He wen away and never come back. Your auntie laugh like hell when ar told her. But ar didn't mean him harm. It was jus old Wordsworth tempted by that little old mike."

"Are you really studying for the London School of Economics?" I asked.

"Oh, tha's a joke your auntie makes. Ar now workin' at the Granada Palace. Ar got a uniform. Jus lak a general. She lak ma uniform. She stop an say, 'Are you the Emperor Jones?' 'No, ma'am,' ar say, 'ar'm only old Wordsworth.' 'Oh,' she say, 'thou child of joy, shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy.' 'You write that down for me, ar say. It sound good. Ar like it.' Ar say it over and over. Ar know it now good, lak a hymn."

I was a little confused by his garrulity. "Well, Wordsworth," I said, "thank you for all your trouble and I hope one day I shall see you again."

"This here mighty important parcel?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"Then ar think you owe a dash to old Wordsworth," he said.

"A dash?"

"A C. T. C."

Remembering what my aunt had told me, I went quickly away.

Just as I had expected, my new lawn mower was wet all over: I dried it carefully and oiled the blades before I did anything else. Then I boiled myself two eggs and made a cup of tea for lunch.

• • •

I was weeding the dahlias, the Polar Beauties and the Golden Leaders and the Requiems, when my telephone began to ring. Being unused to the sound that shattered all the peace of my little garden, I assumed that it was a wrong number. I had very few friends, although before my retirement, I boasted a great many acquaintances. There were clients who had stayed with me for 20 years, who had known me in the same branch as clerk, cashier and manager, and yet they remained acquaintances. The bank was then my whole life, and now there were my dahlias.

I neglected the telephone, feeling so sure that it was a wrong number, but when the ringing persisted, I left my dahlias and went in.

The telephone stood on the filing cabinet, where I keep my accounts and all the correspondence that my mother's death caused. I had not received as many letters as I was receiving now, since I ceased to be manager: the solicitor's letters, letters from the undertaker, from the Inland Revenue, the crematorium fees, the doctor's bills, National Health forms, even a few letters of condolence. I could almost believe myself a businessman again.

My aunt's voice said, "You are very slow to answer."

"I was busy in the garden."

"I have an extraordinary story to tell you," my aunt said. "I have been raided by the police."

"*Raided* . . . by the police?"

"Yes, you must listen carefully, for they may call on *you*."

"What on earth for?"

"You still have your mother's ashes?"

"Of course."

"Because they want to see them. They may even want to analyze them."

"But, Aunt Augusta . . . you must tell me exactly what happened."

"I am trying to, but you continually interrupt with unhelpful exclamations. It was midnight and Wordsworth and I had gone to bed. Luckily, I was wearing my best nightdress. They rang the bell down below and told us through the microphone that they were police officers and had a warrant to search the flat. 'What for?' I asked. Do you know, for a moment, I thought it might be something racial. There are so many rules now for races and against races that you don't know where you stand."

"Are you sure they were police officers?"

"Of course, I asked to see their warrant, but do you know what a warrant looks like? For all I know, it might have been a reader's ticket to the British Museum library. I let them in, though, because they were polite and one of them, the one in uniform, was tall and good-looking. They were rather surprised by Wordsworth—or perhaps it was the color of his pajamas. They said, 'Is this your husband, ma'am?' I said, 'No, this is Wordsworth.' The name seemed to ring a bell with one of them—the young man in uniform—who kept on glancing at him surreptitiously, as though he were trying to remember."

"But what were they looking for?"

"They said they had reliable information that drugs were kept on the premises."

"Oh, Aunt Augusta, you don't think Wordsworth——"

"Of course not. They took away all the fluff from the seams of his pockets, and then the truth came out. They asked him what was in the brown-paper package that he was seen handing to a man who had been loitering in the street. Poor Wordsworth said he didn't know, so I chipped in and said it was my sister's ashes. I don't know why, but they became suspicious of me at once. The elder, who was in plain clothes, said, 'Please don't be flippant, ma'am. It doesn't exactly help.' I said, 'As far as my sense of humor goes, there is nothing whatever flippant in my dead sister's ashes.' 'A sort of powder, ma'am?' the younger policeman asked—he was the sharper of the two, the one who thought he knew the name Wordsworth. 'You can call it that, if you like,' I said, 'gray powder, human powder,' and they looked as though they had won a point. 'And who was the man who received this powder?' the man in plain clothes asked. 'My nephew,' I said. 'My sister's son.' Then they asked for your address and I gave it to them. The sharp one said, 'Was the powder for his private use?' 'He wants to put it among his dahlias,' I said. They made a very thorough search, especially in Wordsworth's room, and they took away samples of all the cigarettes they could find and some aspirins I had left in a cachet box. Then they said, 'Good night,

You've got to be popular to get to all the best parties.

Johnnie Walker is.
Popular enough to be the largest selling scotch whisky in the world.

ma'am,' very politely, and left. Wordsworth had to go downstairs and open the door for them, and just before he left, the sharp one said to him, 'What's your first name?' 'Zachary,' Wordsworth told him, and he went out looking puzzled."

"What a very strange thing to have happened," I said.

"They even read some letters and asked who Abdul was."

"Who was he?"

"Someone I knew a very long time ago. Luckily, I had kept the envelope and it was marked Tunis, February 1924. Otherwise, they would have read all sorts of things into it about the present."

"I am sorry, Aunt Augusta. It must have been a terrifying experience."

"It was amusing, in a way. But it did give me a guilty feeling. . . ."

There was a ring from the front door and I said, "Hold on a moment, Aunt Augusta." I looked through the dining-room window and saw a policeman's helmet. I returned and said, "Your friends are here."

"Already?"

"I'll ring you back when they've gone."

It was the first time I had ever been called on by the police. There was a short middle-aged man in a soft hat, with a rough but kindly face and a broken nose, and the tall good-looking young man in uniform. "Mr. Pulling?" the detective asked.

"Yes."

"May we come in for a few moments?"

"Have you a warrant?" I asked.

"Oh, no, no, it hasn't come to that. We just want to have a word or two with you." I wanted to say something about the Gestapo, but I thought it wiser not. I led them into the dining room, but I didn't ask them to sit down. The detective showed me an identity card and I read on it that he was Detective Sergeant Sparrow, John.

"You know a man called Wordsworth, Mr. Pulling?"

"Yes, he's a friend of my aunt's."

"Did you receive a package from him in the street yesterday?"

"I certainly did."

"Would you have any objection to our examining the package, Mr. Pulling?"

"I most certainly would."

"You know, sir, we could easily have obtained a search warrant, but we wanted to do things delicately. Have you known this man Wordsworth a long time?"

"I met him for the first time yesterday."

"Perhaps, sir, he asked you as a favor to deliver that package, and you seeing no harm at all in that, and him being an employee of your aunt. . . ."

"I don't know what you are talking about. The package is mine. I had accidentally left it in the kitchen."

"The package is yours, sir? You admit that?"

"You know very well what's in the package. My aunt told you. It's an urn with my mother's ashes."

"Your aunt has been in communication with you, has she?"

"Yes, she has. What do you expect? Waking up an old lady in the middle of the night."

"It had only just gone twelve, sir. And so those ashes . . . they are Mrs. Pulling's?"

"There they are. You can see for yourself. On the bookcase."

I had put the urn there, above a complete set of Sir Walter Scott, which I had inherited from my father. In his lazy way, my father had been a great reader, though not an adventurous one. He had been satisfied with possessing a very few favorite authors. By the time he had read the set of Scott through, he had forgotten the earlier volumes and was content to begin again with *Guy Mannering*. He had a complete set, too, of Marion Crawford, and he had a love of 19th Century poetry, which I have inherited—Tennyson and Wordsworth and Browning and Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.

"Do you mind if I take a look?" the detective asked, but naturally, he couldn't open the urn. "It's sealed," he said. "With Scotch tape."

"Naturally. Even a tin of biscuits——"

"I would like to take a sample for analysis."

I was becoming rather cross by this time. I said, "If you think I am going to let you play around with my poor mother in a police laboratory——"

"I can understand how you feel, sir," he said, "but we have rather serious evidence to go on. We took some fluff from the man Wordsworth's pockets and, when analyzed, it contained pot."

"Pot?"

"Marijuana to you, sir. Likewise, Cannabis."

"Wordsworth's fluff has got nothing to do with my mother."

"We could get a warrant, sir, easily enough; but seeing how you may be an innocent dupe, I would rather take the urn away temporarily with your permission. It would sound much better that way in court."

"You can check with the crematorium. The funeral was only yesterday."

"We have already, sir, but you see, it's quite possible—don't think I'm presuming to suggest your line of defense, that's a matter entirely for your counsel—that the man Wordsworth took out the ashes and substituted pot. He may have known he was being watched. Now, wouldn't it be much better, sir, from all points of view, to know for certain that these are your mother's ashes? You wouldn't want to see that urn every day and wonder, are those really the ashes of the dear departed, or are they an illegal supply of marijuana?"

He had a very sympathetic manner, and I really began to see his point.

"We'd only take out a tiny pinch, sir, less than a teaspoonful. We'd treat the rest with all due reverence."

"All right," I said, "take your pinch. I suppose you are only doing your duty."

The young policeman had been making notes all the time. The detective said, "Take a note that Mr. Pulling behaved most helpfully and that he voluntarily surrendered the urn. That will sound well in court, sir, if the worst happens."

"When will I get the urn back?"

"Not later than tomorrow—if all is as it should be." He shook hands quite cordially, as if he believed in my innocence, but perhaps that was just his professional manner.

Of course, I hastened to telephone my aunt. "They've taken away the urn," I said. "They think my mother's ashes are marijuana. Where's Wordsworth?"

"He went out after breakfast and hasn't come back."

"They found marijuana dust in the fluff of his suit."

"Oh, dear, how careless of the poor boy. I thought he was a little disturbed. And he asked for a C. T. C. before he went out."

"Did you give him one?"

"Well, you know, I'm really very fond of him, and he said it was his birthday. He never had a birthday last year, so I gave him twenty pounds."

"Twenty pounds! I never keep as much as that in the house."

"It will get him as far as Paris. He left in time for the Golden Arrow, now I come to think of it, and he always carries his passport to prove he's not an illegal immigrant. Do you know, Henry, I've a great desire for a little sea air myself."

"You'll never find him in Paris."

"I wasn't thinking of Paris. I was thinking of Istanbul."

"Istanbul is not on the sea."

"I think you are wrong. There's something called the Sea of Marmara."

"Why Istanbul?"

"I was reminded of it by that letter from Abdul the police found. A strange coincidence. First that letter and then this morning in the post, another—the first for a very long time."

• • •

The affair of my mother's ashes was not settled so easily as I had anticipated. After several days, no urn had arrived at the house, and so I rang up Scotland Yard and asked for Detective Sergeant Sparrow. I was put on without delay to a voice that was distinctly not Sparrow's. It sounded very similar to that of a rear admiral whom I had once had as a client. (I was very glad when he changed his account to the National Provincial Bank, for he treated my clerks like ordinary seamen and myself like a sublieutenant who had been court-martialed for keeping the mess books improperly.)

"Can I speak to Detective Sergeant

Introducing the other Swedish pastime.

The bourbon smoke.

Good Kentucky bourbon is about as American as you can get. Yet it took the Swedes to discover that bourbon can actually soften the taste of pipe tobacco. Soften, yes, but not mask. Add flavor but not disguise it.

They put bourbon into Borkum Riff. The result: a unique, definitely rich smoke that won't bite.

You'll like it. Borkum Riff the bourbon smoke. From Sweden where blondes were invented.

Distributed by United States Tobacco Company

"We hear tell you've a new line of bed warmers, Brother Fairbrass."

Sparrow?" I asked.

"On what business?" whoever it was rapped back.

"I have not yet received my mother's ashes," I said.

"This is Scotland Yard, assistant commissioner's office, and not a crematorium," the voice replied and rang off.

It took me a long while (because of engaged lines) to get the same gritty voice on the line again.

"I want Detective Sergeant Sparrow," I said.

"On what business?"

I was ready this time and prepared to be ruder than the voice could be.

"Police business, of course," I said. "What other business do you deal in?" It was almost as though my aunt were speaking through me.

"Detective Sergeant Sparrow is out. You had better leave a message."

"Ask him to ring Mr. Pulling, Mr. Henry Pulling."

"What address? What telephone number?" he snapped, as though he suspected me to be some unsavory police informer.

"He knows them both. I am not going to repeat them unnecessarily. Tell him I am disappointed in his failure to keep a solemn promise." I rang off before the other had time for a word in reply. Going out to the dahlias, I gave myself the rare reward of a satisfied smile. I had never spoken to the rear admiral like that.

My new cactus dahlias were doing well and their names gave me some of the pleasure of travel: Rotterdam, a deeper red than a pillar box, and Dentelle de Venise, with spikes sparkling like hoarfrost. I thought that next year I would plant some Pride of Berlin, to make a trio of cities. The telephone disturbed my happy ruminations. It was Sparrow.

I said to him firmly, "I hope you have a good excuse for failing to return the ashes."

"I certainly have, sir. There's more Cannabis than ashes in your urn."

"I don't believe you. How could my mother possibly . . . ?"

"We can hardly suspect your mother, sir, can we? As I told you, I think the man Wordsworth took advantage of your call. Luckily for your story, there *are* some human ashes in the urn, though Wordsworth must have dumped most of them down the sink to make room. Did you hear any sound of running water?"

"We were drinking whiskey. He certainly filled a jug of water."

"That must have been the moment, sir."

"In any case, I would like to have back the ashes that remain."

"It isn't practicable, sir. Human ashes have a kind of sticky quality. They adhere very closely to any substance, which, in this case, is pot. I am sending you back the urn by registered post. I suggest, sir, that you place it just where you intended and forget the unfortunate circumstances."

"But the urn will be empty."

"Memorials are often detached from the remains of the deceased. War memorials are an example."

"Well," I said, "I suppose there's nothing to be done. It won't feel the same at all. I hope you don't suspect my aunt had any hand in this?"

"An old lady like that? Oh, no, sir. She was obviously deceived by her valet."

"What valet?"

"Why, Wordsworth, sir—who else?" I thought it best not to enlighten him about their relationship.

"My aunt thinks Wordsworth may be in Paris."

"Very likely, sir."

"What will you do about it?"

"There's nothing we *can* do. He hasn't committed an extraditable offense. Of course, if he ever returns. . . . He has a British passport." There was a note of malicious longing in Detective Sergeant Sparrow's voice that made me feel, for a moment, a partisan of Wordsworth.

I said, "I sincerely hope he won't."

"You surprise and disappoint me, sir."

"Why?"

"I hadn't taken you for one of that kind."

"What kind?"

"People who talk about there being no harm in pot."

"Is there?"

"From our experience, sir, nearly all the cases hooked on hard drugs began with pot."

"And from my experience, Sparrow, all or nearly all the alcoholics I know have started with a small whiskey or a glass of wine. I even had a client who was first hooked, as you call it, on mild and bitter. In the end, because of his frequent absences on a cure, he had to give his wife a power of attorney." I rang off. It occurred to me with a certain pleasure that I had sowed a little confusion in Detective Sergeant Sparrow's mind—not so much confusion on the subject of Cannabis but confusion about my character, the character of a retired bank manager. I discovered for the first time in myself a streak of anarchy. Was it possibly my aunt's influence (and yet I was not a man easily influenced), or some bacteria in the Pulling blood?

It was with these muddled and unaccustomed ideas in my mind that I awaited the arrival of my aunt for dinner. As soon as she arrived, I told her about Sergeant Sparrow, but she treated my story with surprising indifference, saying only that Wordsworth should have been "more careful." Then I took her out and showed her my dahlias.

"I have always preferred cut flowers," she said, and I had a sudden vision of strange Continental gentlemen offering her bouquets of roses and maidenhair fern bound up in tissue paper.

I had dialed CHICKEN and the dinner arrived exactly as ordered, the main course only needing to be put into the oven for a few minutes, while we ate the smoked salmon. Living alone, I had been a regular customer whenever there was a client to entertain or my mother on her weekly visit. Now, for months, I had neglected Chicken, for there were no longer any clients and my mother, during her last illness, had been too ill to make the journey from Golders Green.

We drank sherry with the smoked salmon and I had bought a bottle of burgundy, Chambertin 1959, to go with the chicken à la king. When the wine had spread a pleasant glow through both our minds, my aunt reverted to my conversation with Sergeant Sparrow.

"He is determined," she said, "that Wordsworth is the guilty party; yet it might equally well be one of us. I don't think the sergeant is a racialist, but he is class conscious; and though the smoking of pot depends on no class barrier, he prefers to think otherwise and to put the blame on poor Wordsworth."

"You and I can give each other an alibi," I said, "and Wordsworth did run away."

"We could have been in collusion and Wordsworth might be taking his annual holiday. No," she went on, "the mind of a policeman is set firmly in a groove. I remember once when I was in Tunis, a traveling company was there that was playing *Hamlet* in Arabic. Someone saw to it that in the Interlude, the Player King was really killed—or, rather, not quite killed but severely damaged in the right ear—by molten lead. And who do you suppose the police at once suspected? Not the man who poured the lead in, although he must have been aware that the ladle wasn't empty and was hot to the touch. Oh, no, they knew Shakespeare's play too well for that, and so they arrested Hamlet's uncle."

"What a lot of traveling you have done in your day, Aunt Augusta."

"I haven't reached nightfall yet," she said. "If I had a companion, I would be off tomorrow, but I can no longer lift a heavy suitcase and there is a distressing lack of porters nowadays."

"We might one day," I said, "consider seaside excursions. I remember many years ago visiting Weymouth. There was a very pleasant green statue of George the Third on the front."

"I have booked two *couchettes* a week from today on the Orient Express."

I looked at her in amazement. "Where to?" I asked.

"Istanbul, of course."

"But it takes days——"

"Three nights, to be exact."

"If you want to go to Istanbul, surely it would be easier and less expensive to fly?"

"I only take a plane," my aunt said,

"when there is no alternative means of travel."

"It's really quite safe."

"It is a matter of choice, not nerves," Aunt Augusta said. "I knew Wilbur Wright very well, indeed, at one time. He took me for several trips. I always felt quite secure in his contraptions. But I cannot bear being spoken to all the time by irrelevant loud-speakers. One is not badgered at a railway station. An airport always reminds me of a Butlin's Camp."

"If you are thinking of me as a companion——"

"Of course I am, Henry."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Augusta, but a bank manager's pension is not a generous one."

"I shall naturally pay all expenses. Give me another glass of wine, Henry. It's excellent."

"I'm not really accustomed to foreign travel. You'd find me——"

"You will take to it quickly enough in my company. The Pullings have all been great travelers. There was your uncle——"

"I didn't know I had an uncle."

"He was fifteen years older than your father and he died when you were very young."

"He was a great traveler?"

"It took an odd form," my aunt said, "in the end." I wish I could reproduce more clearly the tones of her voice. She enjoyed talking, she enjoyed telling a story. She formed her sentences carefully, like a slow writer who foresees ahead of him the next sentence and guides his pen toward it. Not for her the broken phrase, the lapse of continuity. There was something classically precise, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say old-world, in her diction. The bizarre phrase, and occasionally, it must be agreed, a shocking one, gleamed all the more brightly from the old setting. As I grew to know her better, I began to regard her as bronze rather than brazen, a bronze that has been smoothed and polished by touch, like the horse's knee in the lounge of the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo, which she once described to me, caressed by generations of gamblers.

"Your uncle was a bookmaker known as Jo," Aunt Augusta said. "A very fat man. I don't know why I say that, but I have always liked fat men. They have given up all unnecessary effort, for they have had the sense to realize that women do not, like men, fall in love with physical beauty. It's easier to feel at home with a fat man. Perhaps traveling with me, you will put on a little weight yourself. You had the misfortune to choose a nervous profession."

"I have certainly never banted for the sake of a woman," I said jokingly.

"You must tell me all about your women one day. In the Orient Express, we shall have plenty of time for talk. But now I am speaking to you of your uncle Jo. His was a very curious case. He made a substantial fortune as a bookmaker, yet more and more, his only real desire was to travel. Perhaps the horses continually running by, while he had to remain stationary on a little platform with a signboard HONEST JO PULLING, made him restless. He used to say that one race meeting merged into another and life went by as rapidly as a yearling out of Indian Queen. He wanted to slow life up and he quite rightly felt that by traveling, he would make time move with less rapidity. You have noticed it yourself, I expect, on a holiday. If you stay in one place, the holiday passes like a flash; but if you go to three places, the holiday seems to last at least three times as long."

"Is that why you have traveled so much, Aunt Augusta?"

"At first, I traveled for my living," Aunt Augusta replied. "That was in Italy. After Paris, after Brighton. I had left home before you were born. Your father and mother wished to be alone; and, in any case, I never got on very well with Angelica. The two A's, we were always called. People used to say my name fitted me because I seemed proud as a young girl, but no one said my sister's name fitted her. A saint she may well have been, but a very severe saint. She was certainly not angelic."

One of the few marks of age that I noticed in my aunt was her readiness to abandon one anecdote while it was yet unfinished for another. Her conversation was rather like an American magazine where you have to pursue a story, skipping from page 20 to page 98 and turning over all kinds of subjects in between: childhood delinquency, some novel cocktail recipes, the love life of a film star and even quite a different fiction from the one so abruptly interrupted.

"The question of names," my aunt said, "is an interesting one. Your own Christian name is safe and colorless. It is better than being given a name like Ernest, which has to be lived up to. I once knew a girl called Comfort and her life was a very sad one. Unhappy men were constantly attracted to her simply by reason of her name, when all the time, poor dear, it was really she who needed the comfort from them. She fell unhappily in love with a man called Courage, who was desperately afraid of mice; but in the end, she married a man called Payne and killed herself—in what Americans call a comfort station. I would have thought it a funny story, if I hadn't known her."

"You were telling me about my uncle Jo," I said.

"I know that. I was saying that he wanted to make life last longer. So he decided on a tour round the world—there were no currency restrictions in those days—and he began his tour, curiously enough, with the Simplon Orient, the train we are traveling by next week. From Turkey, he planned to go to Persia, Russia, India, Malaya, Hong Kong, China, Japan, Hawaii, Tahiti, U. S. A., South America, Australia, New Zealand, perhaps—somewhere he intended to take a boat home. Unfortunately, he was carried off the train at Venice right at the start, on a stretcher, after a stroke."

"How very sad."

"It didn't alter at all his desire for a long life. I was working in Venice at the time and I went to see him. He had decided that if he couldn't travel physically, he would travel mentally. He asked me if I could find him a house of three hundred and sixty-five rooms, so that he could live for a day and a night in each. In that way, he thought life would seem almost interminable. The fact that he had probably not long to live had only heightened his passion to extend what was left of it. I told him that, short of the Royal Palace at Naples, I doubted whether such a house existed. Even the Palace in Rome probably contained fewer rooms."

"He could have changed rooms less frequently in a smaller house."

"He said that then he would notice the pattern. It would be no more than he was already accustomed to, traveling between Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood and Brighton. He wanted time to forget the room that he had left before he returned to it again, and there must be opportunity, too, to redecorate it in a few essentials. You know, there was a brothel in Paris in the Rue de Provence between the last two wars—oh, I forgot. There have been many wars since, haven't there, but they don't seem to belong to us like those two do. This brothel had rooms decorated in various styles—the Far West, China, India, that kind of thing. Your uncle had much the same idea for his house."

"But surely he never found one," I exclaimed.

"In the end, he was forced to compromise. I was afraid for a time that the best we could do would be twelve bedrooms—one room a month—but a short while afterward, through one of my clients in Milan——"

"I thought you were working in Venice," I interrupted with some suspicion.

"The business I was in," my aunt said, "was peripatetic. We moved around—a fortnight's season in Venice, the same in Milan, Florence and Rome, then back to Venice. It was known as *la quindicina*."

"You were in a theater company?" I asked.

"The description will serve," my aunt said with that recurring ambiguity of hers. "You must remember, I was very young in those days."

"Acting needs no excuse."

"I wasn't excusing myself," Aunt Augusta said sharply. "I was explaining. In a profession like that, age is a handicap. I was lucky enough to leave in good

How to live to be 175.

The almost unbelievable story of
Jim Beam Bourbon. And the fascinating secrets
of a family art that have been
handed down from Beam to Beam since 1795.
by
Ronald L. Phillips

A modest man is T. Jeremiah Beam. But he can't help but let out a smile of quiet satisfaction when he tells this one.

"Bernie Hurst, my wife's sister's boy, is our head chemist. Got all kinds of fancy machines and measures. Well, Bernie, he took a sample of Jim Beam we bottled last week and ran an analysis on it."

"Then I gave him a drop—a very little drop—of the oldest Beam Bourbon we have. Some my dad, Col. Jim Beam, put up in 1911."

T. Jeremiah Beam

"Well, Bernie, he darn near died. Why that 1911 Beam came out exactly as light and mellow as today's Jim Beam!"

"And, you know, if we had any of the Bourbon that old Jacob Beam made way back in 1795, I swear it'd come out the same way, too."

Since 1795 a member of the Beam family has always made Beam Bourbon.

The senior member of the Beam family today is T. Jeremiah Beam, an alert, courteous gentleman who just celebrated his 70th birthday.

The responsibility for making Jim Beam is in the hands of Col. Jim Beam's nephew, Carl Beam.

175 YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES

Clermont, Kentucky, is just outside of Shepherdsville. Little more than a road sign inviting you to slow down for a mile or so. A few homes and buildings checkered on the rolling Kentucky countryside.

Pure limestone water.

There's something almost magic about Clermont, though. The water is pure, limestone spring water. The soil is naturally sweet and rich. The weather is gentle and consistent from year to year. It's the kind of place that's as rare for making Bourbon as the grape country of France is for making wine.

The people in Clermont are special, too. They're human beings with a peculiar kind of sticktoitiveness.

When they find something good they hold fast to it. Forever if need be.

This is the country that Jacob Beam brought his family to in 1788. He started out farming. And discovered a way to make such a marvelously light and flavorful Bourbon his neighbors talked him into selling it.

His family still makes it the exact same way 175 years later.

JACOB'S FIRST SECRET: START WITH A GOOD BEER

Jacob loved beer. But beer was rare in Kentucky during these post-revolutionary days. Most of the adults drank corn whiskey instead.

Jacob was intrigued by this whiskey. But he found it harsh and a little too raw. It varied a lot from one batch to the other, too.

One day, Jacob got an idea. The whiskey the folks were making was really a crude beer taken a few steps further. So, he concluded if he started with a light, mellow beer, he ought to end up with a new kind of smooth whiskey.

Jacob's farm land abounded with rich grain. He had a deep well full of fresh limestone water. So he started experimenting with home-grown ingredients.

A secret recipe of choice grains.

He tried a number of different recipes of corn, rye and barley malt until he found the perfect marriage. He developed a unique strain of yeast. And then he put them together and let them ferment in great, open cyprus wood vats.

After three days he distilled this sweet-smelling mash, not once but twice. Then he set it aside to mellow for a time.

A SURPRISE FROM NATURE MAKES BEAM WHISKEY BEAM BOURBON

Once Jacob and his descendants began making whiskey in earnest, they needed something to age it in. Something big, yet strong enough to take the jostling wagons gave it going over the rutted Kentucky country roads.

They decided to use the most practical container of their day, a barrel. And they made it out of the sweet white oak trees that grew in majestic forests all about them.

The Beams soon learned that a bad barrel could spoil the best made whiskey. So they always used new white oak barrels. And they settled on a size that "one big man could handle by himself."

The Beam barrels do more than age Bourbon. They deliver a kind of wondrous natural flavor magic.

The magic of aging.

When a barrel is charred before it's filled, a layer of charcoal forms on the inside of the staves. This "filters" the whiskey over and over again. It gives Jim Beam its uniquely light, yet rich taste. And it gives Jim Beam a delicious natural golden amber color.

THE REAL SECRET OF JIM BEAM

Carl Beam lives right on the Clermont distillery grounds. He's on call 24 hours a day and rarely leaves the neighborhood. So particular is Carl about the handling of his yeast, his son, Baker, worked at his side for 10 straight years before Carl trusted him alone with the yeast.

Carl's other boy, David, also practices the Beam family art of making Bourbon. As does T. Jerry's nephew, Booker.

As people get to know Jim Beam, they pretty much agree there's a secret to it.

Some say it's Jacob Beam's perfect formula of natural grains. Some say it's the glorious limestone stream water. Others insist it's the rare yeast.

The Beams say it could be all of those things. But down deep they believe the real secret is their unyielding refusal to change things.

Jim Beam Bourbon is made by the same family, by the same formula, with the same quality as it was in 1795. But then Jim Beam isn't just another Bourbon. It's truly a family art. As the Beams say: "The world's finest Bourbon since 1795."

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled and Bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky.

slumber set

Her fondest dreams will be of you when you surprise her with Playboy's Slumber Set—a candy-striped playmate nightie and cap in cuddle-soft cotton flannel to keep her warm when you're not around—and Playboy's jaunty new Pajama Bag in attractive soft white orlon pile and sleek black serge twill. A great cache for her dreamland gear. Playmate nightie and cap (one size fits all), MM201. **$6.** Pajama Bag, MM333. **$8.50.**

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hit the slopes!

The Playboy Ski Sweater makes the runs; later, the lodge fun. The finest pure virgin worsted wool fashioned for full-speed-ahead comfort. With the Playboy Rabbit interwoven in white on cardinal red or black, and black on white. Playboys, WA101, in S, M, L, XL sizes; playmates, WA201, S, M, L sizes. $25 each. Please order by product number and add 50¢ for handling.

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time. Thanks to Mr. Visconti."

"Who was Visconti?"

"We were talking about your Uncle Jo. I found an old house in the country that had once been a *palazzo* or a *castello* or something of the kind. It was almost in ruins and there were gypsies camping in some of the lower rooms and in the cellar—an enormous cellar that ran under the whole ground floor. It had been used for wine, and there was a great empty tun abandoned there, because it had cracked with age. Once there had been vineyards around the house, but an *autostrada* had been built right across the estate not a hundred yards from the house, and the cars ran by all day between Milan and Rome, and at night, the big lorries passed. A few knotted worn-out roots of old vines were all that remained. There was only one bathroom in the whole house—the water had been cut off long ago by the failure of the electric pump—and only one lavatory, on the top floor in a sort of tower, but, of course, there was no water there, either. You can imagine it wasn't the sort of house anyone could sell easily—it had been on the market for twenty years and the owner was a Mongol orphan in an asylum. The lawyers talked about historic values, but Mr. Visconti knew all about history, as you could guess from his name. Of course, he advised strongly against the purchase; but after all, poor Jo was unlikely to live long and he might as well be made happy. I had counted up the rooms, and if you divided the cellar into four with partitions and included the lavatory and bathroom and kitchen, you could bring the total up to fifty-two. When I told Jo, he was delighted. A room for every week in the year, he said. I had to put a bed in every one, even in the bathroom and kitchen. There wasn't room for a bed in the lavatory, but I bought a particularly comfortable chair with a footstool, and I thought he could always leave that room to the last—I didn't think Jo would survive long enough to reach it. He had a nurse who was to follow him from room to room, sleeping one week behind him, as it were. I was afraid he would insist on a different nurse at every stopping place, but he liked her well enough to keep her as a traveling companion."

"What an extraordinary arrangement."

"It worked very well. When Jo was in his fifteenth room, he told me—I was back that week in Milan on my tour and I went out to see him with Mr. Visconti on my day off—that it really seemed at least a year since he had moved in. He was going on next day to the sixteenth room on the floor above with a different view and his suitcases were all packed and ready—he insisted on everything being moved by suitcase, and I had found a secondhand one that was already decorated with labels from all kinds of famous hotels: the George V in Paris,

the Quisisana in Capri, the Excelsior in Rome, Raffles in Singapore, Shepheard's in Cairo, the Pera Palace in Istanbul.

"Poor Jo! I've seldom seen a happier man. He was certain that death would not catch him before he reached the fifty-second room; and if fifteen rooms had seemed like a year, then he had several years of travel still before him. The nurse told me that about the fourth day in each room, he would get a little restless with the wanderlust; and the first day in the new room, he would spend more than his usual time in sleep, tired after the journey. He began in the cellar and worked his way upward until at last he reached the top floor, and he was already beginning to talk of revisiting his old haunts. 'We'll take them in a different order this time,' he said, 'and come at them from a different direction.' He was content to leave the lavatory to the last. 'After all these luxury rooms,' he said, 'it would be fun to rough it a bit. Roughing it keeps one young. I don't want to be like one of those old codgers one sees in the Cunard traveling first-class and complaining of the caviar.' Then it was that in the fifty-first room he had his second stroke. It paralyzed him down one side and made speech difficult. I was in Venice at the time, but I got permission to leave the company for a couple of days and Mr. Visconti drove me to Jo's *palazzo*. They were having a lot of difficulty with him. He had spent seven days in the fifty-first room before the stroke knocked him out, but the doctor was insisting that he remain in the same bed without a move for at least another ten days. 'Any ordinary man,' the doctor said to me, 'would be content to lie still for a while.'

" 'He wants to live as long as possible,' I told him.

" 'In that case, he should stay where he is till the end. With any luck, he'll have two or three more years.'

"I told Jo what the doctor said, and he mouthed a reply. I thought I made out, 'Not enough.'

"He stayed quiet that night and all the next morning, and the nurse believed that he had resigned himself to staying where he was. She left him sleeping and came down to my room for a cup of tea. Mr. Visconti had bought some cream cakes in Milan at the good pastry cook's near the cathedral. Suddenly, from up the stairs, there came a strange grating noise. '*Mamma mia*,' the nurse said, 'what's that?' It sounded as though someone were shifting the furniture. We ran upstairs and what do you think? Jo Pulling was out of bed. He had fixed an old club tie of his, the Froth-blowers or the Mustard Club or something of the kind, to the handle of the suitcase, because he had no strength in his legs, and he was crawling down the passage toward the lavatory tower, pulling the suitcase after him. I shouted to him to stop, but he paid me no attention. It was painful to look at him, he was going so slowly, with such an effort. It was a tiled passage and every tile he crossed cost him enormous exertion. He collapsed before we reached him and lay there panting, and the saddest thing of all to me was that he made a little pool of wee-wee on the tiles. We were afraid to move him before the doctor came. We brought a pillow and put it under his head and the nurse gave him one of his pills. '*Cattivo*,' she said in Italian, which means, 'You bad old man,' and he grinned at the two of us and brought out the last sentence that he ever spoke, deformed a bit, but I could understand it very well. 'Seemed like a whole lifetime,' he said and he died before the doctor came. He was right, in his way, to make that last trip against the doctor's orders. The doctor had only promised him a few years."

"I flunked sex education with all that junk you handed me about the birds and the bees!"

"He died in the passage?" I asked.

"He died on his travels," my aunt said in a tone of reproof. "As he would have wished."

" 'Here he lies, where he longed to be,' " I quoted, in order to please my aunt, though I couldn't help remembering that Uncle Jo had not succeeded in reaching the lavatory door.

" 'Home is the hunter, home from sea,' " my aunt finished the quotation in her own fashion, " 'And the sailor home from the hill.' "

We were silent for quite a while after that, as we finished the chicken à la king. It was a little like the three minutes' silence on Armistice Day. I remembered that, when I was a boy, I used to wonder whether there was really a corpse buried there at the cenotaph, for governments are usually economical with sentiment and try to arouse it in the cheapest possible way. A brilliant advertising slogan doesn't need a body, a box of earth would do just as well, and now I began to wonder, too, about Uncle Jo. Was my aunt a little imaginative? Perhaps her stories were not entirely true.

Without breaking the silence, I took a reverend glass of Chambertin to Uncle Jo's memory, whether he existed or not. The unaccustomed wine sang irresponsibly in my head. What did the truth matter? All characters once dead, if they continue to exist in memory at all, tend to become fictions. Hamlet is no less real now than Winston Churchill, and Jo Pulling no less historical than Don Quixote. I betrayed myself with a hiccup while I changed our plates; and with the blue cheese, the sense of material problems returned.

"Uncle Jo," I said, "was lucky to have no currency restrictions. He couldn't have afforded to die like that on a tourist allowance."

"They were great days," Aunt Augusta said.

"How are we going to manage on ours?" I asked. "With fifty pounds each, we shall not be able to stay very long in Istanbul."

"Currency restrictions have never seriously bothered me," my aunt said. "There are ways and means."

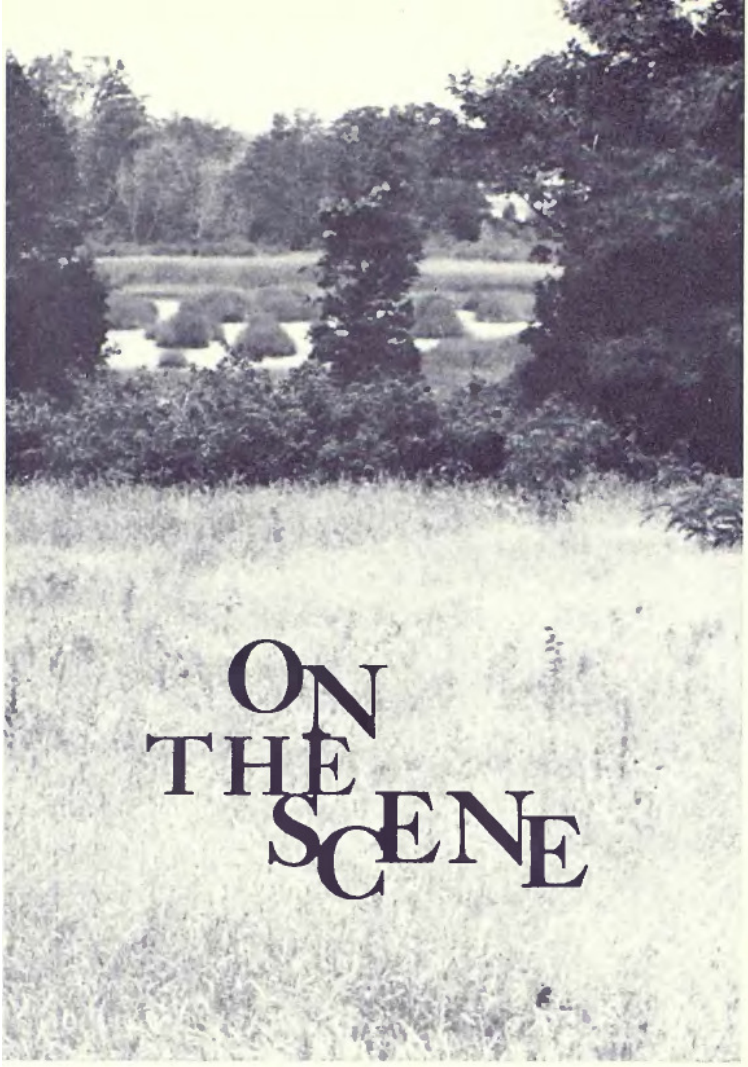
"I hope you don't plan anything illegal."

"I have never planned anything illegal in my life," Aunt Augusta said. "How could I plan anything of the kind, when

(continued on page 206)

LARRY RADER *taking stock*

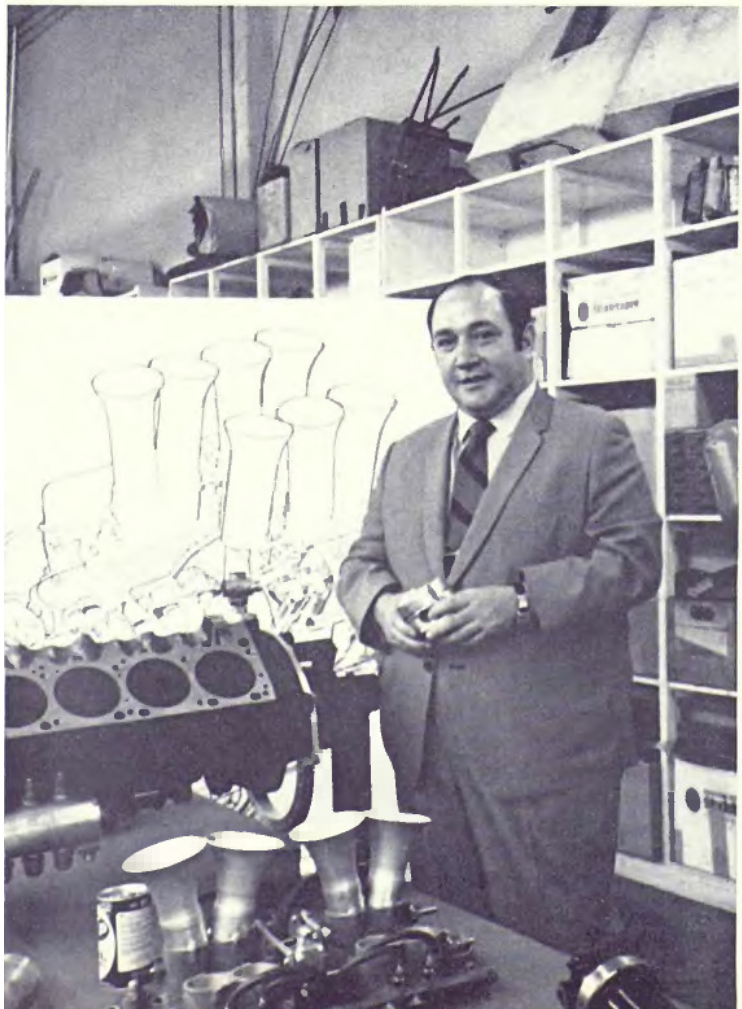
"I LOOK FOR the innovator motivated strongly by ego, by the drive to achieve," says Larry Rader. He could be talking about himself; for, at the age of 32, Rader is a self-made millionaire and a senior vice-president of Shareholders Management Company, a mutual-fund empire worth some 1.5 billion dollars. A Brooklyn boy with cheek, Rader overcame an *Amboy Dukes* background, worked his way through Rensselaer—where he finished at the top of his class—and then went on to MIT's grad school with a Whitney Fellowship. Putting his chemical-engineering degree aside and plunging into the world of high finance, he quickly earned a prestigious post on the president's staff of Standard & Poor's. But Rader's training as a business analyst soon led him to a small brokerage house, where—while making his fortune—he became the first member of financier Fred Carr's "Dirty Dozen," a group of bright, youthful independent advisors to the flashy, growth-oriented Enterprise Fund. Rader's ability to ferret out promising stocks eventually resulted in his current position as portfolio manager of Shareholders' Fletcher Capital Fund, which last year raised a cool $177,000,000 from investors in a mere 12 days. The secret of his success? It's "the ability to empathize," according to Rader, who spends much of his time talking with corporate leaders around the country in a constant search for stocks that promise rapid growth. He tries to identify with the problems and the goals of company managers, but he's always on the lookout for what he terms "the moment of truth": When an administrator's answer to a key question contradicts something previously discussed or—equally suspicious—when the person shows a flicker of hesitation, "that's usually a sign that he's invented a fact or figure on the spot." It's this kind of perception, tied to a conviction that the vitality of a company's management is of more long-term importance than its current balance sheet, that gives Larry Rader considerable growth potential of his own.



ON THE SCENE

VIC YANNACONE *natural man*

WHEN CONSERVATIONISTS fight against the poisoning and impending ruin of our environment, their usual weapons are aesthetic argumentation and Congressional lobbying. But 33-year-old lawyer Vic Yannacone prefers a more frontal assault: "Sue the bastards!" he says; and through the nonprofit Environmental Defense Fund—a militant conservation group he helped create in 1967—he has been doing just that. Instead of seeking personal damages, he sues the offending organization on behalf of the people, contending that Americans have a constitutional right to the full use and enjoyment of a pure environment—and that polluters are acting against the public interest. His first such case was against the Suffolk County Mosquito Control Commission for dumping DDT into a pond near his home in Patchogue, New York. Even after marshaling expert testimony deploring the use of DDT as a pesticide, he didn't get a clear-cut win—but the commission was enjoined not to use DDT for two years. Yannacone next turned in a similar *de facto* victory against DDT in Michigan, and a Wisconsin court is currently considering 8000 pages of testimony amassed for yet another of his DDT cases. More recently, he saved a unique Colorado fossil bed from being bulldozed into a subdivision: "The Florissant fossil bed is the most famous in the hemisphere. To build 30-year A-frame houses on a 34,000,000-year-old geologic formation is equivalent to wrapping fish with the Dead Sea Scrolls." Yannacone puts in "what most lawyers would consider a normal work week" on conservation litigation alone; and though it's straining his career as a general trial lawyer, he finds the needs of E. D. F. more compelling. Coming up are a suit against a Montana paper mill for air pollution and a possible fight against a proposed Florida canal that would destroy a delicate ecological balance. The battles are long and frequently frustrating, but Yannacone deeply believes that the business of saving us from ourselves is worth the effort.



ANDY GRANATELLI *wheeler-dealer*

"THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM," speed merchant Anthony Granatelli termed it in his early-1969 autobiography, *They Call Me Mister 500*. He was writing about a win for one of his cars in the Memorial Day classic at Indianapolis. His pessimism was understandable: Since his 1946 Brickyard debut, when he and his brother Joe *drove* (rather than transported) their entry to the track from Chicago, Granatelli had brought a host of radically innovative machines to Gasoline Alley—only to see them break down, crash or be disqualified. Then last May 30, hard-driving Mario Andretti shattered his own Indy jinx, as well as Andy's, by winning the event in one of Granatelli's more orthodox cars. Heretofore, at the first demonstration of their potential, Andy's experiments with air brakes, wide tires, four-wheel drive and the sensational side-mounted turbine engines were regulated out of competition by the track's ruling body, the United States Auto Club. Though finally triumphant, Andy still admits a lingering disaffection for the U. S. A. C.'s board of governors. "They've hurt me," he says. "But they've hurt themselves more: they've hurt progress." Granatelli, 46, began his lifelong romance with automobiles by starting stalled cars on wintry Chicago mornings. At 23, he was advising Henry Ford's top engineers. Later, he did the same for Chrysler and Studebaker. The latter association eventually resulted in the supercharged Avanti, one of the many volatile vehicles Granatelli himself drove to more than 400 speed records by 1963. Andy's fervent proselytizing is chiefly responsible for the current national mania for hot-rodding, drag and stock-car racing—once crazes confined to California. A decade ago, after having made over $14,000,000 selling hot-rod equipment, he marketed an engine lubricant and fuel supplement called STP (Scientifically Treated Petroleum). Andy's additive—sloganized as "The Racer's Edge"—now grosses over $40,000,000 annually. For "Mister 500," this is almost as gratifying as Indy's checkered flag.

crook's tour

(continued from page 203)

I have never read any of the laws and have no idea what they are?"

• • •

It was my aunt herself who suggested that we should fly as far as Paris. I was a little surprised, after what she had just said, for there was certainly in this case an alternative means of travel. I pointed out the inconsistency. "There are reasons," Aunt Augusta said. "Cogent reasons. I know the ropes at Heathrow."

I was puzzled, too, at her insistence that we must go to the Kensington air terminal and take the airport bus. "It's so easy for me," I said, "to pick you up by car and drive you to Heathrow. You would find it much less tiring, Aunt Augusta."

"You would have to pay an exorbitant garage fee," she replied, and I found her sudden sense of economy unconvincing.

I arranged next day for the dahlias to be watered by my next-door neighbor, a brusque man called Major Charge. He had seen Detective Sergeant Sparrow come to the door with the policeman, and he was bitten by curiosity. I told him it was about a motoring offense and he became sympathetic immediately. "A child murdered every week," he said, "and all they can do is to pursue motorists." I don't like lies and I felt in my conscience that I ought to defend Sergeant Sparrow, who had been as good as his word and posted back the urn, registered and express.

"Sergeant Sparrow is not in homicide," I replied, "and motorists kill more people in a year than murderers."

"Only a lot of jaywalkers," Major Charge said. "Cannon fodder." However, he agreed to water the dahlias.

I picked up my aunt in the bar of the Crown and Anchor, where she was having a stirrup cup, and we drove by taxi to the Kensington terminal. I noticed that she had brought two suitcases, one very large, although, when I had asked her how long we were to stay in Istanbul, she had replied, "Twenty-four hours."

"It seems a short stay after such a long journey."

"The point is the journey," my aunt had replied. "I enjoy the traveling, not the sitting still."

Even Uncle Jo, I argued, had put up with each room in his house for a whole week.

"Jo was a sick man," she said, "while I am in the best of health."

Since we were traveling first-class (which seemed, again, an unnecessary luxury between London and Paris), we had no overweight, although the larger of her suitcases was unusually heavy. While we were sitting in the bus, I suggested to my aunt that the garage fee for my car would probably have been cheaper than the difference between first and tourist fares. "The difference," she said, "is nearly wiped out by the caviar and the smoked salmon; and surely, between us, we can probably put away half a bottle of vodka. Not to speak of the champagne and cognac. In any case, I have more important reasons for traveling by bus."

As we approached Heathrow, she put her mouth close to my ear. "The luggage," she said, "is in a trailer behind."

"I know."

"I have a green suitcase and a red suitcase. Here are the tickets."

I took them, not understanding.

"When the bus stops, please get out quickly and see whether the trailer is still attached. If it is still there, let me know at once and I'll give you further instructions."

Something in my aunt's manner made me nervous. I said, "Of course it will be there."

"I sincerely hope not," she said. "Otherwise, we shall not leave today."

I jumped out as soon as we arrived and, sure enough, the trailer wasn't there. "What do I do now?" I asked her.

"Nothing at all. Everything is quite in order. You may give me back the tickets and relax."

As we sat over two gin and tonics in the departure lounge, a loud-speaker announced, "Passengers on flight 378 to Nice will proceed to customs for customs inspection."

We were alone at our table and my aunt did not bother to lower her voice amid the din of passengers, glasses and loud-speakers. "That is what I wished to avoid," she said. "They have now taken to spot checks on passengers leaving the country. They whittle away our liberties one by one. When I was a girl, you could travel anywhere on the Continent except Russia without a passport and you took what you liked in the way of money. Until recently, they only *asked* what money you had; or, at the very worst, they wanted to see your wallet. If there's one thing I hate in any human being, it is mistrust."

"The way you speak," I said jokingly, "I suspect we are lucky that it is not your bags that are being searched."

I could well imagine my aunt stuffing a dozen five-pound notes into the toes of her bedroom slippers. Having been a bank manager, I am perhaps overscrupulous, though I must confess that I had brought an extra five-pound note folded up in my ticket pocket, but that was something I might genuinely have overlooked.

"Luck doesn't enter into my calculations," my aunt said. "Only a fool would trust to luck, and there is probably a fool now on the Nice flight who is regretting his folly. Whenever new restrictions are made, I make a very careful study of the arrangements for carrying them out." She gave a little sigh. "In the case of Heathrow, I owe a great deal to Wordsworth. For a time, he acted as a loader here. He left when there was some trouble about a gold consignment. Nothing was ever proved against him, but the whole affair had been too impromptu and disgusted him. He told me the story. A very large ingot was abstracted by a loader and the loss was

"All right, which of you is the mastermind?"

discovered too soon, before the men went off duty. They knew, as a result, that they would be searched by the police on leaving, all taxis, too, and they had no idea what to do with the thing until Wordsworth suggested rolling it in tar and using it as a doorstop in the customs shed. So there it stayed for months. Every time they brought crates along to the shed, they could see their ingot propping open the door. Wordsworth said he got so maddened by the sight of it that he threw up the job. That was when he became a doorman at the Grenada Palace."

"What happened to the ingot?"

"I suppose the authorities lost interest when the diamond robberies started. Diamonds are money for jam, Henry. You see, they have special sealed sacks for valuable freight and these sacks are put into ordinary sacks, the idea being that the loaders can't spot them. The official mind is remarkably innocent. By the time you've been loading sacks a week or two, you can feel which sack contains another inside it. Then all you've got to do is to slit both coverings open and take potluck. Like a children's bran tub at Christmas. Nobody is going to discover the slit until the plane arrives at the other end. Wordsworth knew a man who struck lucky the first time and pulled out a box with fifty gem stones."

"Surely somebody's watching?"

"Only the other loaders, and they take a share. Of course, occasionally, a man has bad luck. Once, a friend of Wordsworth fished out a fat packet of notes, but they proved to be Pakistani. Worth about a thousand pounds, if you happened to live in Karachi, but who was going to change them for him here? The poor fellow used to haunt the tarmac whenever a plane was taking off to Karachi, but he never found a safe customer. Wordsworth said he got quite embittered."

"I had no idea such things went on at Heathrow."

"My dear Henry," Aunt Augusta said, "if you had been a young man, I would have advised you to become a loader. A loader's life is one of adventure, with far more chance of a fortune than you ever have in a branch bank. I can imagine nothing better for a young man with ambition except, perhaps, illicit diamond digging. That is best practiced in Sierra Leone, where Wordsworth comes from. The security guards are less sophisticated or less ruthless than in South Africa."

"Sometimes you shock me, Aunt Augusta," I said, but the statement had already almost ceased to be true. "I have never had anything stolen from my suitcase and I don't even lock it."

"That is probably your safeguard. No one is going to bother about an unlocked suitcase. Wordsworth knew a loader who had keys to every kind of suitcase. There are not many varieties,

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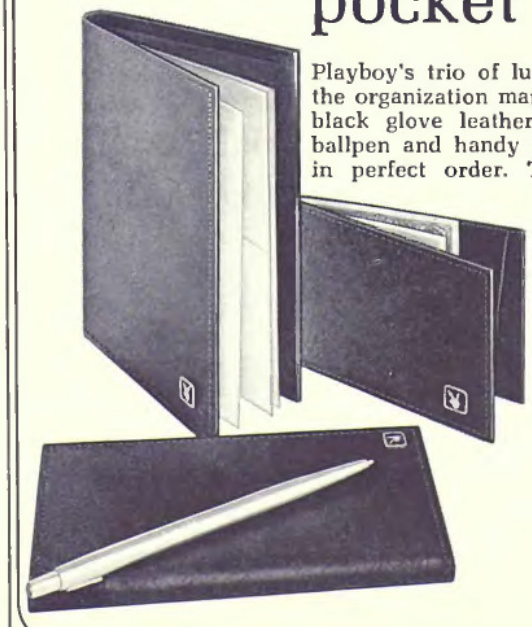

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though he was baffled once by a Russian one."

The loud-speaker announced our flight and we were told to proceed at once to gate 14 for immediate embarkation.

"For someone who doesn't like airports," I said, "you seem to know a great deal about Heathrow."

"I've always been interested in human nature," Aunt Augusta said. "Especially the more imaginative sides of it."

She ordered another two gin and tonics immediately we arrived on the plane. "There goes ten shillings toward the first-class fare," she said. "A friend of mine calculated once that on a long flight to Tahiti—it took, in those days, more than sixty-four hours—he recuperated nearly twenty pounds; but, of course, he was a hard drinker."

Again, I had the impression that I was turning the pages in an American magazine in search of a contribution that I had temporarily lost. "I still don't understand," I said, "about the luggage trailer and the suitcase. Why were you so anxious that the trailer should disappear?"

"I have an impression," my aunt said, "that you are really a little shocked by trivial illegalities. When you reach my age, you will be more tolerant. Years ago, Paris was regarded as the vice center of the world, as Buenos Aires was before that; but Madame de Gaulle altered things there. Rome, Milan, Venice and Naples survived a decade longer, but then the only cities left were Macao and Havana. Macao has been cleaned up by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and Havana by Fidel Castro. For the moment, Heathrow is the Havana of England. It won't last very long, of course, but one must admit that at the present time, London airport has a glamor that certainly puts Britain first. Have you got a little vodka for the caviar?" she asked the hostess who brought our trays. "I prefer it to champagne."

"But, Aunt Augusta, you have still not told me about the trailer."

"It's very simple," my aunt said. "If the luggage is to be loaded direct onto the aircraft, the trailer is detached outside the Queen Elizabeth building—there are always traffic holdups at this point and nothing is noticed by the passengers. If, when the bus arrives at the B. E. A. or Air France entrance, you find the trailer is still attached, this means that the luggage is going to be sent to the customs. Personally, I have a rooted objection to unknown hands, which have fiddled about in all kinds of strange luggage, some not overclean, fiddling about in mine."

"What do you do then?"

"I reclaim my bags, saying that, after all, I don't require them on the voyage and wish to leave them in the cloakroom. Or I cancel my flight and try again another day." She finished her smoked salmon and went on to the caviar. "There is no such convenient system as that at Dover, or I would prefer to go by boat."

"Aunt Augusta," I said, "what are you carrying in your suitcases?"

"Only one is a little dangerous," she said, "the red. I always use the red for that purpose. Red for danger," she added with a smile.

"But what have you got in the red one?"

"A trifle," Aunt Augusta said, "something to help us in our travels. I can't really endure any longer these absurd travel allowances. Allowances! For grown people! When I was a child. I received a shilling a week pocket money. If you consider the value of the pound today, that is rather more than what we are allowed to travel with annually. You haven't eaten your portion of *foie gras*."

"It doesn't agree with me," I said.

"Then I will take it. Steward, another glass of champagne and another vodka."

"We are just descending, ma'am."

"The more reason for you to hurry, young man." She fastened her seat belt. "I'm glad that Wordsworth left Heathrow before I came to know him. He was in danger of being corrupted. Oh, I don't mean the thieving. A little honest thieving hurts no one, especially when it is a question of gold. Gold needs free circulation. The Spanish Empire would have decayed far more quickly if Sir Francis Drake had not kept a proportion of the Spanish gold in circulation. But there are other things. I have mentioned Havana, and you mustn't think me strait-laced. I am all for a little professional sex. You have probably read about the activities of Superman. And I am sure that the sight of him cured many a frigidity. Thank you, steward." She drained her vodka. "We have not done badly. I would say we have almost covered the difference between first-class and tourist, if you take into account a little overweight with my red suitcase. There was a brothel in Havana where the Emperor's Crown was admirably performed by three nice girls. These establishments save many a marriage from boredom. And then there was the Shanghai Theater in the Chinese quarter of Havana, with three blue films that were shown in the intervals of a nude revue, all for the price of one dollar, with a pornographic bookshop in the foyer thrown in. I was there once with a Mr. Fernandez, who had a cattle farm in Camagüey. I met him in Rome after Mr. Visconti had temporarily disappeared and he invited me to Cuba for a month's holiday. The place was ruined, though, long before the revolution. I am told that to compete with television, they put in a large screen. The films, of course, had all been shot on sixteen-millimeter and when they were enlarged practically to Cinerama size, it really needed an act of faith to distinguish any feature of the human body."

The plane banked steeply over Le Bourget.

"It was all very harmless," my aunt said, "and gave employment to a great many people. But the things that go on around Heathrow. . . ."

The steward brought another vodka and my aunt tossed it down. She had a strong head—I had noticed that already—but her mind under the influence of alcohol ranged to and fro.

"We were talking of Heathrow," I reminded her, for my curiosity had been aroused. In my aunt's company, I found myself oddly ignorant about my own country.

"There are a number of big firms around Heathrow," my aunt said. "Electronics, engineering, film manufacturers. Glaxo, as one would expect, is quite untouched by the Heathrow influence. After office hours, some of the technicians give private parties; air crews are always welcome, as long as stewardesses are included in the party. Even loaders. Wordsworth was always invited, but only on condition he brought a girl and was willing to exchange her at the party for another. Pornographic films are shown first as an encouragement. Wordsworth was genuinely attached to his girl, but he had to surrender her in exchange for a technician's wife who was a homely woman of fifty called Ada. It seems to me that the old professional brothel system was far healthier than these exaggerated amateur distractions. But then, an amateur always goes too far. An amateur is never in proper control of his art. There was a discipline in the old-time brothels. The madam in many ways played a role similar to that of the headmistress of Roedean. A brothel, after all, is a kind of school, and not least a school of manners. I have known several madams of real distinction who would have been just as at home in Roedean and have lent distinction to any school."

"How on earth did you get to know them?" I asked, but the plane was bumping onto the Le Bourget field, and my aunt began to fuss about her luggage.

"I think it better," she said, "if we passed through customs and immigration separately. My red case is rather a heavy one and I would be glad if you would take that with you. Employ a porter. It is always easier to obtain a taxi with a porter's help. And show in your manner that the tip will be a good one before you arrive at the customs. There is often an understanding between a porter and a *douanier*. I will meet you outside. Here is the ticket for the red case."

This is Part I of "Crook's Tour," a selection from a new novel by Graham Greene. Part II will appear next month and the conclusion in the following issue.

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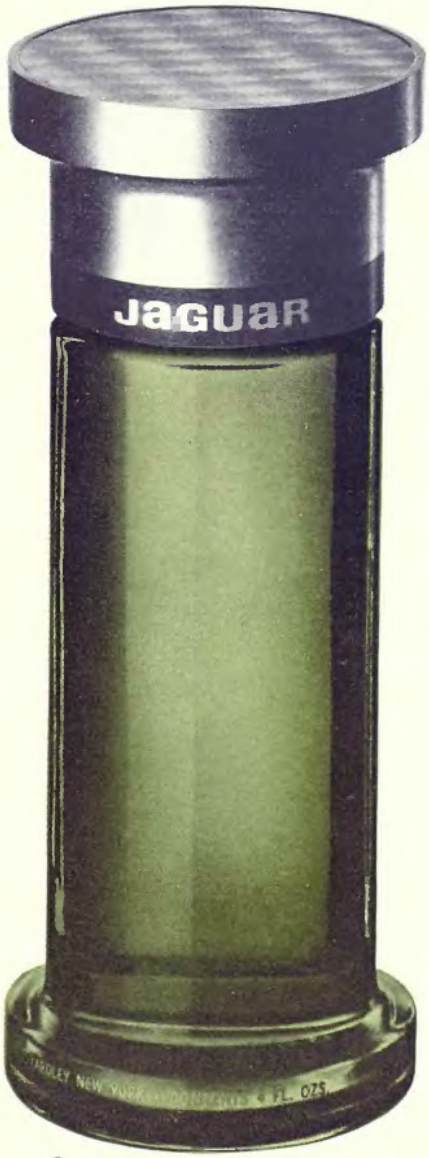

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COFFEE SOIREE

(continued from page 131)

simple fresh sandwiches are perfect for calming hunger pangs. When pre-theater dinner parties are necessarily cut short to make curtain time, coffee and dessert after the show is a leisurely way of capping the evening's events. At any time or place, the art of civilized conversation can not only be kindled but kept alive indefinitely with *magnifico* mugs of Mexican coffee or *café royale* with cognac. Finally, there's no better *modus operandi* for informally introducing a new arrival in town, a political candidate or a recent art acquisition than hosting a coffee soiree.

Any cup of good Santos will do for an office coffee break. But at a gathering round your fireplace on a cold November night, the coffee should carry the charmed life of fresh spices from beyond the seas, aromas of fragrant liqueurs and aged brandies. What were once the rarities of the coffee kingdom will now be found on the shelves of all fine gourmet shops. Not too long ago, the rich Blue Mountain coffee of Jamaica could only be imbibed when you visited Ocho Rios or Port Antonio. In recent years, it's percolated throughout the States and has even invaded Rome, the espresso capital of the world. Rich Viennese coffee flavored with figs is being imported to this country, followed in its wake by endless undulating mountain ranges of whipped cream. The dark French-Italian roasts are everywhere, and it's amazing how these deep brews are now loved not only as dinner epilogs but even as breakfast pick-me-ups. Finding Turkish coffee properly pulverized to the softest powder was once as time consuming as a trip to Mecca. It's now packed in vacuum tins, and can be found alongside Hawaiian Kona coffee and the fiendishly dark New Orleans French market coffee flavored with chicory. Like tea connoisseurs who keep a half-dozen types of teas on their pantry shelves, coffee lovers everywhere are breaking their bonds and enjoying brews from Bogotá and Yemen.

The first leg of a coffee hop is acquiring the right equipment for the coffee you're planning to serve. If you're making espresso, you can use any dripolator that happens to be around. But if you brew it in an electric espresso machine or in the tall copper drip pot called a *macchinetta*, the mere sight of these devices at your coffee table should conjure up visions of the Via Veneto. Conceivably, Turkish coffee may be simmered in any small saucepan, but only when it rises in a tall Middle Eastern *ibrik* with long handle will it generate the heavenly foam that the natives of Turkey call the coffee's face. And what young Turk serving coffee anywhere in the world would allow himself to lose face? The flaming holiday drink called *café brûlot* puts *its* best face forward when it's presented in a *café brûlot* set, a chafing dish with mephisto legs, copper bowl and silver ladle, although any handsome deep chafing dish will do justice to the high spot that *café brûlot* enjoys at this time of the year. Party coffee cups and saucers are best bought in "open stock" patterns, so that you can easily replenish or expand your inventory when necessary. You should own an ample supply of demitasse cups, saucers and demitasse spoons for party purposes. If you serve cappuccino frequently, you may want to acquire the slightly larger and longer cups or the glasses with silver holders in which cappuccino frequently appears—but demitasse cups will do nicely as stand-ins. Any man who owns a set of tom-and-jerry mugs or other mugs designed for hot wassail will find them extremely useful for Mexican coffee with chocolate and for other coffee-based comforts designed to ward off winter.

Choosing a particular brand of coffee in some ways is very much like selecting a bottle of wine. Some coffee, like wine from a single château, is grown in a single area, such as the delightful Colombian Medellín. Others are blends containing from two to forty different coffees. Coffee specialty shops, including those dealing in Middle Eastern specialty foods, will gladly mix blends to your own drinking specifications. Price is usually, though not always, a reliable clue to quality. As with wine, only your own mouth and nose can tell you what you like best. In actual tasting, coffee-wise men look first of all for what professional tasters call the coffee's acidity or "bright flavor accent." It's the quality that gives coffee flavor its *élan*, like the balancing tartness in a sweet grape that makes it lively and brisk. You should also judge coffee by its body; that is, its concentration of flavor per sip. Its brewed color should be a clear dark brown, except in the case of Turkish coffee, which is properly turbid. Although you can't "nose" coffee in a tulip-shaped glass as you would wine, much of the coffee's flavor delivers its message to the olfactory sense as you slowly sip it. As in a wine or brandy, the aftertaste is all important. In choosing any coffee, buy the correct grind for the coffee maker you own: if it's too coarse, the brew will be underextracted; if it's too fine, it will be overextracted, with bitter, harsh flavors. Sometimes, a particular coffee will only be sold in one grind suitable for a percolator. You may happen to own a paper-filter coffee maker (the best, we think, for making American coffee) that requires coffee ground extremely fine. What to do? Brew your coffee by dropping it into a saucepan of water brought up to a boil, letting it steep for a minute or two. Then slowly pour it through your paper filter. In South America, where the technique is popular, a cloth bag is often used instead

of a paper filter; but the resulting brew in either case is superb.

Coffee in the bean should be freshly roasted, freshly ground and freshly brewed. Don't keep coffee in the bean indefinitely; it should be used within ten days to two weeks from the time it's roasted. If you're using ground coffee from a vacuum tin, open a fresh tin for each party. After the tin is opened—party or no party—the coffee should be used within one week. Keep coffee in its tin tightly covered in the refrigerator; ground coffee picks up other odors all too easily. The best and freshest coffee in the world will have a delinquent flavor if your coffee maker isn't sparkling clean. Deterge it well after using; cleanse it frequently with a coffee-maker cleaner; and always before a party; it's particularly important if you use metal equipment or a glass percolator with a drip basket. Rinse any coffee maker with scalding-hot water before each use. If you use a coffee grinder (a magnificently easy device for snaring the volatile flavors of the dark-brown berry), be sure the grinder is untainted by accumulated coffee oils.

Most of the 2000 coffeehouses in London in the 17th Century were male oriented. If you wanted to listen to the wisdom of literati such as Dryden and Addison, you went to Will's or Button's coffeehouse; physicians compared notes at Garraway's; Lloyd's drew shipowners. Coffeehouses were called penny universities, because a penny's admission would bring you into the company of the greatest rebels and intellects of the day. Today, espresso houses from Tokyo to Berkeley to New York to Milan are centers for mixing both ideas and genders at the same time. At a private coffee soiree, the mix also involves adding a sumptuous sweet such as a big *Linzertorte* or a tray of warm fresh pastry to the coffee. You may have to do some exploratory shopping before you find the perfect panettone or pecan pie, but the effort is abundantly rewarding. Certain iced coffee drinks, such as the coffee frosteds listed below, are dessert and beverage in one glass. For a party, count on preparing at least 2 demitasse cups of coffee per person and about 1½ large cups or mugs per person.

"No more Children's Crusades for you. . . ."

ESPRESSO

The fact that many electric espresso machines will make only two or three cups at a time isn't such a disadvantage as one might imagine at a party, since your coffee cantata is usually performed casually and sporadically throughout the evening. Some espresso machines have an extra strainer, so that while one batch is brewing, another can be made ready. Espresso may also be prepared in a *macchinetta*—a two-part invention, with boiling water in the bottom section, that is merely inverted for brewing; when the water has passed through the ground coffee, the top section is detached. So-called French-roast coffee is usually as dark as Italian espresso and may be used interchangeably. Italian recipes often call for 1 tablespoon coffee to each 3 ozs. water; the resultant espresso is pleasant during the morning or the afternoon. For after-dinner espresso, the brew is best double strength, using 1 coffee measuring spoon of coffee (2 level tablespoons) to each 3 ozs. water. Espresso is usually served with a twist of lemon peel and small sugar cubes.

CAFFÈ SAMBUCA

To each cup of espresso, add ½ oz. sambuca liqueur—a very delicate Italian liqueur made from the Sambucus plant. On coffee saucer, place a few whole coffee beans warmed in oven before serving. Sambuca may also be served in a liqueur glass along with the espresso. A few coffee beans are placed in the glass; after the liqueur is downed, the beans are slowly munched.

CAFFÈ PONCINO

Add ½ oz. *añejo* rum to each cup of espresso. Add twist of lemon peel or orange peel or both.

CAFFÈ NOCCIOLINE

For 6 people, about ½ lb. shelled hazelnuts will be required. Be sure they are free of shells, as well as thin brown coating. Preheat oven at 375°. Beat 1 egg white until it just begins to froth; it should not be stiff. Stir in 2 teaspoons water. Combine ½ cup granulated sugar with ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves and ⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg. Roll hazelnuts in egg white to coat thoroughly; roll in sugar mixture; spread on lightly greased shallow pan and bake about 20 minutes or until medium brown. Avoid scorching. Cool before serving. Prepare espresso. To each cup of espresso, add 1 teaspoon anisette. Serve toasted hazelnuts on side or in demitasse saucers.

ESPRESSO BRÛLOT

(*Six cups*)

18 ozs. (6 demitasse cups) freshly brewed espresso
1 oz. Galliano liqueur
1 oz. curaçao
1½ ozs. brandy
6 small pieces lemon peel
6 small pieces orange peel
8 whole allspice
4 whole cloves
2 pieces stick cinnamon, broken in half

About an hour before serving, pour Galliano, curaçao and brandy into a *café brûlot* set or deep chafing dish. Add lemon peel, orange peel, allspice, cloves and cinnamon. Heat over a low flame just until liqueurs are warm, not hot. Continued heating will cause alcohol to evaporate. Slightly warming spices in this manner helps release their flavors. Turn off flame. Just before serving, heat liqueurs again. When hot, set ablaze; let flame for around a minute or two, then add

espresso. Heat up to boiling point, but do not boil. Spoon espresso *brûlot* into demitasse cups, adding one or two pieces of peel to each cup.

CAPPUCCINO
(*Six four-oz. cups*)

6 coffee measures (12 level tablespoons) Italian-roast coffee, ground for dripolator or paper-filter coffee maker
16 ozs. (1 pint) cold water
4 ozs. milk
4 ozs. light cream
Ground cinnamon

Named after the brown robes of the austere Capuchin monks, cappuccino is an antonym for austerity. Basically, it's espresso and milk, or milk and cream, frothed in an espresso machine under steam pressure. A common formula is half espresso, half milk. We prefer 2 parts coffee to 1 part milk and cream. The cappuccino cup or glass usually holds 4 or 5 ozs. A dash of cinnamon at the end should be a generous one. If you don't have an espresso machine, the following technique works well.

Bring water to a boil; pour over coffee in dripolator or paper-filter. In a saucepan, bring milk and cream up to a boil. Pour into hot coffee; stir. Pour into blender and blend at high speed 15 seconds. Return to saucepan and again heat up to boiling point, but do not boil. Ladle rather than pour into cups, in order to add as much froth as possible. Sprinkle each cup with cinnamon. Sugar to taste at table. Cappuccino may also be topped with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkled with cinnamon or with cinnamon and grated orange rind.

CAFFÈ BORGIA

Add 1 teaspoon chocolate syrup to each cup cappuccino. Top with sweetened whipped cream, ground cinnamon and grated orange rind.

VIENNESE COFFEE, SCHLAGOBERS
(*Six cups*)

6 coffee measures (12 level tablespoons) Viennese coffee
36 ozs. (1 quart plus 4 ozs.) water
1 cup sweet heavy cream
¼ cup confectioners' sugar (sifted, if lumpy)
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

The best-known Viennese coffee is a medium-dark roast flavored slightly with figs; the fig flavor is not overpowering but serves as enrichment. Buy the after-dinner type, rather than the breakfast version. *Schlagen* means to beat; and in Vienna, beaten or whipped cream is sloshed unstintingly over everything from hot coffee to thick cherry strudel. The cream must be freshly whipped shortly before it's brought to the table. Although it's often served unsweetened in Viennese coffeehouses, the sweetened variety is more appealing to American coffee addicts. Some Austrians lower great dollops of the whipped cream onto their steaming-hot coffee and then draw cream and coffee noisily through the teeth. Other *Schlägers* stir it into the hot coffee. A half-empty cup is usually decked with a second helping.

Pour cream into prechilled narrow bowl. Add sugar and whip until cream forms soft mounds; don't overbeat. Stir in vanilla. Brew coffee with water in dripolator, percolator or paper-filter coffee maker. Serve steaming hot. Pass whipped cream at table.

VIENNESE COFFEE, SPICED SCHLAGOBERS
(*Six cups*)

Prepare coffee and whipped cream as above. After cream is whipped, stir in ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves and ⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg.

VIENNESE COFFEE, CHERRY SCHLAGOBERS
(*Six cups*)

Prepare Viennese coffee, *Schlagobers*. After cream is whipped, stir into it 2 ozs. cherry liqueur.

VIENNESE COFFEE, CRÈME DE CACAO
(*Six cups*)

Prepare Viennese coffee, *Schlagobers*. Grate ½ lb. thick, sweet milk chocolate by forcing it through large holes of a square metal grater. To each cup of coffee, add 2 teaspoons crème de cacao. Pass chocolate separately at table to be sprinkled over whipped cream.

TURKISH COFFEE
(*Six cups*)

18 ozs. (6 demitasse cups) cold water
6 heaping teaspoons Turkish coffee
6 level teaspoons sugar (or more to taste)

Pour water into Turkish coffeepot (*ibrik*). Heat over very low flame until water is hot but not boiling. Remove from flame and stir in coffee and sugar; a foam will form on top. To retain the foam, the coffee should never be vigorously boiled. Return pot to flame; bring up to a boil—but do not boil and do not stir. Pour half the coffee among the 6 cups. Return pot to flame and again very slowly bring up to a boil. Pour balance of coffee into cups. Sip until sediment is reached.

TURKISH COFFEE WITH CARDAMOM
(*Six cups*)

Remove seeds from 12 cardamom pods. Add seeds to cold water in above recipe and prepare as above.

"Gee, fellas, this is really a great honeymoon!"

TURKISH COFFEE WITH OUZO
(Six cups)

Prepare Turkish coffee. Pour into cups. Into each cup, pour 2 teaspoons *ouzo*. Hold teaspoon along inside rim of cup when pouring, so that *ouzo* floats on top. Set each cup ablaze. Sip when flames vanish.

MEXICAN COFFEE KAHLÚA
(Six cups)

6 coffee measures (12 level tablespoons) American coffee
32 ozs. (1 quart) water
4 tablespoons chocolate syrup
16 ozs. (1 pint) milk
½ cup heavy sweet cream
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar (sifted, if lumpy)
2 tablespoons cocoa
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 ozs. Kahlúa coffee liqueur

Brew coffee and water, using dripolator, percolator or paper-filter coffee maker. In a saucepan, stir chocolate syrup into milk. Slowly bring up to a boil. Combine coffee and milk, blending well. Keep warm until serving time. Pour cream, sugar and cocoa into prechilled narrow bowl. Beat until thick. Stir in vanilla. Pour coffee into mugs holding at least 8 ozs. Spoon whipped cream on top. Pour ½ oz. Kahlúa over whipped cream in each mug.

CAFÉ ROYALE
(Six cups)

6 coffee measures (12 level tablespoons) French-roast or American coffee
18 ozs. (1 pint plus 2 ozs.) water
Small sugar cubes
Cognac

Brew coffee and water, using dripolator, percolator or paper-filter coffee maker. This will produce double-strength after-dinner coffee. Make coffee lighter if desired. Pour into 6 demitasse cups. For each cup, place a sugar cube on a tablespoon. Fill spoon with cognac; hold over hot coffee to warm cognac; set ablaze. When flames subside, stir cognac and sugar into coffee. Metaxa, calvados or rum may be used in the same ritual.

COFFEE FROSTED BENEDICTINE
(Six 12-oz. glasses)

8 coffee measures (16 level tablespoons) American coffee
48 ozs. (1 quart plus 1 pint) water
½ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar (sifted, if lumpy)
½ teaspoon vanilla
12 scoops (⅓ cup each) vanilla ice cream
6 ozs. (12 tablespoons) benedictine

Brew coffee and water, using percolator, dripolator or paper-filter coffee maker. Chill in refrigerator until cold. In prechilled narrow bowl, pour heavy cream and sugar. Beat until thick. Stir in vanilla. Store, tightly covered, in refrigerator until needed. For each glass of coffee frosted benedictine, pour 8 ozs. coffee into blender; add 1 scoop ice cream and 1 tablespoon benedictine. Blend at high speed about ½ minute. Pour into tall 12-oz. glass. Top each serving with another scoop of ice cream. Spoon whipped cream on top. Pour 1 more tablespoon benedictine over whipped cream.

TURKISH COFFEE FROSTED
(Six 12-oz. glasses)

6 coffee measures (12 level tablespoons) Turkish coffee
36 ozs. (1 quart plus 4 ozs.) boiling water
3 cups finely cracked ice
12 teaspoons sugar
12 scoops (⅓ cup each) vanilla ice cream
6 ozs. Pasha Turkish coffee liqueur

Brew coffee by pouring water over coffee in paper-filter coffee maker. Chill in refrigerator until cold. For each glass of Turkish coffee frosted, pour 6 ozs. coffee, ½ cup cracked ice, 2 teaspoons sugar and 1 scoop ice cream into blender. Blend at high speed about ½ minute. Pour into tall 12-oz. glass. Add scoop of ice cream. Pour Pasha Turkish coffee liqueur on top.

Whatever coffee caper you undertake, rest assured that you'll be brewing up a fete that meets with almost universal approbation. So get on the bean.

ALTERNATIVES TO ANALYSIS *(continued from page 142)*

First, he attempts to establish what he calls "involvement" with the patient—so that the patient, who in all probability has been feeling friendless, realizes that he is genuinely eager to help. Next, while preserving this close relationship, he begins to ask the patient to examine his behavior for signs that it might be irresponsible and unrealistic. Finally, he tries to help the patient find more responsible and realistic ways of behaving. Throughout this process, he talks almost entirely about behavior, seldom about the patient's motives or feelings. Once the patient can be taught to behave more responsibly even in one small area of his life, Dr. Glasser maintains, this often sets up a chain reaction in which better behavior leads to better attitudes, which lead, in turn, to more forms of better behavior.

Compared with psychoanalytical theory, reality therapy is the height of simplicity; indeed, Dr. Glasser says he could teach any bright young trainee all he needs to know about the theory in a day. Applying it to patients, however, is another matter. As Dr. Glasser puts it, "Psychoanalysis is difficult to learn but easy to practice; reality therapy is easy to learn but difficult to practice." The psychoanalyst mostly listens. The reality therapist engages in an active, close and often exhausting dialog. He must establish a genuine friendship with patients who may resist it, feel a genuine sympathy with their sufferings, yet be tough enough never to let his sympathy divert him from getting along with the hard task of improvement.

Of all the new schools of thought that constitute today's alternatives to psychoanalysis, reality therapy is at the farthest extreme of the plain-spoken, the nonmystical—and the modest. Far from promising joy or ecstasy, Dr. Glasser warns his patients that reality therapy is not even primarily directed toward making them happy. In his opinion, people can find happiness only for themselves; therapy can only give them a reasonable chance at finding it. In his book *Reality Therapy*, he describes a woman patient, a divorcee, who was given to promiscuous and unhappy love affairs, emotional outbursts and fits of depression; since treatment, she has abandoned her frantic "scrambling for love" and has learned to control her emotions and is depressed less often. She also has found a better job and moved from a shabby furnished room to an apartment. However, she is still a divorcee with few friends, living in a strange city and without much income. Dr. Glasser says bluntly, "No one would describe her as happy, because she hasn't that much to be happy about, but she is no longer painfully unhappy."

• • •

Dr. Glasser is by no means the only member of the new breed of psychotherapists to conclude that the key to successful treatment is a warm, close human relationship between therapist and patient. The same idea has been adopted by many other therapists, including some whose theories are otherwise quite different. It is, indeed, a sort of common denominator that runs through most of today's nonanalytical office therapy. It is also the basic principle behind the various kinds of group activities that have sprung up outside the office setting.

The man responsible for popularizing the idea of the intimate therapist-patient relationship is Carl Rogers, a psychologist who founded what is known as client-centered therapy. This is not one of the newest methods; in fact, it goes back to the early 1940s. But it has been one of the most widely used and influential; and Dr. Rogers, who has now turned his attention from individual treatment to groups, continues to be among the most respected of today's innovators.

Client-centered therapy is based on Dr. Rogers' view of the human personality, which is quite different from the psychoanalytical or any other theory of personality that preceded it. Dr. Rogers believes that each person has a self-image —that is, a picture of himself as having many polarized characteristics, such as brave-cowardly, friendly-unfriendly, aggressive-submissive, ambitious-lazy, and so on. Ideally, the self-image is built up out of clear and honest observation of one's experiences, behavior, thoughts and feelings. In the maladjusted person, however, there are many disturbing conflicts between the self-image and the actual facts; it is these conflicts that explain why he is neurotic.

A simple example of conflict would be this: A man who has an image of himself as completely honest cashes a check at his bank one day, is overpaid ten dollars by the teller and knowingly walks off with the money. He is now caught up in a psychological crisis. One way of meeting it is to face the facts, see clearly that he has committed a dishonest act and admit to himself that, although he is generally a very honest person, he is not above an occasional slip. This is the healthy course; it keeps his image of himself in line with reality. On the other hand, the man may be so afraid of condemnation by society or by his own conscience that he cannot bear to own up to the truth. He may try to deny that he stole the ten dollars by telling himself that he kept the money to avoid embarrassing the teller. Or he may try to justify his action by telling himself that the teller had tried to cheat him in the past. In this case, he tries to maintain a self-image of total and unbending honesty that is simply not in accord with reality.

The well-adjusted person, says Dr. Rogers, is one whose self-image is realistic and flexible, changing constantly to take honest account of new experiences. The maladjusted person has a self-image so rigid that he cannot bear to accept any unpleasant truths; he must set up more and more defenses against reality, resulting in more and more tension and anxiety.

The basic technique of client-centered therapy is to provide an atmosphere of great warmth and empathetic understanding in which the patient feels free to begin exploring his true thoughts and feelings and to discover and remedy the conflicts. In Dr. Rogers' many years of treating individual patients, he attempted at all times to be a sensitive and understanding friend to the patient, displaying complete acceptance of all aspects of the patient's personality. As the patient began to feel freer to discuss what he considered to be his faults, Dr. Rogers never acted surprised and never criticized: he was totally permissive toward even the cruelest expressions of hostility or the strangest sexual fantasies. As he has said, his aim was to offer constant assurance that he regarded the patient "as a person of unconditional self-worth: of value, no matter what his condition, his behavior or his feelings." Given this kind of unqualified support, the patient gradually came to acknowledge his true thoughts and feelings, learned for the first time what he was really like and began to revise his self-image in line with reality. As with the rest of the treatment, its conclusion was also permissive; Dr. Rogers let the patient himself decide when it was successful and could end.

To many people who hear about client-centered therapy for the first time, it sounds downright dangerous. If everybody were encouraged to be completely himself, it seems only natural to ask, how could society survive the sudden appearance of hordes of self-seeking, brawling, murderous, lustful, rapacious brutes? A psychoanalyst would certainly worry, for, according to Freud, the human psyche has a dark and evil side; one of man's basic instinctual drives, constantly struggling for expression, is the blind urge to annihilate anyone who dares try to keep him from getting his own way in all matters, large and small. Dr. Rogers' therapy, however, is based on the optimistic assumption that all human beings, if only they have the chance, will grow in the direction of social cooperation. "The individual has a very strong drive toward wholesome self-actualization," he says. "What we have to do is give him a climate in which this can thrive."

• • •

Providing a climate in which the human psyche can thrive is also the general

SOME OTHER ALTERNATIVES TO PSYCHOANALYSIS

In addition to the types of psychotherapy discussed in the text, there is a wide variety of other methods available.

(NOTE: Some forms of psychotherapy use the Freudian technique of having the patient free associate while in a relaxed position, usually on a couch, but reject Freud's theories of the structure of the mind and the causes of personality disorders. Others retain the Freudian theory but use different methods of therapy; still others have abandoned both the theory and the practice of psychoanalysis. These brief and necessarily simplified descriptions emphasize the ways, theoretical or practical, in which various psychotherapies most sharply depart from classical psychoanalysis.)

CHEMOTHERAPY concentrates on chemical imbalances in the nervous system that may be the causes or the results of mental disorders and attempts to treat these disorders with drugs such as tranquilizers and psychedelics. Chemotherapy may be used as an aid to other kinds of psychotherapy, and is often effective in dealing with severe psychoses. (See *Psychochemistry: Personality by Prescription*, PLAYBOY, November 1968.)

DIRECTIVE PSYCHOTHERAPY assumes that the patient is not in a condition to work through his own problems or to establish therapeutic goals, and the therapist undertakes these responsibilities. The therapist uses any technique that seems indicated and tries to base his plan of action on all available scientific knowledge.

EXISTENTIAL THERAPY is based on the existentialist philosophical belief that each individual has to choose his values and decide the meaning of his life. The therapist attempts to achieve an authentic, spontaneous relationship with the patient to help him discover his free will and make his choices.

EXPERIENTIAL THERAPY is a system in which therapist and patient jointly enter the patient's fantasy world, often acting out fantasies together. The resulting emotional experiences aim at re-educating the patient on the deepest level of his psyche.

GENERAL SEMANTICS postulates that neurotic behavior results from unrealistic use of words, especially the error of identifying the word with the object for which it stands. The therapist tries to teach the patient to use language more accurately and realistically in thinking and communicating, thereby achieving a more effective orientation.

GESTALT THERAPY focuses on the patient's difficulty in forming meaningful, organized "wholes" (referred to by the German word *Gestalt*) out of experiences that have left him with unresolved problems. Through encounters between therapist and patient, usually in the presence of a group, the therapy seeks to restore the individual's fragmented integrity of thinking, feeling and acting so that he can regain contact with reality and resume personality growth.

HORNEYAN PSYCHOLOGY was developed by Karen Horney, who believed that neurosis springs from basic anxiety acquired in childhood. Horneyan therapy aims to overthrow the idealized self-image the patient is trying to live up to, making him face his actual self and release his potential for healthy personality development.

HYPNOTHERAPY uses hypnosis to increase the patient's suggestibility and to lift repressions, to remove neurotic symptoms when they prevent progress in therapy or to persuade the patient to adopt more constructive general attitudes.

INTERPERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY locates the causes of personality disorders in the relations between the individual and society rather than in purely internal psychological developments and aims at improving interpersonal attitudes and relations.

LEARNING-THEORY THERAPY treats mental disorders as self-defeating behavior patterns that the individual has learned to rely on when he feels anxiety. The therapist applies all available scientifically discovered principles of learning to make the patient unlearn these patterns and to countercondition him against the attitudes that produced them.

ORGONOMY is based on the theory of Wilhelm Reich that there is a specific energy—called orgone—that accounts for life. Reichian therapy combines psychoanalysis with manipulation of the patient's body in order to remove muscular armor—muscular attitudes an individual develops to block emotions and organ sensations.

PSYCHODRAMA is a form of improvised play-acting of certain roles and dramatic incidents resembling those situations that produce problems for the patient in his daily life. The purpose is to provide the patient with both theoretical insight and corrective emotional experience. This acting out is often conducted before an audience.

RATIONAL-EMOTIVE THERAPY, developed by Albert Ellis, asserts that emotional disturbance arises when individuals mentally reiterate unrealistic, illogical, self-defeating thoughts. The therapist identifies these thoughts, argues against them and persuades the patient to undertake actions that will disprove the undesirable beliefs and, hence, strip them of their power.

TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS postulates that all interpersonal communications spring from specific ego states called Parent, Adult and Child. The therapist attempts to identify the ego state producing each communication from the patient with the aim of discovering the plan the individual has unconsciously chosen for his life and of replacing it, if necessary, with a more realistic and constructive one. Transactional analysts prefer to work with groups.

purpose of the various kinds of encounter groups that have come to dominate, in sheer numbers, at least, the American psychotherapeutic scene. The group movement has expanded rapidly in the past few years; new Esalen-type centers have opened in all parts of the nation; the professionals who are experienced at conducting groups receive more invitations, from all kinds of people in all kinds of cities and towns, than they can possibly accept. Yet, though it seems to have sprung up almost overnight, the movement actually began more than 20 years ago and struggled along inconspicuously for a long time before achieving sudden popularity.

The strange thing about the group is that nobody invented it; its birth was strictly an accident. The event took place at a conference, held in Connecticut in 1946, on the training of community leaders. Among the professors and Government officials present was the late, highly regarded social psychologist Kurt Lewin, a tireless student of group dynamics (the processes through which groups are formed, go about their business and succeed or fail). With him, Dr. Lewin had brought four members of his research staff—not to participate in the conference but to study it by recording their observations of how individual delegates and their committees behaved and reacted to one another. Somebody suggested that the findings of the four researchers, if presented in the evening when there was no other conference activity, might be a valuable form of feedback that would help the people at the conference judge their own effectiveness and work together more smoothly and efficiently. The first evening, only a few people showed up; these few were so excited by the feedback that the word quickly spread and next evening, everybody was there. After that, the original purpose of the conference was almost forgotten, as the delegates became absorbed in such questions as how each of them looked to the others, how they succeeded or failed at communicating their ideas and how committee decisions were influenced by the interplay of personalities (what a psychologist might call the "interpersonal relationships") among committee members.

The unexpected turn taken by the Connecticut conference seemed to prove that people are fascinated by their behavior in groups—also that, if they are helped to understand their behavior, they tend to become more open, more honest, more aware of their own feelings and more spontaneous. Hot on the trail of something new in human experience, some of the conference leaders quickly set up a nonprofit institute called the National Training Laboratories, to refine the techniques of group self-studies and promote their widespread use.

N. T. L. describes itself as being in the business of encouraging social change through sensitivity training—that is, the attempt to teach people to become more aware of their own feelings and motives and the feelings and motives of others, and thus to become more perceptive, open-minded, understanding and creative members of the organizations to which they belong. (N. T. L.'s first groups were for psychologists and other educators; it since has expanded into group training for corporation executives, administrators and teachers in public school systems and universities and community leaders.) Its method is the T group, the T standing for training.

In a typical T group, 12 to 14 business executives meet with a professional leader from N. T. L. The leader announces that the group will gather at certain specified times—say, for six hours a day over a five-day period—to try to learn about the forces that influence the behavior of individuals and groups; the learning will come from the members' own behavior, reactions and feelings; there are no rules of procedure and the group is free to go about the task in any way it sees fit; the leader will try to help the members learn from their experiences in the group but will make no attempt to direct or influence their activities.

To most businessmen, used to attending meetings with a formal agenda and conventions with a formal program, the T-group leader's announcement is a surprising and even frightening introduction to a whole new world in which the ordinary rules of conduct are suspended; there are no lines of authority and each individual must make his own way without benefit of guidelines or corporate title. What usually results, after an initial confusion and hesitation, is a remarkably frank group discussion in which individual members feel perfectly free to reveal their own deepest problems and their opinions of one another, whether affectionate or hostile. Given the candid atmosphere of the group and the honest feedback on how their behavior appears to others, the members often become aware of feelings, fears, guilts, desires and frustrations they had previously concealed even from themselves. Abraham Maslow, a past president of the American Psychological Association who has conducted T groups, says, "It's very hard to believe in sober minutes that a dozen utter strangers will suddenly let all their defenses clatter to the floor like old shoes—but I've seen it happen."

• • •

Out of the T group have risen the other kinds of shoulder rubbing and psyche baring, usually called encounter groups, that take place at Esalen and other centers and under the direction of individual leaders throughout the country. Whereas the members of T groups usually have a good deal in common in their working-day lives, the members of encounter groups usually do not; they get together haphazardly from all walks of life. What takes place, however, is quite similar to the activity of the T group. Members of encounter groups tend to let down their defenses, reveal their self-doubts and tell each other frankly what they like and do not like about one another. There are occasional flare-ups of hostility and moments of deep affection. There is a good deal of laughter—also, to a greater extent than in T groups, a good deal of weeping.

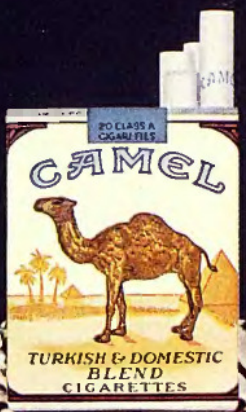
Why are people so willing—even eager—to bare their souls to strangers? Dr. Rogers says it is a sign of the times, something that could never have happened at an earlier stage of history. "When a man is scrambling very hard to get his three meals a day," says Dr. Rogers, "he doesn't have time to feel alienated from his fellow human beings. Now that we have the affluent society, we do have the time and we realize that we are alone and lonely, lacking deep contacts with others. We begin to say, 'I wish there were someone I could talk to honestly; I wish someone cared about me.'" Charles Seashore, a psychologist with N. T. L., says, "There's a kind of immaturity and thwarted growth in all of us. As human beings, we have all kinds of potentialities—to be warm or standoffish, loving or hostile, open or suspicious, enthusiastic or constrained, adventuresome or cautious, emotional or reserved. But our society rewards some of these traits and discourages others, and most of us wind up as adults with just one or two stereotyped responses that we display automatically to all the hundreds of different situations in which we find ourselves. The popularity of groups rests on the fact that most of us feel deprived; probably 85 to 95 percent of us feel that we're not as close to people as we'd like to be, or that we're not as open and honest about our feelings, or that we have an anxiety over submitting to or exercising authority, or that our lives are too boxed in and narrowly predictable from day to day. Since the group encourages intimacy, honesty and adventure, it's a great experience even if its effects are only temporary."

Is the group a form of therapy? Dr. Maslow says no: "Although I'm very impressed with groups, I don't think they can help with serious problems—only minor hang-ups. A neurosis just won't fade away at a T group or a weekend marathon." The N. T. L. staff is careful to call its aim not therapy but "personal learning and personal growth." Dr. Seashore points out that he himself once experienced what he considered a therapeutic breakthrough in a T group—but that it occurred in the 139th group he attended or conducted, a figure hardly likely to be reached by nonprofessionals.

Dr. Rogers, on the other hand, has no

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

This message is strictly for smokers who never tasted a Camel cigarette. Camel smokers, you know what we mean. You other guys, start walking.



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doubt that the group is a form of therapy and a highly effective form, at that; he has come to believe that 20 hours in a group are more effective than 20 hours of one-to-one treatment. The secret of the group, he thinks, is that "it gives people permission to be helpful to one another"—a privilege that is not generally available in society and that is grasped eagerly and often with great skill, resulting in very much the same kind of support offered in client-centered therapy. In one way, says Dr. Rogers, the group is superior to client-centered therapy as he practiced it in the past; this is the fact that members of the group freely express their negative as well as their positive feelings toward one another. Thus, each person in the group is at times deeply liked and supported for his good qualities and, at other times, confronted with harsh criticism of the bad, a push-pull process that seems to speed awareness of the true self. If Dr. Rogers returned to one-to-one practice, he says, he would be very free to give his patients constant feedback on his inner reactions to them, pro or con.

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Whether the encounter group should properly be called therapy or just a form of education, it certainly does *something* for people. At the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute, psychologists gathered interviews from 1000 people who had taken part in groups; these people agreed almost unanimously that they had greatly enjoyed the experience and had been profoundly influenced; typical comments were, "It was the most important thing that ever happened to me" and "It changed my whole life." What, exactly, about the group had produced this effect? As the psychologists had expected, the one thing mentioned most frequently was some particularly dramatic example of deep exchange of understanding and emotion between two or more members of the group—sometimes an incident in which they themselves had taken part, sometimes an incident that they had merely observed (another example, perhaps, of Dr. Bandura's learning through imitation). To the psychologists' surprise, however, these outstanding incidents did not necessarily involve the therapist who led the group; in fact, the therapist was responsible for no more of them than anybody else. To psychologist Richard Farson this suggested a strange possibility: To the extent that the encounter group is therapeutic, is it a form of therapy that requires no therapist? In other words, can a group succeed without a professional leader?

Dr. Farson's idea of experimenting with leaderless groups was opposed by every therapist he knew. Without professional guidance, he was warned, members of the group would quickly be at one another's throats. Nonetheless, he went ahead, though with extreme caution. The first leaderless group was watched anxiously by two professional therapists behind a one-way see-through mirror, ready to intervene quickly if the group got stalled or out of hand. As it turned out, the two observers were unneeded. In fact, every time the group seemed on the verge of serious trouble, the two therapists were amazed to see some completely untrained member step in and do exactly what they themselves would have done. With this reassurance, Dr. Farson then set up a full-scale experiment comparing leaderless groups with groups led by professional therapists. It developed that the leaderless groups, even when composed of people who had never before taken part in an encounter, behaved very much like the led groups; their members got right down to business, avoided excess hostility and did a good job of helping one another. To Dr. Farson, the experiment suggests a startling answer to the problem of how the nation can possibly train enough therapists for all the people who need help. "It may turn out," he says, "that our greatest resource for solving human problems is the very people who have the problems."

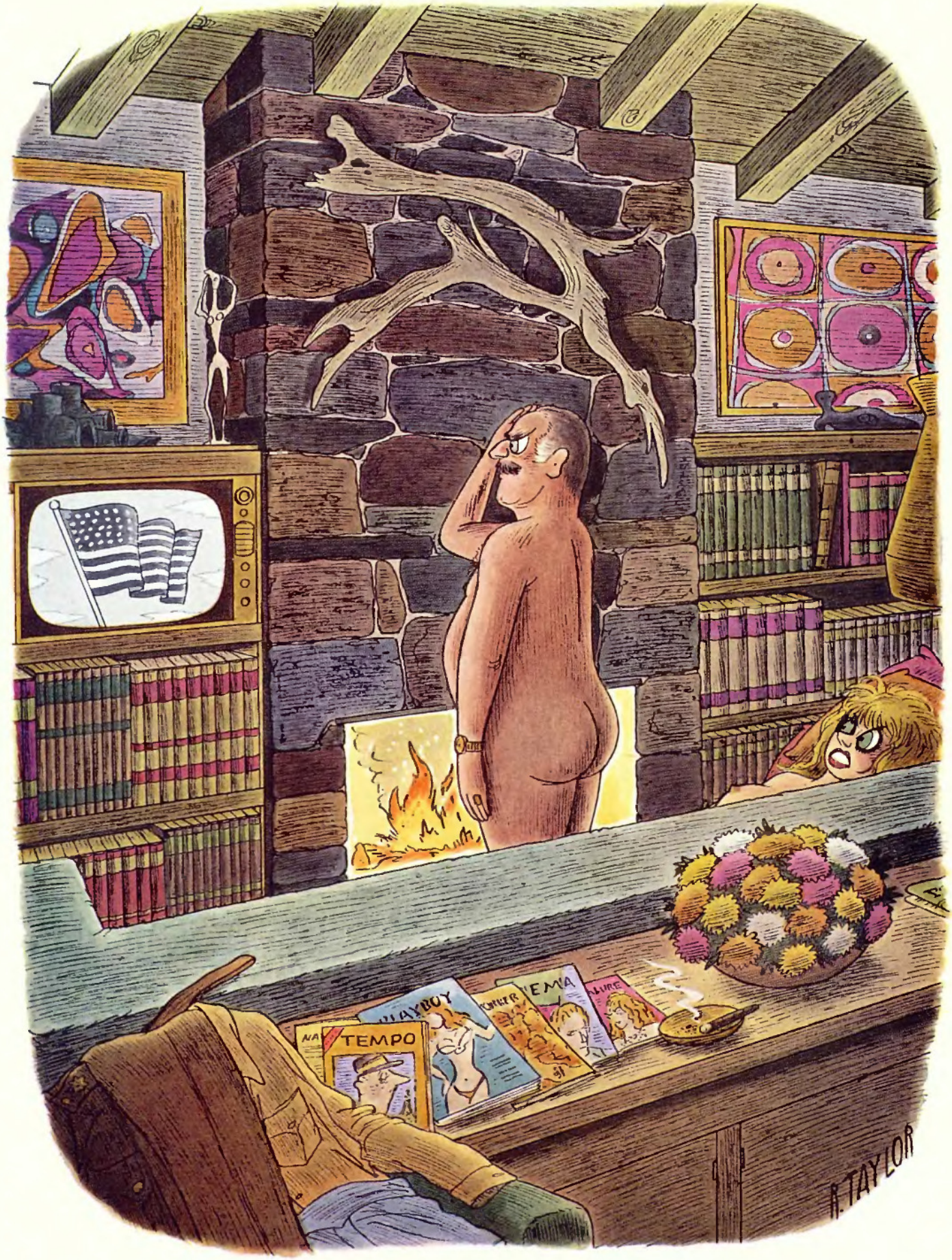
One immediate result of Dr. Farson's experiment has been a do-it-yourself kit for nonprofessionals eager to organize their own groups. The kit was created largely by a young psychologist named Betty Berzon, a former associate of Dr. Farson at the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute; it is a set of tape recordings, each running about an hour and a half, designed to be played by a group that will hold eight meetings. For each session, the voice on the tape suggests various activities that have been found helpful in groups. For example, all members but one are asked to form a tight circle, into which the missing member then tries to break. Or the members are asked to write down, anonymously, some secret of which they are ashamed; the slips are shuffled and handed out; each member, in turn, then reads the paper he has drawn and discusses how it might feel to have such a secret. Following each suggestion, the tape goes silent, to give the group time to carry out the instructions; then the voice returns with something new. The recordings are called Encountertapes and are manufactured by the Human Development Institute of Atlanta, a subsidiary of Bell & Howell (an indication that the group movement has grown big enough to interest the multimillion-dollar corporation world).

"What we've done," says Miss Berzon, "is package the group experience and make it available to schools, churches and industries. This takes it out of the esoteric centers like Esalen and right into the mainstream of everyday life." Miss Berzon was one of the several thousand people marooned for three days at New York's Kennedy Airport by an unexpected snowstorm last winter. Listening to the incessant bulletins over the airport loudspeakers, and watching her frustrated fellow travelers grow increasingly bored and glassy-eyed, she kept grieving at the lost opportunity for playing her Encountertapes over the speakers and turning an ordeal into a delightful mass initiation into the marvels of the encounter group. She can never pass a tall office building without thinking of it as a place where a public-address system and a single set of Encountertapes could bring the group experience to many thousands of people at a time.

Even enthusiasts such as Miss Berzon, however, concede that the group has one serious defect for which no remedy is as yet apparent. It is one thing to confess your secrets, pour out your angers and break into tears among a few people gathered expressly in behalf of this kind of free and frank communication; it is quite another thing to do so at home or in the office. Says Miss Berzon, "Once you've had this taste of honey—once you've had the opportunity to really relate in depth to other people—it's hard to go back to the cocktail-party kind of superficiality. But everyday life isn't like the group. And your family, your boss and your friends probably have a vested interest in keeping you just as you've always been. So the effect tends to get dissipated when you go home." Says Dr. Farson, "People *feel* they're changed by the group, but no matter how you observe them, test them or question their families and friends, you don't find any significant changes in their actual behavior. The reason is that what happens in the group is something that a person can't make happen anywhere else."

Trying to transfer the atmosphere of the group into real life can, in fact, be downright dangerous. One businessman who attended a T group reports, "I learned that I had been making myself miserable by bottling up my hostilities and being overpolite to everybody, so I decided to change all that. Three days later, I realized that I was losing my customers, my employees and my wife—and I changed back in a hurry." Dr. Glasser, who is skeptical of encounter groups, says, "They're based on a false premise. Until all people are open and honest at all times, it's unrealistic to think that you can be—without getting hurt."

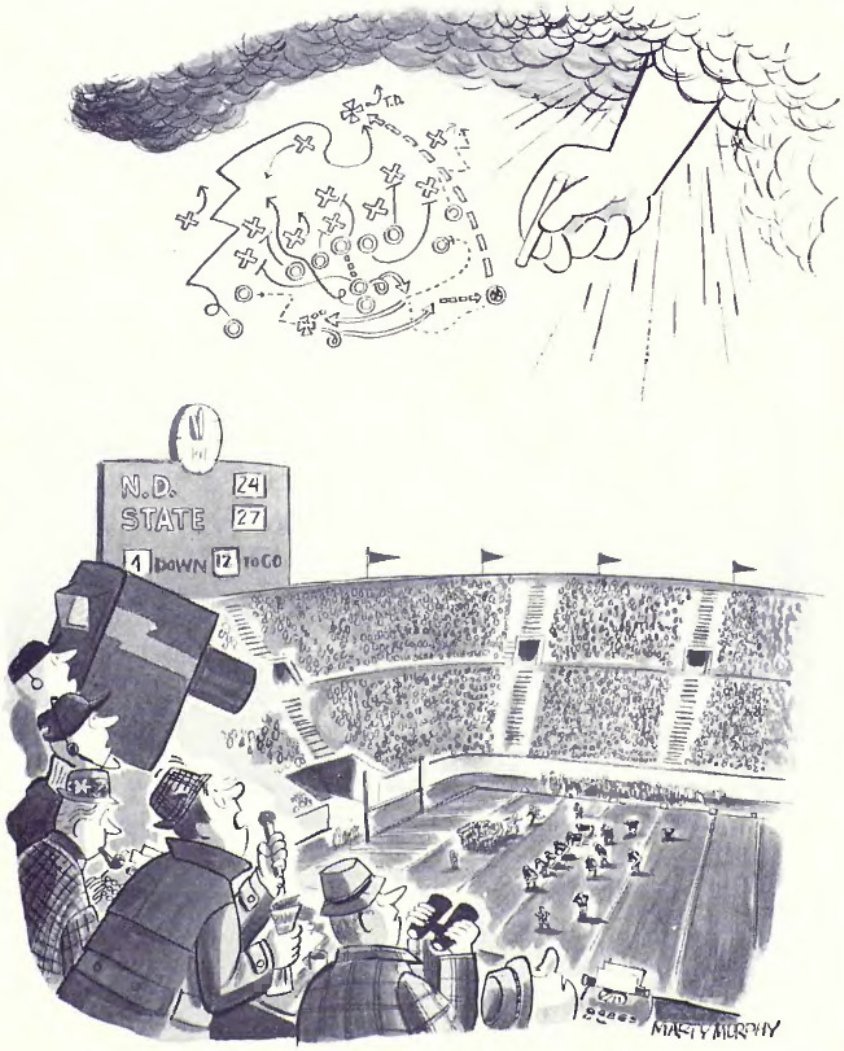
In one way or another, most leaders of the group movement are now grappling with this problem. Many of them believe that the solution is to expand the movement, through Encountertapes and the



"For crying out loud, Major, that's just channel thirteen signing off."

establishment of hundreds of new Esalens, until millions of Americans have had group training of one kind or another; these millions will then reshape society into a sort of single big, happy, uninhibited, affectionate, turned-on encounter group. But as one skeptical psychologist has said, "There are a lot of religious overtones to the movement; these people are like the early Christians, who thought that all of society's problems would vanish as soon as everybody became a Christian."

Others are making a more direct attempt to bring the group and everyday life closer together. The National Training Laboratories, for example, has made some significant changes in the way it organizes its T groups. One N. T. L. psychologist says, "We used to be willing to take just one person from a business organization; we'd get him all revved up and then send him back to office colleagues and a job that hadn't changed a bit. Now we try to get at least two men from the firm, so that they can support each other after they go back. And what we really like is to have many people from the same company and work with the management to open up the lines of communication and creativity; we're trying to change the climate of the big organizations, such as corporations and universities, in which people are embedded." Dr. Farson has been thinking about what he calls "social architecture," a possible new science of the future. "If you want to help people transcend themselves," he says, "you've got to rearrange the social situations in which they constantly find themselves—the job, family, school and church." Thus, the attempt to heal and bolster the human psyche, having already expanded from couch to group, seems likely to expand further into all kinds of social situations. What started as Freud's first modest efforts to help a few hysterical patients has indeed come a long way.



"Well, fans, Notre Dame will have to come up with some kind of miraculous play to pull this game out and . . . and . . . and. . . ."

NINE LIVES

(continued from page 132)

more to draw on than most individuals do."

"And it's multiplied by a factor of ten. Who is—who was John Chow?"

"A genius, surely," Pugh said politely. His interest in cloning was not so newly roused and hungry as Martin's.

"Leonardo Complex type," said Yod. "Biomath; also a cellist and an undersea hunter and interested in structural engineering problems, and so on. Died before he'd worked out his major theories."

"Then you each represent a different facet of his mind, his talents?"

"No," said Zayin, shaking her head in time with several others. "We share the basic equipment and tendencies, of course, but we're all engineers in the Planetary Exploitation line. A later clone might be trained to develop other aspects of the basic equipment. It's merely a matter of education. The genetic substance is identical. We *are* John Chow. But we were trained differently."

Martin looked shell-shocked. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"You say he—died young. Had they taken some germ cells from him beforehand or something?"

Gimel took over: "He died at twenty-four in an air-car crash. They couldn't save the brain but took some intestinal cells and cultured them. Reproductive cells aren't used for cloning, since they have only half the chromosomes. Intestinal cells happen to be easy to despecialize and reprogram for total growth."

"All chips off the old block," Martin said valiantly. "But how can . . . some of you be female . . . ?"

Beth took over: "It's easy to program half the clonal mass back to the female. Just delete the male gene from half the cells and they revert to the basic: that is, the female. It's trickier to go the other way, have to hook in artificial Y chromosomes. So they mostly clone from males, since clones function best when bisexual."

"It's an elaborate process," Aleph said. "Each new generation has to be cloned from cells, the fetuses incubated in Ngama Placentae, then given to trained foster-parent groups. Did you know that we cost the Government about $3,000,000 apiece?"

"But how about you, don't you——" Martin asked, still struggling.

"Breed?" Beth finished for him. "Yes and no. The men are permitted to crossbreed with approved singletons. But as for the women—we're sterile. Deleting the Y chromosome from our original cell makes us so. John Chow in his pure form dies with us—unless, of course, there is a decision to clone him again or a biological breakthrough that would create fertile clone females." They spoke in even, objective tones, as if none of

this had any personal relevance whatsoever.

Question time was over. "Well," said one of the Johns, and all changed mood, like a flock of starlings that changes course in one wing flick, following a leader so fast that no eye can see which leads. They were ready to go. "How about a look at the mine? Then we'll unload the equipment. Some nice new models in the roboats, you'll want to see them. Right?" Had Pugh or Martin not agreed, they might have found it hard to say so. Polite as the Johns were, their decisions were unanimous, tenfold: They carried. Pugh, commander of Libra Base Two, felt a qualm. How could he boss this supermanwoman-entity-of-ten around? And a genius, at that. He stuck with Martin as they suited for outside. Neither said anything.

Four apiece in the three large air sleds, they slipped off north from the dome, over Libra's dun rugose skin, in starlight.

"Desolate," one said.

A boy and a girl were with Pugh and Martin. Pugh wondered if they were the two that had shared a sleeping bag last night. No doubt they wouldn't mind if he asked them. Sex must be as handy as breathing, to them. Did you two breathe last night?

"Yes," he said, "it is desolate."

"This is our first time Off, except training on Luna, of course," said the softer voice, the girl.

"How'd you take the big hop?"

"They doped us. I wanted to experience it." That was the boy, a bit wistful. They seemed to have more personality, only two at a time. Did repetition of the individual negate individuality?

The Mountains of Merioneth showed leprotic in starlight to the east, a plume of freezing gas trailed silver from a venthole to the west, the sled tilted groundward. The twins braced for the stop at the same moment, each with a slight protective gesture to the other. Your skin is my skin, Pugh thought with admiring envy. What would it be like, then, to have somebody as close to you as that? Always to be answered when you spoke; never to be in pain alone. Love your neighbor as you love yourself. . . . That problem was solved. The neighbor was the self: the love was perfect.

And here was Hellmouth, the mine.

Pugh was the Libra Exploratory Mission's extraterrestrial geologist, Martin his technician and cartographer; but when, in the course of a local survey, Martin had discovered the uranium mine, Pugh had given him full credit, as well as the onus of prospecting the lode and planning the Exploit Crew's job. These kids had been sent out from Earth years before Martin's reports got there and had not known what their job would be until they got here; the Exploitation Corps had sent them only

in the well-founded hope that there might be a job for them on Libra or the next planet out. The Government wanted uranium too urgently to wait while reports drifted home across the light-years. The stuff was like gold, old-fashioned but essential. Worth mining extraterrestrially and shipping interstellarly. Worth its weight in people, Pugh thought sourly, watching the tall young men and women go, one by one, glimmering in starlight, into the black hole Martin had named Hellmouth.

It was silent on Libra; it was silenter inside Libra. Dead black. Their homeostatic forehead lamps brightened. Twelve nodding gleams ran along the moist, wrinkled walls. Pugh heard Martin's radiation counter peeping 20 to the dozen up ahead. "Here's the drop-off," said Martin's voice in the suit intercom, drowning out the peeping and the dead silence around. "We're in a side fissure, this is the main vertical vent in front of us." The black void gaped, its far side not visible in the head-lamp beams. "Last traces of vulcanism from two thousand to twenty-five hundred E years ago. Nearest fault twenty-eight miles east, in the Trench. It's seismically as safe as anything you can find on Libra. The big basalt flow overhead stabilizes all these substructures, as long as it remains stable itself. Your central lode is thirty-six meters down, running in a series of five bubble caverns for two hundred and ten meters northeast. It is a lode, a pipe of very high-grade ore. You saw the percentage figures in the report Passerine picked up when it contacted our System Survey Team, right? Extraction's going to be no problem. All you've got to do is get the bubbles topside."

"Take off the lid and let 'em float up." He heard an identical-sounding voice from ten mouths. "Open the thing right up."—"Safer that way."—"Solid basalt roof: How thick, ten meters here?"—"Three to fifteen, the report said."—"Blow good ore all over the lot."—"Use this access we're in, straighten it a bit and run slider rails."—"Import burros."—"Have we got enough propping material?"—"What's your estimate of total pay-load mass, Martin?"

"Well, say over five million kilos and under eight."

"The Transport Crew will be by here in ten E months; we'll have enough for them to start packaging."

The first one—Aleph? (Hebrew, the ox, the leader)—swung onto the ladder and down; the rest followed. Pugh and Martin stood alone at the cavern's edge. Pugh set his intercom to exchange only with Martin's suit and noticed Martin doing the same. It was a little wearing, hearing one person think aloud in ten voices.

"A great gut," Pugh said, looking down into the black pit, its veined and warted walls catching stray gleams of head lamps far below. "A cow's bowel. A bloody great constipated intestine."

They were silent. Martin's counter peeped like a lost chicken. They stood inside the dead but epileptic planet, breathing oxygen from tanks, wearing suits impermeable to corrosives and harmful radiations, resistant to a 200-degree range of temperatures, tearproof and as shock-resistant as possible, given the soft vulnerable stuff inside.

"I hate this place," Martin said. "I

like mines, caves, you know. But this one's a bitch. Mean. You can't ever let down in here. I guess this lot can handle it, though. They know their stuff."

"Wave of the future, Martin, *bach*."

The wave of the future came swarming up the ladder, swept Martin to the shaft entrance, gabbled until one called order: "Martin can't understand us all at once."

"But we can," said another. "Let's get this thought out now. Do we have enough material for supports?"

"If we convert one of the extractor-servos to anneal, yes."

"Sufficient if we miniblast?"

"Kaph can calculate stress."

"How broad's that basalt lid?"

Pugh looked at them, so many thoughts jabbering in a busy brain, and at Martin standing silent among them, and at Hellmouth and the wrinkled plain.

"Settled. How does that strike you as a preliminary schedule, Martin?"

"It's your baby," Martin said.

• • •

By day five of their stay on Libra, the Johns had all their material and equipment unloaded and operating and were ready to start opening up the mine. They worked with total efficiency. Pugh was fascinated and frightened by their effectiveness, their confidence, their independence. A clone, he thought, might be, in fact, the first truly stable, self-reliant human being. It would be sufficient to itself sexually, emotionally, intellectually and ethically. Any member of it would always receive the complete support and approval of his peers. Nobody else was needed.

Two of the clone stayed in the dome, doing calculations and paperwork, with frequent sled trips to the mine for samples, measurements and tests. A girl and a boy, Zayin and Kaph, they were the mathematicians of the clone. That is, as Zayin explained, all ten had had thorough mathematical training from the ages of three to 21; but from 21 to 23, she and Kaph had gone on with math, while the others intensified other specialties—geology, mining engineering, electronic engineering, equipment robotics, applied atomics, and so on. "Kaph and I feel," she said, "that we're closer to what John Chow was in his lifetime. But, of course, he was principally in biomath, and they didn't take us very far in that."

"They needed us most in this field," Kaph said, with the patriotic priggishness they sometimes evinced.

Pugh and Martin continued to be able to distinguish this pair from the others, Zayin by *Gestalt*, Kaph only by a discolored left fourth fingernail, acquired from an ill-aimed hammer at the age of six. No doubt, there were many such differences, physical and psychological, among them: Nature might be identical, nurture could not be. But the differences were hard to find.

Social training partly disguised their basic indifference to others; they had the standardized American friendliness. "Do you come from Ireland, Owen?"

"Nobody comes from Ireland, Zayin."

"There are lots of Irish-Americans."

"To be sure, but almost no Irish. A couple of thousand in all the island, last I knew. By the third Famine, there were no Irish left at all but the priesthood, and they are all celibate; or nearly all."

Zayin and Kaph smiled stiffly. They didn't quite get Owen. "What are you, then, topologically?" Kaph asked.

Pugh replied, "A Welshman."

"Is that Welsh that you and Martin speak together?"

None of your business, Pugh thought, but said, "No, it's his dialect, not mine: Argentinean. Descendant of Spanish. We've had a world to ourselves for half a year. . . . Sometimes a man likes to speak his native language, that's all."

"Is Wells quaint?" asked Zayin.

"Wells? Oh, Wales, it's called. Yes. Wales is quaint." Pugh switched on his rock cutter, which prevented further conversation by a synapse-destroying whine; and while it whined, he turned his back and said a profane word in Welsh.

That night, he used the Argentine dialect for private communication. "Do they pair off in the same couples, or change every night?"

Martin looked surprised. A prudish expression, unsuited to his features, appeared for a moment. It faded. He, too, was curious. "I think it's random."

"Don't whisper, man, it sounds dirty-minded. I think they rotate on a schedule. So that nobody gets omitted."

Martin gave a vulgar laugh and smothered it. "What about us? Aren't we omitted?"

"That doesn't occur to them. It never will."

"What if I propositioned one of the girls?"

"She'd tell the others and they'd decide as a group."

"I am not a bull," Martin said, his dark, heavy face heating up. "I will not be judged——"

"Down, down, *machismo*," said Pugh. "Do you mean to proposition one?"

Martin shrugged, looking sullen. "Let 'em have their incest," he said.

"Incest or masturbation, is it?"

"I don't care, if they'd do it out of earshot!"

The clone's early attempts at modesty had soon worn off, unmotivated by any deep defensiveness of self or awareness of others. Pugh and Martin were daily deeper swamped under the intimacies of its constant emotional-sexual-mental interchange: swamped yet excluded.

"Two months to go," said Martin one evening.

In 60 days, the full crew of their Exploratory Mission was due back from a survey of the four other planets of the system. Pugh was aware of this.

"Are you crossing off the days on the calendar?" he jeered. He was irritable lately, while Martin was sullen.

"Pull yourself together, Owen."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

They parted in contempt and resentment.

• • •

Pugh came in after a day alone on the Pampas, a vast plain the nearest edge of which was two hours south by jet. He was tired, but refreshed by solitude. They were not supposed to take long trips alone but lately had often done so. Martin stooped under bright light, drawing one of his elegant, masterly charts: The whole face of Libra this one was, the cancerous profile. The dome was otherwise empty, seeming dim and large, as it had before the clone came. "Where's the golden horde?"

Martin grunted ignorance, crosshatching. He straightened his back to glance round at the sun, squatting feebly like a great red toad on the eastern plain, and at the clock, which said 18:45. "Some big jumps today," he said, returning to his map. "Lot of crates fell over. Take a look at the seismo."

The needle jiggled and wavered on the roll. It never stopped jiggling here. Back in midafternoon, the roll had recorded five quakes of major intensity; twice the needle had hopped off the roll. The attached computer had been activated to emit a slip reading, "EPICENTER 61° N BY 42°4" E."

"Not in the Trench this time."

"Wasn't it? It felt a bit different from usual. Sharper."

"In Dome One, I used to lie awake all night, feeling the ground jump. Queer how you get used to things."

"Go spla if you didn't. What's for dinner?"

"I thought you'd have cooked it."

"Waiting for the clone."

Feeling put-upon, Pugh got out a dozen dinner boxes, stuck two in the Instobake, pulled them out. "All right, here's dinner."

"Been thinking," Martin said, coming to table. "What if some clone cloned itself? Illegally, I mean. Made a thousand duplicates—ten thousand. Whole army. They could make a tidy power grab, couldn't they?"

"But how many millions would each of this lot cost to rear? Artificial placentae and all that. It would be impossible to keep secret, unless they got a planet to themselves. . . . Back before the Famines, when there were national governments, they talked about that: Clone your best soldiers, have whole regiments of them. But the food ran out before they could play that game." They were speaking amicably, as they used to.

"Funny," Martin said, chewing. "They

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left early this morning, didn't they?"

"Before I did, all but Kaph and Zayin. They thought they'd get the first pay load above ground today. What's up?"

"They weren't back for lunch," said Martin, immobile.

"They won't starve, to be sure."

"They left at seven."

"So they did." Then Pugh saw it. The air tanks held eight hours' supply.

"Kaph and Zayin carried out spare cans when they left. Or they've got a heap out there."

"They did, but they brought the whole lot in to recharge. There they are." He pointed to one of the stacks of stuff that cut the dome into rooms and alleys.

"There's an alarm signal on every imsuit."

"It's not automatic."

Pugh was tired and still hungry. "Sit down and eat, man. That lot can look after itself."

Martin sat down, but after a minute, he said, "There was a big quake, Owen. The first one. Big enough it scared me for a minute."

After a little pause, Pugh sighed and said, "All right."

Unenthusiastically, they got onto the two-man sled that was always left for them and headed it north. The long sunrise covered everything in poisonous red Jell-O. The horizontal light and shadow made it hard to see, raised walls of fake iron ahead of them, which they slid through, turned the convex plain beyond Hellmouth into a great dimple full of bloody water. They slowed, bumped down, jumped off. Around the tunnel entrance, a wilderness of machinery stood, cranes and cables and servos and wheels and diggers and robocarts and sliders and control huts, all slanting and bulking incoherently in the red light. Martin ran into the mine. He came out again and went straight to Pugh. "Oh, God, Owen, it's down," he said. Pugh went in and saw, five meters from the entrance, the shiny, moist, black wall that ended the tunnel. Newly exposed to air, it looked organic, like visceral tissue. The tunnel entrance, enlarged by blasting and double-tracked for robocarts, seemed unchanged till he noticed thousands of tiny spider-web cracks in the walls. The floor was wet with some sluggish fluid.

"They were inside," Martin said.

"They may be still. They surely had extra air cans——"

"Look, man, look, look at the basalt flow, at the roof: don't you see what the quake did? Look at it."

The low hump of land that roofed the caves still looked queer, like an optical illusion. It seemed to have sunk down, leaving a vast dimple, or pit. It, too, was cracked with many tiny fissures, Pugh saw when he walked upon it. From some, a whitish gas was seeping, and the sunlight on the surface of the gas pool was shafted as if in the waters of a dim red lake.

"It isn't on the fault. There's no fault here!"

"They wouldn't all have been inside, Martin. Look at the mess here, the equipment: they may be up here, some of them."

Martin followed him and searched dully, then actively. He spotted the air sled. It had come down unguided and stuck at an angle in a pothole of colloidal dust. It had carried two riders. One was half sunk in the dust, but all his suit meters registered normal functioning; the other hung strapped onto the tilted sled. Her imsuit was cut open in several places on the broken legs and the body was frozen hard as any rock. That was all they found. As both regulation and custom demanded, they cremated the dead body at once with the laser guns they carried and had never used before. Pugh, knowing he was going to be sick, wrestled the survivor onto the two-man sled and sent Martin off to the dome with him. Then he vomited and flushed the waste out of his suit and, finding one four-man sled undamaged, followed after Martin, shaking as if the cold of Libra had got through to him.

The survivor was Kaph. He was in deep shock. They found a swelling on the occiput that might mean concussion, but no fracture showed on their tiny diagnoser.

Pugh brought two glasses of food concentrate and two chasers of aquavit. "Come on," he said. Martin obeyed, drinking off the tonic. They sat down near the cot and sipped the aquavit.

Kaph lay immobile, face like beeswax, hair bright black to the shoulders, lips stiffly parted for faintly gasping breaths.

"It must have been the first shock, the big one," Martin said. "It must have slid the whole structure sideways. Till it fell in on itself. Like on ball bearings. There must be gas layers in the lateral rocks, like those formations in the 31st Quadrant. But there wasn't any sign——" As

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he spoke, the world slid under them. Things leaped and clattered, hopped and jigged, shouted, Ha! Ha! Ha! "It was like this, only worse, at fourteen hundred hours," reason said shakily in Martin's voice, amid the unfastening and ruin of the world. But unreason sat up, as the tumult lessened and things ceased dancing, and screamed aloud.

Pugh leaped across his spilled aquavit and held Kaph down. The muscular body flailed him off. Martin pinned the shoulders down. Kaph screamed, struggled, choked: his face blackened. "Oky," Pugh said, and his hand found the right needle in the medical kit as if by homing instinct; while Martin held the mask, he struck the needle home to the vagus nerve, restoring Kaph to life.

"Didn't know you knew that stunt," Martin said, breathing hard.

"The Lazarus Jab, my father was a doctor, it doesn't always work," Pugh said. "I want that drink I spilled. Is the quake over? I can't tell."

"Aftershocks. It's not just you shivering."

"Why did he suffocate like that?"

"I don't know, Owen. Look in the book."

Kaph was breathing normally and his color was restored; only the lips were still darkened. They poured a new shot of courage and sat down by him again, with the medical guide. "Nothing about cyanosis or asphyxiation under 'shock' or 'concussion.' He can't have breathed in anything with his imsuit on. I don't understand. *Mother Mog's Home Herbalist* would be more use than this. . . . 'Anal hemorrhoids,' fie!" Pugh said, riffling through the index, and pitched the guide to a crate table. It fell short, because either Pugh or the table was still unsteady.

"Why didn't he signal?"

"Sorry?"

"The eight inside the mine never had time. But he and the girl were outside, or in the vent. Maybe she was near the entrance and got hit by the first slides. He was outside, in the control hut, maybe. He ran in, pulled her out, got her onto the sled, started for the dome. And all that time, never pushed the panic button in his imsuit. Why not?"

"Well, he had that whack on the head. I doubt he realized the girl was dead, even. But I don't know if he'd have thought to signal us. They looked to one another for help. For everything."

Martin's face was like an Indian mask, grooves at the mouth corners, eyes of dull coal. "What must he have felt, then, when the quake came and he was outside, alone——"

As if in answer, Kaph screamed.

He came up off the cot in the heaving convulsions of one suffocating, knocked Pugh down with his flailing arm, staggered blindly into a stack of crates and fell to the floor, lips blue, eyes white. Martin dragged him back onto the cot and gave him a whiff of oxygen, then knelt by Pugh, who was just sitting up, and wiped at his cut cheekbone. "Owen, are you all right, are you going to be all right, Owen?"

"I think I am," Pugh said. "Why are you rubbing my face with that?"

It was a small length of computer tape, now spotted with Pugh's blood. Martin threw it away. "I thought it was a towel. You clipped your cheek on that box there."

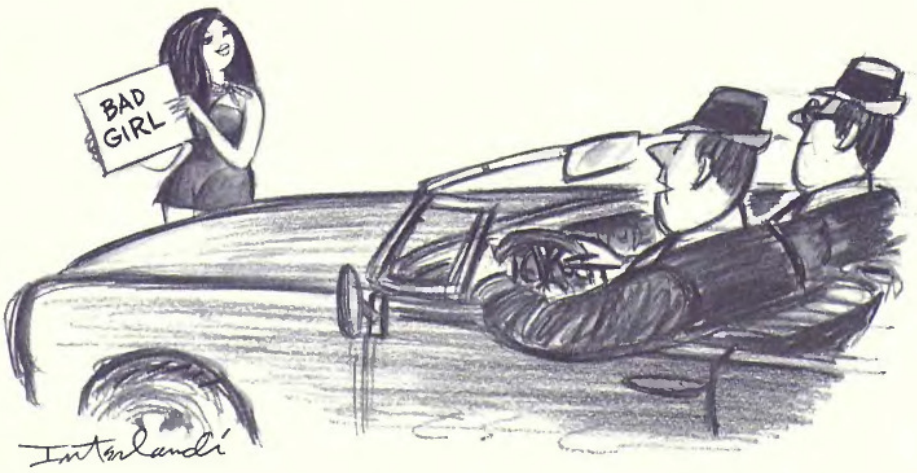
"It didn't hurt till you rubbed it with the tape. Is he out of it?"

They stared down at Kaph lying stiff, his teeth a white line inside dark parted lips.

"Like epilepsy. Brain damage, maybe?"

"What about shooting him full of meprobamate?"

Pugh shook his head. "I don't know what's in that shot we gave him that the kit recommends for shock."



"They certainly want to tell it like it is these days. . . ."

"Maybe he'll sleep it off now."

"I'd like to, myself. Between him and the earthquake, I'm getting a bit run down."

"Go on. I'm not sleepy."

Pugh cleaned his cut cheek and pulled off his shirt, then paused.

"No chance at all, you think?"

Martin shook his head.

Pugh lay down on top of his sleeping bag. After what seemed to be half a minute or so, he was wakened by a hideous, sucking, struggling sound. He staggered up, found the needle, tried three times to jab it in correctly and failed, began to massage over Kaph's heart. "Mouth-to-mouth," he said, and Martin obeyed. Presently, Kaph drew a deep harsh breath, his heartbeat steadied, his rigid muscles began to relax.

"How long did I sleep?"

"Half an hour."

They stood up, sweating. The ground shuddered, the fabric of the dome sagged and swayed. Libra was dancing her awful polka again, her *Totentanz*. The sun, though rising, seemed to have grown larger and redder. A lot of gas and particles must have been stirred up in the feeble dead atmosphere.

"What's wrong with him, Owen?"

"I think he's dying with them."

"Them—but they're dead——"

"Nine of them. They all died, they were crushed or suffocated. They were all him, he is all of them. They died, and now he's dying their deaths, one by one."

"Oh, pity of God," Martin said.

The next time was much the same. The fifth time was worse, for Kaph fought and raved, trying to speak but getting no words out, as if his mouth were stopped with rocks or clay. After that, the attacks grew weaker, but so did he. The eighth seizure came at about 4:30, and Pugh and Martin worked till 5:30, doing everything they could to keep life in the body that seemed to slide without protest into death. Martin said, "The next will finish him." And it did; but Pugh breathed his own breath into the inert lungs, until he himself passed out.

He woke. The dome was opaqued and no light on. He lay on his cot. He listened and heard the breathing of two sleeping men. He slept, and nothing woke him till hunger did.

The sun was well up over the dark plains and the planet had stopped dancing. Kaph lay asleep; Pugh and Martin drank tea and looked at him with proprietary triumph.

When he woke, Martin went to him: "How are you, old man?" There was no answer. Martin turned away.

Pugh took his place and looked into the brown, dull eyes that gazed toward but not into his own. Like Martin, he quickly turned away. He heated food

concentrate and brought it to Kaph but did not meet his gaze. "Come on, drink."

Kaph drank a sip, choked. "Let me die," he said.

"You are not dying."

Kaph spoke with clarity and precision: "I am nine tenths dead," he said. "There is not enough of me left alive."

That precision convinced Pugh and, because he believed, he fought it. "No," he said, peremptorily. "They are dead. The others, your brothers and sisters. But you're alive. You're not even much hurt. You're them, you're him, John Chow. Your life's in your own hands now."

The boy lay still, looking into a darkness that was not there.

The second day after the quake, Martin took the Exploit Crew's hauler and a set of robos over to Hellmouth to salvage equipment and protect it from Libra's sinister atmosphere. Pugh stayed in the dome, doing paperwork, unwilling to leave Kaph by himself. Kaph sat or lay and stared into his darkness and never spoke. The days went by, silent.

The radio spat and spoke: the Mission calling from the ship. "We'll be down on Libra in five weeks, Owen. Thirty-four E days, nine hours, I make it, as of now. How's tricks in the old dome?"

"Not good, Chief. The Exploit Crew was killed, all but one of them, six days ago. In the mine, an earthquake."

The radio crackled and sang starsong. Sixteen seconds' lag each way: the ship was out around Planet III now. "Killed, the whole lot but one? Listen, you and Martin are all right?"

"We're all right here."

Thirty-two seconds.

"The Exploit Crew that Passerine left out here with us may take over the Hellmouth project, then, instead of the Quadrant Seven project. We'll settle that when we come down. One way or another, you and Martin will be relieved at Dome Two."

Later on, Pugh said to Kaph, "You may be asked to stay here with the other Exploit Crew, if they go to work at Hellmouth. The chief won't command it. But you know the ropes here." Knowing the exigencies of Far Out life, he wanted to warn the young man.

Kaph said nothing. Since he said, "There is not enough of me left alive," he had not spoken a word.

"Owen," Martin said on suit intercom, "he's spla. Insane. Psychotic."

"He's doing very well for a man who's died nine times."

"Well? Like a turned-off android is well? The only emotion he has left is hate."

"That's not hate, Martin. Listen, it is true that he has, in a sense, been dead. I cannot imagine what he feels. But it is not hatred. He can't even see us. It's too dark."

"Throats have been cut in the dark. He hates us because we're not Aleph and

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Yod. Because we outlived them."

"Maybe. But I think he's alone. He doesn't see us or hear us, that's the truth: He never had to see anyone else before. He never was alone before. He had himself to see, talk with, live with, nine other selves all his life. He doesn't know how you go it alone, he must learn. Give him time."

Martin shook his heavy head. "Spla," he said. "Just remember, when you're alone with him, that he could break your neck one-handed. What I can't stand is his eyes."

"He can't stand ours, I expect," said Pugh, a short, soft-voiced man with a bruised cheekbone. They were just outside the dome air lock, programming one of the Exploit servos to repair a damaged hauler. They could see Kaph sitting inside the great half egg of the dome like a fly in amber. "He'll get better, I think."

"Hand me the insert pack there. What makes you think so?"

"He has a strong personality, to be sure."

"Strong? Wrecked. Nine tenths dead, as he put it."

"But he is not dead. He is a live man: John Kaph Chow. He had a jolly queer upbringing, but after all, every boy has got to break free of his family. He will do it."

"I can't see it."

"Think about it a bit, Martin; what's this cloning for? To repair the human race, isn't it? We're in a bad way. Look at me. My I. I. Q. and G. C. are about half this John Chow's. Yet they wanted me so badly for the Far Out Service that when I volunteered, they took me and fitted me out with an artificial lung and corrected my myopia. Now, if there were enough good, sound men around, would they be taking one-lunged, shortsighted Welshmen?"

"Didn't know you had an artificial lung."

"I do, though. Not tin, you know. Human, grown in a tank from a bit of somebody else's lung; cloned, if you like. That's how they make replacement organs, you know, the same general idea as cloning, but bits and pieces, instead of whole people. It's my own lung now. But my point is, there are too many like me these days and not enough like John Chow. They're trying to raise the level of the human genetic pool, which must be a pretty mucky little puddle since the population crash. So if a man is cloned, he's a tough, sound man. It's only logic, to be sure."

Martin grunted; the servo began to hum.

Kaph had been eating little; he had trouble swallowing his food, choking on it, so that he would give up trying after a few bites. He had lost eight or ten kilos. Along about three weeks after the earthquake, his appetite began to pick up; and one day, he began to look through the clone's possessions, its sleeping bags, kits and papers, which Pugh and Martin had stacked neatly in a far angle of a packing-crate "room." He sorted, destroyed a heap of papers and oddments, made a small packet of what remained, then relapsed into his walking coma.

Two days later, he spoke. Pugh was trying to correct a flutter in the tape player, a job for Martin, but Martin had the jet out, checking their maps of the West Pampas. "Do you want me to do that?" Kaph said tonelessly.

Pugh jumped, controlled himself, gave the machine to Kaph. The young man took the player apart, put it back together and left it on the table.

"Put on a tape," Pugh, busy at another table, said with careful casualness.

Kaph put on the topmost tape, a chorale. He lay down on his cot and seemed to pay no attention to the music.

After that, he took over several routine jobs one by one. He undertook nothing that wanted initiative; and if asked to do anything, he made no response at all, impassive as the deaf.

"He's doing well," Pugh said in Argentinean.

"He's not. He's settling into a machine role. Does what he's programmed to do, no reaction to anything else, including other humans. He's worse off than he was when he didn't function at all. He's not human anymore."

"What is he, then?"

"Dead."

Owen winced. "Well, good night," he said in English. "Good night, Kaph."

Martin responded; Kaph did not.

Next morning at breakfast, Kaph reached across Martin's plate for the butter. "Why don't you ask for it?" Martin said with the geniality of repressed exasperation. "I can pass it."

"I can reach it," Kaph said in his flat voice.

Martin shrugged and laughed. Pugh, tense, jumped up and turned on the rock cutter.

Later on, "Lay off that, please, Martin," he said.

"Manners are important in small isolated crews, some kind of manners, whatever you work out together. He's been taught that, everybody in Far Out knows it; why does he deliberately flout it?"

"Don't you see, Kaph's never known anybody but himself?"

Martin brooded and then broke out, "Then, by God, this cloning business is dead wrong. It won't do. What are a lot of duplicate geniuses going to do for us when they don't even know we exist?"

Pugh nodded. "They might be wiser to separate the clones and bring them up with others. But they make such a grand team, too useful to waste."

"Do they? I wonder. If this bunch had been ten average inefficient ET engineers, would they all have been in the same place at the same time? Would they all have got killed but one? What if, when the cave-in started, what if all those kids ran the same way—farther into the mine, maybe, to save the one that was farthest in? Even Kaph was outside and went in. . . . It's hypothetical. But I keep thinking, out of ten ordinary confused guys, more might have got out."

"I don't know. It's true that identical twins tend to die at about the same age, even when they have never seen each other. Identity and death, it is very strange."

The days went on. Kaph went on the same way. Pugh and Martin snapped at each other a good deal. Pugh complained of Martin's snoring; offended, Martin moved his cot clear across the dome and did not speak to Pugh for 30 hours. Kaph spoke to neither, except when compelled.

The day before the Mission ship was to come in, Martin announced he was going over to Merioneth.

"We haven't done some of the paperwork we had six months to do; I thought at least you'd be giving me a hand with the computer to finish the rock analyses." Pugh's tone was aggrieved.

"Kaph can do that. I want one more look at the Trench. Have fun," Martin added in dialect, and laughed, and left.

"What is the language you and he speak?"

"Argentinean. I told you that once, didn't I?"

"I don't know." After a while, the young man added, "I have forgotten a lot of things, I think."

"It wasn't important, to be sure," Pugh said gently. "Will you give me a hand running the computer, Kaph?"

He nodded.

Pugh had left a lot of loose ends and the job took them all day. Though Kaph's flat voice got on Pugh's nerves, he was a good co-worker, quick and systematic, much more so than Pugh himself. And then, there was only this one day left before the ship came, the old crew, comrades and friends.

During tea break, Kaph said, "What would happen if the Mission ship crashed?"

"They'd be killed."

"What would happen to you?"

"We'd radio SOS all signals and live on half rations till the rescue cruiser from Area Three Base came. Four and a half E years away, it is. We have life support here for three men for, let's see, maybe between four and five years. A bit tight, it would be."

"Would they come for three men?"

"Of course."

Kaph said no more.

"Enough cheerful speculations," Pugh said cheerfully, rising to get back to

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work. He slipped sideways and the chair avoided his hand; trying to regain balance, he brought up hard against the dome hide. "My goodness," he said, reverting to his native idiom, "what is it?"

"Quake," said Kaph.

The teacups bounced on the table with a plastic cackle, a litter of papers slid off a box, the skin of the dome swelled and sagged. Underfoot, there was a huge noise, half sound, half shaking, a subsonic boom.

Kaph sat unmoved. An earthquake would not frighten a man who had died in an earthquake.

Pugh, white-faced, his wiry black hair sticking out, a frightened man, said, "Martin's in the Trench."

"What trench?"

"The big fault line. The epicenter for these local quakes. Look at the seismograph." Pugh struggled with the stuck door of a still-jittering locker.

"Where are you going?"

"Take the jet and go locate him."

"Martin took the jet. Sleds aren't safe to use during quakes. They go out of control."

"For God's sake man, shut up."

Kaph stood up, frowning, speaking slowly, as usual. "It's unnecessary to go out after him now. It's taking an unnecessary risk."

"If his alarm goes off, radio me," Pugh said, closed the headpiece of his suit and ran to the lock. As he went out, Libra picked up her ragged skirts and danced a belly dance from under his feet clear to the red horizon. A vent south of the dome belched up a slow-flowing bile of black gas.

Inside the dome, Kaph saw the sled go up, tremble like a meteor in the dull red daylight and vanish to the northeast. The hide of the dome quivered, the earth coughed.

A bell rang loudly, a red light flashed on and off on the central control board. The sign under the light read SUIT 2 and, scribbled under that, A. G. M. Kaph did not turn the signal off. He tried to radio both Pugh and Martin but got no reply.

He went back to work when the aftershocks decreased, and finished up Pugh's job. It took him about two hours. Every half hour, he tried to radio Suit One and got no reply, then Suit Two and got no reply. The red light had stopped flashing after an hour. It was dinnertime, so Kaph cooked dinner for one and ate it.

He lay down on his cot.

The aftershocks had ceased, except for faint rolling tremors at long intervals. The sun hung in the west, oblate, pale-red, immense. It did not sink visibly. There was no sound at all.

Kaph got up and began to walk around the messy, half-packed-up, overcrowded, empty dome. The silence continued. He went to the player and put on the first tape that came to hand. It was music, pure electronically produced notes, no voices. It ended. The silence continued.

The child's dream: There is no one else alive in the world but me. In all the world.

Low, north of the dome, a meteor flickered.

Kaph's mouth opened, as if he were trying to say something, but no sound came. He went hastily to the north wall and peered out into the gelatinous red light.

The sled came in, sank, the light went out. Two figures blurred the air lock. When they came in, Kaph stood close by the lock. Martin's imsuit was covered with some kind of dust, so that he looked raddled and warty, like the surface of Libra. Pugh had him by the arm.

"Is he hurt?"

Pugh shucked his imsuit, helped Martin peel off his. "Shaken up," he said, curt.

"A bit of cliff fell onto the jet," said Martin, sitting down at the table and waving his arms. "Not while I was in it, though. I was parked, see, and poking about that carbon-dust area, when I felt things humping. So I ran out onto a nice bit of early igneous I'd noticed from above. Good footing, and out from under the cliffs. Then I saw this piece of the cliff fall over onto the flier, quite a sight it was; and after a while, I thought the spare air cans were in the flier, so I started leaning on my panic button. But I didn't get any radio reception; that's happened before during quakes, so I didn't know if the signal was getting through. And things went on jumping around and pieces of the cliff coming off. Got so dusty it was hard to see anything. I was really beginning to wonder what I'd do for breathing in the small hours, you know, when I saw old Owen zigging up the Trench in all that dust and junk, like a big ugly bat——"

"Want to eat?" said Pugh.

"Of course, I want to eat. How did you come through the quake here, Kaph? No damage I can see. It wasn't a big one, actually, was it, what's the seismo say? My trouble was I was in the middle of it. Felt like Richter ten there—total destruction of planet——"

"Sit down," Pugh said. "Eat."

After dinner, Martin's spate of talk ran dry and he went off to his cot, still in the remote angle where he had removed it when Pugh complained of his snoring. "Good night, you one-lunged Welshman," he said across the dome.

"Good night, then."

There was no more out of Martin. Pugh opaqued the dome, turned the lamp down to a yellow glow less than a candle's light and sat doing nothing, saying nothing, withdrawn.

"I finished up the computations," Kaph said.

Silence.

"The signal from Martin's suit came through, but I couldn't get through to you or him."

Pugh said with effort, "I should have waited. He had two hours of air left, even with only one can. He might have been heading home when I left."

The silence came back, but punctuated now by Martin's long, soft snores.

"Do you love Martin?"

Pugh looked up with an angry face. "Martin is my friend. We've worked together a long time. He's a good man." After a while, he asked, less belligerently, "Why did you ask that?"

Kaph said nothing, but he looked up at Pugh. His face was changed, as if he were glimpsing something he had not seen before. His voice was also changed. "How can you. . . . How do you. . . ."

But Pugh could not tell him. "I don't know," he said. "It's practice, partly. I don't know. We're each of us alone, to be sure. What can you do but hold your hand out in the dark?"

Kaph's strange glance dropped, burned out by its own intensity.

"I'm tired," Pugh said. "That was no picnic, looking for him, in all that black dust and muck, and mouths opening and shutting in the ground. . . . I'm going to bed. The ship will be transmitting to us by six or so." He stood up and stretched.

"It's a clone," Kaph said. "The other Exploit Crew they're bringing with them."

"Is it, then?"

"Yes. They came out with us on the Passerine. A twelveclone."

Kaph sat in the small yellow aura of the lamp, seeming to look past it at what he feared: the new clone, the multiple self of which he was not a part. A lost piece of a broken set, a fragment, inexpert at solitude, not knowing even how you go about giving love to another individual, now he must face the tremendous closed self-sufficiency of a clone of 12; that was a lot to ask of the poor fellow, to be sure. Pugh put a hand on his shoulder in passing. "You won't be asked to stay here, then. You can go home. Or, since you're Far Out, maybe come on farther out with us. We need men. No hurry deciding. You'll make out all right."

Pugh's quiet voice trailed off; he stood unbuttoning his coat, stooped a little with fatigue. Kaph looked at him, as if he were seeing a thing he had never seen before: saw him: Owen Pugh, the other, the stranger who held his hand out in the dark.

"Good night," Pugh mumbled, crawling into his sleeping bag and half asleep already, so that he did not hear Kaph reply after a pause, repeating, across darkness, benediction.

"Folks, let's really hear it for Mrs. Freddy Photzmacher of Scarsdale. Thanks a lot, Mrs. Photzmacher. . . . Er, Mrs. Photzmacher. . . ."

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 (continued from page 143)

me that as of yesterday, your phone's been removed. Why? Because what puzzles me most is that you spend nine to ten dollars having a phone installed, and one week after it's in and when you really could've used it, you have it removed. Weird. I've definitely made up my mind, Dirk: Sometimes you're absolutely weird. Were all sorts of incoming wrong numbers getting you down, as they did in L. A. last year? Maybe I'm being unfair, but you at least had that phone for two months, which hints you're getting better, which means progressively worse. My point is that Roy could've reached you if you had a phone, and now he has to wait for you to call. Next time, I suppose you'll have your phone taken out the day after it's installed. And the time after that, if any phone company is mad enough to let you have a phone, you'll ask the telephone serviceman to remove the phone right after he's packed up his installation tools to go. But, admittedly, all that's your business now," and she yelled down the hall: "Roy? Is your knapsack packed? And your daddy's here."

Roy came out of his room, his unhitched overloaded knapsack hanging from a shoulder by one strap. He rushed up to Dirk, kissed him, said, "You coming to San Francisco with Mommy and me?"

Helen said no, "Your father has once more made the mistake of driving down without first calling."

Roy talked excitedly about his trip, how sleeping in a bedroll at Donald's was going to be like camping out in the woods. "And he says I can look out through windows there and see mountains and ocean and even look through a telescope to the stars. Do you want to sleep with me?"

"Dirk has his own flat in San Francisco, which you can probably stay at next weekend, if he doesn't mind." She looked at Dirk for confirmation as she sipped from her mug. "Want some tea? You've that old desiring expression again. I didn't make enough for two, but if you think you need some for the drive up, I'll put some water on." She went to the kitchen—Roy to his room to find his cowboy boots—and returned with two smoking mugs of tea. His was very sweet, just as she liked it, with two to three tablespoonfuls of honey in it, the liquid well stirred. "Is something wrong with the tea?" she said. She sipped her own tea as a test, winced, seemed about to spit it back, swallowed, said it was too tart, too lemony, "Uch, it's just awful," and they exchanged mugs.

"You like it tart, I like it sweet—our respective predilections, if you like; natures, so to speak. You like the shade, New York snow, barely endurable Eastern winters, depressing poetry, music, films and decomposing flowers to paint. While I like the sun, warmth, California spring, summer and everything happy and silly that goes with it, including getting a tan. You always put down that silliness in me. No, not always. We got married and everything was nice for a couple of days and then you suddenly became so stern and critical—you very definitely changed then—and started doing your unlevelheaded best to kill off my own silliness. What do you say about all that now? Donald's very much like me, in a way: Opposites now detract. Sometimes he's terribly silly, does cart wheels in the street, more than that, just dumb foolish indescribable things—he gets along with just about everyone. He's able to cut off his equally serious work almost immediately and simply have a gassy time. And so far, he and Roy get along great. He's teaching him about camping and carpentry and all kinds of ocean-creature things and even how to write out their names on your old electric typewriter—all three of their names apiece, including the Mister and Master—Roy wouldn't settle for less. Roy," she yelled, "will you move it along? It's past noon."

Roy hobbled into the room in one boot, said he was still searching for the other.

"You don't wear cowboy boots on Saturdays. Just Tuesdays and Fridays—you know that."

"There it is," Roy said, and he crawled under the couch, came out with the missing boot and sat on the floor to put it on.

"You don't wear those boots on Saturdays. Find your moccasins, jack boots, even your mukluks, but I want no more diddling around."

"Please?" Roy said, and he stood up, walked a few steps and fell over; the boots were on the wrong feet. Most of his clothes, books, toys, tools and crayons fell out of the knapsack and Roy screamed, "Damn it!" He threw the knapsack at his dog, who had just entered the room, and was snapping his crayons in two when Helen picked him up by his ankles and tapped his head twice on the rug.

"Idiot," she said.

"I give up," he said.

"Idiot, idiot, idiot."

"Mom, I said I give up, so let me down."

She set him up on his feet, they looked crossly at each other, Roy serious, Helen mocking, then started laughing, hugged each other; the dog, Sabine, got between their legs; Helen said, "Ummm, just ummm."

They all left the house. Dirk got on one knee to pick some weeds out of the parking as Helen, Roy and Sabine got into her car. "Call next time," she said. "And if you're going to Ken's thing Sunday night, maybe Don and I will see you there," and they drove away.

Dirk weeded the parking clean, drove to the supermarket, liquor store and bakery, which were all in the same local shopping center, and was in the freeway's speed lane doing 75, miles from their house, when he saw them in the rearview mirror, Roy and Sabine standing on the back seat, staring out the window, Helen wanting to pass. He flicked on the directional signal. Helen flashed a begrudging thanks as she drove her car alongside his. Roy spotted him on his own and beamed, waved. Dirk waved back. Roy waved with both hands and shook the dog's paw at him and pushed Helen's shoulder to point out Dirk driving behind them in the adjoining lane. Dirk floored the gas pedal, but their more powerful Saab was still increasing its speed and distance over him. Roy displayed his tool kit, extracted a hammer from it and made hammering motions in the air. Dirk smiled, nodded. Soon there were several cars separating hers from his laboring Volks, and Roy blew him a kiss.

Dirk turned on the portable radio strapped to the front seat by the safety belt. The *Warsaw Concerto* by Richard Addinsell, the announcer said, and the name of the orchestra, conductor, pianist, record company and number and time of day. Dirk hadn't heard the piece for years; when he was 13 or 14, it had been his favorite music—this same pianist on both sides of a 12-inch breakable record that, at 15, he jokingly broke over his brother's head. He tuned the radio in, listened to the loud dramatic opening, switched to AM and the telephone voice of a woman who said certainly, Dr. King's death is sad, as every assassination and sudden making of a widow and four fatherless children is sad, but who's to say he wasn't asking for it a little, you know what I mean? and the commentator's enraged denouncement of the woman's bigotry and proclamation of her stupidity and the loud click of his hanging up, and shut the radio off. A car honked behind him; he was straddling the broken white lines separating the two lanes; and while he edged into the slow lane, an elderly woman cut into the speed lane, narrowly missing his rear fender. From across the middle lane, they looked at each other. The woman frowned, glared, Dirk opened his mouth and crossed his eyes, as if he were being strangled; the woman accelerated her huge Mercedes to 80, 90; in seconds, he was left far behind. He took the San Mateo exit to his favorite restaurant in America, at the outskirts of town.

They had had their wedding reception there, rare Japanese and Okinawan dishes made special for the feast in the

cushioned room upstairs. Half the guests got drunk on sake and Japanese champagne flown in that day from Tokyo through the owner's secret contacts at JAL; half the guests remained stoned on Israeli hashish smoked in the spray-deodorized johns. Irises, cherry blossoms, rose incense, paper slippers, friends' children sitting on the foot-high tables and guzzling from sake carafes filled with pop, handfuls of cold cooked rice thrown at the couple as they left. Later, he picked rice out of her hair: together, they painted PEACE in fluorescent acrylics on the bedroom window overlooking the beach at Santa Cruz; in bed, she said how life was best when she had the sun, health, loving man and a backward and upside-down view of PEACE from a comfy new mattress all at the same time; but where, she wanted to know, will we go from here?

A card was hooked over the doorknob reading he hadn't been home to receive a telegram; and penciled on the other side was the deliverer's personal message: "The gram's been slid under your door."

"IF YOU HAVE NO OBJECTIONS," Chrisie wired from San Luis Obispo, "I'LL BE DRIVING UP FOR WEEKEND WITH TWO GIRLS."

Chrisie's younger daughter, Sophie, was genetically his. He'd met Chrisie at a New York party three summers ago, he in the city to be with his dying sister and grieving folks, she on a week's vacation from the man who was still her adoring hot-tempered husband; and minutes after their orgasm, when he was squirming out from under her to breathe, she said she was convinced she conceived. "Preposterous, granted, but I felt it, just as I felt it with Caroline three years ago, their infinitesimal gametic coupling before, as explosive as our own."

He rolled up the canvas he'd been painting on the floor, put away his income-tax statements and forms—Federal, state, New York City, six jobs in one year and once three part-timers per day, and he was going to be penalized for filing late—shampooed his rug with laundry detergent, washed down the baseboards with diluted ammonia, dusted every object in the flat a two- and a five-year-old girl could touch or step on a chair and reach, on his knees, scoured the bathroom tub and tiles and soaped the linoleum floors with the now ammonia-maimed sponge. He left the door unlocked and hauled two bags of linens and clothes to the laundromat down the hill. A girl was in front, her smock cut from the same inexpensive Indian bedspread he used to cover the mattress on his floor. "Spare change?" she said. He never gave, but today handed her a quarter. "Thanks loads," and "Spare change?" to a man approaching the laundromat with a box filled with laundry, detergent, starch and magazines. He said, "I work for my money." She said, "I work for my money also, by asking for spare change." He said, "Dumb begging kid," and she said, "Dear beautiful man," and he, "You ought to be thrown in Santa Rita with the rest of your crazy friends," and she, "You ought to drop some acid"; he, "And you ought to poison yourself also"; she, "I wasn't referring to poison"; "Well, I was"; "Spare change? Spare a dime, nickel, penny, a smile?" "Out of my way, pig"; and he shoved her aside with the box and went into the laundromat.

Dirk read while his laundry was being washed. His were the most colorful clothes in the machines. A few minutes before the cycles were finished, he got up to stick a dime in the one free drier, but a woman beat him to it by a second. "You've got to be fast, not slow," she said, as she stuck three dimes into the coin slot.

"Spare change?" the girl said outside.

A man set down four shopping bags of laundry and opened his change purse. "Oh no," and he snapped the purse shut, "I forgot, I'll need all my change for the machines. The coin changers have been vandalized so often this month the owner's had to seal them up, and now she's got to take them out, as they're still being forced open. People are violent and nuts."

One of the driers stopped. A woman sitting under a hair drier and another unwrapping a candy bar signaled with their hands and eyes and candy bar that the machine wasn't theirs. Dirk touched the shoulder of a man on a bench with a hat over his face, who was the only other person in the room the drier might belong to, but the man still slept. Dirk removed the strange warm clothes from the drier, folded them neatly and piled them in a basket cart, was throwing his wet clothes into the drier when someone poked his ribs: the man who'd been sleeping squeezed Dirk's wrist and said, "Don't any of you people have the decency to wait?"

The telegram read: "I AND THE GIRLS WON'T ARRIVE TILL TOMORROW. HUSBAND, PARENTS, COMPLICATIONS. LOVE." Dirk drank a few vodka and tonics and fell asleep, awoke in the dark with his radio on and went outside. He had a Moroccan tea at a Haight Street coffeehouse, where many young people were drawing.

"OK, rabbits, knock it off!"

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writing, playing checkers and chess, talking about police harassment, pot planting, Hippie Hill freedom, the Bach cantata being played, democracy now but total revolution, if that's what it's going to have to come to, tonight's rock concerts at the Fillmore, Avalon, Winterland, Straight. A man sat beside him, pulled on the long hairs of his unbrushed beard and braided matted head hair and said, "Hey, there, place's getting real artsy, very beautiful old North Beach days, culture with a *Das Kapital* K, crazies just doing their dovey ding, am I tight?" Dirk shrugged, the man laughed and patted Dirk's shoulder consolingly, a girl at the next table shrugged and the man said, "Yeah, North Beach *si* and now the Haight, you're all going to burn out famous," he announced to the house, "like Ginsberg, Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, me boys, me best, me fine old friendlies who bade it ballsy and big, so try and refute me in five years, friends, that all of you who pluck to it haven't made buns of bread," and he finished his coffee, chugged down all the milk in the table's cream pitcher and left.

Dirk was on his way home when a girl stopped him on the street and asked if she could crash his pad. "I'm alone, in real trouble, it's just me and I won't be any bother, I swear. The pad I was supposed to flop at won't let me in. These four guys I was living with there suddenly split for Los Angeles—ran off with all my records and clothes while I was sitting it out in jail. Look at this. The creepy keeper gave it to me today as sort of a graduation diploma and safe-conduct visa out of Nevada." She showed him a paper that stated she'd been arrested and released after five days for vagrancy, loitering, wayward minor, accessory to crime, resisting arrest. "Resisting arrest bullshit. They just clamped on the cuffs, felt my tits and dumped me in a smelly van. We were selling speed, made our contact, two cats and myself in Carson City, which is America's worst dump. You ever been there? Don't ever go there. The creepy keeper said, 'Now, I'm warning you, sis, don't be turning back.' And when we left the restaurant with our contact, twenty Feds jumped out of the shadows with guns cocked like puny movie gangsters and threw us against our truck, arrested us all."

While they walked to his apartment, she told him she thought she was pregnant again. She'd had a kid in Hartford last year, gave it away, her rich German Jewish father told her the baby was very ugly after he had told her how much he was forking over for her bills. "Best of hospital service, never had it so good, and he was kind of sweet and kind of like an overconcerned expectant father expecting his first child and then, with my society-minded momma, had me committed. But the state released me after four months, though my folks wanted me in for at least a year but were too cheap to pay for a private crazyhouse, when they found I was still getting pills and grass and was caught balling with one of Connecticut's prize mental deficients behind a bandstand during a Saturday-afternoon dance. You ever been to Hartford? Well, don't ever go there, either. That's what they told me in Carson City. Said, don't come back for six months' minimum, and I said, six months my ass, I'm never coming back, none of my friends will ever come back, you lost a good tourist trade when you locked me up, and this giant Swedish matron, she was very congenial when she wasn't forcing my box open every ten minutes to see if I was stashing anything inside, she just laughed, laughed and laughed."

Dirk gave her one of two tuna sandwiches he made. She said it looked pretty and sweet, sourdough was her favorite of all nonmacrobiotic breads, but no, thanks, with the last kid she gained 46 pounds, she was ten pounds overweight as it was, she was going to start eating again when and if she found she wasn't pregnant. "Look at that view. Golden Gate from your own flat. Do you ever really look outside—I mean, really? Too much. You ought to raise your mattress to window level, make it with some groovy chick while you're both stoned on hash and eye-popping the moon and sun. You do all these paintings? Do them on pills? Well, don't ever get on them, don't even hold them, they're worse than anything besides junkie's junk, which is really a good trip the first time but the shits when you have to start paying forty dollars a high. You're a real housekeeper. Just look how clean this place is. You ought to wear an apron—a clean flowery one. I'll make you one, if you get me some thread things and paints and an old clean sheet. Floor recently washed, books in place, not even a curly body hair on the rug, and pardon me for all my luggage," she lifted her average-sized pocketbook with her pinkie and reset it on the floor, "but I feel utterly helpless if I have to travel light."

They drank tea, she showered and said she was sorry, but she had thoroughly soaked his bathroom floor; when she was living in Hartford, she wasn't such a slob and, in fact, was a real housekeeper then, also: cooked, cleaned, deveined the shrimps and cracked the crabs, just obsessed with ridding the flat of flecks and specks, as her mother is and he must be, but now she hasn't made a bed for eight months, no, nine, except for the five days in Carson City's most depressing jail, which is just another reason for never going back. "You have kids? You look like you have half a dozen. That you and your boy in the sailboat? Is your wife as blonde as he? I never want kids, never want to get married. Marriage is for con men who give charm for money and that Mongoloid I balled who'll always need some help and love. But for everyone else, it's me me me me. My childhood was the worst. My mother's a hysterical bitch and shrew. My dad's got a gripe against me because he always wanted to screw me and now because he bought me a thousand dollars' worth of clothes to keep me in Hartford just two days before I split for the Coast. Two cats came by the place I was staying at and said, let's take you away from all this, meaning my apron and housekeeping chores, and I said sure, anything; there wasn't anything happening in Hartford since I gave that ugly baby away. So I packed those clothes in two valises I stole from the cats I was living with—they did much worse to me in the past, so don't even begin to twinge and twist—and we made it across country without a bit of flak, never for a moment being anything but high. I've now been in every state but Alaska, Carson City, Nevada, my forty-ninth. And I have no clothes, maybe two dimes in my wallet, my father would just piss if he knew and my mother's aching to put me away for life, and most everybody who knows me says I'm wasting my time, that I've something more than a one-forty I. Q. and ought to use that natural intelligence in writing about all I've seen and done, though with a humorous aspect to it, as there's far too much sad seriousness in literature and the world as it is. And one day I will. Just as soon as I land a pad of my own."

He offered her a sleeping bag on the floor and she said that was exactly what she needed for her rotten back. They went to bed. "Hey, look," she screamed, "I can see the moon. It's getting a little past the half stage. My God, it's being eclipsed by the earth—our earth. What do astrologers say about eclipses of the moon? Are they special nights, do any of the signs undergo any change? And I bet you're a Gemini. Geminis are the worst. Yes. I'm sure you're a Gemini. Well, I'm a Taurus, we'd never get along, and my name's Cynthia Devine."

The room was very dark when he awoke a few hours later to Cynthia talking about her magnificent view of the totally eclipsed moon. He put his hand on her knee and she felt his chest. "You have a very interesting heartbeat," she said. "I've never slept with a man with such a rapping heart." Her hand moved down his body and she said, "Ooooh, now I know why it's rapping so fast. But stop, will you, because then I can say tomorrow that it was a lot better sleeping here than it was in jail. There I got a crummy mattress on a wooden board with no privacy. I wasn't even allowed to see daylight till they walked me across the yard for a health exam. The doctor there gave me these pretty blue antibiotic pills and these blood-red capsules for what he said was my venereal disease. I told him vaginal infection, not V. D.,

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a vaginal infection I had had for a month and still have, till he finally apologized. Prison doctors are always trying to stick you with the worst. But he was fairly nice, all told. And Sheila, the matron, wasn't half bad, either, when she wasn't trying to get into my pants."

Someone knocked on the door. "You get your share of telegrams," the deliverer said. "When this one came this morning, I was sure it was my fault because you didn't get the two I slipped under the door and this one was trying to find out what was wrong."

"I STARTED OUT THIS EVENING," Chrisie wired from San Luis Obispo, "AND THEN RETURNED HOME. LET ME KNOW IF YOU THINK I SHOULD REALLY COME. CALL. LOVE." And her phone number.

He walked Cynthia down the hill, to show her where the public phone booth was and to cash a check at the drugstore for himself. "Goodbye," she said, shaking his hand. "I think we—no, I'm glad we didn't—oh, maybe it would've been fun if we had, as it's always a crazy farce with somebody new, though it's also nice sleeping peacefully, for a change, without someone's hands tearing into me. I've got to call some guys I know. They were staying at a flat before I got busted, and if they've already split, then I'm really screwed. Maybe I should phone my dad for cash. I can get him at business now, just after he's returned from a three-martini lunch. He's really quite beautiful when he's smashed, and thanks."

The druggist smiled. "You made the year 1968 on your check instead of 1969."

His 86-year-old landlord was pulling out weeds from around one of the hundred or so signs he had painted and then erected in their front yard. The sign read: STOP BEING AN ACCESSORY TO THE CRIME OF FRATRICIDE—DON'T YOU KNOW ALL WARS ARE SILLY? "I've just come back from distributing my peace pamphlets downtown," Mamblin said, "and you wouldn't believe the wonderful reception I got from so many of our courageous lads. Peace first, I told them —love, learn and grow. Jewish and Christian wars must end, I said—gardens, not battlefields. A mental revolution, not a physical one. One young man from Santa Monica, of all places, said that after listening to me, he would think again about avoiding the draft. He said I was a man of God, which I disproved scientifically—a walking institution to peace, he tried to make me, which was nearer the truth. But I've unfortunate news also, Dirk. Mrs. Diboneck dropped by too early this morning and complained that you've been coming in at all hours of the day—playing the radio too loud, waking her, having wild parties, orgies, she said, and that you're also running a hippie haven in your apartment downstairs. She's old, a good woman, knew my wife, been here close to twenty years, and you know how I had trouble with the previous tenant of your flat, him being a bit queer with men in a sexual manner and shooting out all my lovely leaded-glass windows and causing a mild attack for poor Mrs. D. But what do you think of my latest sign?" He pointed past a few dozen older signs to the new one with gold-painted letters bordered by red, which read, I HAVE ARISEN FROM THE DEAD. "Did it yesterday, after this long stimulating conversation with a young Welsh lady who happened by while I was weeding. It has no Christian significance, of course, other than its possible mockery of mythological Christian belief—but the symbolism's what I like. I have arisen from ignorance, mediocrity, mindlessness, myths, lies, half-truths, superstitions—I have arisen from the deaf, dumb, blind and spiritually dead. And, being you're one of the truly good people in this area and a disciple of mine, I think—I don't exactly know what to make of you yet, though you're being carefully studied. Dirk, phrenologically and every other way, so be on your guard—why don't you work matters out with Mrs. D. yourself? I only don't want her waking me up again before nine."

Mrs. Diboneck's typewritten note in his mailbox read, "I would appretiate if you would not slam the door so vigorous. It shakes everything and scares me to death. I accomodatet your wish last week ago by using my T. V. and Radio allmost never. So be a Gentleman and hand an to the doors!! Thank You."

Using Magic Markers, he made a quick small sketch of the view from his room. Red towers of Golden Gate bridge, gold towers of St. Ignatius Church, green park, blue bay, yellow ocean, purple sky, brown, black, orange and pink hills and mountains of Marin County, and he was about to stick the drawing in Mrs. Diboneck's mailbox when he saw her watching him through one of her lower door panes. She stepped onto the sidewalk, clutching her house dress together at the chest. "I'm sorry I complained to Mr. Mamblin before, Mr.—but what is your name? But the noise, dear God, one would think a children school down there directly below with what I hear and you make. Why? why? I ask myself an old lady without any answers, and the radio, so loud I can't hear myself phone talking when it isn't waking me out of sleeps and naps I need and all such things, or is it your TV you own? But is it not possible, may I ask, that people live in this building, too? I don't want to speak about it more than now and never again to Mr. Mamblin if I must, so be reasonable, please, a nice young man and your blond boy so sweet, and we will remain kind friends. Otherwise, I must one day call the police if Mr. Mamblin does not, which to me even with my illness seems cruel but no other matter can I help taking this being forced by you," and she dropped a small bag of garbage into the can standing between them and returned to her apartment. He put the drawing into his billfold and went to the post office.

"Five cents a card is still quite the bargain," the clerk said, "what with all the postal rates raised and the cards staying the same. A two-dollar bill? Where you been hiding it? And a John Kennedy for your change."

He made a drawing on one of the cards of a laughing man running through a forest followed by a five-horned four-eared three-tongued two-nosed one-eyed six-tailed horselike creature called the multimal and addressed it to his son in San Jose. Beneath the address he wrote, "Attention: Love to you and Mommy."

"I arrived at the precise instant this thing was being delivered," Chrisie said, holding out a telegram, as she and the children cautiously walked down the long steep rickety flight of outside wooden stairs.

"DECIDED NOT TO COME AFTER ALL," Chrisie had wired from San Luis Obispo this morning. "WHY NOT DRIVE DOWN HERE INSTEAD. LOVE," her address and the number of the main connecting highway, 101.

"Remember Dirk, Caroline?" Chrisie said to her older daughter, and Caroline said, "No, when are we going home?" "Remember Dirk, Sophie?" and Sophie, two in a month, said, "Dow? Dow?" and painted her hand with his purple marking pen. "Remember Chrysalis, Dirk?" Chrisie said, and Dirk hugged her, made bacon and eggs for the girls on his two hot plates, gave them milk in clean paint glasses, set up Sophie's portable crib, unrolled a sleeping bag for Caroline, and later placed a triptych screen between the section of the room the girls were asleep in and his mattress on the floor.

He and Chrisie had tuna sandwiches, wine, salad, ice cream, grass, got under the covers, turned down the electric blanket, tuned in a Vivaldi piccolo concerto, watched the lights of a low-flying plane pass his window and cross the full moon. A dog from the house below his began to bay.

"Happy Easter," Chrisie said when he awoke, handed him a wicker egg basket filled with candy eggs, jelly beans, chocolate bunny and new electric razor. Caroline said, "Merry Easter, Dirk," and showed him a similar basket with a live white baby rabbit inside sniffing the green-paper grass. Sophie was standing in her crib, nibbling a blue candy egg.

Two conductors wouldn't let them on their cable cars because of Caroline's rabbit. The conductor of the third car patted the rabbit's head and asked if he could feed it part of his apple. The car rattled along Lombard Street, was very crowded; a woman said she thought the

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rabbit just now scratched her old family Bible and brand-new stole: a man hurrying to catch up with his wife, who had suddenly alighted to take movies of "the world's crookedest street," nearly knocked Caroline off the back platform. The rabbit jumped out of the basket, as Chrisie was picking up Caroline, and disappeared down a sewer grating. Dirk blew the highest note on his harmonica to the man, who snarled back, "Hippies," and resumed his smile and pose for his wife's camera. Caroline stopped crying when Dirk gave her his Kennedy half dollar and harmonica and said she had wanted a pink or blue rabbit, anyway. Dirk held Sophie as the car headed down to the Wharf. She was wet, smelled, her mouth bubbled, he kissed each of her sticky fingers, felt her firm back, rubbery legs, grazed his face across her thread-thin hair, which was getting blonder than Chrisie's lemon-colored top. They got off at the turntable, Chrisie said how touristy the whole area was, got on the same car for the return trip up the hill, went to Golden Gate Park, where a radical New Left political party was sponsoring a be-in, and rose to leave an hour later. The sound equipment was bad, not enough music was being played. Chrisie was getting paranoid at the number of people openly turning on around them, and the field was too crowded and the girls could get lost and there were too many political speeches being made. "The black man," the black woman candidate for the state's 18th assembly district said, "and the white man had all better start working together fast to end the repulsive criminal police power in this fascist town, or else the whole Bay Area's going to get burned down, a lot of noninnocent people going to get accidentally wiped out, the entire state and country might even get cooked, and I ain't just bull-jiving, brothers."

"We simply don't work together, fit together, do anything well except sex together," Chrisie said in his apartment, "and even that we can't be too certain about, Dirk. I liked you better when I first met you—even liked you better during that last disastrous weekend in L. A. I like you better in your letters, prose paintings, painted postcards and grunts and silences for phone conversations. I think you only see me because of Sophie. You're so compulsively solitary, at the same time, so hungry for companionship and maybe, maybe even love. Most people we know agree to my theory about you, or have even volunteered a similar one on their own, that there are really three of you—and we can say this unhypocritically while realizing you probably represent, in some exaggerated form, the condition of us all. The pleasant helpful exterior, the bored angry man inside, who keeps distorting the fake amiable face, and the third you, who's inside the second you and who deeply wants a close enduring relationship with someone but can't find his way out. I've thought about it a lot, Dirk, so maybe you can think about it a little after I'm gone. Blaise didn't know I was driving up. Nobody knew except my father, who called as I was leaving the second-to-last time and asked why I couldn't spend Easter Sunday with them. I told him because I was celebrating it with a friend, and he said which friend, as he thinks he knows all my friends, and I said *a* friend, and he said male or female friend, and I said male, of course, though we're strictly platonic, but only because you're a brilliant young scientist fag. I finally had to divulge your name, John Addington Symonds—I love playing literary jokes on my dad, if only to let the snob know how really uninformed he is—and a phony address, which they're likely driving to right now. This place is like a monk's room except for the paintings. Though David Silverman became a monk and he still paints. I think Blaise is going to scissor through your painting when he discovers where I've gone. I'd hate for him to cut it up. You made it for me without my asking you to, and it's going to be worth a lot of money one day, which everyone agrees to except my father, who says it's too psychedelic and you ought to try another art form. That one looks like a sexed-up vagina close up. And that one there has always been my favorite—an immense forget-me-not, which was my pet flower as a girl. But *Suicide*—no, it makes me uneasy, tense. You should've sold it when that very suicidal man wanted to buy it from you, simply to get it out of the house. Show me all the new ones, Dirk. I like that one, that one's fantastic, that one's another great pulsing vagina. I don't like that one at all—another *Suicide*. This one should be reproduced in an underground newspaper, this one hung on a busy street corner, this one hung above the bed of a couple who want to but can't conceive, this one given to Blaise to cut up. Can I make you a liverwurst and cheddar on rye? Are we getting along better than we did last night? Do you have any more Miracle Whip for the girls' tuna fish?"

The telegram to Chrisie from her husband read: "DON'T BOTHER RETURNING LESS YOU BRING BACK TWO FRESH LOAVES LARRABURU EXTRA-SOUR SOURDOUGH RYE."

They drove to the party where Helen, Donald and Roy might be, Sophie in his arms, Caroline behind them, blowing into the harmonica, they mounted the stairs, were greeted at the top by the host, who was the twin brother of the man who had invited Dirk. He shook their hands, seemed disappointed. "Nice kids," he said, "the little one a girl? Coats over there, head's through there, drinks in there, nice to see you—Dick, is it? Julie? I never remember names and especially not children's," and he greeted the childless bottle-bringing couple behind them with a long noisy hug. "Wendy, Harris, glad you could come, glad you could come."

Ken, the host's twin, said he was happy to see them, picked up Caroline, kissed Sophie's head, Dirk's cheek, Chrisie's lips, said, "Soft, soft like morning mush" and "Bar's over there, head's back there, I guess you know where you put your other duds and I'm the bartender, so vodka and tonic for everyone except the teeny kids. Orange pop on the rocks do you, Caroline, my dear?" and he put her into a soda carton and carried her to the bar.

Helen was in the living room, dressed and groomed meticulously in a floor-length harem suit, different from Chrisie, who had washed her face and brushed her hair in less than a minute and thrown a wrinkled paisley smock over her body, with nothing on underneath but sheer panties she could hide in her fist. "So this is Sophie," Helen said and took Sophie from his arms and kissed her nose. "She's a darling, a dream child," held her high, "she ought to be on television, promoting very pure white soap. She looks nothing like you, Dirk, except for her thin hair." Chrisie's uneasy smile failed, she looked weakly defensive, sullen, said nothing; they were all handed drinks by Ken.

"Special," he said. "Drink this and two more magically appear in its place."

"Why'd you come, Dirk?" He had gone to the bedroom to get their coats. The party was dull and the children's presence was annoying the host and the guests. "Why'd you come, Dirk, or does it matter? But you knew this'd be an adult party. If you came with Chrisie alone, I'd say fine, big deal, you're fully out of my life now and I think it'd be wonderful for you if you ended up marrying her and possibly even hilarious. She seems nice, quiet, down to earth, attractive and good to the girls, though expressionless. She has no expression. I could never understand that in a woman. Ken says she looks like a wasted hippie. But why'd you come?" She put the headset back on to listen to the music being piped in from the living-room stereo. "Too much, The Chambers Brothers doing *Time Has Come Today*, like having the speakers built right into your brains—four big beautiful spades coming on like Gang Busters in your skull; want to hear?" She gave him the phones, he sat beside her on the bed, she got up, shut the door, stretched out on her stomach, he felt her thigh, she laughed and turned over and stroked his neck, said Roy was being baby-sat at Donald's by this wild old Russian countess, if he was interested. Donald was in this super cutting room downtown, editing his totally insane flick, if he was interested, drank from her drink, his

"Come now, Glenda, there's a first time for everything."

drink, said his tasted better, sweeter, would he mind if they exchanged or just shared, touched his waist, said she thinks he's lost weight, it looks good, he'd been getting much too heavy, signaled she'd like the headset back; when he put up his hand for her to wait awhile more, she said she thinks the host has another pair. She left the room, returned with the second set, plugged it into the jack, lay beside him, both on their backs, listening to *Time*; Helen asked if he could do it quickly. She could; Donald's way above par, and all that, but he'll be editing films all night and she wants to fuck, does he? "And then, you're still my quasi-legal husband till June and such, but no rationales or threats, can you do it quickly? I can." He helped her kick off her panties, she helped him unbuckle his belt, both moved to the howls and beat of time . . . time . . . time . . . their headsets got in the way when they kissed, he tried throwing off his pair and got one phone off and was prying out the other phone cord still wedged behind his ear when the doorknob turned, the door was being pushed, Helen's wrist was pressed to his mouth and her teeth clenched tight, when someone screamed, "Dirk," as they exploded together, "I'm tired, Dirk, and Mommy wants for us to go home."

"We don't often accompany each other that far," Helen said, as she removed her headset. "Did they make your ears hot also?" She blew him a kiss, slipped into the room's toilet; he opened the door, gave Caroline her coat, helped Chrisie on with her sweater, took a sleeping Sophie in his arms, shook Ken's hand and waved to the host, who seemed delighted they were going, said from across the room, "Nice to see you, Dick, nice to see you, Chris, come back again real soon."

"Did you two make love?" Chrisie said during the drive home. "I thought you were and didn't want to bother you in the room. It was Caroline who insisted we go. And when Helen unlocked the door and came over to the bar asking for a second set of earphones, I had some crazy idea you were going to do it with those things on. What was it like? You smell like a marriage bed now. I wish we could do it with sound ourselves."

In the apartment, the children asleep, he and Chrisie began to make love, stopped, she said it was usually better when he was hard, she'd understand if he couldn't or didn't want to right now but felt it was something more. "Feel like it, Dirk, that's an order, or almost an order; no, no order at all, it was nothing, maybe a confession, forget I said anything; but even if talking about the act usually kills it, I still feel I've got to do it at least once before I leave, my femininity's at stake, my whole well-being's in peril, the children's futures are in jeopardy; besides, we haven't done it in half a year and you were usually so good at it before; do you mind? Strange how things change."

Chrisie and the girls were in the car, Dirk on the sidewalk. "Will you be coming to Obispo?" she said. "Though I suppose I should continue coming here, what with Blaise and an insanely jealous father and a mother who's always spying by for butter and mommy-sissy chats and demanding to know who painted those erotic water colors. No, I'll come here, or maybe we should just start living together. Blaise would adore that. He honestly would. He wants to be alone also, so you two could sort of switch. And you cook better than Blaise. I like to cook also, but you cook so well I'd let you run the kitchen. And your sandwiches. I think I'll fly up and get us all killed next time, just for your sandwiches. You ought to open a sandwich restaurant. Just make sandwiches any old way you like and I'll be your only waitress. We could retire in a few years and live for as long as we liked on the Costa del Sol or any one of those other Costas or Sols. But you do make delectable sandwiches, Dirk, and thanks for buying me two front tires. I didn't know they were bald. I didn't know that people got blowouts from bald tires. I thought that even new tires could get blowouts. Goodbye, Dirk." He stuck his head inside the car and they kissed. "Goodbye, Dirk," Caroline said. He opened the rear door and he and Caroline kissed. "Goodbye, Dirk," Chrisie said. He extended his head over the front seat and they hugged, cried, kissed. "Goodbye, Dirk," Caroline said, and he laughed, kissed her forehead and cheek, closed the door, keeping his thumb pressed to the handle button, to make sure the door stayed locked. "Goodbye, Dirk," Chrisie said, and he stuck his head through the window and they kissed. Caroline was still flapping her toy bunny at him as their car entered the freeway on ramp. During all these words, embraces and gestures of departure, Sophie had remained asleep in her car chair hooked over the back seat. What, he thought, staring at the busy freeway, What, he wanted to say, what is all this?

"It all worked out just as you said it would, Mother!"

Skiing New England

we did, that while skiing may be the object, the major catalyst is the fair sex.

A word or two about the general area: The peaks are not nearly so grand as those found in the Rockies: New England can boast nothing higher than just over 6000 feet. Even so, New Hampshire's Waterville Valley was chosen as the site for last year's North American Alpine Championships and World Cup finals—honors that should repudiate any suggestion that the East isn't where it's at when it comes to ski settings. New England's trails also afford every kind and degree of challenge, from spine-chilling verticals to rambling cross-country runs. And when it comes to *après-ski* activity, New England is nothing less than spectacular.

Mt. Snow, Vermont, the place where New England's action begins, is a big, brash resort complex 200 miles north of New York City. With some measure of justification, it is often referred to as the Coney Island of skiing: Mt. Snow has the world's first bubble-chair lift (an enclosed two-seater that carries passengers with their skis on), a futuristic air car that wafts six skiers at a time from Snow Lake Lodge to the mountain's lift line, plus just about every other wintry sporting contrivance worth having. There's even an artificial geyser in the middle

(continued from page 137)

of artificial Snow Lake that, in winter, freezes to a height of 350 feet. Occasional golf-ball-driving contests are staged from its crest; but ordinarily, "Fountain Mountain"—with the aid of a rope tow and a thin blanket of snow—is used as a minirun of a minute's duration when skiers don't feel up to the slopes. Which is quite often the case. Mt. Snow's popularity has mushroomed in recent years because on any given winter weekend, several thousands of unattached young people—mostly from New York and Boston, mostly in their 20s—arrive expressly to have a ball, in both senses. Although that includes partaking of the area's 75 miles of ski trails, rental snowmobiles and skating ponds, more specifically, it translates into finding a member of the opposite sex with whom to share an intimate friendship.

Of all the ways to achieve instant friendship with a free-lance female, the most obvious is to meet in a hotel lobby, pool or cocktail lounge; this may explain why Mt. Snow's most expensive hostelries are always jammed. More than 100 inns, lodges and hotels are located within a short drive of the mountain in the adjacent communities of West Dover and Wilmington. They provide a complete range of digs, from a dormitory mattress under the eaves at the Snow Barn, to a comfortable room in the Handle House (a former 18th Century stagecoach stop), to a luxuriously appointed suite (containing such appurtenances as Tiffany lamps and other antiques) in the elegant Sawmill Farm Inn. The two biggest hotels, owned by the Mt. Snow Development Corporation (the firm that operates the area and a local computer dating service for ski buffs), are Snow Lake Lodge and Snow Mountain Inn, both of which feature a number of public rooms that are perfect for striking up new friendships. And the girls are definitely worth meeting: The snow bunnies in attendance are usually coeds (or recent grads), are generally better skiers than most of the male enthusiasts and spend several hundred dollars to ensure that they look their best. The owner of one New England ski shop told us, "A girl won't consider herself properly fitted in stretch slacks until you can see her every curve and depression from the waist down."

Waist deep in females is the only way to describe Mt. Snow's *après-ski* scene, which mirrors what goes on all over New England from November through April (and sometimes through June): At four P.M., with daylight on the wane, bars fill with skiers and those who have at least *thought* about skiing all day long. Pubs, such as Reuben Snow Tavern, remain packed until six, as pairing off progresses. If the hunt for a dinner date hasn't

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succeeded by then—at which time the bars become barren—next stop is an early chalet party. To guarantee results, small groups of guys split the cost of ski chalets: Hosts almost never go empty-handed.

Once a date is rounded up, the next order of the evening is dinner. Unlike many of New England's ski areas, there is no shortage of distinguished dining spots in Mt. Snow. Unfortunately, many of the local hostelries require guests to take their meals on the premises. American plan, which tends to discourage exploration of the appetizing alternatives around town. But for those who venture out, the rewards are bountiful, whether in the rustic setting of the Ploughman's Rest, which features roast beef on a spit with Yorkshire pudding baked by an expert, or next door at Neil's, where the fare is Continental. The Hermitage (located in a quiet inn of the same name), renowned for its wine cellar and French cuisine, specializes in *Boeuf à la Parisienne* and a scrumptious ice-cream and meringue dessert concoction, *cassata alla Hermitage*. The Snow Mountain Inn flavors its varied menu with such international selections as lasagna, curry and *escargots*. Further dining suggestions: The Old Red Mill Inn, where diners overlook Dover Run while digging into hearty helpings of clam chowder and Vermont ham in cider sauce; fresh-baked bread and a pot of baked beans accompany every meal. Pizza and shish kabob are highlights of The Other Way; and at the Olde Baby, late birds drop in for steak-and-egg breakfasts that are laid on from midnight until three A.M.

If the single visitor is still flying solo after dinner, Mt. Snow's night life—in the main, a line-up of *discos* and pubs—is geared to correct that situation. Literally thousands of intimate acquaintances are struck up each year in Mt. Snow's bistros and hostelries, almost all of which offer some form of live entertainment. Action central is The Other Way, which can be depended on for the loudest, hairiest and most swinging rock sounds, followed closely by the Sitzmark, notable for its complement of unattached girls, and the disconcertingly named Fat City, which last winter featured the antics of a rambunctious rock group known as the Fabulous Farquahr. Another lively hangout for rockers is the Andirons lodge, which also boasts the biggest pool in the area.

If Mt. Snow is skiing's Coney Island, Stratton Mountain, some 30 miles to the north, is Newport. Stratton's clientele is heavily weighted with high-powered executives and their mates, who are attracted by the area's excellent trails and quietly elegant *après-ski* life. The emphasis is on skiing and social action is limited mainly to private chalets tucked away in the woods; but the singles scene is beginning to perk up. The mountain has six double-chair lifts, two T-bars and 50 miles of superb trails. It also has one of the nation's best ski-instruction schools, operated by Austrian expert Emo Henrich. Unhappily, Stratton's commodious and comfortable hotels (many suites have private saunas) are designed for couples; lone adventurers will find little in the way of revelry. If you bring your revelry with you, however, you'll discover that such hostelries as Birkenhaus, Stratton Mountain Inn, Hotel Tyrol and Liftline Lodge are near perfect for an amorous weekend. At night, most young Strattonians drive to Mt. Snow or to Manchester, the focal point of *après-ski* for Stratton and two nearby areas, Bromley and Magic Mountain.

Manchester's most popular rendezvous are the Jolly Green Joint, a boisterous tavern on the edge of town, and the Five Flys, a pub-steakhouse of singular charm that once did arduous duty as a gristmill. The beams are authentic, the lighting is warm, the restaurant booths lend an air of intimacy and there's rock music in the bar. Although Manchester suffers from a shortage of fine restaurants, L'Auberge, just outside of town on Route 7, features memorable French cookery and a wine cellar that just may be the best in all of New England's ski centers.

The Killington Basin ski area, located about 35 miles northeast of Manchester, is a four-mountain resort that's rapidly becoming one of the most popular—as well as most challenging—in the East. It boasts a peak of some 4000 feet with an Aspenish vertical drop of 3000 feet. When the final stage of the gondola opens this season, Killington will have the world's longest ski lift, some three and a half miles in all, giving the resort a total of 12 lifts, most of them double chairs, serving 50 miles of trails—including one run of five miles. It's at Killington that the newest and most effective method of instruction in recent skiing history has been pioneered: G. L. M., or the Graduated Length Method, which starts beginners on a 39-inch ski on Monday and guarantees more than passing competence on regular skis by Friday. It works, too, as novices who once thought that skiing is an innate gift have discovered.

As in all of the larger New England areas, Killington has an accommodation bureau; but it's advisable when reserving rooms to ask for something on Killington Road, the service route to the mountain, for the reservations people have a tendency to place guests in motels and inns that are sometimes as far as 30 miles from the lifts. Recommended lodges close to the mountain are the Chalet Killington, which has large, airy suites; the Rams Head Inn, a Colonial-style building with deluxe rooms and pleasant dormitories; and, best bet for service and comfort, the 40-room Summit Lodge, a New England vision of great, crackling log fires, paneled suites and a candlelit, romantic bar.

There are about 40 inns within ten miles of Killington, and most have public dining rooms. Sumptuous is the only way to describe the cuisine and attentive service at the Summit. House specialties include whole salmon, suckling pig and expertly prepared Continental dishes, such as sweetbreads and mushrooms and *rondelle* of beef tenderloin. Simpler (though no less appetizing) fare is found at the Christmas Turkey, La Cortina and Southworth's. As for night life, it's loudest at the aptly named Wobbly Barn, an off-kilter but sturdy rock joint that serves chicken and steak dinners and employs some fetching lady bartenders in the hayloft bar. Other offslope activity in the area is fairly restrained, consisting of Tyrolean entertainment at La Cortina, a quiet combo at the Christmas Turkey and folk music at Chalet Killington.

The accent swings back to social action about 45 miles north of Killington in the Sugarbush–Mad River Glen–Glen Ellen area—particularly around Sugarbush, which, a decade ago, attracted attention as a refuge for the jet set. In the Fifties, Sugarbush was known as Mascara Mountain and there were two photographers for every celebrity, most of whom have now dispersed to whiter pastures, leaving a wonderful skiing mountain and a happy crowd of everyday mortals. (The Leonard Bernsteins and Skitch Hendersons still drop by, but the Acapulco-style elitism to which Sugarbush once seemed committed has disappeared.) The area accommodates its weekend crowds of 3000–4000 skiers without too much strain: Thirty-three trails crisscross the mountain's giant snow bowl, with access supplied by a T-bar, four double chairs and a 9300-foot gondola ride. Vertical drop is around 2400 feet.

The Sugarbush Inn sets a Colonial tone for local digs, although digs is hardly an appropriate description for the Inn's well-scrubbed *ambiance* of powder-blue table linen, frilly drapes and restrained lighting, set against a small forest of maple furniture and a solemn grandfather clock. A significant proportion of the female guests are New England ladies whose chief recreation is reading about themselves in *Town & Country*; but the French-American dining is excellent and the service faultless. Sugarbush One, a posh 22-room Alpine-style annex, opened last February and is already almost as popular as its older sister.

At the opposite end of the price and social scale are the dorms in and around the nearby hamlets of Waitsfield and Warren, where the rates start at around three dollars if you bring your own sleeping bag. The kids are ten deep and love every minute. The Alpen Inn, Golden Horse Lodge and Madbush Chalet provide comfortable suites at moderate prices—as well as such relaxations as a heated pool at the Alpen, a Tyrolean bar at the Lodge and a Finnish sauna at the Chalet. Other recommendations

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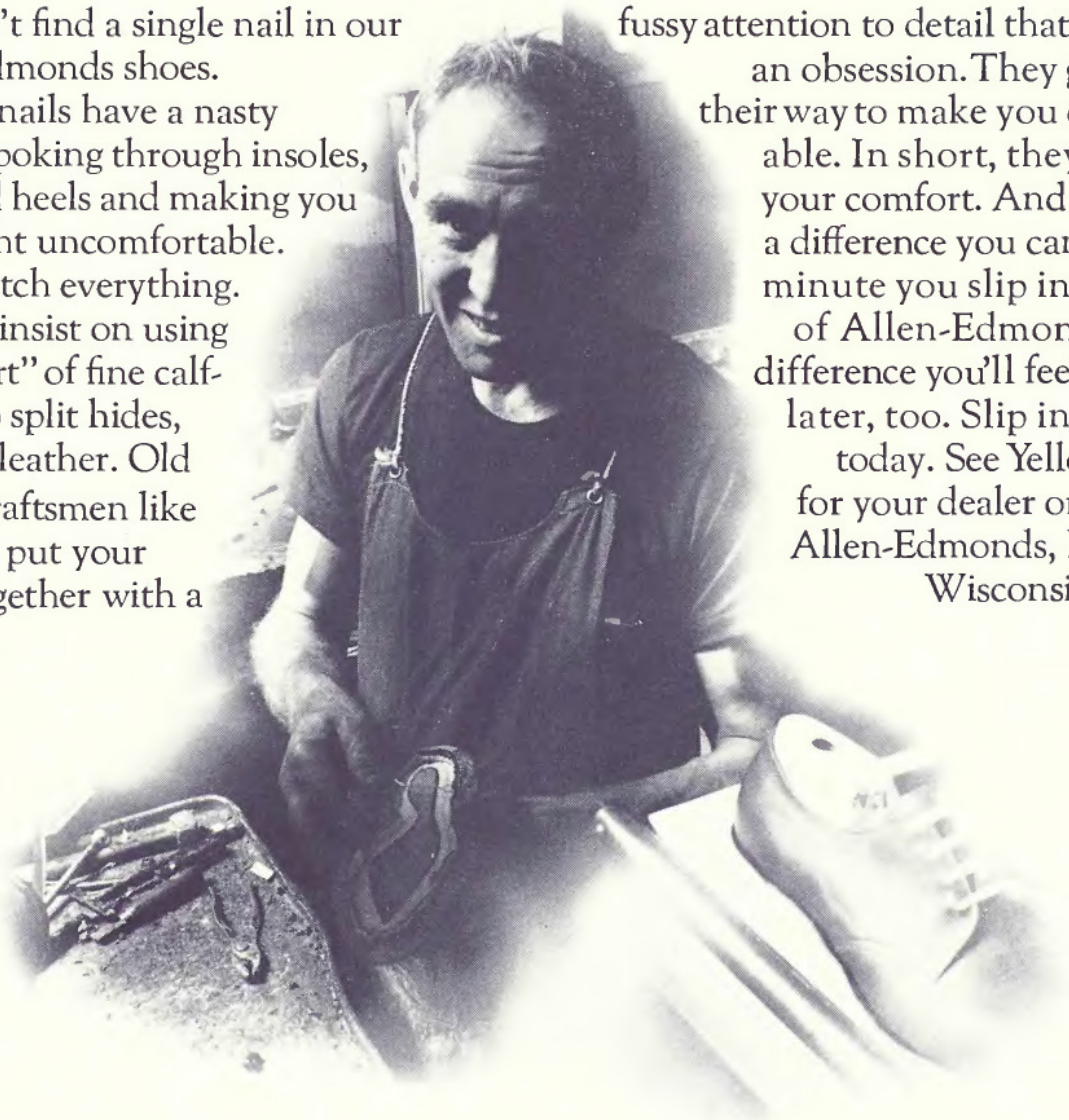

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are the Hotel Sugarbush, located at the mountain base, Knoll Farm, a country inn–type family hostel operated by ski instructors, and the skier-oriented Windbeam.

There are at least three dining imperatives in the area: Chez Henri for fine French food, the Alpen Inn for an excellent Sunday buffet and Orsini's (also the area's first *discothèque*—a 150-year-old barn elegantly equipped with crystal chandeliers) for pasta, steaks and chicken. At Gallagher's, a rustic and raucous rock house, the menu is burgers, sirloin and veal *parmigiana*; similar fare for dining and listening at the Blue Tooth. Live dance music can also be found at the Sugarbush Inn's Boar and at the Village Edge.

Of all Vermont resorts, the biggest and the most aristocratic is still Stowe, which is located far enough from New York City to discourage heavy weekend traffic and yet draws thousands from New England's metropolitan centers as well as from Montreal. It remains number one, despite the advances made by newer rivals; and over the years, the name Stowe has acquired what amounts to an almost religious aura. Headline writers like to refer to it as the mecca and the shrine of Eastern skiing; but if there is any single discernible faith in and around Stowe, it is one that mixes pure skiing with pure hedonism. It is, in other words, the compleat ski resort.

Uphill facilities there are unspectacular and sometimes barely adequate—T-bars, double chairs and a four-passenger gondola that moves about 1000 skiers every hour; but the skiing is fantastic on both Mt. Mansfield and Spruce Peak, as well as on the Chin Area that opened last year. Dorms, cabins and luxury suites with uniformed help and self-service chalets are available. We recommend the Rocky River Lodge, the Round Hearth and Sans Souci for modest tastes; the Smuggler's Notch Lodge, the Stowehof and the Trapp Family Lodge (home of the *Sound of Music* clan) for luxury. First-class rooms are found at Jack Straw's (previously known as the Centre Motor Lodge) and, in a field behind this, for rugged types who'd like to cook their own meals, are the Mountain View Apartments, which provide luxurious private flats. The Scandinavia Inn and Chalets and the Toll House Motor Inn are comfortable and are located close to the mountain base.

Since the choice of *après-ski* activity is so abundant, skiers usually congregate at several popular spots for the first hot drink of the evening. The Whip, decorated with carriage lamps and equestrian fittings, is a prime pub favorite from around four in the afternoon until six. The cozy, candlelit Shed gets busy at about the same time and ruins countless dinners by serving irresistible charbroiled beefburgers marinated in beer. Another recommended stop is the New Matterhorn, which attracts a young crowd and serves up estimable roast-beef sandwiches.

For later carousing, knowledgeable celebrants move to Sister Kate's, which has a small Vegas-style showroom downstairs where the proprietor (and resident comic), Rock King, dispenses blue-tinted one-liners and squelches drunks with equal agility. Upstairs is an Edwardian bar, illuminated with lamps and warmed by a log fire. The noisiest night spot in town is the Black Gull, rated as the best pickup palace in Stowe but, unfortunately, always crammed beyond capacity. Another loud and groovy rock spot in the area is at the Topnotch, where dancing goes on until the early hours.

All of the leading clubs serve dinners; but if steak, lobster and chicken become tedious, there are several compelling choices. La Bicoque is a pint-sized French restaurant that keeps everyone waiting interminably, but the food is so good that nobody dares complain. Specialties include seafood bisque, quiche Lorraine, mushroom pie and Coquille St. Jacques. There's nothing wrong with the wine stock, either. Other favorites are the 136-year-old Green Mountain Inn for New England dishes, Rigby's Hob Knob for seafood, the Grotto for Italian cooking and the Trapp Family Lodge for Austrian specialties.

• • •

From Stowe, Vermont, to the refined slopes of Waterville Valley, New Hampshire, the drive is long and the transformation total. A comparatively new resort —it's been in operation only since 1966—Waterville Valley still has some to go to compete with its big neighbors in Vermont. Fortunately for those who prefer skiing to hangovers, the men who manage the Valley are in no particular hurry to catch up. There are four excellent inns and guesthouses serving the area, and one, the Fourways, supplies all the necessary entertainment in the form of a remarkably competent group of young musicians whose repertoire takes in everything from ragtime to acid rock. One of the most laudable bonuses in the Valley is that weekday lift tickets are interchangeable among Waterville and four adjacent areas—Loon, Cannon, Mittersill and Tenney—which, altogether, provide a total of 25 lifts that move upward of 19,000 passengers per hour.

Waterville has two major ski areas: Tecumseh and Snow's Mountain. There are a dozen trails, seven slopes and an over-all vertical drop of more than 2000 feet on Tecumseh. Snow's Mountain, smaller in scale, is perhaps the first complete ski area in the world that can be rented by the day. For $600, you can take over the two T-bars and rope tow and have the six slopes and trails to yourself, as well as the services of the ski patrol and a private warming hut with all the coffee you can drink.

The heart of the New Hampshire ski belt is at Franconia and in the Mt. Washington Valley area. A mile-long aerial tramway, three double chairs and six T-bars comprise the uphill facilities at Franconia's two biggest mountains, Cannon and Mittersill. Cannon is a rather stodgy state-run facility, but it makes up in ski trails what it lacks in atmosphere. Mittersill bears watching; this small ski complex is owned by Austria's Baron Hubert Von Pantz, who is attracting a high-social-caliber clientele. Mt. Washington, which, at 6288 feet, is the highest peak in New England, commands a sweeping view of eight resorts, of which five—Attitash, Tyrol, Black Mountain, Wildcat and Skimobile—offer weekday interchangeable lift tickets. Among them, they operate eight double chairs, six T-bars and 67 trails from novice to expert. Wildcat is also the site of the first gondola lift in America. Many of the 50 or so inns and lodges in the region lay on some form of live entertainment, mostly rock and dance combos.

For Alpine adventurers, the annual outing to make is the big climb at Tuckerman Ravine, Mt. Washington's immense snow bowl that sometimes keeps its cover into the first weeks of summer and is distinguished by the fact that its season doesn't start until April, when the danger of avalanches has passed. But skiing at the Ravine is dangerous at any time; hurricane-force winds are often present, and a year rarely passes without a snowslide fatality. There are no tows at Tuckerman; skiers simply hike to the top, stop en route for a picnic and a warming brew and then strap on their skis and zoom to the bottom.

• • •

Maine's ski resorts are in a category by themselves. There is nothing on the scale of Mt. Snow or Stowe, and it's unlikely that one will emerge in the near future; yet it's in Maine—and at Sugarloaf Mountain in particular—that some of America's cleanest, most thrilling and rewarding ski vacations can be enjoyed.

Sugarloaf achieves its special distinction—an *ambiance* of warmth and friendliness—without resorting to simulated Alpine villages and hokey Tyrolean trappings. Most people who stay more than a few days are drawn back year after

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year. The mountain itself, a perfectly conical peak that looks bigger than its 4237 feet, has a network of 30 or so trails that converge neatly near the base lodge and close enough to the lifts to preclude a long hike. Five T-bars serve novice and expert slopes and a four-passenger gondola travels from base to summit, where skiers snack in the mountaintop restaurant before tackling the northern-face snow fields or one of the trails that lead to the base.

In the nearby hamlets of Kingfield, Carrabassett, Eustis, Bigelow and Stratton, there are small, cheerful inns lit by the glow of warm log fires. Accommodations include dorms, chalets and large, comfortable suites. In Carrabassett, the Red Stallion Inn, one of the East's most informal and congenial lodges, offers bunk rooms and private suites. Most of the guests are young (many of them are delicious French-Canadian girls) and throughout the season, there's a resident rock group. A touch more elegance obtains at the Capricorn, Tagues, Sugarloaf Inn and Roger's, which, among them, offer such amenities as sauna baths, good French cuisine and game rooms.

The Stallion is usually the center of night action, but there's more live music, mostly folk, at the Capricorn and Tagues. These inns and The Bag, a cheerful little bar in Carrabassett, are the favorite hangouts for the first drink of the day after the slopes close. In midseason, there are uproarious performances by the Carrabassett Bad Actors and The Carrabassett Grange Hall Talent Contest–Winning Band.

Maine is the least developed state in New England, and its serenely beautiful landscape is relatively unblemished by big industry. Around Sugarloaf, there are hundreds of square miles of northern pine, white-capped mountains, frozen lakes and rivers. On an ideal winter day, the air has a clean, crisp and crystalline edge.

Perhaps it is this feeling—of a land still beautiful, still wild—that lingers in the visitor's mind long after the pleasant memories of ski trails and ski bunnies begin to fade. New England confronts the skier with the great unharnessed presence of nature and an unforgettable awareness of the ages—called up by the inviolate beauty of its mountains and valleys. Increasingly, we are a nation of city dwellers who seldom see the sky except as a shaft of light glimpsed between skyscrapers, who seldom see clean snow, only the soot-covered stuff and dirty slush that clogs our streets. But tripping through New England erases that and evokes, instead, an open sense of wonder and an abandonment to simple and spontaneous pleasure.

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HEAD STONE

(continued from page 164)

husbandman of anything negotiable. Wilfred De'Ath, a BBC producer who worked with Jagger around that time, recalls their first studio meeting. "He came up to me and we shook hands, and the first thing he said was, 'I'm the only Stone who hasn't got an overdraft, what do you think of that?'" When I retold this bizarre gobbet to the 1969 Jagger, he claimed that putting on the BBC was one of his few sporting activities, but it was a shrugged defense at best and followed closely by an acknowledgment that money wasn't something he never thought about. He helps manage the Stones' finances now and clearly enjoys doing so; according to Jo Bergman, a pretty New Yorker who has for some time been Jagger's assistant and shield of the faith, Mick could reincarnate as Onassis without much soul retreading.

In *Performance*, he was cast as a pop singer with a full repertoire of hang-ups, who dropped out to meditate and took on a couple of fleshy teeny-boppers to help with the thinking. I wondered whether he was bothered that audiences might just see this as typecasting, something that fitted in with all the old preconceptions about him.

"So what?" He shrugged, a gesture summing up seven years of getting along with other people's pre- and misconceptions. "I mean, I'm *not* a pop singer who's retired to a house in Notting Hill because he can't make it, am I? And I'm not living with two women; I mean, I'm not into that at all. If people who see the movie think that's the way I am, well, that's all right, too. I'm only an actor, aren't I? It's my job to get them to think that's what I'm like."

He looked at me hard, and it was a curiously practiced look, a look perfectly aware that the mouth beneath it had just served up a half volley of a begged question. This was not the first interview he had ever given. Jagger was waiting for me to ask him what he was *really* like. It would have been about the 600th time the question had been put.

"Student revolt," I said.

"Oh, yes?" said Jagger.

"It's been suggested that you're involved with the whole student bit in this country——"

"I'll bet it has."

"With the feeling of rebellion, with the overthrow of the Establishment, all that. How far would you say it's true?"

"About that much." The pale, soft finger and thumb a centimeter apart.

"Do you care about it at all?"

"Of course, I *care* about it. I was at LSE, after all, wasn't I?" The London School of Economics being the current spearhead of student unrest in England.

"When I was there," said Jagger, "nothing was happening. That's—what?—six, seven years ago. But it's always been a traditionally activist school, and I understand what they're doing, and it's fine by me. Provided they believe in it, naturally. The thing is, most of it is really copying methods that have succeeded in other places, and you don't get the feeling it's altogether their bit, but I'm right there with them, if they want to take over more of the running of the school and the administration. But when I was there, I mean, well, I didn't go there in order to take it over, because, quite honestly, I can't think of anything more *boring*."

". . . And after I've given you some of the best semesters of my life!"

The lips lingered over the word, scornfully. Later, I came to realize that it was the most damning word in Mick Jagger's considerable vocabulary. Boredom was anathema; it was always hanging about among the hours, waiting to crawl out and choke you. You had to be on guard.

"God knows," he said, "I'd never be interested in running LSE, in getting involved that way; half these kids that shout out for anarchy and all the rest of it, well, they're all little organization men, really, aren't they? All they want to do is form committees and chuck one another off them. I just went there to read a lot of books, and when I'd read enough, I left."

The lyrics of Jagger's *Street Fighting Man* sat up in my head: No doubt, a fair number of the paranoiacs who've heard the title and been unable, or unconcerned, to decipher the words think of it as a *Marseillaise* for the dropouts poised to smash their double-glazed windows and pounce on their double-glazed wives. In fact, it's no such thing: the very opposite, a cynical little song that runs:

Everywhere I hear the sound
of marching, charging
feet, Oh, Boy.
'Cause summer's here and
the time is right for
fighting in the street, Oh, Boy.
But what can a poor boy do
except to sing for a
Rock 'N' Roll Band
'Cause in sleepy London Town,
there's just no place for
Street Fighting Man!

I can't answer for Chairman Mao, of course, but as far as I'm concerned, that wouldn't persuade me to march toward a mannerly Hyde Park debate, let alone the sound of the guns. Seeing that Jagger didn't enroll at LSE with a view to fortifying it against Establishment oppression, I asked him why he didn't stay the course and collect a degree. I should have been able to anticipate the answer.

"I got bored. It's my own fault, really; I mean, I did spend a couple of years there, and I only had one more to go, but I just got bored with the whole scene. I started with the Stones while I was there, and that was more interesting. I kept up doing both for about nine months; but after that, I couldn't, so I left. I mean, I never had time to go to lectures, and you had to there; it's not like Oxford—you can't just sit by the river and glance at an odd book. I'd have had to work twelve fucking hours a day to get anywhere."

"What did you have in mind when

you first went? What did you want to do?"

"I really had no idea. I didn't know anyone who did, either. Any bourgeois child learns to treat university as just the place you go when you've finished school. Bonk! Just like that."

It was peculiar, hearing Mick Jagger describe himself as a bourgeois child; one tried to imagine the notorious face scaled down, plumped out, underneath a school cap; one tried to see the knees shining between regulation sock and short pants, the small, short-haired, gray-flanneled figure standing in a line outside some carbolic-smelling classroom, his future contained within him, waiting. It was impossible—like imagining Hitler, or Churchill, or Cary Grant, four feet tall and holding up a tiny arm, begging permission to go to the lavatory.

"My father was a lecturer in physical education; my mother's just, well, working class, I suppose, a housewife, with the ordinary, traditional attitudes. People reckon I must've beaten up my parents regularly, or burned the house down twice a week, or something, but we got on all right. There was the conventional sort of rebellion, naturally, just like anyone else's; generation gap, all that crap, long hair, funny clothes. But nothing serious. I only left home because I was going to university. That's something everyone forgets—that I was like any other kid, which is why all the rest identified with me. I was just the same as they were, except that I'd jumped the tracks a bit more, that's all. All the stuff about my *leading* them or perverting them, or whatever, it's a load of cock. We just sort of went along together, didn't we?"

The question struck me as genuinely put, not a piece of responsibility shirking; but it still seemed important to find out how far the press had been responsible for promoting the idea of Stone rebelliousness and how far they'd pushed it themselves, for its sales value. The idea irritated Jagger considerably.

"Look, I just don't think about it, I honestly don't. I don't think about image or rebellion or their profit potential; it's only the newspapers that think that way. They're the ones who create the whole thing, just to make good copy. What have I ever *done*? Sung a few songs, that's all. You'd think I was bloody Satan. Christ knows why the papers still push it; I mean, when you've had that bag for five years and more, you'd think everyone'd be sick of it."

I reminded him of the infamous garage incident, and the drugs row after Jagger had been discovered to have four amphetamine tablets in his possession. Why did people need him as a target for outrage?

"Don't ask me why people like to take it out on other people so much. They're really hung up on revenge, you know that? You get hung-up people of all kinds—hung-up coppers, hung-up garagemen, hung-up magistrates; they really *have* to take it out on someone. It's not just the jealousy, sexual or financial or whatever, of the ordinary, so-called respectable person—they have all these *fantasies*, these mad bogeys, and they fix them onto me. It's like being a voodoo doll for a whole fucking society, everyone sticking pins in. Happy just so long as someone gets hurt, anyone. And they think they know all about me, they talk about 'Your Way Of Life' as if they really know what it is; but they can't know, and I don't want them to. I never tell anybody what I'm doing, what I'm reading, who I'm with. All right, they have fantasies; I mean, I don't *mind*, if that's what they're into, but I don't provide it for them so *I* can make money out of it."

• • •

The King's Head And Eight Bells public house stands in Cheyne Walk, on the Chelsea Embankment of the Thames, a few yards from Jagger's London house. It's the nub of supertax territory and, in consequence, a curious meeting ground of old and new money, and old and new aristocracy: Drop a small piece of conventional military ordnance on the King's Head and, in the ensuing debris of the surrounding half acre, you'd find the bleeding remains of the majority of England's top stockbrokers, property developers, gynecologists, peers, pulp writers and pop stars. They have learned to rub shoulders fairly amicably, give or take occasional suspicion and mutual jealousies. From the windows of the pub, traffic can be seen chugging downriver toward the Pool of London, while slender trees ballet on the breeze and sea gulls shriek and defecate over the red Victorian brickery. It is a very English spot, the key piece to a child's jigsaw puzzle, a good place to ask one of the new aristocracy what he feels about his homeland.

"I don't *hate* anything about England," said Jagger. "I haven't got the capacity for it; it doesn't evoke that strong an emotion in me. The things I dislike about it are really very mild; they mostly just reflect the character of the people, particularly the changing

"On the surface, it's just another hippie-nudie-rock-drugs-anti-war, theater-of-the-absurd thing; but deep down, it's a gay, lighthearted Thirties musical."

character. I don't *care* about their sexual attitudes, I don't *care* about their political postures. I don't feel I belong to them, if you want to know the truth: I don't dig the, you know, fatherland bit. I mean, I like England, I was born here and that's why I live here: but if I'd been born in France, or Germany, or America, I'd live there. The things I dislike about England are so boring you don't want to hear about them. I mean, the whole world is much the same, double moral standards, all that."

"You'd never put all the loot into a bag and go off to Bermuda?"

"I can't think of anywhere worse to go. To end up with all your bread on a tiny island somewhere, floating down some stream, sitting on a pile of gold coins. The worst things about England are sad things: You can see what's going on just by looking at the people and the surroundings they're content to live in; you can see the kind of dreams that big business makes for them, telling them the sort of lives they ought to live. Most of it's just a watery reflection of America. I think that's a drag."

He looked, with something like melancholia, at the people around us. They plowed on with their conversations, studiedly unaware of Jagger; in such locales, no one can afford to gawp, to show that he's impressed at luminaries. You can cut the nonchalance with a blunt cleaver. Occasionally, a girl, caught off guard, will gasp and let you see the lips form "Jagger!" in her escort's ear; but the escort, steeled to rigid British nonreaction, will ignore the hiss, smarting inside, perhaps, but smiling coolly on.

"As far as national character goes," said Jagger, "you won't find anyone as self-interested as the Englishman, particularly when it comes to loot. They're only interested in hanging onto things that are going to make money for them. They think, well, yes, we ought to keep the queen, because she earns money for us; they think about everything on that level; and when they build, when they make things, when they create an environment for themselves, they have no idea of how to create something new and good. It's pitiful."

• • •

"I mean, look at that!"

Outside his top-floor window, blocking any view, is a biscuit-colored slab of office block—new, but the weather's pawed at it and the stone is marked with grimy tears. It's shoddy, cheap.

"See? If you think about the way we have to live in London now, how it's changed over the last five years, you have to be sad. And we put up with everything, with total mediocrity. Everything—the city, the country—it's all getting less beautiful all the time, and there's no machinery for stopping it. Nobody *cares*, at least not enough to do anything about it. All they care about is how much

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money anything's going to make. They used to put up buildings for their beauty, for their usefulness; they used to care whether they would *last*. Would people, you know, look at it in three hundred years' time and still dig it? In creating surroundings, people used to want to reflect what they thought, how they felt. You have to. But now we only build in the cheapest way, just so it'll last a couple of years; half the new blocks they sling up are full of people who don't want to live there, anyhow. Unlivable environments and things that look bloody dreadful after they've been up a year or two. The only concern is economic."

In an ideal world, there would have been with me in Jagger's room a few of the conservatives, a few of the detractors, a few of the neurotics who have spent the past five-odd years dreaming of seeing Jagger in the pillory, so that they could work out their frustrations on him with rotten eggs. It would have been interesting to see what capital they could have made out of these pernicious, anarchic statements of his. Especially as Mick Jagger has also put his money where his mouth is, as far as preservation is concerned: Rather than opt for the split-level Greco-Moorish ranch-style residence with which so many quick-rich pop idols and high-rise businessmen have infested the English landscape, or for one of those penthouse layouts that always look as though they're going to be broken up and put on the back of a truck as soon as Rock Hudson has finished the day's shooting, Mick Jagger has bought an Elizabethan manor outside Newbury, in the lost middle of the shirest of English shires. It stands in 40 green acres, boundaried by wooded hills; and for anyone whose immediate reaction is that Jagger has taken the place over in order to transform it into a psychedelic pleasure palace and turn the gardens into rolling pot fields, let me say quickly that but for him, Stargroves manor might well have succumbed to a decay that's been nibbling at it for centuries. Previous owners, finding the house progressively more expensive to run, retired into ever smaller portions of the building, like explorers trapped on melting ice floes. Jagger bought the house a year ago and has set in motion a program of renovation to its original condition that will take two years and unmentionable amounts of coin to complete. It is not recorded whether Oliver Cromwell ever smiled; but because he stayed in Stargroves after the second Battle of Newbury in October 1644, it may well be that his ghost, softened from its puritan austerity by 300 years of heaven, will raise a passing grin at the paradox whereby the preservation of his old overnightery has been left to so unpuritan and Restoration a figure as the head Stone himself.

Jagger, it had become clear to me, is a man who needs a physically attractive, even enchanting, world.

"Well, physical, mental, spiritual, all those things are bound together," he said. "You want your world to reflect what's going on in your skull; you can't separate the elements. I mean, everyone knows that the Renaissance was a *total* thing, it involved painting and music and sculpture and scholarship and architecture and, through them, it involved the people. It's the same relationship now, only everything is mediocre, so people are conditioned to accept mediocrity. To *become* it. But what can you do? An individual is so helpless, you can't do anything, because there are too many people with the drive to just make money; it all piles itself up into a wall, you can't break through. The drive for bread is so much more powerful than people's just *caring* about something that those who do care don't stand a fucking chance. They give up: You can't spend your whole life standing in front of the money-makers. You just let them carry on. You can only hang on and wait till it passes."

I thought about Paris last year and his contemporaries in their hand-me-down olive fatigues, tossing cars on their backs like turtles in the Boulevard St. Germain, or trading punches with Mayor Daley's finest, or piking police horses in Grosvenor Square, or defying tanks in downtown Prague. *You can only hang on and wait till it passes?*

"Look, that's their bag." A dissociative shrug. "Like I said before, I'm sympathetic. I'm just not a barricade stormer. If you, or the mothers of America, or anyone else, are trying to hang it on me, well, it's just the same as their lousy sexual and drug fantasies, isn't it? They give the kids a society which they themselves have buggered up out of all sanity, and when the kids don't buy the package deal, the decent, sensible people turn around and drop the bundle on my doorstep. You know, like, I invented germ warfare. Like, I have this hot line to Mao Tse-tung."

"So if somebody came to you," I said, "and shouted, 'Right, here you are, folk hero, you have all this untapped power, so we're giving you the chance to use it politically,' what about that?"

"Oh, sure! We've seen what sort of politicians actors make; why should singers be any better? Of course, politicians themselves, because of the mass media, are getting to be more and more like second-rate actors, learning how to control the tube, what lipstick to choose, all that. The only way to control the people is to control the media. But that doesn't make politics any more appealing, does it? Politicians are an endless procession of liars: Nixon says he hates this, he says he digs that, and it's probably the exact opposite of what he really thinks and feels; it's all compromise, and by the time you've got where you want to be, well, you haven't got one idea left that's yours. Or that's worth anything. I mean, who are you? What's left? You just have *nothing*. Unless you're Fidel Castro."

In the pause, you might have heard my ears pricking. After all, it was the kind of statement that the tabloid pharisees would have plucked out of context and run across a four-inch banner headline. "YOU JUST HAVE NOTHING UNLESS YOU'RE FIDEL CASTRO SCREAMS YOUTH FÜHRER JAGGER!"

"You admire Castro?"

"Well, if you have a revolutionary situation, a *real* revolution against a demonstrably corrupt *status quo*, where you come down from the hills with a few hundred people and you just, like, take over—yeah, I dig that very much. You can't keep all the fine promises, sure, but I still dig it. It has some *purity* left, and I don't reckon you can say that for any Western politician, all those characters working by subtlety and cunning."

I asked him what he'd like to see brought in after a people's revolt in Britain, farfetched as the possibility is, and he thought for a long time, pursing his lips and occasionally flicking the hair back from his face. Finally:

"I've got no alternative society I'd like to see set up. I don't see things that way, I just don't think about it; I mean, I don't sit at home, doodling island paradises, with me as king. And, not being interested in it, I don't have any blueprints for a new deal. You can't map out a plan for people like the English, anyhow; like, how much is wrong *radically*, how much that you could alter? OK, you can say: Right, no queen, no Parliament; but how much difference would it make in the end? Maybe you'll end up by banning dancing, like Cromwell. So what? The worst thing wrong with this country is that there *were* certain values here and now there's so many people trying to sweep values away, they don't even understand——"

He broke off at my laughter and laughed briefly, too.

"Yeah, you're thinking: *This*, coming from *him*? Well, it's true: They sweep away and they've got nothing to sweep back. This society could just sink into a swamp, because no one kicks back against the decline, nobody reacts; it's sinking now, it's just decaying. We've got nothing to replace it with and most of us aren't even trying. We've chucked out a real *style* of living, a personal mood, a whole English thing; and if you bring in a sort of half-baked, plastic-topped, fake-American style, well, what've you got?"

It may be asked, and reasonably, why Jagger, with all his irritation, hasn't put more propaganda into his songs, pushed a message out to the millions of impressionable youngsters who hang on his every chord and syllable. But direct appeal in this way is something he is entirely against. A song such as the recent *Factory Girl* suggests the boredom of dull work

and drab play, but Jagger will offer no explanations of how to break the circle. As he talks about the kids who leave school to go into humdrum existences, one senses a genuine pity in him for the life condition of the masses doomed to boredom and nonfulfillment: but he is markedly chary of telling people what to do or how to do it. Perhaps, having so consciously broken free from one form of threatened regimentation, he shrinks from the danger of proposing another, however abstract.

"The great thing about protest here in England is that it just happens, it's spontaneous, it comes out of irritation and dissatisfaction, but it doesn't end up with death and it hasn't got much hate in it. And it doesn't try to impose anything, either. It's only that hazy anarchistic feeling that everyone has: all the students are into it. It's boat rocking, that's all. It's refusing to gobble up the TV dinners that authority keeps trying to shove down your throat. Well, great, it's a gas and I'm all for it. But nobody has a replacement system for England, because nothing's so evil here that it has to be wiped out." He shrugged. "Sometimes, I think maybe we *will* change for the better here, but it may take thirty years before the wall breaks: I think there may just be a chance that today's students won't tap out and forget as soon as they've got a car and two kids and a mortgage. They'll go on being dissatisfied and things may finally climb upward again. Of course, they'll get more conservative as they get older, but I don't reckon they'll end up defending a way of life they really, deep down, don't agree with. I don't think they'll put up with the old sexual hypocrisies anymore, and I don't think they'll send their kids away to expensive prisons at the age of six anymore, and I really don't believe that if they were all suddenly called up to fight at the age of thirty, they'd go. They wouldn't go to Vietnam or march off to fight in some colonial war. I certainly wouldn't. Just because you're living in this country and you're not working for the Communist Party—and why should you, it's just as bad—that doesn't mean you have to stand up for everything, does it?"

And there is a look in the curiously innocent eyes that, like so much else about Mick Jagger, public enemy, despoiler of youth, singing carcinoma, surprises one for its sanity and calm. He is oddly similar to his most reactionary enemies, to the pale, correct conservatives with the rolled umbrellas and the spotless linen: He shares the pervading sentimentality of the English *bourgeoisie*, he regrets the passing of many of the same things as they; he likes the feel of land, the idea of property, the possession of a few good things, a flexible security. He deplores their traditional faults—cant and doublethink: and that, no doubt, is their main reason for hating him.

When, on the hottest midnight of the year, Brian Jones died at the bottom of his swimming pool, Mick Jagger turned an imminent Stones open-air concert into a beat memorial service, a rock wake: and three days after the death, 150,000 youngsters packed Hyde Park to dance goodbye. The older population of London rocked on its heels and beat its breast and keened, "Riot!" and "Desecration!" But none of this came to pass. When the feared hordes of teenage Visigoths had gone, all was calm and intact, and not a wisp of garbage could be seen; quietly, they had bagged it up and taken it with them. All they had left in the park to mark their passage were 3000 butterflies: Jagger had released them in memory of Jones.

The next day, the presidents of two wildlife organizations wrote furiously to their Members of Parliament, protesting at this wanton exploitation of Lepidoptera; the letters were published in *The Times*. They did not, typically, point out that this was the first time butterflies had been seen in Hyde Park for years, because traffic fallout, industrial pollution, chemical fertilizers and pesticides—those goodies presented by civilized society to the generation into which Mick Jagger was born—had succeeded in wiping them out.

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THE HOUSE *(continued from page 126)*

chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce had his seniority on that committee not been taken away. Deprived of this opportunity for great national power, he chose to seek the much less important position of governor of Mississippi. He succeeded, and now the people of that sad state are the exclusive beneficiaries of his reactionary tendencies. This year, Representative John Rarick of Louisiana, who had supported George Wallace, was likewise stripped of his seniority at a Democratic caucus—an action energetically fought by the House Democratic leadership, including Speaker McCormack.

But these are only dents in the iron system of seniority, a system with very real rewards. From his cockpit as committee chairman, a member may and does thumb his nose at the President, the Speaker and a majority of his own party. A chairman usually decides which bills will be granted hearings. He controls the timing of the hearings and the selection of witnesses. By absenting himself or refusing to call committee meetings, he often can deny a bill passage through his committee. It's that simple—and that arbitrary.

Among the most right-wing chairmen is Mendel Rivers of Charleston, South Carolina, a Snopes who whispered support for Hubert Humphrey in the 1968 Presidential election while winking at the supporters of George Wallace. During a TV interview, he once said, "I don't put myself on a parity with a Government employee. The people, in the Constitution, put me above them." He supported his party's national program only 37 percent of the time during 1965–1966, and hasn't changed since. He chairs the Armed Services Committee, which seldom gives searching thought to the major military matters within its jurisdiction but acts, instead, primarily as a committee on military real estate, parceling out military installations to districts of "deserving members." John McMillan of South Carolina heads the District of Columbia Committee, which has made our national seat of Government a national disgrace. William Colmer of Mississippi heads the powerful Rules Committee, through which most legislation reported favorably by committees must pass before reaching the House floor for final action. And this is only a partial list.

The result has been a grand deception of the American people. For 34 of the past 38 years, as I noted earlier, the Democrats have been the "majority party" in the House. In the present 91st Congress, for example, there are 243 "Democrats" and 192 "Republicans" in the House. However, at least 60 of the 243 Democrats are opposed to the Democratic National Party platform. These 60 are Southerners almost without exception. And there are perhaps ten John Lindsay types among the 192 Republicans. Therefore, the true equation on major domestic remedial legislation is not 243 Democrats to 192 Republicans. In fact, 193 members are generally in favor of progress and 242 are usually opposed. Consequently, the Southerners still maintain a balance of power in those dozen or so hotly contested domestic legislative rows that erupt during each session of Congress. Their pivotal position is being eroded, but it still often thwarts the national, as opposed to the regional, interest.

This ratio is reflected within the key committees as well. Usually, the gutting of bills to aid the poor and mistreated takes place beyond the glare of publicity, behind the closed doors of the committee room. The truncated bill then comes to the floor—where it is very difficult to restore the lost features.

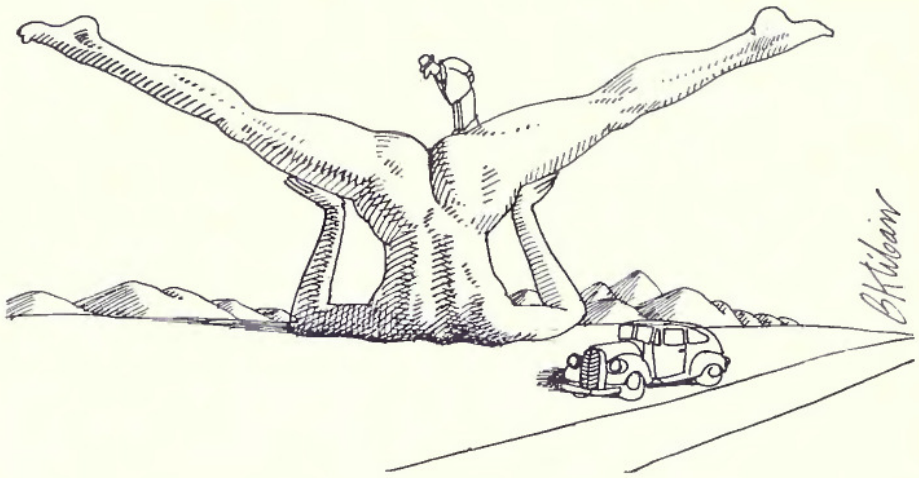
The condition of committee appointments has two faces, actually. One aspect is packing a committee, so that humane legislation does not get a fair chance to be considered. The second aspect is equally disastrous to fairness and justice. Certain House committees, as in the Senate, have become zealous watchdogs of special, high-powered economic interests. When a committee is dominated by special interests, "tunnel vision" develops in respect to the national interests. Our farm-subsidy program, for example, which is dominated by the House Agriculture Committee, benefits a few special crop interests at the expense of the national interest. As the President's National Advisory Commission on Rural Poverty has noted, our policy favors tobacco, cotton, corn and peanuts over the rural and urban poor. Instead of worrying about the hungry, the Committee engages in chronic, fierce sectarian fights among, for example, partisans of three varieties of peanuts—Spanish, Virginia and runner. Its Democratic members are almost always Southerners, almost always representative of crop interests—the Virginia peanut, the Georgia peach, the Texas cotton. The consumer aspect is ignored. Powerful outside farm groups work their will. Democratic Representative Joseph Resnick of New York discovered this in 1967. As chairman of the larger committee's Rural Development

"First I renounced my worldly possessions, then I renounced sex, then I renounced my family and finally, I renounced my ego. If it wasn't for booze, I don't know what I'd do."

Subcommittee, he expressed the view that the right-wing American Farm Bureau Federation is, in fact, "not a farm organization but a large group of insurance companies without primary interest in the welfare of the Agriculture Department . . . using [the farmer] to build one of the largest insurance and financial empires in the United States, an empire bringing great profit to a select handful of men." The Farm Bureau struck back. Its long arm reached into the compliant Agriculture Committee and produced a resolution, with only one courageous dissent, that rebuked Resnick. House members, instead of being collectively outraged at this bold violation of Congressional sanctuary, sat silent when the Agriculture Committee danced a jig to the Farm Bureau's call. Resnick had erred: He had attacked an entrenched economic power. If he had attacked the defenseless poor, there would have been no retaliation.

Study the unpardonable problem of malnutrition and even starvation in this country and you'll encounter Representative Jamie Whitten of Mississippi, chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee on agriculture and lord of certain operations of the Agriculture Department. No Secretary of Agriculture, whether Democratic or Republican, can hope to administer his department without coming to terms with Jamie Whitten. Why the difficulty with obtaining an adequately funded and adequately administered food-stamp program? Why are there virtually no Negro county extension agents in supervisory positions? Why is it difficult for the Negro farmer in the Mississippi delta to obtain the same array of useful services, including valuable crop advice, as the white farmer? Why do nearly one out of four counties in the nation have no food program for the needy? Why do only 6,000,000 of an estimated 27,000,000 poor receive Federal food benefits? Why does the national school-lunch program serve free lunches to only one out of three needy pupils? Why did the Congress last fall kill the diversion of agriculture subsidies to feed the hungry? Why did it eliminate an open-end authorization for food stamps? Why did it kill a school-lunch-program amendment? And why is the Agriculture Department so staffed that it seems to have become one of the Confederate states —with social attitudes to match? One could do worse than to study the actions of Whitten's subcommittee of Appropriations and the Committee on Agriculture for answers to all of these questions.

Of course, the abuses are not limited to agricultural affairs. Until this summer, Congress tolerated a grossly unfair hodgepodge tax structure that permitted 21 persons, each with incomes of more than $1,000,000 in 1967, to escape paying a penny of Federal income taxes. So did more than 130 Americans who made more than $200,000 that year. These happy



Americans lived in tax shelters while 27,000,000 Americans lived in poverty. It's a demonstrable case of socialism for the rich and free enterprise for the poor. The tax-writing committees of the Congress—Ways and Means in the House and Finance in the Senate—are too often manned by members pledged to protect such major economic advantages as lucrative tax benefits for oil and gas companies. In the face of a nationwide revulsion against tax injustices, the House did pass a major tax-reform bill last August; this article went to press before action was taken on the reform in the Senate. By Congressional custom, tax bills cannot be amended in the House. They can be amended in the Senate, however, and it is there that the special-interest groups threatened by the reform will launch their campaign to water down the bill.

The problems within the Congress cannot be attributed only to men of narrow vision and blurred ethics. There are also the timeservers who wave Old Glory and vote for appropriations for their districts; the fence straddlers who rhetorically favor brotherly love, Government solvency and pensions for all; the intellectuals who dream of "systems so perfect no one needs to be good"; and, finally, the smooth dealers for whom politics is largely a matter of exchanging favors. These members butter up the senior bulls and eventually will be asked to help staff the back door through which the House is robbed—the hidden channels by which special favors are dispensed to special interests. All these types make the backbreaking job of Congressional reform more difficult.

Too few members are willing to stand up to the oligarchs of the committees. The seniors tend to regard new members as fraternity brothers regard pledges. A junior member is quickly made aware—by a chance remark, a gesture or a Dutch-uncle talk—that his rewards will come if he goes along like a good boy. The obverse implication is that a brash junior member can expect to be treated as a pariah at any political harvest.

The mortar that binds the system consists largely of what members in private inelegantly call "boodle." Boodle includes a military installation being assigned to one's Congressional district. This means a construction payroll, followed by a steady payroll for the military and civilian employees who will live and spend in a member's district. It also includes a variety of public works—dams, rivers and harbor projects, reclamation projects, conservation projects, Federal office buildings.

These projects, in most cases, are legitimate. The hitch, of course, comes in the manner in which they are distributed. There are just not enough Federal dollars each year to finance such projects in each of the 435 Congressional districts simultaneously. So 435 hungry House members jostle for projects adequate for, perhaps, 200 districts. The conservative, ruling committee chairmen and other leaders maintain their power by determining in large measure which members will get the projects. Generally, of course, the stay-in-line member, not the rebel with a cause, profits. I know about this from personal experience. A great multimillion-dollar flood-control program plays a large part in my re-election over the years. So does a $32,000,000 Federal office building. My political reputation in my district is probably more identified with these two projects than with my strong stands on behalf of civil rights, open housing and Congressional reform. Both of these projects were needed. Neither was a boondoggle. Yet I know that my district received these projects primarily because—although relatively junior in those days—I was an insider when Sam Rayburn of Texas was Speaker of the House.

In addition to autonomous seniors and their junior accomplices, hidden power centers bedevil the House. There is one man who is more influential than all but a few House members—and who is not even a member himself. He is the House parliamentarian, Lewis Deschler. The

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title itself generates a vision of dried parchment paper and a blinkered figure who looks at the House through the prism of its rules and precedents. Deschler, parliamentarian for more than 40 years, doesn't fit the image. He is a large-sized man with large-sized influence growing out of his encyclopedic knowledge. He cultivates anonymity, never speaking to the press for quotation. There is little written about him. One article that purported to describe his functions included the incredible inaccuracy that the parliamentarian presides from the Speaker's chair at certain times. Actually, this is just about the only thing that Deschler does not do for a Speaker. His knowledge is that of a ship's engine-room boss who knows the capacities of the boilers in all sorts of weather. The rules and older precedents of the House fill 11 large volumes, but the precedents of the past 30 years have not even been published. Thus, Deschler has a virtual monopoly on current precedents. Precedents are the 10,000 dos and don'ts of the House. Deschler, and Deschler alone, is a master of these. He may choose to be as helpful as a deaf-mute to a member who comes seeking advice on how to pursue a matter toward which the Speaker—or Deschler himself—is hostile. Deschler, not the Speaker, decides in practice to which committee a bill should be sent. I once cautiously raised this whole problem when I was a lieutenant of Speaker Rayburn. His reply was accurate but not helpful—"Deschler is loyal to me."

There is much breast beating in Congress about the loss of its power and influence to the Executive branch. The Congressional Record at least once a week carries a baleful lament to this effect by a House or Senate member, usually a Southern Democrat or equally conservative Midwestern Republican. Yet these same members, for some reason, have never insisted that Congress acquire computers for the storage and quick retrieval of information. There are 3000 computers within the departments, agencies and bureaus of the Executive branch. Thus, the Congress permits itself to be outgunned—like firemen equipped with water pistols or infantrymen equipped with peashooters.

The case for reform is obviously compelling. And a reformist mood is, in fact, growing. As a result of deaths, retirements and election defeats, 243 new members have entered the House since 1961, a turnover of 56 percent of the House membership. This postulates a membership far less willing to feed on the cake of custom. At the opening of the present Congress last January, the first effort to unseat a Speaker in nearly 50 years was launched. The candidacy of Representative Morris Udall of Arizona was not successful against 77-year-old Speaker McCormack but it is a harbinger of contests to come. In addition, there

were minor rebellions this year against hoary committee rules and practices in the Judiciary and the District of Columbia committees. Banking and Currency Committee members are restive. The 30-year-long reactionary strangle hold on the Rules Committee was completely broken in 1967.

Another small step with a large potential was achieved this year. The Democratic leadership agreed to have regular monthly meetings—caucuses—with Democratic members. That agreement was forced by pressure from the Democratic Study Group, House members who are national Democrats. These caucuses, if employed wisely, can give the country the opportunity to see the difference between the appearance of Congress and the reality. In them, national Democrats may be able to propose and obtain majorities for progressive legislation. When such a majority emerges in caucus, it may begin to work effectively for a complete overhaul of the whole committee system.

For years, I have proposed simple reforms of the Democratic Party within the House that would accomplish this purpose by modifying but not junking the seniority system. The reforms are:

1. The member selected in caucus for Speaker (or Minority Leader when the Democrats are not a majority) would have the sole power to nominate the following: A. All the Democratic members of the Committee on Ways and Means and its chairman (or ranking minority member). B. All the Democratic members of the Rules Committee and its chairman (or ranking minority member).

2. After these nominations are made in caucus, a vote will be taken to confirm such nominees by majority vote. No nomination may be made from the floor. In the event that a majority rejects one or more of the nominees, the party leader will submit as many nominations as are necessary to fill the assignments.

3. The members approved for appointment to Ways and Means will continue to act as the Committee on Committees. But, at a subsequent caucus, they must submit their nominations for seats on the other committees of the House. Approval will be by majority vote. If one or more nominations are rejected in the caucus, the Committee on Committees will submit fresh nominees until all vacancies are filled.

4. The top leader, be he the Speaker or the Minority Leader, will now nominate the chairman or ranking minority member for each standing committee. If one or more are rejected, as in the other proceedings, he will continue to make nominations until all necessary appointments are approved.

These changes should lead to great improvement. But not automatically. Rearranging the political furniture is no guarantee of fair play. An open and aboveboard system of nomination does, of course, offer a greater promise of a better House of Representatives.

If the approximately 180 national Democrats in the House were all really what they seemed to be on the basis of votes cast and speeches made, the Democratic caucus would not now be accepting reactionaries and tyrants in powerful leadership positions. But of these 180, perhaps as many as half of those who vote right and talk right "sell out" at critical moments to the system for a good committee assignment or a favor, in the form of an empty honor or an important project, from the establishment. In the present circumstances, it pays to go along. Noble words can hide cheap deals. Liberal public voting records camouflage reactionary votes behind closed committee doors. In an open Democratic caucus, however, roll-call votes could be forced and members required to take public positions on leadership elections and committee-assignment selections. Under these circumstances and with public understanding of the significance of the votes on such matters, it is unthinkable that the majority would elect a reactionary or a tyrant.

There's no need for a blue-ribbon commission or a think-tank study by academicians. My reform program will work. It will provide the American people with a more effective national legislature. Currently, Congress resembles a crowded airport terminal where travelers have no planes to board because the runways are all torn up. Many members favor my reforms. Others disagree while informing me the reforms are feasible and practical. If enacted, competent seniors will continue to exercise their abilities. Other seniors, now as out of date in their comprehension of our national problems as dinosaurs, may not be so fortunate, but more junior members will be thrust into positions of responsibility without waiting until they pass retirement age.

Only then, when the power structure has been altered and the iron rule of seniority modified, will it be possible to institute a real modernization of House procedures, to strengthen the rules of ethical conduct for its members and to pass meaningful new laws controlling the threat of big money to free elections. Only then, when the power of the racists and reactionaries has been broken, will the poor and the blacks be treated as full members of American society by the House of Representatives.

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 168)

ought to proceed at their own risk."

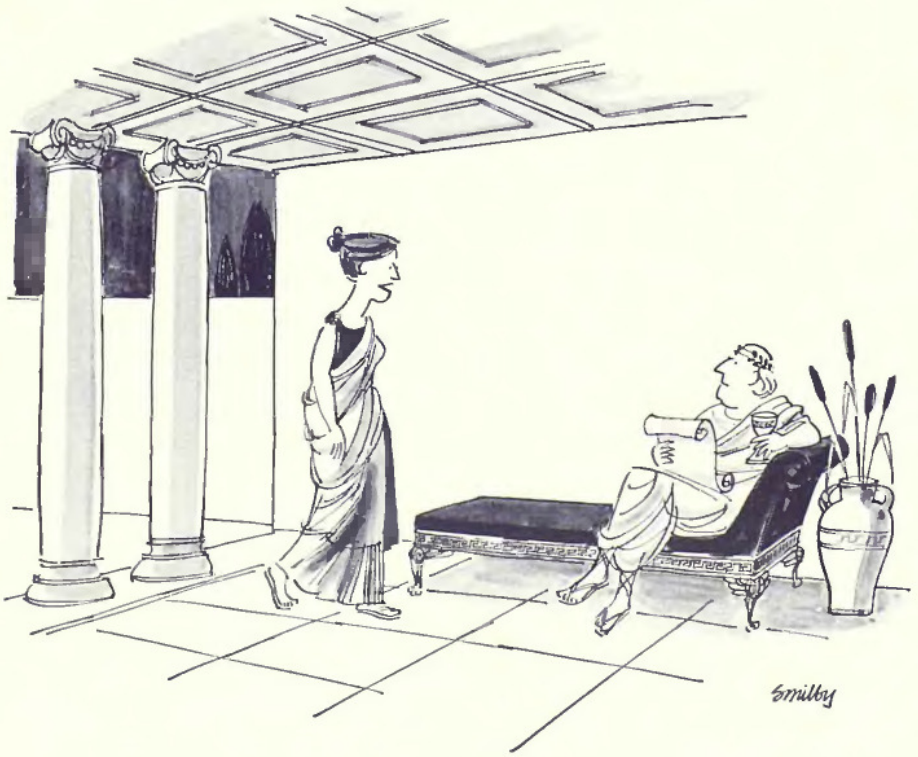
Films, then, were merely riding the crest of a wave that encompassed all the major art forms. For once, however, there was an important difference. Traditionally, the motion picture had been in the backwash of social change. Because of the enormous sums involved in movie production, because of the length of time it takes to actually produce a movie and because the medium has tended to draw on established plays and novels for its material, films have more often reflected than initiated new moral attitudes or modes of behavior. Suddenly, however, the situation has been reversed. It was the movies, not the theater, that introduced nudity as an ingredient of commercial success. It was the movies, not literature, that demonstrated the viability of Lesbianism, homosexuality, demonism and miscegenation as subjects for mass-market entertainment.

Perhaps this was the central significance of Vilgot Sjöman's *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. It quickly became the symbolic target of those who would stifle cinematic sexual candor. In Washington, D.C., the late Senator Everett Dirksen, while admitting that he had not seen the film, cited it as another argument in favor of strong local censorship. In Philadelphia, where scalpers were asking as much as ten dollars for a $2.50 ticket, city council majority leader George X. Schwartz urged "ministers, rabbis and priests to call on their congregations to boycott this film." If any minister did so, the call went unheeded; *I Am Curious* grossed $86,704 in its first week there. In New York, in Los Angeles, wherever the picture opened, the response was the same, although theater managers were never certain when or if an ax might fall. Symptomatic of changing attitudes, the film played simultaneously in Los Angeles at two Loew's theaters—a chain that only a year earlier had refused to book James Joyce's *Ulysses*, on the grounds that it was obscene.

Notable in *I Am Curious*—and not merely because this is what got it through the courts—is the fact that, though sex is present in abundance, it is by no means central to the theme. Vilgot Sjöman, its author-director, set out to present an analysis of the world youth revolution in its opposition to political oppression and materialistic social values; he shows his heroine, pudgy Lena Nyman, holding numerous man-in-the-street interviews (to determine whether or not her country is actually a classless society), chatting with Russian Communists and engaging in anti-Vietnam demonstrations. She has an impudent conversation with the king of Sweden and worships Martin Luther King (well before his martyrdom) as the symbol of peaceful resistance to hateful authority. In the film within a film, the girl both sympathizes with and resents her weak, drunken father, who fought briefly for the Loyalists in Spain. It is only as part of her resentment and her revolt against all forms of authoritarianism that Lena engages freely and uninhibitedly in all sorts of sexual experimentation.

Because Lena Nyman herself is so obviously unlike conventional cinematic sexpots—indeed, at one point in the film, she describes herself all too accurately as having "drooping breasts and a big fat belly"—the effect of her sexual gymnastics is much less libidinous than one might suppose. When she fornicates with her young man on the balustrade of the Royal Palace in Stockholm, for example, much of the scene is played off of the reaction of an incredulous palace guard, who watches immobile, save for the bobbing *of* his Adam's apple. Similarly, when the two make love in the branches of a huge oak tree, their position—one that not even the *Kama Sutra* took into account—is more laughable than lubricious. Perhaps the film's most daring sequence is that in which Lena toys with Börje's penis after a particularly satisfying bit of lovemaking. It seems as if the girl is actually touching it with her lips, but Sjöman's artful placement of the camera makes it impossible to be certain. What *is* certain is that, either because of camera placement or the actors' clothing, at no time is actual penetration visible on the screen.

In the rapidly shifting legalisms that seek to separate the *outré* from the obscene, the depiction of penetration now seems to have become the central issue, as indicated by a trial that took place last April. Late in 1968, the Oklahoma state legislature passed a law forbidding "trafficking in movies showing acts of sexual intercourse." Under this ruling, a low-budget sexploitation picture titled *The Muthers* was confiscated from downtown Oklahoma City's Sooner Theater by the police, and the Sooner's youthful manager, Larry Dieball, found himself facing the prospect of 25 years in jail and/or a fine of $25,000. At the nub of the defense attorney's argument was the interpretation of "showing acts of sexual intercourse." Did it mean implied or in fact? If it meant implied, he pointed out, precious few films would ever come to Oklahoma City; in one way or another—a sudden thunderstorm outside a bedroom window, the look of ecstasy on a heroine's face, the waves that pounded the shore as Burt Lancaster passionately kissed Deborah Kerr in *From Here to Eternity*—the movies have always found ways to suggest far more than meets the eye. On the other hand, if by "showing acts of sexual intercourse," the Oklahoma legislature had meant the explicit depiction of fornication, as in stag films, *The Muthers* was clearly blameless. Its cameraman, in fact,



"That was Octavia—she's invited us over to an orgy they're throwing next Saturday in aid of the Carthaginian Veterans' Relief Fund."

brought in from Hollywood for the defense, testified to the sheer physical impossibility of staging such a scene in view of the number of crewmen, lights and retakes required for an acceptable feature picture, not to mention the fact that, as he added, "the men generally wore two or three pairs of shorts to prevent any accidents." The jury—seven men and five women—saw the film, listened to the testimony and reluctantly declared Dieball innocent. "I just can't seem to look anyone in the face," said juror C. R. Hayes, Jr., soon after the decision. But the precedent had been established: Unless a film explicitly portrayed a sexual act, it could not be barred from public theaters.

Even so, the fine line grew increasingly ambiguous as film makers grew increasingly bold. In *The Sweet Body of Deborah* (previewed as *Honeymoon* in PLAYBOY, August 1968), for example, the picture is in progress for barely five minutes before Carroll Baker slips into a shower with co-star Jean Sorel and the two make ardent, literally steamy love under the spray; in the European version, the scene is even longer and more graphic. In Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*, Warren Oates and Ben Johnson leap into a vast tub of wine, where they disport and consort with a trio of buxom, bare-breasted Mexican *señoritas*. (A strikingly similar scene, which ran in PLAYBOY, had been excised from domestic prints of Columbia's *Genghis Khan* four years ago.) In *The Big Bounce*, lovely Leigh Taylor-Young, totally nude, seduces Ryan O'Neal atop a graveyard slab. The British-made *If . . . .*, distributed by Paramount, alternates shots of Malcolm McDowell and Christine Noonan grappling fully clothed, with shots of the same pair completely in the buff. In *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, the scene of a young couple—both nude—in the act of intercourse is reflected in the eye of a watching cat. Perhaps the most overt suggestion of coitus in any picture released by the major studios to date, however, is in Tony Richardson's *Laughter in the Dark*, based on an early Vladimir Nabokov novel: A nude Anna Karina is in bed atop Nicol Williamson, and the camera moves in for a huge close-up of Williamson in the throes of what is undoubtedly the screen orgasm of all time.

The significance here lies less in the shots themselves—most of which have had their counterparts in the sexploitation market for the past few years—than in the fact that they are now to be found in important, big-budget films with important stars. At this point, the mere presence of nudity occasions scarcely a stir—not even, necessarily, an R (restricted) rating from the Production Code people. Franco Zeffirelli's sumptuous version of *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, glimpsed those star-crossed lovers naked in bed and still won a G (general audience) rating. Indeed, a bit

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of nudity is now considered almost obligatory in anything this side of a Disney film, regardless of its relevance to the plot. Julie Newmar's skinny-dip in *Mackenna's Gold*, Ursula Andress' ditto in *The Southern Star*, even Ali MacGraw's poolside and shower splashing in *Goodbye, Columbus* could have been excised from those films without causing so much as a ripple in the celluloid. But they weren't—because, by an unwritten code far stronger than anything the Motion Picture Association has yet devised, such sequences are part of what the audience wants to see in most films these days, as witnessed by both the advertising and the exploitation campaigns planned for them.

Even more significant than those films in which nudity is incidental, however, is the increasing number of pictures from major studios in which nudity seems to be their *raison d'être*. *Candy*, for example, would have been wholly unthinkable only a few years ago, not merely because it sticks reasonably close to the voluptuous outlines of Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg's original spoof on a pornographic novel but because it reveals so much of baby-faced Ewa Aulin's well-stacked anatomy, as she indiscriminately distributes her favors among Richard Burton, Marlon Brando, Ringo Starr, et al. And *Heironymus Merkin* is, in the words of its producer, co-author, director and star, Anthony Newley, "a really erotic romantic movie," with probably more undraped female flesh per foot than any other picture ever designed for general release in this country. Merkin's incessant search for an ideal alternative to Mercy Humppe (played by Playmate of the Year Connie Kreski), at the prodding of Good Time Eddie Filth (Milton Berle), is the very essence of the film; and Universal surely knew going in that it would have to present considerable exposure—including the star's own hairy buttocks. Similarly, the British-made *Joanna*, released here by 20th Century-Fox to considerable acclaim, recounts the sexual encounters of a venturesome young girl as she swings blithely from bed to bed in the mad world of mod London. (Her affair with a Negro gang leader, Calvin Lockhart, is only one of several interracial couplings that have taken place on film this year: Jim Brown and Raquel Welch in *100 Rifles*, Patricia Gozzi and Lockhart, again, in *Hung-Up*, Joanna Shimkus and Sidney Poitier in *The Lost Man* and Dionne Warwick with Stephen Boyd in *Slaves*.) *Birds in Peru* offers a very nude Jean Seberg as a nymphomaniac who, among other *divertissements*, takes a job in a South American brothel to slake her passions. In none of these films—and there are many more—would it be possible to revert to the once-favored practice of snipping out a few offending frames. Cut out the nudity from these movies and the whole picture would disappear.

On a somewhat loftier plane, the tastefully photographed nude dancing of Vanessa Redgrave in *The Loves of Isadora* is as integral to the film as were her more modest nude scenes in *Blow-Up*. *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* includes a sequence in which a pair of teenagers visit an artist's studio and titter over a large, graphic sketch of a male torso. What makes this sequence remarkable is that the camera moves in for a large close-up of the sketch. What is less remarkable, these days, is that one of the girls is seen subsequently posing in the nude for the artist. And Ray Bradbury's *The Illustrated Man* is climaxed by a sequence in which Rod Steiger reveals conclusively that he has been thoroughly tattooed from ankle to shoulder by Claire Bloom. (The studio ultimately removed a few frames from a frontal shot that suggested, at least in the studio's estimation, that Miss Bloom had been entirely *too* thorough.)

Frontal nudity is still relatively rare on the American screen, but even here there are signs that the barriers—and the towels—are falling. In the original print of *If . . .*, the headmaster's wife, Mona Washbourne, prowls the empty dormitories of a staid British boys' school completely in the nude, including one shot in which she walks down a long corridor directly toward the camera. And in another scene, the boys are seen taking showers without the usual coy concealment of clouds of steam or artfully draped towels about their middles. But Paramount snipped both sequences, in order to change the film's rating from an X (persons under 16 not admitted) to an R. The studio was less timid with a subsequent release—*Medium Cool*—directed by Haskell Wexler. Set against a background of the violence during the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, the film tells the story of a television newsreel photographer (played by Robert Forster) who, during his off-duty hours, takes art pictures of his bosomy girlfriend (Marianna Hill) and, at one point, pursues her around his studio, with both of them in the altogether. Paramount settled for the X rating on this one.

In *The First Time*, beautiful Jacqueline Bisset is mistaken for a prostitute by a trio of teenagers who have heard that Niagara Falls is the place to score. Under its original title, *You Don't Need Pajamas at Rosie's*, the picture received an R rating because of a scene in which Miss Bisset begins a practical lesson in sex education with one of the boys. He proves to be a fast study, and soon rolls over on top of her. The Code authorities

agreed that if the producers eliminated the roll-over, the film could play with an M (parental caution advised) rating. Apparently, and inexplicably, the Code administrators approve of sex only when the female is in the superior position. To reach the teenaged audience for which their film was intended, the producers made the cut. Similarly, the Code people revised their rating on *That Cold Day in the Park* from an X to an M after the studio eliminated a sequence in which Susanne Benton tries to seduce her brother, Michael Burns, in a bathtub. Both the boy and the studio drew the line at incest.

Production Code staffers also keep a watchful eye, or ear, open for what they consider overly explicit dialog. They panicked, for example, when Paul Newman stated in *Winning* that all he wanted was a car seat that would "fit my ass." "Butt," "can" or "bottom" would have been acceptable, but not "ass." Universal obliged by turning up the background sound to obliterate the offending word. *True Grit*, with John Wayne as a grizzled, one-eyed frontier marshal, might have been released with an M rather than a G rating (despite the fact that, morally, it is perhaps the cleanest picture of the year) had not Paramount agreed to eliminate a couple of "bastards" and "sons of bitches" from the sound track —epithets that seemed relatively mild under the duress to which the robust Mr. Wayne was subjected. On the other hand, when the young hero in *The Learning Tree* is raped by the town prostitute, the subsequent conversation has to do with his "losing his cherry"— and Gordon Parks, who produced and directed the script from his own novel, adamantly refused to alter the sequence to win a G rating. But in cases where the companies are already aware that their primary audiences are not to be found in the G category, profanity springs readily to the lips of their players. In such films as *Bullitt* and *Medium Cool*, the language is best described as earthy; in *The Detective*, one character advises another to "Kiss ass"; and in *The Killing of Sister George*, the verbal descriptions of aberrant sexual behavior are not only earthy but explicit. "Pansy," "homo" and "Lez"—all previously outlawed—suddenly appeared in the film makers' lexicon.

In many respects, 1969 seems to be the year in which the American motion-picture industry has awakened to the fact that there is a third sex (or sexes). Male homosexuality and Lesbianism, barely hinted at in the past (and specifically barred by the earlier Production Code), have been frankly featured in innumerable films. With an assist from last year's *The Fox*, Robert Aldrich's production of *The Killing of Sister George* undoubtedly cleared the way. Though based on Frank Marcus' eminently successful and controversial play, the film went far beyond it to portray on screen a climactic seduction scene—between Susannah York and Coral Browne—that had been conspicuously absent on the stage. The nature of the relationship between Miss York and her "friend," Beryl Reid, a fading television performer, is clearly established earlier in the film—particularly in a sequence photographed on location in a notorious London Lesbian club. But when the younger girl submits to the blandishments of the jaded TV executive portrayed by Miss Browne, what transpires is, in the words of *Life*, "the most explicit and sensational of a flock of films on Lesbianism."

When the film appeared, at the beginning of the year, it was obvious that *Life* wasn't exaggerating. The ardent caresses, the nipple sucking, the manipulation of breasts so far exceeded anything this side of the outright sexploitation market that the producer-director felt it a waste of time even to go through the motions of applying for a Production Code seal; it received its X rating by default. Thanks to the public's ready acceptance of *Sister George*, however, other moviemakers eagerly began to explore the darker sides of sex. Foreign-made Lesbian films such as *Les Biches*, *99 Women*, *Therese and Isabelle* and *To Ingrid My Love*, *Lisa* were hastily acquired by American distributors and sent into national release, where they often did remarkably well. More often, as in *Succubus* or *Fräulein Doktor*, the Lesbian motif has served merely as a subplot or an excursion, although no less graphic on that account. In *Succubus*, for example, which its distributors have labeled "the sensual experience of 69," the Lesbian activity is confined to a sequence depicting an acid orgy; and in one episode of *Fräulein Doktor*, Suzy Kendall, playing a German spy in World War One, pretends to submit to the passionate ministrations of the statuesque Capucine, in order to wrest from her the formula for a poison gas that can mean victory or defeat for the Allied cause. A midyear check on film production in Italy, conducted by *Variety*, revealed that "25 of them either preponderantly or partially centered on girl-meets-girl," including Carroll Baker's forthcoming *Orgasmo* (retitled *Crazy Desire* for American marquees).

But if Lesbianism has achieved new prominence in the films of 1969, male homosexuality threatens to inundate the market. One of the first releases of this year was Warner Bros.' *The Sergeant*, with Rod Steiger as a tough, swaggering noncom whose latent perversion flares to the surface when he encounters Private John Phillip Law. The film goes no further, however, than to show the impassioned Steiger planting a wet kiss on

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the reluctant lips of the young man—followed immediately by a scene depicting Steiger's drunken remorse and suicide. No such remorse attended Jon Voight, the strapping Texan in John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy*, a film that promises to become *The Graduate* of 1969. Secure in his own virility, Voight heads for Manhattan, where he is certain that high-society ladies will pay handsomely for his stud services. Instead, he is hooked by a hooker, fobbed off on a religious fanatic and, finally, reduced to selling himself to a nervous schoolboy in the balcony of a shabby Times Square moviehouse. In a last, frantic, horrifying attempt to get money, he accompanies an aging homo to his hotel room, then beats and robs the man, shoving a telephone into his broken mouth. Never has the male stud seemed less attractive—nor more pathetic and vulnerable—not even in *The Queen*, a curious documentary sympathetically covering a transvestite beauty pageant held in New York's Town Hall a few years ago.

Male homosexuality also turns up as the subplot or as incidental material in many more of this year's releases. In *The Detective*, for example, it is the castration and murder of a well-known pervert that provides the springboard to Frank Sinatra's fast-paced and profane man hunt. In *Where It's At*, David Janssen pays a bosomy Las Vegas showgirl to determine whether his son, Robert Drivas, is "normal" or not. And *Riot*, a prison-break picture, luridly depicts Queen's Row, a cell block taken over by transvestites while the other convicts hold their warders at bay. In the hunt for *The Boston Strangler*, police commissioner Henry Fonda pays a visit to a gay bar patronized by wealthy homosexuals (one of whom, Hurd Hatfield, has been fingered by a rejected Lesbian). And in *If . . .*, it is made quite clear that the older boys, the "whips," dominate some of their youthful charges sexually as well as physically. The film version of *Staircase*, with Richard Burton and Rex Harrison as two aging homosexual hair stylists, premiered in September; and still before the cameras at the time of this writing, but scheduled for release before the end of the year, is an original-cast production of the off-Broadway hit *The Boys in the Band*.

Occupying a position all its own is Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys*, which crept out of the underground for a number of highly successful runs in the larger cities. Populated by Warhol's "superstar" Viva and such doe-eyed aides-de-camp as Tom Hompertz and Joe D'Allesandro, *Cowboys* is a mock Western in which a gaggle of guys from the East Village try to make themselves at home on the range. They do so by acting as if they were still inside Warhol's foil-lined Factory, improvising dialog that consists largely of bathroom humor (interspersed at regular intervals with the word fuck), removing every stitch of clothing at the least provocation, dressing up as girls and indulging in frequent gang bangs of the spindly heroine. Because Warhol's people are so downright unappetizing, and the homosexual motif so clearly in evidence even in the heterosexual encounters, the effect is far less erotic than pathetic.

Actually, *Lonesome Cowboys* is merely the most far out of a number of extremely kinky movies that have been released in the past year. Perhaps the mildest of these is American International's *Three in the Attic*, in which college student Christopher Jones is held captive by three of his girlfriends and forced to make love to them in rotation every hour on the hour. This seriocomic treatment seems designed to prove that you *can* have too much of a good thing. A bit further along is *That Cold Day in the Park*, in which Sandy Dennis, as a repressed spinster, picks up hippie Michael Burns, then locks him in her apartment so that he can make love to her. Since their lovemaking is less than successful, and the boy is growing restless, Sandy brings home a prostitute for him, then murders the girl in a fit of jealousy. There is also considerable talk in the film about male organs, and an extraordinarily explicit scene in a gynecologist's office, where Sandy gets fitted for a diaphragm.

Borrowing heavily from one of literature's kinkiest pornographic novels, *The Story of O*, Henri-Georges Clouzot's *La Prisonnière* (*The Prisoner*) presents Laurent Terzieff as a gallery owner whose side line is taking photos of nude models in masochistic poses. Irresistibly drawn to him by her own masochistic drives, television news editor Elizabeth Wiener so enjoys these photographic sessions that she willingly becomes his slave. In the Danish-made *I, a Woman II*, art collector Bertil Loring becomes so enamored of revealing photos of Gio Petre that he can't wait to meet the original. Her husband, an antique dealer only too eager to oblige, not only arranges a rendezvous but sees to it that his wife arrives wearing an extremely tempting—and readily removable—dress that Loring had supplied. Before long, Loring and the wife are going at it hot and heavy on the couch, with the husband looking on. His own passions aroused, the husband then brutally attacks and rapes his wife on the same couch. His first wife, we learn subsequently, had turned prostitute after having been used in the same manner.

Art dealers have by no means been the only characters in foreign films to be afflicted with perverse appetites. In the French *Life Love Death*, directed by Claude (*A Man and a Woman*) Lelouch, a married workingman finds himself strongly attracted to prostitutes but irritatingly impotent with anyone but his wife, who bores him. Furious with his extramarital failures, he develops the nasty habit of choking his bed partners to death—a penchant that in the end brings him to the guillotine. The aforementioned Italo-German production of *Succubus* leans heavily on sadism, as Janine Reynaud, a night-club performer troubled by weird dreams, translates her fantasies into hideous reality—such as the night-club act that opens the film, in which Mme. Reynaud toys erotically with a knife over the near-nude bodies of a man and a woman chained to the wall. Later in the picture, still acting out her dreams, she stabs the female partner to death during a performance and, a bit later, does in her lover in the same untidy way.

Perhaps the most thoroughly depraved young lady to make her way onto the screen in 1969 is played by lovely Catherine Spaak, star of Radley Metzger's Italian-made *The Libertine*. Metzger's Audubon Films has been dealing in sexploitation pictures for the past ten years. *The Libertine* is more than his most ambitious effort to date; it is his most overtly erotic. Metzger was always a great one for averting the gaze of the camera at the crucial moment, substituting a reaction shot for the action itself. But in *The Libertine*, the scenes are more often than not startlingly specific, as his heroine searches constantly for sexual degradation—especially the scene in which she shows her lover a film of herself being smeared with excrement.

The action begins when Mimi (Miss Spaak) discovers that her late husband kept a separate apartment that had not only mirrors on the walls and ceilings but also a considerable stock of pornographic films, including pictures of himself making love to her best friend. She decides to keep the apartment for her own pleasure and after reading up on *Psychopathia Sexualis*, begins putting it to the test by fornicating with everyone in sight, even, at one point, pretending to be a prostitute in order to expand her range. As in *I, a Woman*, there is an encounter with a brutal stranger who beats her before taking her to bed, and numerous others before she succeeds in seducing her radiologist during a fluoroscopic examination. In Mimi's frantic search for sexual satisfaction, however—which includes just about everything known to Krafft-Ebing—it seems that her only real kicks come from riding naked and piggyback on the shoulders of her bed partner.

In the past, such a film would certainly have gone directly into the exploitation houses, where men cover their laps as they watch the show. No longer. *I, a Woman* was the first to make a breakthrough into the art-house market; and today, many a picture that only a year or

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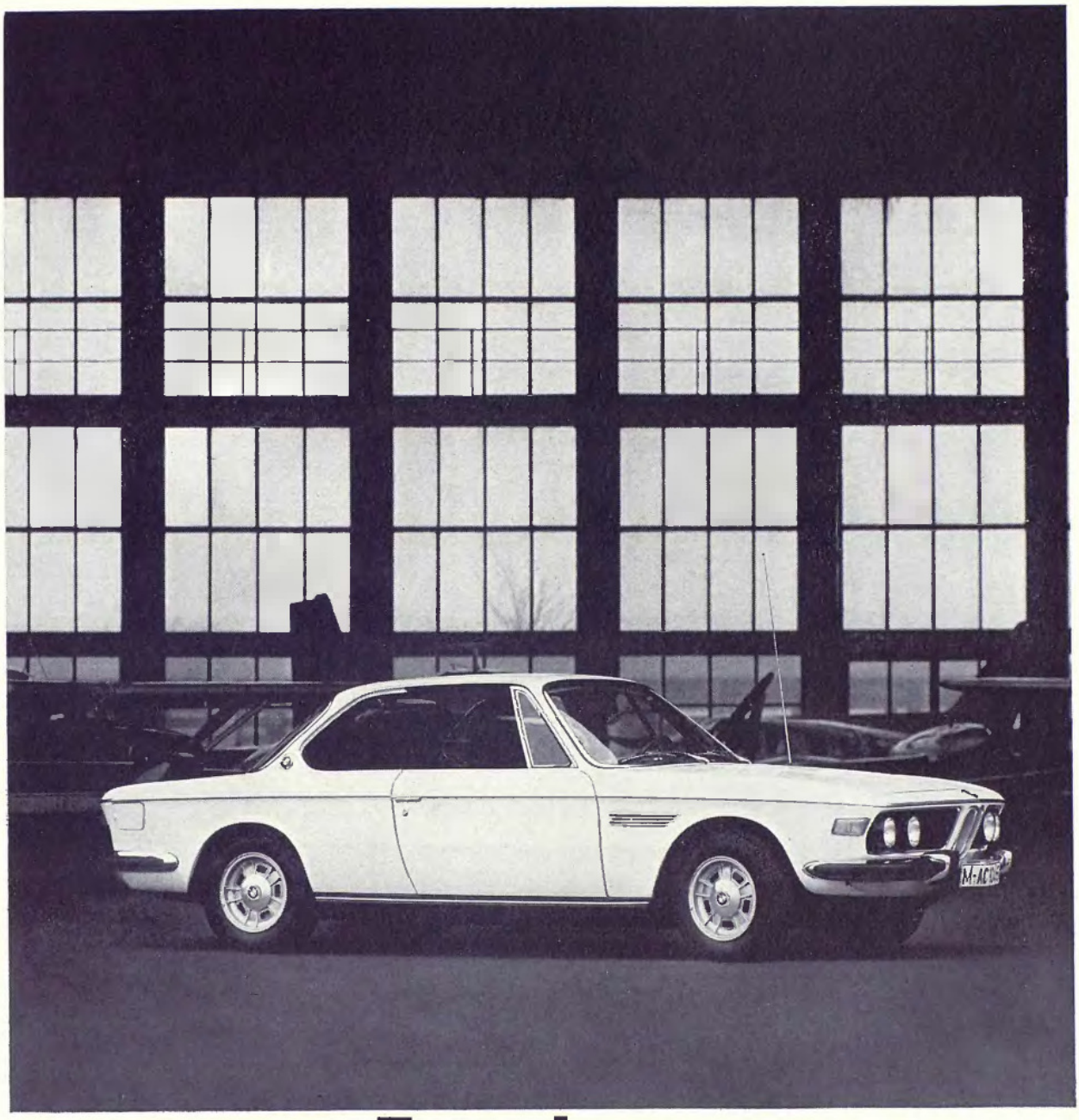

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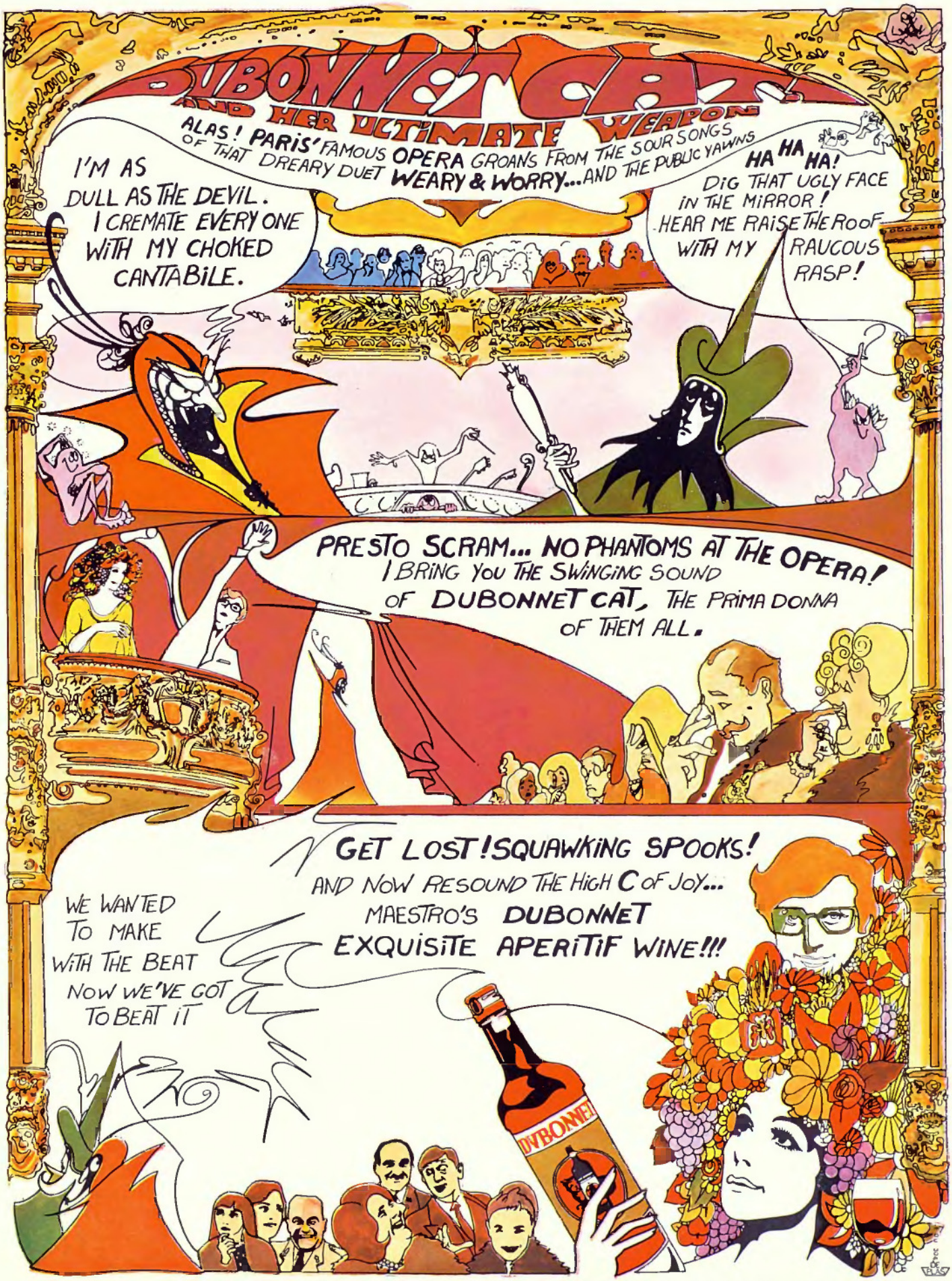

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Swissair updates dating. Outside city limits, that is.

With growing envy *we have observed more and more companies (makers of motorcycles, radios, and non-alcoholic beverages) exploiting for their own advertising purposes the fact that persons of opposite sexes enjoy making dates, or, as we say on the Continent, rendezvous.*

Well, we sternly told ourselves it was our business to carry passengers. Ladies and gentlemen and even children. And certainly we want to make sure that everybody in our planes feels at home—including those who prefer to be left alone.

In short, no reason for us to do the cruise-director bit and simplify scraping acquaintance. Vive private enterprise!

Still, the chance for a cozy chat is one amenity of international travel. Particularly when you're having to wait—it does make the time pass. So we asked ourselves, Where do you have to wait?

The "Black-out" night club at Kloten Airport is right beside the runway.

Answer: At airports. Particularly the big airports where the medium and long flights arrive and depart. (Gateways, we call them.) We have two in Switzerland: Geneva and Zurich.

Geneva is one of the world's most modern airports—worth a visit in itself. So let's talk about Zurich instead.

APART from its good restaurants, well stocked tax-free shop, nursery, shower rooms, recreation rooms, and ecumenical chapel, Kloten Airport (outside Zurich, a detail whose importance will appear in a moment) now has a new attraction, a night club; or, if you prefer, a discothèque, with the apt name of «Black-out».

You may well ask, What's so special about that?

And we are prompt to reply that it's not only a brand-new, interesting, and tastefully decorated night club, but also a highly necessary one. You see the City of Zurich is a bit over-zealous for your good, and doesn't believe in making things too easy for people. As a result there is practically no night life whatever in Zurich after midnight. (Geneva and even Basel, with its international airport, are more pagan.)

Ah, but the «Black-out» night club is not in the city of Zurich, it's in the commune of Kloten. And the communal assembly of Kloten, taking pity on the transfer passengers who have had to wait in the transit lobby, has granted permission to keep «Black-out» open until two in the morning, Friday and Saturday until 4 a.m.

See for yourself the opportunities this opens up:

You arrive from Brussels at 20 hours and fly on to Athens at 04.20 hours.

You land at 18 hours from Santiago de Chile, and take off for Amsterdam at 22.25 hours.

Or you're arriving from Paris at 21.45 and emplaning for Buenos Aires at 22.40 hours.

Arrival from Stuttgart at 20.35, departure to São Paulo at 22.40 hours.

Arrival from Barcelona at 17.50, departure to London at 22 hours.

Arrival from Nizza at 18.05, departure to Rio at 22.40 hours.

Arrival from Frankfurt 21.30, departure to Dar es Salaam at 23.15 hours.

In each case you'll have time for a drink, at the very least, in the «Black-out».

We might even help you in spite of our principles. Read our coupon, fill it out if you like, and send it to:

The Manager «Black-out» Night Club, **Blackout** 8058 Zurich-Airport, Switzerland

Dear Sir or pal, as the case may be:
I am arriving at Kloten on _____ (insert date) at _____ (insert hour), and not going on until _____ (insert time).
It is my intention to spend _____ (insert number of hours) in the «Black-out». I see no objection to your posting this coupon on the bulletin board of your night club on the great day, so that I can rendezvous with another passenger who has a similar problem.
Thank you.

My favorite subject of conversation:
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Name: _____
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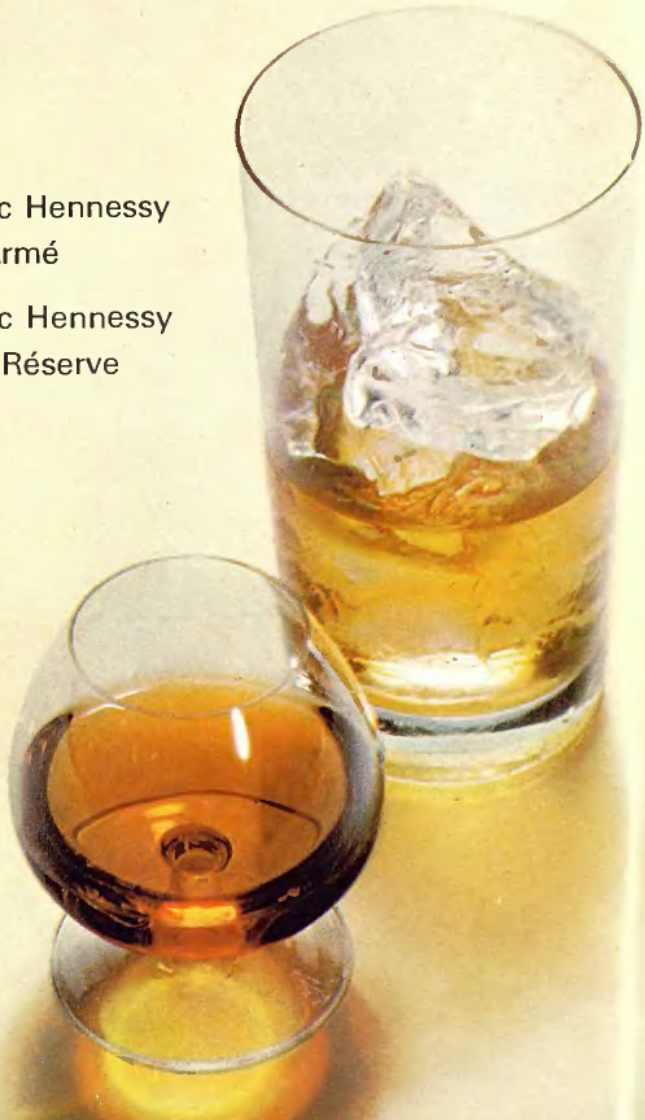

From the largest stock of aged Cognacs in the World

"Acme Van Lines? Could you send someone over to move me?"

so ago might have been considered a sexploiter plays not merely in the art houses but even in neighborhood theaters. Indeed, the distinctions seem to have crumbled completely away. Sex-education films such as *Michael and Helga*, borderline cases such as *Succubus* and *Therese and Isabelle*, not to mention such outright exploitation films as *All the Loving Couples* and Russ Meyer's *Vixen*, now run in direct competition with the products from major Hollywood studios. Indeed, as Meyer (who introduced the entire nudie cycle with his *The Immoral Mr. Teas* a decade ago) recently observed, "It's getting harder to stay ahead of the studio product. Why should the guy in the street shell out for a Russ Meyer flick, when he can see Lesbianism and masturbation in *The Fox*, blood and guts in *Bonnie and Clyde* and nudity in everything else?"

While Meyer undoubtedly has a point, the exploitation market itself has also continued to expand. When we last surveyed the field for PLAYBOY in June 1967, there were about 80 such films produced each year; today, the number has risen to 200, although not every skin flick that is made succeeds in finding distribution. Two years ago, some 400 theaters would accept the product; today, the number is closer to 600—and increasing all the time. Ironically, the effect of this expansion has not been the gravy train that the entrepreneurs of epidermis had envisioned. Because of the heightened competition for what still remains a tiny minority of available play dates throughout the country, this fast-buck industry has become not only a relatively slow but a rather uncertain enterprise. Unless a picture can break through to the art or the neighborhood houses, the chances of its earning substantially more than $100,000 are slim, no matter what the initial investment. The days of the $1,000,000 gross on a $24,000 gamble, achieved by Meyer with *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, are apparently gone forever. The tawdry production values of a low-budget feature are no competition for the all-star nudity now being purveyed by the major studios.

Curiously, the skin peddlers are becoming, if anything, more circumspect than their big-league competitors. Symptomatically, in February 1969, most of the exploitation-film makers in Los Angeles—Donald Davis, Dave Friedman, Russ Meyer and perhaps a dozen more—joined to form the Adult Film Producers Association, complete with its own code seal of approval. "This film meets the requirements set forth in the Code of the Adult Film Producers Association," reads the title that now precedes most of the exploitation pictures from the Los Angeles area. (Film makers in New York and Miami, the other major production centers for such movies, are expected to join the group within the year.)

There is a sound economic reason for this. Because of the very nature of these films, they are constantly on the firing line. They may be yanked off the screen at any time for being "utterly without redeeming social importance" and for exceeding "customary limits of candor." Since many of these producers also own their own theaters, however, there is probably no one in the country today more acutely aware of what precisely constitutes the "customary limits of candor"—nor of what can squeak past the courts as having "redeeming social importance." Like their counterparts in the Motion Picture Association, they view one another's films and try to hold to some putative line. At a recent screening of Hollywood Cinema Associates' production of *The Daisy Chain*, for example, the members objected mightily to two scenes, one in which oral-genital contact seemed to be visible on the screen (although the producer swore that such was not actually the case), and another in which the male in an act of simulated coitus had slipped his undershorts below his buttocks. "Look, you'll get your $100,000 anyway, whether those two shots are in it or not," argued Bob Cresse, one of the veterans in the field. "Why kill the goose that lays the golden eggs for all of us?"

To keep their golden goose alive, skin-flick producers now resort to a series of stratagems and conventions that are not merely obvious but often hilarious. Although their pictures abound in sex scenes, one or the other of the partners always wears shorts or panties. A sequence, in fact, may start (and generally does) with a completely nude girl disrobing the man, but her panties may miraculously reappear later, only to disappear once again when the man, now in *his* shorts, begins to mount her. Penises are rarely in evidence—and *never* in erection. Acts of fellatio or cunnilingus are always performed offcamera, the head sinking below the frame while the screen

"I'm doing it on principle. It's a protest. . . ."

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is filled with a close-up of the recipient partner writhing in ecstasy. Lesbian scenes, however, often play with both partners completely in the nude—probably because no penetration is involved.

But always and without fail, the film's moral message is sledge-hammered home repeatedly, presumably for the benefit of any cops who might wander in to keep an eye on the proceedings. In *The Muthers*, for example, the moral is that parents who allow their children to run loose and unattended are inviting unspeakable tragedy. In *The Daisy Chain*, however—from the same producer—the moral would seem to be that parents who are overprotective of their children are *also* inviting unspeakable tragedy. Russ Meyer, whose *Vixen* is probably the raciest skin flick of the current crop, argues that his picture—which interspersed intercourse scenes with a bit of "trenchant" dialog—is really designed to combat racial bigotry and communism. And in *All the Loving Couples*, after a long night of wife swapping (and the inevitable Lesbian interlude), the film happily reunites all the pairs save one—the caddish husband and wife who joined the party just to sell insurance. In social outlook, it would be difficult to find a more thoroughly conformist group of pictures.

About five years ago, a schism began to appear in what had started out as a fairly homogeneous nudie-film movement directed primarily toward male voyeurs. On the one hand, some producers opted to strengthen their story lines and production values, anticipating—correctly, as we can see now—that in time, they might be able to break into the major markets. On the other hand, there were those who looked at their audiences and decided—also correctly—that what they really paid to see was naked women. Why go to all the trouble of shooting a story, they reasoned, when all their customers really wanted was the sight of a girl taking her clothes off? As the cost of producing nudie features continued to mount, these entrepreneurs simplified their lives—and their budgets—by photographing on 16mm silent film a series of models disrobing and writhing about on beds or couches; a dozen girls added up to an average-length program. For the first year or so, these girlie films rather resembled the strip acts in burlesque; the girls spent most of the reel peeling, vouchsafing a quick flash of flesh at the very end of their routine. Before long, however, the flesh began to dominate and the bras came off fairly early in the ceremony. Escalating to keep pace with the acreage on view in big-budget features, the models soon began to remove not only their bras but their panties as well.

In 1969, still following the same format, this genre has advanced to the "split

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beaver," in which the girl's shift or dress is removed promptly at the beginning of the reel and, for the next ten minutes, the camera's gaze remains riveted on her *labia majora* and *minora*. Even more recently, some heterosexual activity has been introduced into these films—rather tentatively in Los Angeles, where any glimpse of a penis is carefully excised, but all out in San Francisco, where the action in such houses as The Screening Room stops just short of the stags. Nudity is complete for men and women, and all forms of coitus are simulated in ways that leave nothing but a glimpse of plunging organs to the imagination. So completely do these pictures dominate what was once the nudie market in San Francisco that today the ordinary sexploitation feature is almost passé.

But 1969 has also witnessed another departure: the all-male nudie. Following much the same formula as the female strip films, their homosexual counterparts appear totally in the nude, flex their muscles a bit and exercise in ways that keep their genitalia bouncing. If more than one model appears in a single film, there is never any sexual play between them, although wrestling would seem to be their favorite indoor sport. Penises, however, are never more than semierect, and totally limp whenever kisses are exchanged. Occasionally in these films, a little charade is acted out—invariably, at the expense of the female gender, which is impersonated by a transvestite. "Girls" such as Glory Holeden and Billy Butt have already begun to build a following, and their jokes on the sound track—another innovation—are rawer, spicier, more single-*entendre* than any gentleman's smoker ever dared attempt. While longer films are frequently produced with all-nude, all-male casts (Pat Rocco has become the Cecil B. De Mille of this genre), more often the features are simply clever take-offs on the Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart movies of the Thirties, with the emphasis on transvestite camp, rather than on outright sexual activity. Significantly, the latter have proved more popular at gay bars and private clubs than in regulation grind houses.

The curious thing about the voyeuristic nudies of whatever gender is the alienation they induce. They play in houses to rarely more than 20 or 30 customers, all of whom seem to take special pains to sit as far removed from their fellows as they possibly can. While the five-dollar admission now charged by these specialized theaters may in some measure account for their limited patronage, it is undoubtedly more the pictures themselves that are responsible for the customers' lack of enthusiasm. They are too direct, too single-purposed; true eroticism involves considerably more than watching two people humping on a bed. But as sex films progress in subtlety, complexity and artistry, their audiences can be expected to increase in geometric proportion. This is a problem, however, that has haunted film artists ever since the medium left its swaddling clothes—not how to show the mechanical act of fornication but how to stimulate the imagination of the spectator so that in his mind, in his senses, he is also a participant. At its best, sex is hardly a spectator sport for most people.

The fact is—and the films of 1969 have made this very apparent—that true artists are the only ones who dare go substantially beyond "customary limits of candor," because they are eager to expand the perimeters of sensory experience for all of us. It's no coincidence that the vast strides toward free sexual expression during the past decade have come from the work of such men as Michelangelo Antonioni, Ingmar Bergman, Federico Fellini and Jean-Luc Godard. Members of the Adult Film Producers Association and all the commercially oriented moviemakers have merely ridden on their coattails. And this remains the case today. Bergman, for example, climaxes his newest film, *The Rite* (made for Swedish television), with an eye-opening sequence in which Ingrid Thulin wears a gown that covers everything except her breasts, while most of the gentlemen wear gigantic dildos—a first for films and certainly for television. Antonioni, directing *Zabriskie Point* for a late-1969 release, has already run afoul of the law for what are purported to be the wildest orgy scenes yet made for the American screen. Frank and Eleanor Perry, who earlier made *David and Lisa*, explore in *Last Summer* the burgeoning sexuality of the adolescent—actually, four adolescents—with great sensitivity and almost savage candor. Pier Paolo Pasolini's mystic *Teorema* exudes an eroticism that extends far beyond the occasional nudity and casual partner changing of its entire cast. And the American critic, essayist and novelist Susan Sontag has recently completed for Sandrews (the firm responsible for *I Am Curious*) the even more enigmatic—and erotic—*Duet for Cannibals*; it includes not only an orgy, complete with stag movies, but two couples who find something approximating sexual gratification only when one or more of the others is either looking on or is directly involved. These are serious artists, men and women who understand that the sexual drive is basic to all of us. By their insights, they give us new understanding of ourselves. For all the shoddy merchandise that has been fobbed off under varied legalisms, such people as these have been able to function and to express themselves this year with unprecedented freedom. And this is what makes it all worth while.

"After you, miss!"

THE SENATE *(continued from page 120)*

operators. Sometimes they do so for hire, sometimes because of conviction. More often, it is because of campaign contributions. Yet they are never investigated. Not only will they not investigate themselves, they seldom investigate the lobbies that contribute to their campaign funds and to their law firms, supply company planes for trips home and, on occasion, raise personal expense funds.

If I were to put my finger on the most corrupting factor in the lives of Senators, I would, without hesitation, point to campaign contributions. When a Senator has to pass the hat for increasingly large amounts of money to get re-elected every six years, he becomes obligated. There are campaign contributors who expect nothing more in return than lunch in the Senate restaurant or a couple of tickets to the Army-Navy game. But they are rare. Most of those who kick in with really large wads of dough expect votes for the banks, for higher-priced drugs, against public housing, against labor, and so on. And they are hardly reticent about reminding the recipient Senator of what they want.

Yet not since 1924—when the Corrupt Practices Act established a code to regulate campaign funds—has there been any significant new legislation dealing with the way elections are financed. But there *have* been some attempts at reform. One halfhearted attempt, sponsored by Senator Lyndon Johnson in 1956, brazenly avoided the necessity of recording primary campaign contributions, even though victory in the primary in the South has long been the equivalent of victory in November. The Senator from Texas was determined to bolster the Southern establishment by saving his Southern colleagues from disclosing the oil, cotton, tobacco and textile tycoons who financed their primaries. Ironically, it was the Southern establishment that adroitly and relentlessly knifed Lyndon after he became President.

More recently, there was the 1966 proposal of Senator Russell Long of Louisiana that each taxpayer check a space in his income-tax return if he wanted to contribute one dollar from his taxes toward a national campaign kitty for Presidential candidates. Senator Long, from his vantage point as Democratic Whip, pushed his plan so persistently and so disagreeably that he managed to antagonize many of his colleagues. But his plan failed chiefly because the rural aristocracy that doesn't have to worry about raising money to get re-elected foresaw the day when the simplicity of the Long system would spread from Presidential to Congressional elections, thereby making it easy for any upstart candidate to challenge the establishment. The Corrupt Practices Act remains unreformed, the expenses of campaigns continue to soar and Senators continue to look the other way when it comes to enforcement.

It was not always so. When I first came to Washington, during the Coolidge Administration, the Senate was seething over the 1926 Vare scandal I noted earlier. In the Pennsylvania Republican primary of that year, Philadelphia's Republican boss, William Vare, spent $200,000 to defeat George Wharton Pepper. Cries of shame echoed from the Union League to the Main Line. Boss Vare was thrown out of the Senate on his ear. There was also the purging of Frank Smith, another Republican, elected to the Senate from Illinois. The issue here was not the amount of money but the fact that $100,000 of it came from one man, Samuel Insull, the Midwest utility magnate.

Those were the days of great moral indignation that followed the Teapot Dome scandal. The public was hell-bent for cleanup. That day has now been replaced by a television morality that operates on the theory that people have short memories, that the public secretly admires a crook—provided he's a successful crook—and that if you can polish up a transgression so it looks right

on the idiot box, God bless you. No Senator has been denied his seat in the past four decades because he spent too much money getting elected.

The Senate has even broadened—or lowered—its ethical standards so that its 1968 code of ethics sanctions the private expense fund. This is an amazing right-about-face that has generally escaped the attention of the public. Yet the American people had serious doubts about Richard Nixon's qualifications to run for Vice-President after it was discovered that $18,200 had been contributed secretly by Southern California businessmen to pay his personal and business expenses while he was supposedly representing all the people of California as a Senator in Washington.

The fact that the Senate in 1968 bowed to the Nixon precedent and declared ethical what it considered unethical in 1952 still does not make private funds ethical. To the contrary, such a fund directly violates the cardinal principle of American representative government: namely, that any obscure voter contributing through taxes to a Senator's salary is entitled to just as much of his time and energy as a handful of San Remo suburbanites who can afford to tip him on the side.

If you look over the voting record of Senator Nixon and compare it with the economic philosophy of those who put up the $18,200, you can appreciate the wisdom of the founding fathers. One of the larger groups contributing to the Nixon fund were real-estate men, 11 in all, interested in removing wartime rent controls and blocking public housing. The young Senator from California could not have been unaware of this when he voted on June 20, 1951, to cut public housing from 50,000 to 500 units; or on June 4, 1952, to shorten rent controls by four months; or on June 5, to remove all national authority to enforce rent control; or when, on June 12, he introduced an amendment to the defense bill to sidetrack all public housing. The Senator's votes on other issues followed the identical philosophy of those who contributed to his fund.

Under the Senate's new standard of conduct, all such private funds, believe it or not, are now ethical. In most respects, the Senate is more ethical, more progressive, less influenced by lobbyists than is the House of Representatives. But regarding private expense funds, it has slid back. Perhaps the Senate was influenced by the Nixon precedent; after all, he not only managed to get away with his fund but went on to bigger and more glamorous goals.

In recent years, the Senate has moved slowly, inexorably toward reform. It still has a long way to go, but it has moved faster than the House. The bad guys remain, but at last a large number of the good guys have decided to stand up and be counted. However, it still has nowhere nearly approached the righteous indignation of the days when the Bob La Follettes, the George Norrises and the Tom Walshes tracked down all evil.

Generally speaking, Senators do not behave as flagrantly as Representatives when they junket abroad. They do not make public spectacles of themselves—as did Representative Mike Feighan of Cleveland, who, when attending the 1965 International Labor Office meeting in Geneva, called President Kennedy a "nigger lover" and President Roosevelt "pro-Communist." Nor do Senators bring 40 cases of Scotch into the United States by military plane, as did Representative Mendel Rivers of South Carolina at the end of one "inspection" trip. But they do embark on some totally unnecessary "surveys," such as those taken by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri and Senator Ernest Gruening of Alaska, Democrats, after both were defeated last year. Here is the confidential cable the Army sent to military posts instructing them to roll out the red carpet for the Senator from Missouri, who had lost his primary campaign:

> REQUEST LOCAL ESCORT OFFICER BE ASSIGNED IN EACH AREA TO MEET AND ASSIST. LOCAL ESCORT SHOULD PRESENT SENATOR LONG WITH IN-COUNTRY ITINERARY EACH STOP FOR HIS APPROVAL. . . . REQUEST MILITARY SEDAN BE MADE AVAILABLE WHERE POSSIBLE. . . . REQUEST MILITARY AIRCRAFT BE PROVIDED FROM ISTANBUL, TURKEY, 30 OCTOBER TILL ARRIVAL LONDON 12 NOVEMBER. REQUEST THIS OFFICE BE INFORMED OF TYPE MILITARY AIRCRAFT AND FLYING TIMES.

Tongue in cheek, the officer who prepared the cable added: "PRIMARY PURPOSE OF VISIT IS TO GET FIRSTHAND INFORMATION ON FOREIGN-AID AND MILITARY-ASSISTANCE PROGRAMS."

The Senate still has as much power as the House to obstruct and confuse, and sometimes uses it more effectively. Jim Eastland of Mississippi not only sends Negroes north to glut the big cities, as a result of his cotton-cutback program, but, as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, makes it difficult for Negroes to obtain their civil rights. He accomplishes this not only by blocking bills guaranteeing Negroes' voting rights but by delaying confirmation of judges likely to give a liberal interpretation to the

"I am not without influence in this city, inspector, and I demand that you apprehend this 'kissing bandit.' No man can soul-kiss me and get away with it!"

laws. For a year and one week, he blocked Senate confirmation of a Jewish judge, Simon Sobeloff, who was known to be favorable to civil rights. And he blocked a vote on the first Negro ever appointed to the Supreme Court, Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall, for a year, meanwhile rushing the confirmation of his old University of Mississippi buddy William Cox as a United States District Court judge in the record time of seven days. Judge Cox later justified Eastland's confidence by referring in open court to "a bunch of niggers," and comparing Negroes to "chimpanzees."

How—when the abuses arise from so many sources and take such varied and subtle forms—can we clean up the Senate and persuade its members to keep its conduct on a level that will ensure public respect? Here are a few modest proposals, all of which would go a long way toward cleaning up *both* houses of Congress.

1. No Congressman shall practice law before any Federal court or Federal agency.
2. No Congressman shall serve as a director or official of any corporation or partnership doing business with the Federal Government.
3. No Congressman who serves as a member of the Armed Forces Reserve shall accept promotion while in Congress.
4. Every member of Congress shall file his assets and all sources of income with the General Accounting Office every year.
5. The names of all relatives on a member's payroll shall be filed with the clerks of the House and Senate and shall be published periodically.
6. No member shall use on his staff any person not paid by him except students.
7. Members shall disclose any pecuniary interest they may have in a bill on which they vote.
8. A commission of five members, two from each house of Congress and with a chairman representing the public appointed by the President, shall serve as a body to enforce these rules.
9. Chairmen of committees shall rotate every six years.
10. No committee chairman shall have the power to block any piece of legislation when 100 members of the House and 30 members of the Senate sign a petition requesting that it be released.

These proposals are modest only because of practical politics. If they were any more drastic, they would have not even a smell of passing. There would be little chance, for instance, of adopting rules similar to those of the British House of Commons, from which we inherited our parliamentary procedure. John Foster, Conservative, and a veteran member of the British House of Lords, described these rules as follows:

"No member of Parliament can filibuster," he explained. "If you are repetitive or stray from your subject, you are gaveled down.

"We have no seniority. Membership on committees is selected by each party, and there is only a chairman and a vice-chairman. Beyond that, any other member of Commons can attend. A committee is behind each important bill and they are introduced by the party in power. Individual members may not introduce legislation of any importance. They can introduce only courtesy legislation which doesn't pass."

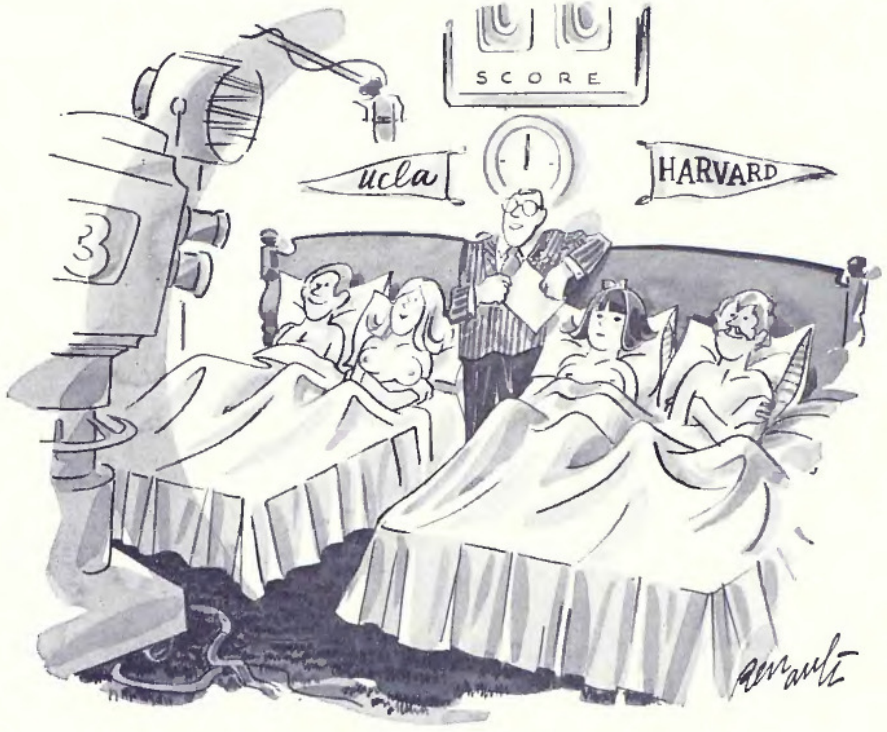
Regarding campaign funds, Foster said that no member is permitted to raise money for his campaign. He gets ten cents for every voter in his district and no more. "Every farthing is receipted," he said, "and we are very careful about it. Discipline is strict and a member is expelled if there is any infraction of the rules. If you are an attorney for a bank or a firm affected by certain legislation, you get up and say so on the floor. If you didn't do this, your firm would object and you would be fired."

"I'm afraid you'd never get the American Congress to be that moral," I told my British friend.

"The United States has done pretty well for a big country," he replied. "You've got a geographic spread which —if placed on the map of Europe— would extend all the way from the North Sea to Portugal and from the English Channel to Romania. I wouldn't be too discouraged."

But Americans who must live under an unresponsive and often uncaring Congress can not help being discouraged. Advocates of the "new politics" predict that the impact of their movement will be felt by 1972 and that millions of new voters will sweep in a whole new generation of political leaders, dedicated to honesty and justice. But the most realistic of the new breed admit, at least privately, that it will be years before the Senatorial oligarchs are turned out of their black-leather swivel chairs. It is a fact of politics that Senators, like members of the House, usually get re-elected on the strength of their accomplishments for their states or districts, not because of their positions on the greater issues of our day.

In the small towns of Mississippi and Georgia, and the other states that have sent the political barons to Washington, the "new politics" is considered subversive. A freshman Senator may have ideals, but he doesn't have seniority. Until drastic reforms change both the ways Senators finance their elections and delegate power among themselves once they are elected, we will continue to find legislators more interested in cottonweed-control laboratories than in their consciences.



"Welcome to the new, updated 'College Bowl.' . . ."

Revolutionized Football *(continued from page 184)*

to be filled, taking proper cognizance of each player's individual talents. This ukase very nearly brought on the Donnybrook I'd anticipated, but Hal Alvarson nipped any violence in the bud. As far as he was concerned, Hal said, a coach's word was law, and if anybody present didn't choose to obey the law, as interpreted by captain Alvarson—why, then, the captain would be delighted to beat the bejesus out of him. As Hal had done this in the past to every boy there, and thoroughly, he had no difficulty impressing this viewpoint on the querulous crowd.

I was walking home when Rumble Seat appeared from between two houses in front of me. He held his precious football against his chest with both hands. "I non't care where anybony ess plays," he said, the old speech impediment in full flower, "but I wanna play cennuh. If I non't play cennuh, you non't get to ooze my baw."

I was surprised that anyone would want, let alone insist, on playing such a thankless, bruising position. I wouldn't have played there even if it had meant automatic selection as all-time all-American. "What do you want to play center for, Rumble?" I asked, putting on my finest coachly frown.

"Because cennuh's the crocus," Rumble Seat said. "The crocus of the whole narn tea'."

The kid was not only turning into a loony, I thought, but he was beginning to talk in tongues, like a Holy Roller. (Later, I discovered that he'd meant "crux," which his impediment turned into "crocus.") "I'll think it over, Rumble," I said pontifically.

Until I climbed over the Dell-estate wall the next afternoon, everything had gone like clockwork. I'd spent study period in diagraming eight basic plays—two off-tackle, two end-around, three forward-pass and one that could be either an end-around or a pass, depending on the traffic situation. The rest of my waking hours had been devoted to the line-up and the fitting of players into positions that would result, I was certain, in an unbeatable team. And I had Pat Clancy in tow.

Pat was my ringer, the real tough guy I'd promised to deliver if I were made coach. When my family lived on Pine Street, Pat had beaten me up so often that he finally grew fond of me, to the extent that he defended me from everybody else. This fondness wasn't deep enough for him to play for the Rangers, however, unless I paid him a dollar a week, plus streetcar fare. I agreed, even though that would amount to $1.60, and my weekly allowance was a flat buck. How I scraped together the other 60 cents every seven days is neither here nor there. Let it be recorded simply that I suffered my own private Depression that fall; but it was a condition not without its benefits. Since I couldn't afford a single Baby Ruth, my skin was amazingly clear for the ten weeks of the football season. At least I wasn't stuck with Pat's room, board, tuition and laundry.

Despite Clancy's impressive presence, things began to disintegrate the moment I started reading off the line-up:

L. E. JACK BEAUMAISON (Too handsome to enjoy violent contacts that might result in a broken nose, or worse; therefore, deficient as a blocker or tackler. But a fast runner and a fair pass receiver.)

L. T. THE OLD BLACK DOCTOR (Too slow for an end or a halfback, too light to play guard, but not scared of being banged around. Adequate as a tackle.)

L. G. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME (Short, stocky, stubborn and mean—everything a 1932 guard had to be. And, as 1932 guards were also anonymous types, the right man in the right spot.)

C. RUMBLE SEAT (His odd bodily construction made it next to impossible to move the "crocus" of the team in a backward direction. Besides, he owned the ball.)

R. G. SIMMY SCHWARTZ (Not as big as I'd have liked, but an abrasive, hell-for-leather kid, quick as scat.)

R. T. JIM FLETCHER (Somebody had to play the position, and I wasn't partial to fashion plates, anyway.)

R. E. MUSH MC WHIRTER (Most beat-up-on boy in the neighborhood and, consequently, the fastest, having developed speed by running for his life. I figured that Mush might be able to snare one pass out of four—if he lived.)

Q. B. GARB CARTRIGHT (I'd seen that he could pass, and I was keeping my fingers crossed in the hope he could do something else. If so, the Rangers would be home free. If not—well, I'd better take instruction in sprinting from Mush. But I had a very strong hunch about Garb, and I rode it.)

L. H. B. HAL ALVARSON (A fine blocker and pass receiver, but only mediocre as a passer and absolutely no good as a ball carrier. Perhaps his balance had something to do with it. Anyway, he was unbelievably easy to tackle, going down almost at the touch of a finger. Even *I* could tackle him.)

R. H. B. THE BURNING BUSH (A slightly larger Simmy, he did everything fairly well and was especially good at punting. Persisted in chain-smoking during games, however. Fatimas, of course.)

F. B. PAT CLANCY (Happiest when allowed free play in a game's more destructive aspects—blocking, tackling and bulling head down through the center of the line. As I had forecast—*real* tough, not to mention real expensive.)

When I finished reading, a great weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth reverberated from the stone wall. These ululations gradually progressed to human speech of a sort, mouthings that I interpreted as complaints about my quarterback selection. Even Hal, whom I had lately conceded to be a most imaginative type, was vociferously shocked. For a long while, it was ten against two: coach Brown and fullback Clancy (who didn't care who played where, as long as he himself was paid his $1.60 a week). I realized that unless I stuck to my guns now, I'd be through as a coach before I started—and the Forest Avenue Rangers might be through, as well. So I drew on a seldom-used streak of Scottish stubbornness—forged by Loch Lomond ancestors, tempered in the Nova Scotia snows—and stood my ground. Saying not a word, I waited until they surrendered, boy after angry boy, to the overwhelming force of my silence, out of either breath or resignation. "Aw, let's do it the way Coach wants," Hal Alvarson said, which was his method of handing over his sword. "See what happens, anyway. OK, Coach, give us a play to try."

We saw what happened, in short order. I gave them a simple forward pass, run off the usual diamond formation (7-1-2-1) of that era. It had the halfbacks legging out to the opposite flats and the fullback, after faking a plunge into the line, pulling up to protect the quarterback. By the rules then in effect, Garb had to pass from not less than five yards behind the line of scrimmage.

The Rangers tried the play six times, in the course of which: (1) Garb fumbled Rumble Seat's good snapback from center; (2) a bad snapback went over the Cartright head and almost over the Dell-estate wall; (3) Rumble's snapback was all right, but Garb bobbled and lost it; (4) he couldn't hang onto this one, either; (5) another crummy snapback; and (6) Rumble's best effort, except that the ball was snapped at Hal instead of Garb. Hal instantly heaved it at Rumble's backside, accompanying the action with a razzle-dazzle recitation of Anglo-Saxonisms.

I hastened to get a mental half nelson on these potential mutineers. "Well," I said, with theatrical disappointment, "this team's going to need a lot of coaching before it's ready. A *lot* of coaching."

"Before it's ready for coaching," the Old Black Doctor said, "this team's going

1

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6
CLANCE

to need a new quarterback and center."

"And a new coach," said Jim Fletcher.

Ignoring this insurrectionary remark, I said firmly, "A coach's job is to get the most out of his players—and correct their mistakes as they're made. So"—I hesitated, clutching for a straw to keep myself afloat. I felt myself going down for the third time, when it came to me. "So," I continued easily, as though I'd known all along what to do, "here's how we'll correct *this* mistake. C'mere, Garb." I went over and stood behind Rumble Seat.

Garb came. "Here's what I want you to do," I told him. "Stand smack behind the center. Like this. And *take* the ball from Rumble. Down here, right under his crotch, get it? And, Rumble, you *hand* him the ball, but hard. Just shove it into his hands, then d-r-i-v-e! Got that, both of you?"

"Ayah," said Garb.

"Neyuhp," said Rumble from between his legs.

"But what do I do then?" Garb asked. "I can't pass from here."

"Run back to where you can," I said. "OK, fellas, except for this, the play's the same. Let's try 'er again. Go!" I clapped my hands for emphasis.

Each player was probably thinking that he might as well humor coach Brown while the fool was digging his grave, so everyone grudgingly moved into position. Garb's gargantuan hands spread open under Rumble Seat's butt. "One-seven-nine-five-eight-HIKE!" he barked—and the ball smacked into those bear-trap claws. Off for the flats went the halfbacks. Pat Clancy thundered head down toward left tackle. Garb loped backward like a drunken ostrich, stopped with a creak of joints, turned and threw a bullet at Jack Beaumaison, 35 yards downfield. Naturally, Jack couldn't hold it.

But the play had *worked*. When the team lined up again, it was with alacrity and in a different mood; interest had replaced sullen resentment. "OK, once more," I said. "This time, the Burning Bush gets the pass."

He did get it, too, far down the right side line, at the price of a broken Fatima. The music of cries like "Atta boy!" and "Now we're rollin'" rang in my ears.

Garb might not have been able to catch a football, but he could sure as hell pass and, as I discovered in jig time, his mammoth hands were perfect for fake hand-offs and suchlike deceptions. During the remainder of the afternoon, *everything* worked; and even today, I find myself imagining that if it hadn't become too dark to see the ball, we might be practicing yet, our clocks stopped forever in the twilight of that wonderful, happy, vanished afternoon in 1932.

As we broke up to wander off to our various houses, captain Alvarson punched me cheerfully on the biceps. "Well, Coach," he said, "I guess we've got a big thing going for us."

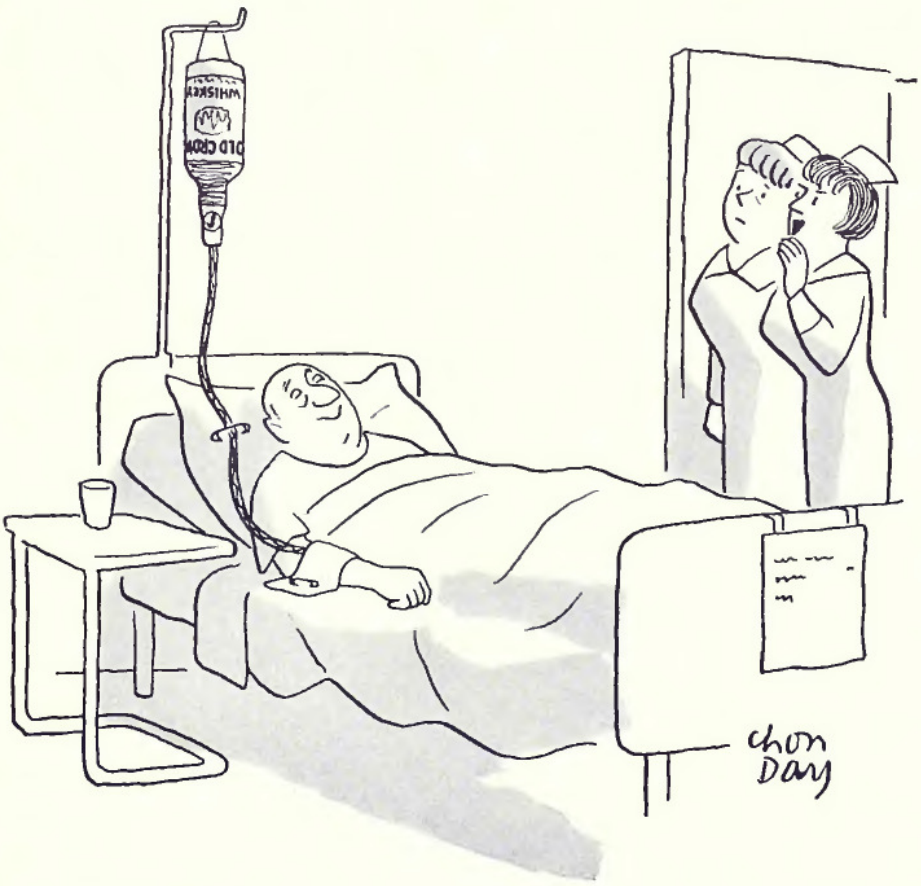
"Ayah," I said, "I guess we have."

I slouched homeward, hands deep in my pockets, eyes on the sidewalk, every slumping contour of me at odds with my inner excitement. Yet, while I sensed the "big thing," I couldn't define it. If a stranger had approached me at my front door and announced that I'd just taken the first step toward the creation of the T formation—that fluid, intricate, subtle and dangerous offense—I would've laughed in his face. And if he'd gone on to remark that I'd also taken the first step toward a revolution in football, I would've pegged him as a lunatic.

In the early 1800s, when the boy Longfellow roamed beneath them, Deering's Oaks had been called Deering's Woods; and in 1932, when the boy Brown was treading on their acorns, they still were as fresh and fair as they'd been in Longfellow's eyes. In the intervening years, they'd been landscaped by degrees into a stunning public park that was extraordinarily extensive for a city as small as Portland. Along the northern boundary of the Oaks lay ten or so acres of fairly level land that in Longfellow's boyhood must have been a soggy meadow or an even soggier marsh. In Brown's boyhood, the area encompassed four baseball fields. Immediately after Labor Day, park workmen would store away the bases, erase any visible remnants of the foul lines, and then mark out gridirons with a little hand-pushed cart that voided a two-inch-wide strip of white lime. There were no goal posts, however, so the amateur teams that played in Deering's Oaks had to do without field goals and extra points. It was on one or another of these public fields that the Forest Avenue Rangers worked out their tragicomic destiny.

On the first Saturday morning in October, we opened the season against Billy Whittaker's 11, the Stevens Avenue Wolves. The public fields were on a first-come, first-served basis, but reserving one was no problem. I simply told Mush McWhirter to be on the scene no later than six A.M. and to hunker down on the 50-yard line until the rest of us showed up at 9:30—even if he froze to death during his vigil. This exercise of squatter's rights took place before every game on our schedule. The crisp dawn air did Mush a world of good.

The Rangers and I had spent the two previous weeks sweating out refinements on the clutched-straw offense that coach Brown had so unwittingly grasped. The original breakthrough was made the moment I snuggled my quarterback against



"Not really . . . but you'd be surprised at the psychological effect."

the center's backside; in its wake, improvements and variations rolled out of me faster than the Third Army later rolled east from Avranches. I began by changing the backfield's offensive formation from 1-2-1 to 1-3. Then, since Garb Cartright's arm would be our principal weapon, I did some jockeying with my ends. Defensively, the teams of 1932 used a seven-man line similar to their offensive setup, but offensive lines tended to play in tight and thus were invariably outflanked at the corners. I thought that if I shifted one or both ends five or ten yards away from the tackles, it would resolve this situation neatly; Jack and Mush wouldn't find themselves in unwanted bodily contact when they should be running downfield. I also thought that this splitting of ends would confuse our opponents defensively, although I couldn't judge its aptitude for confusion until the experiment had been tried under actual combat conditions.

Naturally, we couldn't take to the air on every play, so I had to invent a running game of sorts, if only to take advantage of Pat Clancy's bruising power. Garb's talent for fake hand-offs was almost as natural as his passing arm, and frequently in practice, even *I* wasn't sure whether Pat or Hal or the Burning Bush had the ball. Pat took a special pleasure in this hocus-pocus, which appealed to the latent larceny in his reformed-delinquent heart. Along with this backfield prestidigitation, I gave the Rangers a play in which the blockers and ball carrier followed a man in motion to the right. A sneaky switch usually ensued, wherein the man in motion and the blockers went hither but the man with the ball went yon. All in all, when the team toed the line with Billy Whittaker's Wolves, it had become fairly adept at ten basic plays, plus the wicked variations thereof. And it was full of confidence and cockiness, to boot. Until it got a good look at Whittaker's Wolves, that is.

They were wolfish, all right—lean, mean and out for blood—although a couple could have passed for half-grown grizzlies, and another, the fullback, was a downright red-eyed bull. He was as big as Billy's brother, Fred, and he lunged around in the pregame warm-up with a competence that chilled the heart. The only Ranger who liked the sight of this horrendous hulk was Pat Clancy, who was pretty lean, mean and wolfish himself. "He's my meat," said Pat, "that fella."

Mush's father, who was hardly unique in being unemployed that fall and who wanted (somewhat apprehensively, I dare say) to watch the puny lone issue of the McWhirters in action, had brought a timer's watch with him. Some Wolf's old man had tagged along, too; and coach Whittaker and I agreed that these ancient football buffs would do double duty as head linesman/timekeeper and field judge/referee—switching jobs at half time. The assistant linesman was a nine-year-old fugitive from the Schwartz kibbutz, known as "Bookey." He'd made the chain himself, out of odd lengths of links that he'd found or pinched somewhere.

The Rangers won the toss and Hal elected to receive. At the kickoff, I fell to fretting over the possibility that Garb might fail to glance at me before the huddle on each offensive play. I intended, you see, to indicate to him what play I wanted run next. At odd moments, over a fortnight, I'd been imparting to Garb a system of body signals. The antics of baseball coaches, in the box behind third, had long been a marvel to me; and today, if Garb saw me kicking dirt, picking my nose or scratching my left kneecap, I expected him to decipher the code and act accordingly.

The kickoff nearly wrecked us before we'd been launched. A low bouncer, it caromed away from What's-His-Name on our 35 and jounced crazily to our 15, where Garb's ungainly lunge for the ball merely deflected it backward across the 10. Garb fell on it at the seven, a millisecond before the majority of the Wolves fell on him. When the layers of players had been removed and Garb became visible again, he had a peculiar expression on his face—bemusement, perhaps; or it could've been that he was in shock. In any case, he didn't think to look at me for the signal I was giving him, over and over again. The team huddled and got ready for its first play from scrimmage with no coaching at all from the side lines.

No sooner had Garb set himself against Rumble Seat's bottom, however, than Billy Whittaker called time, complaining that the Rangers were using an illegal formation. The duties of field judge/referee, in the first half, had fallen to the father of one of the Wolves, who, unfortunately for his son's team, had brought a rulebook with him. Much thumbing of pages revealed no rule as to *where* the quarterback had to stand when taking the snapback from center. Billy Whittaker's crew were left with egg on their faces. Meanwhile, to add to the Wolves' misfortunes, Garb remembered to look in my direction as the Rangers huddled again. He was probably the only person present who didn't think I'd suddenly developed psoriasis.

The play I'd ordered was the man in motion to the right, and with the third number that Garb called, Hal Alvarson went galloping that-a-way. The snapback came on the five-count. Garb took a couple of rearward steps, faked a hand-off to Pat and pitched a lateral to the Burning Bush and his Fatima, who were already moving in Hal's wake. The play gained maybe ten inches.

Second down and a long nine to go. I signaled Garb to run the dishonest

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variation of the play we'd just gone nowhere with.

Again, Hal was the man in motion to the right. Again, Garb faked a hand-off to Pat and, again, he lateraled to the Burning Bush. But this time, the Bush stopped dead as he caught the ball, spun on his heel and went winging around left end.

The Wolves' crystal ball had informed them that we were giving the previous play another try, so they all headed for where they expected the action to be, undoubtedly intending to hold us to *four* inches this time. But already, the Burning Bush was around the other end and digging for pay dirt. The crystal ball exploded like a glass grenade.

Only two Wolves were near enough to the Bush for a shot at him—Billy Whittaker and their bull of a fullback. Pat Clancy, who had crashed through the line empty-handed and was looking around for something to keep him occupied, threw himself at the fullback's knees like a horizontally swung steel girder. His target did a slow cart wheel in mid-air and then crumbled limb by limb, onto the hard-packed earth. Almost simultaneously, Hal, who'd made a half circle through Wolf territory, knocked Billy ass-over-teacup, not to mention breathless, with a brutal blind-side block.

We had to delay our kickoff until Billy could breathe again, after a fashion; but more than the wind had been knocked out of him by that one delicious play. And out of the Wolves, as well. Their first series of downs carried them no farther than their own 38, and Pat Clancy returned the poleaxed fullback's punt to our 47. I signaled Garb to pass. (On *first* down, in *1932?* Unimaginable!) The play was run with Mush split out ten yards and Jack Beaumaison five. At the Wolves' 26, little Mush caught Garb's pass, cleverly using his shoulder and left ear to do so, and the sheer momentum of the ball hippered him all the way over the goal line. Score, with four minutes gone in the first quarter: 12–0, Rangers. Mr. McWhirter was literally jumping for joy—until his false teeth popped out.

After that, it was no contest. Oh, the Wolves did some scoring now and then; and the Rangers had a few runs of bad luck—fumbles, interceptions and similar acts of God. But that second play of ours had demoralized Whittaker's pack, and they couldn't quite regain their leanness and meanness. Final score: Rangers 54, Wolves 26 (the two odd points came through a safety).

For the next month or so, I was the biggest thing in the neighborhood, eclipsing even the delectable Felice Beaumaison. Indeed, Jack was continually offering to get me a date with her, thus fulfilling a fever dream I'd nurtured ever since I learned that girls were not the gaggle of gigglers they seemed to be. But I'd become very Spartan. A great coach, I decided,

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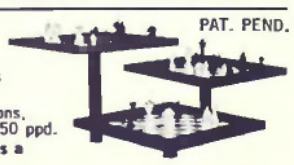

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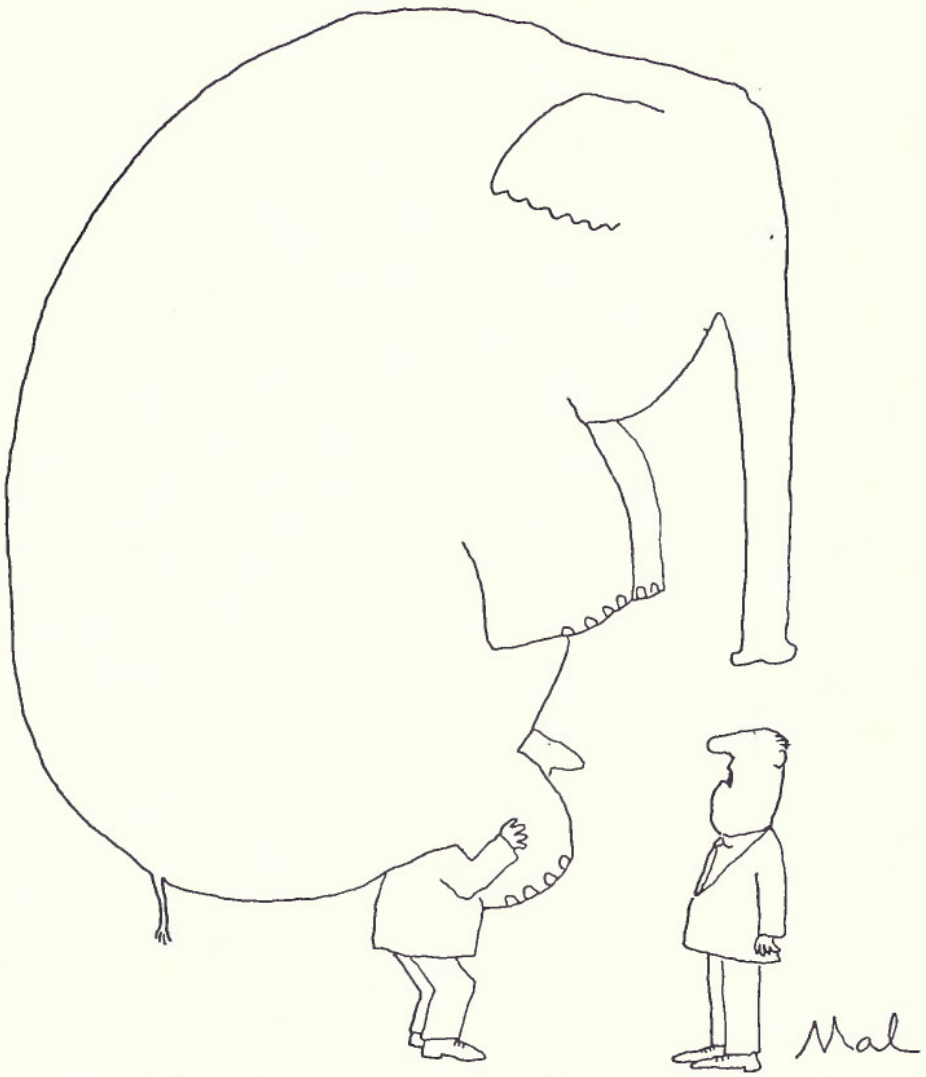
can't afford to waste his time on such creature comforts as women and Baby Ruth bars. No, a great coach has to be an example and an inspiration to his players, including those to whom he slips $1.60 every Saturday morning. For it has been written, in letters of gold on myriad press releases, that a team is only as good as its coach. Or so I'd informed the Rangers eight or nine times a week. I guess I was feeling my oats, as they used to say of a snorting horse.

Our next three games were no sweat. We mauled the Munjoy Hill Maulers, 48–18. Then we sashayed up and down the Western Promenade Promenaders to the tune of 60–0, in a pathetically easy game that gave me a chance for further experimentation with my T formation. In this game, for instance, I put a halfback, the Burning Bush, close to the line of scrimmage, thus filling as well as taking advantage of the gap opened when Mush split out his five or ten yards. This gave Garb a third potential pass receiver, who could get downfield faster than his normal position would permit. Our fourth game, against a nondescript and nameless 11 from Woodfords, was another pushover. Final score: 66–6, Rangers.

In our next game, however, I suspected that our opponents, the Morrill's Corner Sheiks, would be a different kettle of fish, and an unsavory chowder in the bargain. The Sheiks had played Billy Whittaker's boys twice, tying them the first time and thrashing them soundly the second. I made my final offensive experiment for this game, spotting the Burning Bush far out on the right flank, close to the side lines and a jump away from split-end Mush. But even so, I was worried. The Sheiks' fullback was another bruiser along the lines of the one the Wolves had—but the lines were larger. He was a moody behemoth who, if he were in the right mood, fired up and r'arin' to go, could make mincemeat of any defensive 15-year-old 11 that might stray into his path. He'd been red-hot against the Wolves the second time around. What if he were red-hot against the Forest Avenue Rangers? Well, some people have recourse to prayer, I've heard, in moments of duress. Maybe I did then, too, for somebody, somewhere passed a miracle of sorts on the flat part of Deering's Oaks that day.

But things looked black to begin with. Not only was the moody fullback unstoppable at the start but, after a few running plays, he *really* caught fire. Hal kicked off and the Sheiks needed a mere eight plays to reach our seven-yard line, first down and goal to go. Their massive fullback toted the ball each time in a no-nonsense, power-play attack, treating our defenses as water would a cobweb sieve. Daunted and dispirited, the Rangers gave the impression of being beaten already, going through the motions for form's sake alone. Perhaps this attitude was due to the letdown that befalls any winning team at some point in its schedule. Whatever it was, it made a cheerless prospect for their coach.



"You're just going to spoil him, Edwards."

From the seven, the Sheik fullback smashed through our right guard and tackle, literally stomping the length of a recumbent Simmy Schwartz; and he might have gone all the way if our backs hadn't been in close for a goal-line stand that I was convinced would be short and sour. The Burning Bush, chewing his Fatima like a cigar, annoyed at the disrespectful treatment given his younger brother, dove forward from behind the goal line to jackknife the fullback down hard on our three. Both of them got up as though they didn't want to, but I could tell that the Bush had gotten the worst of the encounter; he had turned a pale green and the Fatima was nowhere in sight. I figured that he'd swallowed the butt in the course of that bone-jarring tackle. In spite of the gloom engendered by what seemed to be our impending defeat, I couldn't avoid a tiny glow of righteous satisfaction; it served the hairy butt fiend right.

On second down, the red-hot fullback, with three men running interference, charged straight at What's-His-Name, who'd taken more punishment in the nine plays thus far than in all of our previous games. But suddenly, just as the fullback was about to blast through the hole where What's-His-Name—hit high, low and bellywise by the three blockers—had been, he howled like a banshee, threw the ball up into the air, grabbed his left thigh and rolled on the ground in a frenzy.

Hal Alvarson, in our end zone, who was moving toward the line and expecting to attempt a tackle of the fullback, was surprised to find himself holding a football that seemed to have fallen from heaven. He wasn't so startled, however, that he couldn't tuck it under his arm and take off for the far end of the field. And for once, he wasn't an easy runner to bring down—mainly because there wasn't anyone immediately available for the assignment. Only two Sheiks were

still erect when Hal got under weigh; he was almost at mid-field, under full sail, by the time they'd collected their wits; and when he made the touchdown, the nearest pursuer was still 20 yards behind him.

That Saturday has been enshrined in memory ever since as The Day the Fullback Caught Fire, for that is precisely what he did. The missing Fatima hadn't gone down the Burning Bush's gullet at all. It had found a home away from home, instead—in the Sheik fullback's left pants pocket. The secret weapon had worked its way through to his leg at the most providential moment for the Rangers. The accident not only took the starch out of the Sheiks and their scorched fullback but, long before my team was able to bring its laughter under a measure of control, every Ranger was as loose as a goose and hell-bent for Arab blood. During the remainder of the game, I rendered silent thanks to good old Prometheus, who first brought fire to man. Final score: Rangers 36, Sheiks 12.

We approached our final game, a return match with Whittaker's Wolves, with what can only be described as swaggering arrogance—heedless of that well-known Biblical injunction about the fate that followeth pride. At game time, it was what State-of-Mainers describe as "nice, crisp fall weather"—that is, five degrees below zero, give or take an icicle. On the Deering's Oaks' brownsward, the Wolves were all present, accounted for—and ravenous. But the Rangers were waiting for their quarterback, of whom neither hide nor hair had been seen since the previous afternoon. Garb Cartright's absence kept us jumping up and down, not so much with impatience as in an effort to avoid becoming human stalagmites in the nice, crisp fall weather. The missing Garb, needless to say, wasn't my only concern: Pat Clancy had shown up in the coughing stage of a wracking chest cold, which meant that every physical effort he made in the game would end in a paroxysm of lung-grating hacks.

"Maybe Garb's old lady heard he was playing football and made him quit," Hal remarked at 10:35, a point at which, had we been playing, the first quarter would have been just about over.

"Maybe *he* caught a cold, too, and she put him to bed," said Mush.

"I hate these women that treats their kids like glass," Pat Clancy said. "The hell with him. I'll play both positions. Me, by myself." A coughing fit both ended and answered this dramatic statement.

Billy Whittaker failed to lift our spirits when he sauntered over and said to Hal: "If you want, I'll let you borrow one of my guys and we'll play with ten. It won't make any difference to us. We're gonna massacre you, anyway."

"Aw, shuddup!" was captain Alvarson's witty retort.

Billy strolled, smirking, back to his team. "Or you can forfeit," he called. "That way, you can lose without getting your necks broke."

Captain Alvarson's reply was even more brilliant than his first one: silence.

It lacked 13 minutes of being 11 o'clock when the Old Black Doctor spied Garb at the far corner of the field, hurrying toward us with his peculiar birdlike gait. He was wrapped in an overcoat and was holding both arms tightly motionless against his sides, which more than ever made him resemble a loping ostrich.

"Where the hell have *you* been?" I demanded as soon as he reached us.

"Aw, you know, Coach. Getting bandaged."

"Bandaged? Bandaged for what?"

"For the swelling."

"What swelling?"

"There's two. I sprained 'em."

"Sprained *what*, damn it?"

"Aw, my wrists. Both of 'em. Looka." Garb stretched his hands toward heaven, drawing his forearms from the sheath of his overcoat. Each skimpy wrist, sure enough, was tightly wound in elastic bandages. "So I came to tell you I reckon I can't play, Coach."

Like some ham in a creaking melodrama, I clapped palm against brow. "Oh, Lord!" I groaned. "How'd you do it?"

"I fell off the piano stool," said Garb, sheepishly.

"You *what*?"

"Well, maybe not *fell*, exactly. You know, sometimes I like winding the old stool way up high, then set 'er to spinning and sit there, with my legs stretched out, till she winds down. Well, last night I was whirling round and one of the legs broke clean off. You know, one of those legs that ends up in a claw. It wasn't well made, my mother says, and the wood was low-grade. She's gonna write to the stool company and raise hell. Well, anyway, I lost my balance and come down on my hands when they was bent wrong. The doctor said I was lucky. I could've broken 'em."

"I wish you had," I said.

"Aw, it's not as bad as all that," Garb said. "Shucks, *you* can play quarterback better than I can, anyway, with all the stuff you taught me."

"*I* can play quart——" I started to say. My mouth snapped shut abruptly, as I reeled from the sledge-hammer blow.

"Sure, Coach, you'll do fine," I heard captain Alvarson say; and in the time taken by one thudding heartbeat, I knew that I had become a *playing* coach who, for the next two frigid hours, would be a Dr. Frankenstein trying to control the monster he had created. God help me, I thought.

But God didn't lift a finger in my behalf. I fribbled, I frabbled, I fumbled, I fuddled, I flopped. I called the right play at the wrong time, and vice versa. My fake hand-offs were about as difficult to detect as the midday sun in a cloudless sky. When it came to forward passes, I threw some eight- or nine-yard beauties toward receivers who were waiting about half a mile downfield; but most of my long ones were good enough to be snapped up by some insatiable Wolf or other. Come to think of it, the Wolves' appreciation of my aerial efforts grew as the game went on, to such an extent that Billy Whittaker announced, midway through the third quarter, that he wasn't going to throw anymore touchdown passes himself, since I was doing such a good job of hitting his receivers for him. The only facet of offensive football that I couldn't be faulted on was that of ball carrier, simply because I wasn't foolish enough to try it. The final score? Us 0, Them 62.

It was small comfort, but instead of blaming the shellacking on me, the Rangers took it out on poor Garb Cartright. Their resentment didn't take the form of words or physical violence; all they did was exclude him totally from their activities—a ban that lasted until his family moved from the neighborhood in the spring of 1935. Though I was nominally accepted back into the fold, the team indicated their mute disapproval of their former coach by refusing to discuss that day of shame. The only direct comment on my conduct of the game came from Hal Alvarson immediately after the debacle, while the hangdog Rangers were plodding home along Forest Avenue. "Ayah," he said cruelly, "a team is only as good as its coach." Unforgivingly, they continued to call me Coach for more than two years afterward, in place of my normal nickname, which I prefer not to mention here.

One of my favorite daydreams is predicated on the assumption that, among the seven spectators who watched us demolish the Morrill's Corner Sheiks was a man who subsequently emigrated to Chicago and became a friend of Clark Shaughnessy. On the morning after the Bears have blown a close one, the ex-Portlander and Shaughnessy are having breakfast together. "Hey, Clark," this fellow says, in an effort to lift the coach's spirits, "I been meaning to tell you. Back in Portland six, seven years ago, I saw this kids' football game, and the team that won used the *damnedest* formation. Their quarterback called signals from way up against the center's butt, see, and the halfbacks and ends were. . . ."

If this fantasy be fact—as I suspect it is—then let it be recorded that there was a boy in Maine who set in motion, long ago, a chain of events that culminated on a balmy Sunday afternoon last January in the defeat of the Baltimore Colts by the razzle-dazzle New York Jets—a historic upset unjustly attributed to Joe Namath and his overrated coach, Weeb Ewbank. This has been the story of that boy.

"And of course the job permits you to work in a number of different positions under a variety of interesting people."

You are what you write

(continued from page 189)

assumption that handwriting is a spontaneous expression of feelings, thoughts and mental and emotional attitudes. Because it is spontaneous and not totally subject to conscious control, graphologists feel that handwriting—properly interpreted—presents an objective picture of the writer's personality. In its broadest sense, handwriting analysis is predicated on the generally credible notion that human movement is emotionally expressive. At the extremes, in a state of great tension, our muscles are contracted and tightened. In a state of relaxation, the muscles are loose; we are not holding anything in. We are releasing openly, as in stretching or yawning. Both tension and relaxation are states of mind, communicated through the body to the muscles—including the muscles of the arm and hand that create writing. As the psyche wills, the soma reacts. The result is that emotions are reflected on paper.

All of us were taught penmanship in school, but not many of us write that way now. Each of us, at some point in his life, tailors the copybook standard to fit his own personality needs, which sometimes require abandoning the copybook altogether. For this reason, graphology is largely useless in assessing personality traits in grade school children: They have not yet begun to develop their own handwriting style. To a large degree, the conclusions of handwriting analysis are drawn from the consciously contrived differences—and the unconsciously introduced deviations—from the penmanship model. To function effectively, the graphologist must know all of the cursive and printscript alphabets—in other words, all of the penmanship styles—being taught in the nation in which he practices. In the United States, this is no easy task, because our fragmented educational system has produced scores of different copybook styles. But unless the analyst knows the original model on which writing is based, the analytical process is made all the more difficult, though by no means impossible. Graphologists have long known, and businesses are now beginning to learn, that precise copybook legibility—i.e., conventional penmanship—is usually the work of an unimaginative conformist. Such a personality may be perfectly suited to a line job in the bookkeeping department, but the neat and flawless penman usually doesn't have the dynamism that industry seeks in its executive or sales offices.

In addition to knowing the writer's penmanship standard, the analyst should also know the writer's age, sex and polarity—whether he is left- or right-handed. (No matter what anyone tells you, it's impossible to distinguish male from female handwriting, and it's equally impossible to tell a lefty from a right-handed writer solely on the basis of handwriting.) This information permits the analyst to interpret the significance of the writer's deviation from established norms for his sex, age group and copybook training. As with most other psychometric devices, personality projections based on handwriting analysis have been checked against observable facts in tens or even hundreds of thousands of persons. Analytical predictions have been verified and reverified against real-life observations, in a continuing process of refinement. The science is still far from an exact one, but I think it is less fallible than any other form of psychometric projection, and it becomes less fallible as more returns come in. Unlike other forms of psychometric projection, graphology has all the data down on paper. There can be no disputing the raw material. All that is arguable is graphologists' interpretations, and they are improving each year.

• • •

What does your own handwriting say about you? It would be helpful for you to set this article aside momentarily, find your favorite pen or pencil and an 8½" x 11" sheet of unlined paper. Then, in your most natural and spontaneous manner, write about ten lines (it doesn't matter what you say) and sign your name three times. Having completed this minor assignment, think about what you just wrote. Did you feel self-conscious and make your writing a bit more legible than usual? Does it look like an answer to a formal invitation—or like one of your telephone jottings? Do your three signatures resemble the rest of your writing, or have you developed a special style of signing your name? These things—and many others—are crucially important in graphology. If the writing assignment caused you to freeze up so perceptibly that what you wrote doesn't look natural, then find a specimen of your regular writing and refer to that as well.

Did you print (disconnected block letters) or did you write (cursive, connected letters)? Only about five percent

buck brown

"I thought you'd never stop fiddling around!"

All work and no play makes Jack and everybody else pretty bored at the sales meeting.

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of all writers choose to print rather than to write, and many of these prima-facie unusual personalities have become mildly self-conscious about their "aberration." Actually, printing is no more than a minor deviation from the handwriting mainstream. It represents one small manifestation of nonconformity that, depending on many other aspects of the handwriting sample, may or may not be significant. All other things being equal (which, in graphology, they rarely are), the fact that a person prints usually indicates a propensity toward greater legibility, which points to a higher desire to control and communicate. This conclusion appeals to common sense and is far from earth-shattering; but it is on building blocks such as this, many hundreds of them, that graphology is based.

The job of the professional graphologist is to interpret the meaning of everything you write. Signs, spaces, strokes, slants in your handwriting and even the margins you leave on your page are important. When writing on a blank piece of paper, for example, most people will begin writing at about the same spot each time—the same relative distance down from the top of the page and over from the left-hand edge. A spot check of your own writing will probably confirm this. Since the starting spot is fairly consistent for each writer and varies greatly among different writers, the graphologist assumes that the differences have meaning. In fact, the general use of space on a page seems to provide an index of the writer's aesthetic sensitivity. The starting spot plays a large role in determining the margins for the entire page. The wider the margins, the greater the writer's concern for the artistic quality of the frame that surrounds his graphic image. In other words, a writer who leaves wide margins is more concerned with his surroundings. Narrower margins indicate that the writer has a greater need to cover the page with his thought and being. A narrow-margin writer tends to penetrate his environment more and to use it more to his own advantage. By extension, he has a greater sense of self-importance and a greater need for recognition. How and where you begin to write is a subjective and relatively unconscious indicator of your thoughts and feelings about your place in the scheme of life, your internal organization and the way you approach tasks.

These conclusions may or may not seem to have a common-sense basis. To me they do, but to others they don't. The point to remember is that graphological observations do not spring fully clothed from the head of a half-cocked graphologist. All of the building blocks of graphology—the significance of print versus script, starting point, margin placement and the other indices I'll explore—have been checked against real-life observations. It's not enough to say that the man who prints probably has an above-average desire to communicate, or that the girl who leaves wide margins stands to have a highly developed artistic sense. What remains is to look at the personalities of the people who actually write this way, to see if they really exhibit the predicted characteristics. This is what graphology, over the centuries, has done. The permanence of handwriting gives the graphologist an enormous corpus of raw material to work with. Over the years, the continuing process of checking handwriting hypotheses against observable personality traits has eliminated many tidy observations that just didn't stand up in the face of the facts. Feedback from the checking process has also unearthed many handwriting quirks that seem to correlate directly with personality traits, even though graphologists are at a loss to provide a reasonable explanation for the relationship. Here are some more of the basic components of graphological analysis. Some of them will seem logical, some less logical and some downright inexplicable. But all of them work—to a degree of accuracy between 80 and 90 percent.

If a writer's lines are arrow straight, so that every letter of each word would touch a ruler edge placed under the line, the writer is totally—perhaps obsessively or compulsively—goal directed. Such absolute line control (on unlined stationery, of course) would give a writer high marks for purposefulness but a very low score for flexibility.

If the loops in a writer's Fs, Gs, Hs and Ys keep bumping into each other between lines—a phenomenon that jargon-prone graphologists have called alignment convergence—this indicates low organizational ability and perhaps even a conflict in basic values. Clear spacing and no colliding alignment indicate clarity of organization and, presumably, clarity of values.

With all these observations, the reader should bear in mind that in graphology, as in most reputable psychometric testing devices, each individual component is relatively insignificant. Everyone has peculiar handwriting deviations that, if examined alone, might indicate an entirely different personality. In a meaningful analysis, the graphologist has to assess the sum of all the parts and possibly reject a few idiosyncrasies that just don't fit into the larger pattern. So if your own handwriting shows converging loops and you've always thought you were a superior organizer with a well-balanced sense of values, then you probably are. A

"Won't you ever learn that I'm not a tax-free foundation?"

graphologist would begin to question your self-analysis only if six or a dozen other indices also pointed to low organizational ability. If you were to score low marks on all these, too, then the graphologist would have to conclude either that you're kidding yourself or that you have developed some marvelous compensatory devices.

There are a great many other observations that can be made from the type of line on which handwriting flows: whether the line is straight, slanted, drooping or arched. For instance, if a writer's lines arch gently, gracefully and consistently, then he is probably one who enjoys the satisfaction of strong beginnings and relaxed endings but who reaches the heights of productivity when immersed in a task. If the lines sag a bit in the middle, like a saucer, chances are that the writer, too, may droop or sag in the main part of his efforts. It sounds simplistic, I know, but numerous studies conducted in Germany and in America corroborate the hypothesis.

Some writers can never stick to a preordained base line. Even when they write on lined paper, the end of each word always seems to rise into mid-air, so that a line of their words looks like a row of dominoes that have toppled over onto each other. If each word begins at the base line and ends substantially above it, chances are the writer is possessed with what might be called an ascending spirit. If each word begins on the line and then falls below it, the writer is probably subject to gloomy fits of despair. The line is just one component of writing, one fragment of a larger puzzle. But I once did a performance projection of more than 500 insurance agents, based on nothing but alignment studies—that is, using only the information that the writing line conveys. My projections proved 84 percent accurate. All the rest of graphological method is based on the same empirically proven principles.

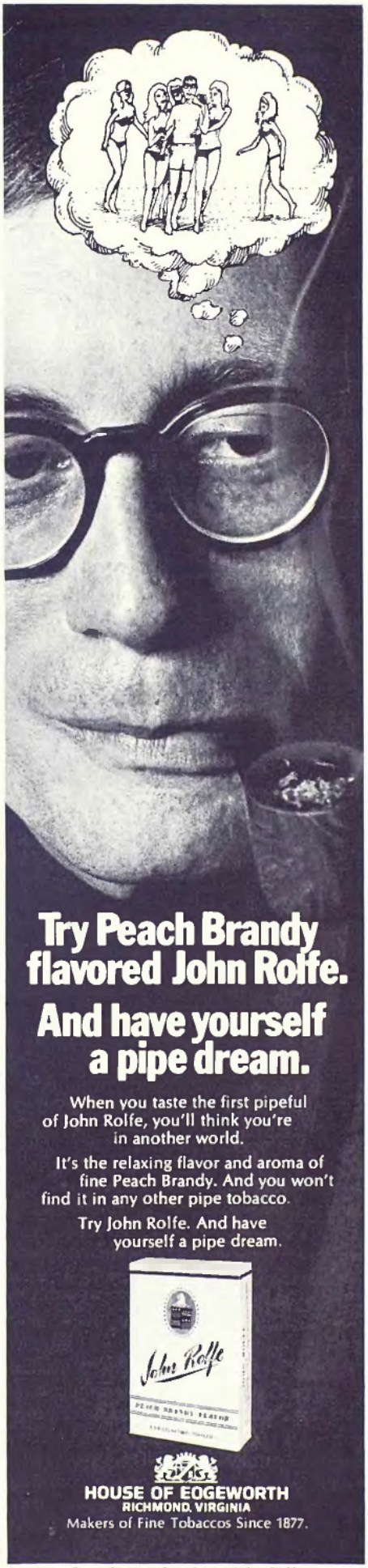
Of course, there's a great deal more to graphology than just line and margin. The slant of the words on the page is equally important. Virtually all writers, despite copybook conditioning, have a built-in bias toward the left or the right. A leftward-tending writer (assuming he is right-handed) will give his downstrokes a curve to the left, while a right-tending writer curves his strokes in the opposite direction. Try to make a series of slashes on a piece of paper. If the slashes turn gradually to Cs the faster you move, you're showing a rightward tendency. Should your slashes begin to look like reversed Cs or close-parenthesis marks, then you are either left-handed or you show what we graphologists call a leftward trend. (Left-handedness is such a special phenomenon that I can't begin to discuss it here. The 10 to 12 percent of PLAYBOY readers who are left-handed can content themselves with the thought that they continue to pose almost as many problems to graphologists as they themselves encounter in this decidedly right-handed world. Most of the observations I'll make below—excepting those involving writing slant—apply to lefties as well as to right-handers.)

If you are a right-handed writer who shows left-slanting tendencies, then beware. A tendency toward the left, in graphology, means a tendency toward the past and its unresolved conflicts. A left-tending writer usually constructs his visions from memories and needs a link to his progenitors for security. Perhaps he has an apron string that he has yet to cut. Depending on other corroborative signs in the left-leaner's handwriting, his psyche may range from occasional idle daydreams of ancestral glories to a deep-running reservoir of repressions. These inhibitions may water either his manifest neuroticism or the equally manifest genius a well-handled neuroticism can motivate.

Another relatively simple guide to character is handwriting speed. Since speed is one of the few graphic factors that can be judged by the nongraphologist, you can easily measure your own speed by writing the following sentence over and over until one minute has elapsed: "Please tell me why I start to glare when I watch the quick brown fox jump over the lazy dog." (This sentence is deliberately chosen because its words are quite close to average word length and because it contains all the letters in the alphabet in approximately the frequency they occur in English prose.) Having determined the number of words you can write in one minute, rate yourself accordingly:

Words per minute	Score
1–5	10%
6–10	20%
11–15	30%
16–20	40%
21–25	50%
26–30	60%
31–35	70%
36–40	80%
41–50	90%
51 or more	100%

A score of 25 words per minute places you in the 50 percent bracket, which is the midpoint of the speed-distribution curve for all of literate mankind, meaning that half the population writes slower than you do and half faster. A score above 50 percent means you're faster than average and presumably that you can perform other tasks, whether intellectual or physical, with equal celerity. Empirical investigations have shown that



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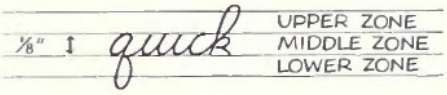
handwriting rapidity is one measure of the speed of a writer's mental and physical activity. If a person writes relatively quickly, chances are he is capable of thinking and acting quickly. While my own studies indicate that speed alone isn't an important determinant of creativity or productivity, there's no doubt that the speedy writer is also a speedy conceptualizer.

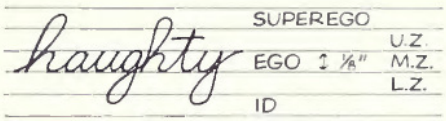
A graphological factor even more important than speed is the relative size of a handwriting specimen. Please note well the word relative. Everything in handwriting analysis, as I'll explain, is relative, comparative and proportional. There are no absolutes and few inflexible rules.

Graphologists divide handwriting into three zones, thus:



The origin of handwriting zones and their interpretation have their roots in the early history of graphology. In the 17th Century, an Italian physician, Camillo Baldi, systematized a method of judging the character of a writer from the forms of his letters. Most of Baldi's work was subsequently repudiated, but he did lay the foundation for what was to become the science of handwriting analysis. About two centuries later, two French clerics, Michon and Flandrin, spent the better part of their lives investigating tens of thousands of handwriting specimens and correlating strokes with personality traits that repeatedly seemed to follow the graphological manifestations. When Michon finally published his method, he called it *graphologie*, and the name stuck.

Not surprisingly, Michon and his clerical successors based their findings on a simplistic religious philosophy. They were educated to the spatial symbolism of the ancients, the so-called empyrean trilogy, which divided the universe into three regions: heaven, earth and hell. In their graphological cosmos, everything written in the upper zone was taken to represent heavenly (i.e., good) values; the middle-zone letters represented secular, everyday considerations; and the lower-zone formations depicted the underworld, evil things such as (as one of them put it) "sex, lust, avarice and materialism." As a consequence, graphology became a boon to organized religion—especially to the priests who practiced handwriting analysis. Certainly it opened up new and easy techniques for separating saints from sinners. The French clerics' religious philosophy was undeniably naïve, but many of their empirical observations were not. Even today, some psychoanalytically conditioned graphologists equate regions of the upper, middle and lower zones of the written line with Freud's three forces of psychic life, the superego, ego and id, more or less like this:



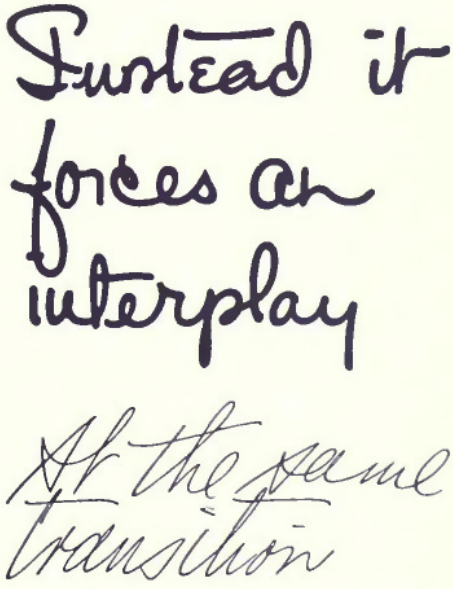
In their view, the larger the size of the formations in each of the three areas, the more pronounced is the influence of that particular sphere of the writer's unconscious. While this division of man's writing into three psychosymbolic parts may yield results a bit more useful than those of the old empyrean trilogy, the technique is not much more defensible than saying that the upper zone represents the head or the intellectual forces; the middle zone, the thorax or the lifeblood of social activities; and the lower zone, the abdomen and below, all the urges that are associated with it. Graphology would be much easier to understand if we could make such simplistic and partly mythological assumptions. But holistic psychology and the *Gestalt* approach to human behavior rule out the simple applications of these archaic principles. Just as astronomy has given way to astrophysics, so has graphology changed appreciably since Freud and Einstein. Modern graphology recognizes our more sophisticated comprehension of the relativity of human behavior in its environment. Graphic variables are just as related and interdependent as the physical and emotional principles that govern man.

Of the three handwriting zones, the middle one is decidedly the most important; in fact, it is crucial. The significance of all the rest of your writing, including the spaces you leave between letters and words, as well as the length and width of your letter extensions into the outer zones, is computed in accordance with its relationship to the height and breadth of the middle-zone forms.

If the average height of your middle zone is between one eighth of an inch and three millimeters, then you strike close to the normal handwriting size for all adults in the Western world. The middle-zone size seems to be a graphic reproduction of the writer's self-assurance—or his ego's need for self-display. The smaller the size, the more modest is the need for acclaim and recognition. The larger the size, the larger the need.

You are considered normal if the upper-zone part of your Hs and Ls, Ds and Ts are twice as tall as your middle-zone Os and Ns. If your upper zones extend considerably higher, you are striving for goals that are presently unattainable. Your reach exceeds your grasp. If your upper zones are much smaller (and your lower zones are, too), then you have probably learned to accept the things you cannot change, even if you are reluctant to change the things you can.

Lower-zone lengths are normal if they do not exceed one and one half times the height of the middle zone. If the loops are twice the size of the middle-zone letters, then the writer is emphasizing his ambition and his striving for greater material or sexual satisfaction. Consciously or unconsciously, he is seeking more of the joys of existence. But the graphologist must examine the form of all the rest of his writing to determine whether the enlarged lower loops represent libidinous needs, material acquisitiveness or simply the rich daydreams of an imaginative voluptuary. Bulbous lower-zone loops signifying these different possibilities are frequently found in handwriting made with a thick pen or pencil. Each datum seems to support the other: The choice of a broad-tipped pen or one of the newer, wide-track devices (felt, plastic or fiber tip) indicates that the writer is a hardy, earthy, physical type. The wider the stroke, the more immediate the need for sensual gratification. In fact, the intensity of the discharge of ink indicates the emotional intensity of the writer's sensual drives. Thinner strokes and less ink indicate more ethereal, ascetic values. The width of the stroke itself usually correlates with the size of the letter forms. Here are two specimens that show this quite clearly.



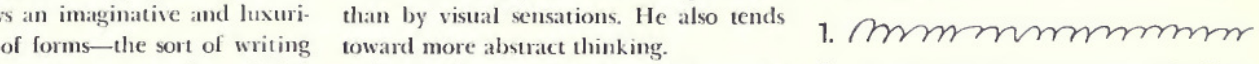
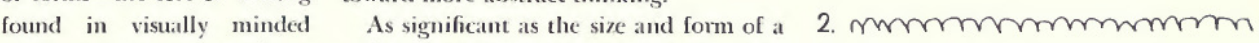
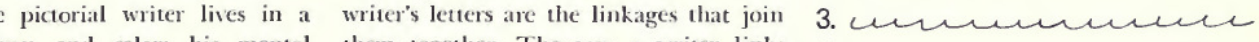
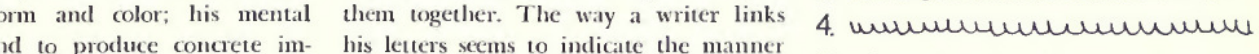
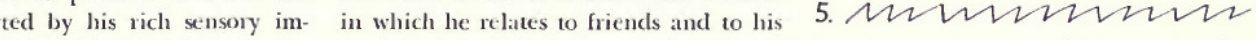
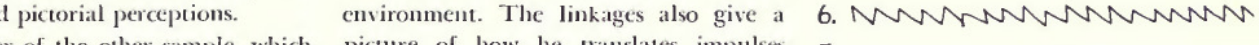
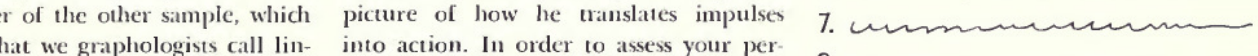
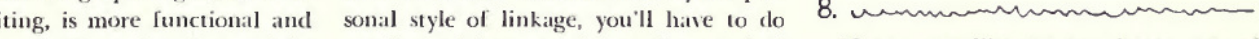
It should be apparent from even a cursory look that the thick-stroke specimen, top, has a pictorial quality that the

Rowland B. Wilson

thin-stroked, up-and-down specimen lacks. In the thick-stroke sample, the pictorial pattern shows an imaginative and luxuriant flourish of forms—the sort of writing frequently found in visually minded people. The pictorial writer lives in a world of form and color; his mental processes tend to produce concrete images, supported by his rich sensory impressions and pictorial perceptions.

The writer of the other sample, which illustrates what we graphologists call linear handwriting, is more functional and motor oriented. He writes in straight lines and angles, with little concern for rounded forms. His up and down strokes look like a cardiogram. The linear writer is more moved by kinesthetic experiences than by visual sensations. He also tends toward more abstract thinking.

As significant as the size and form of a writer's letters are the linkages that join them together. The way a writer links his letters seems to indicate the manner in which he relates to friends and to his environment. The linkages also give a picture of how he translates impulses into action. In order to assess your personal style of linkage, you'll have to do another writing experiment. On a pad of paper at least a few sheets thick, use a pen or a fairly sharp pencil and copy, as accurately as you can, these eight writing movements:

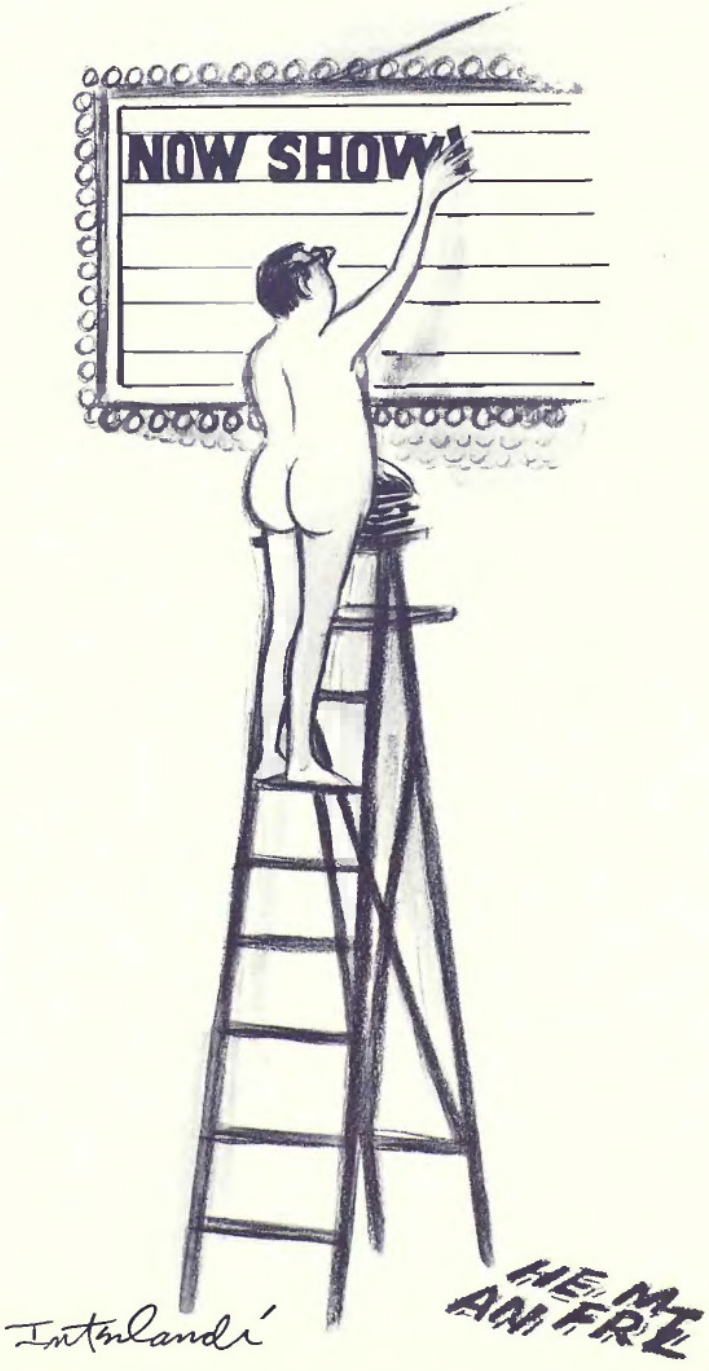
1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 
6. 
7. 
8. 

If you are like most writers, one of these patterns should have been easier to copy than any of the others. Perhaps, as you sped up toward the end of each line, all eight specimens—or at least most of them—began to take the shape of the one you favor most. However, if your samples, once you got going, are totally different from any of the eight, don't despair. This only means that you don't conform to a single connective style: that's a positive sign.

Writers who use connectives resembling number one or number two, above, have what we graphologists call an arcade style, a phrase that quite well describes the arched, enclosed writing that such a person favors. The arcade writer is a conforming, conserving, traditional person. He enjoys the security and protection of being covered, and he is a grasper and holder of both things and ideas. He is practically oriented and he uses what he gets to good advantage. He can readily become an artistic and constructive realist. But if the arcade is overused, constantly, so that it becomes the dominant theme in his writing and the only means of connection, then the writer betrays an egocentric need for hoarding and controlling. Such a person can become self-righteous and narrow-minded.

The reversal of the arcade is called the garland formation (number three and number four). It should be self-evident that the garland writer is the motor opposite of the arcade writer. The person who shows garlands is usually more responsive and receptive to new people and new ideas. The garland seems to be a graphic gesture of release and acceptance, suggesting an open-mindedness to outside influences. If the formation is very soft—both rounded and flattened down, so as to form saucerlike figures—it can bespeak a timid soul, a patsy or a pushover. More women than men use the pure garland form.

Angles (number five and number six) are the easiest to recognize. The angled writer does not seem to mind the sharp look of his hardheaded script, because he usually has a good quotient of what



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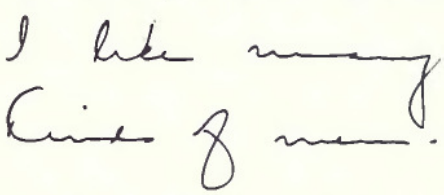
we associate with the German scientism. His strokes are straight, his connections sharp. His staccato, discontinuous lines have no soft turning points and seem to symbolize his acute reactions and pointed actions. While not the greatest of diplomats, he gets the job done with rough and sometimes truculent dispatch. He is determined, aggressive and frequently frustrated, because, as a mechanical perfectionist, he is often as hard on himself as he is on others.

The mixed or thread-connective form (number seven and number eight) is a polyglot confusion of the three other linkages. Thread connectives are often found in inarticulate, frequently illegible communication. Generally speaking, the vague, evasive designs of thread writing imply an equal vagueness and evasiveness in the writer. The mixed form often indicates an intuitive capacity on the part of the writer to melt into his—or, in the case of the sample below, her—surround-



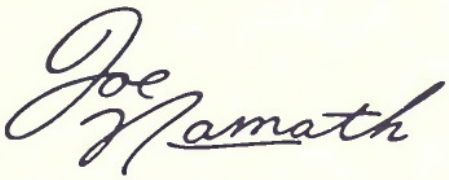
ings. This girl's psychological behavior patterns can range from chameleonlike hypocrisy to pure and perfect empathy. She can be shrewd in one transaction and gulled in the next.

While the connective form indicates motivations, the pressure used to make the connections indicates the amount of energy behind the motivations. If you can just barely see or feel the braille impression of your writing tracks on the reverse side of the sheet of squiggles you copied, you expend an average or normal amount of psychophysical energy in getting your work done. (Hold the reverse side of the paper obliquely toward a light if you have trouble seeing the imprint of your writing.) Depending on your other handwriting indices, normal pressure could also signify that you are achieving a fairly good adjustment to life—that your mind-body organization is in equilibrium and you are not pressing too hard to make your points.

Now go back to the speed specimen you wrote, about the quick brown fox. Turn it over, rub your forefinger across the back and compare the braille with that of the squiggly lines. Your writing pressure should be much less in the speed sample than in the connective forms, which may have been difficult for you to imitate. If you compare both of these specimens with the pressure shown on your earlier three signatures, you should find that your signature pressure is similar to your speed-writing pressure. More than likely, your signature will show even less pressure than your speed writing. This is because whatever you do with the speed of habit is the most fluid and expressive projection of your graphic life style. Writing pressure does not reveal muscle power as much as it shows ego power.

If you are living in any kind of harmony with yourself, you don't give yourself a hard time writing your own name. But if you are your own most demanding critic, if you beat your brains out each day, there's a chance that your signature will show more pressure than the rest of your writing. Some people enjoy making a big impression with almost everything they do—even signing their name. Unconsciously, this show of strength gives them a feeling of fulfillment. Frequently, of course, self-fulfillment is only the brighter side of the coin of self-defense. In such a person, very heavy writing pressure can express anxiety, fear, frustration and aggression—an unconscious expenditure of energy devoted to protecting a defensive position against nameless intruders. This person is pressing for an advantage even when he writes his name.

Not surprisingly, graphologists regard the signature as an involuntary symbol of self, a sort of psychological calling card. If you've ever wondered why your signature varies in size from one day to another, you may now be close to having the answer. The size and pressure of your signature, which is the most visible, oft-repeated and best-remembered of all your handwriting traits, is a highly sensitive barometer of your feelings about yourself and the way you're living up to your own expectations. All of the previously mentioned handwriting observations apply to signatures, of course; and, in addition, the signature sometimes shows embellishments not found in the writer's ordinary script. Generally, a signature that shows a paraph—an underlining or flourish at the end, originally used as a safeguard against forgery—is the hallmark of a man on the make, dynamically and dramatically in search of excellence.



However, if your signature currently doesn't show a paraph, add one only at your peril: If it doesn't come naturally to you, it can be spotted as a contrivance.

Now go back to that handwriting specimen you executed at the beginning of this article. Remember, the professional handwriting analyst would rely on hundreds of distinct graphological variables, and I've discussed only a few of the most basic ones. Yet you ought by now to have enough information to at least take a stab at analyzing your own handwriting. Here are some of the indicators you'll want to look for:

The marginal frame (white space) you leave around your writing is descriptive of your over-all frame of reference. The more space you take on the page, the more room you need to project your ideas and your image into your surroundings.

The closer your words are to one another, the greater is your need for social relations: in other words, the more dependent you are on other people. The wider the gaps between your words, the more time you need for solitary activity. Wide gaps also bespeak the introspective tendencies of the creative artist.

The height of your middle zone is a critical variable. You've already learned that between one eighth of an inch and three millimeters is the normal range. If your middle zone is less than an eighth of an inch high, your ego probably needs a boost; if your middle zone is more than one half inch, you are probably egocentric, and you can certainly afford to spend less time on yourself and more time on those around you.

Slant represents your thrust into your environment. The farther you slant to the right (in a right-hander), the greater is your social instinct. A slant of 30 degrees or less from vertical indicates a commendable ability to get others to work for you; a slant of more than 45 degrees might mean excessive dependence on others, to a point where you may fall flat on your face. If your writing slants backward (again, in a right-hander), you're probably introspective, defensive or defiant—or all three. If you write straight up and down, you are probably a ramrod of independence.

The height and breadth of your letters indicate your self-confidence. Modesty and humility are reflected in medium height and width (about three millimeters). Repression and inhibition show up in tiny, squeezed script, while expanded letters mean abundant self-assurance.

Your over-all horizontal spread is another index of the relationship between you and your environment. The broader your letters, the more you respond emotionally to others and the more productive you are on a job.

If your words are made up of letter forms that show pronounced rhythmic regularity, chances are you are a person of considerable integrity and reliability.

Irregular, unrhythmic forms often indicate some irresponsibility.

Are you unpretentious or ostentatious? An important clue is your tendency toward elaboration or simplification in your writing style. The more flourished and ornamented the writing, the more ostentatious you're likely to be. The more simple and economical your forms, the less you need the cover of an elaborate façade.

Although I can't caution sufficiently against making personality judgments from any single graphological variable, there's no doubt that the personal pronoun I takes on special significance in the assessment of ego strength. In English, the capital I is a most interesting word, because it represents only one thing: yourself. In fact, the ways your I and your signature vary in size, shape and dynamic thrust from day to day are probably the best indices on which to measure ego strength, goal orientation, dependability and determination. As you think and feel, so will you act and so will you write. The way you treat your signature and your I—the most dramatic symbols of your self-image—mirrors the way you project yourself into the world.

The few graphological conclusions you've been able to make about yourself probably coincide with things you had already suspected. In other words, the results appeal to common sense. There is no question in my mind that handwriting, properly interpreted, can provide solid and reliable insights into the writer's personality. Whether you're an executive responsible for hiring people, a professional man in need of better insights into your clients or just an ordinary person interested—as we all are—in the psychological make-up of yourself or the people around you, handwriting analysis might prove a very useful tool. But if you do elect to explore further in the science of graphology, be prepared to face the truth: The pen cannot lie; you are what you write.

• • •

Now that you've mastered the fundamentals of graphology—and tested their validity on your own writing—try your analytical hand at the following letters penned by four members of the fair sex to their boyfriends. If the lady in your life writes like one of these girls (whose letters have been reduced from 8½"x 11"), the accompanying capsule sketch should provide you with useful insights into her personality; but if her style isn't covered here, make your own analysis. What you find out may confirm the high regard you have for her. If you should discover a trait you can't live with, however, you'd be wise in the future to sample the script of your prospective date—or mate—before you take the plunge.

(continued overleaf)

Catch a little Highland sunshine. Here's your Passport.

Passport Scotch is a blend of the finest, most expensive whiskies ever distilled in Scotland. A Scotch with a light, yet distinctive bold Scottish taste. And we save you money on taxes by bottling it here in the U.S.A. That way you get the flavor of Scotland without the price of a trip.

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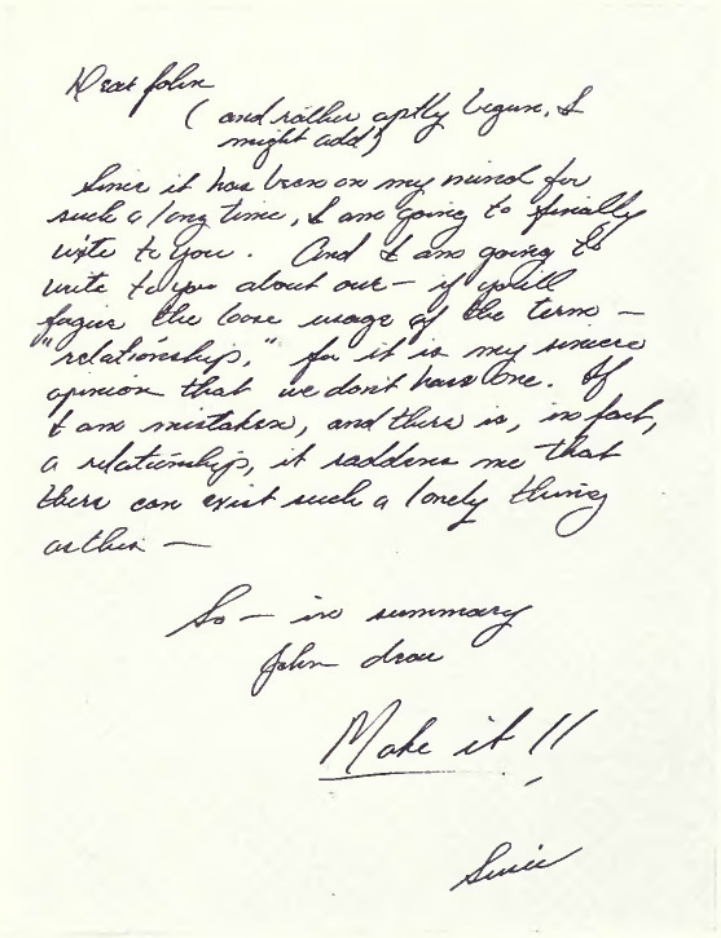


Dear John
(and rather aptly begun, I might add)

Since it has been on my mind for such a long time, I am going to finally write to You. And I am going to write to you about our — if you'll forgive the bore usage of the term — "relationship," for it is my sincere opinion that we don't have one. If I am mistaken, and there is, in fact, a relationship, it saddens me that there can exist such a lonely thing as that —

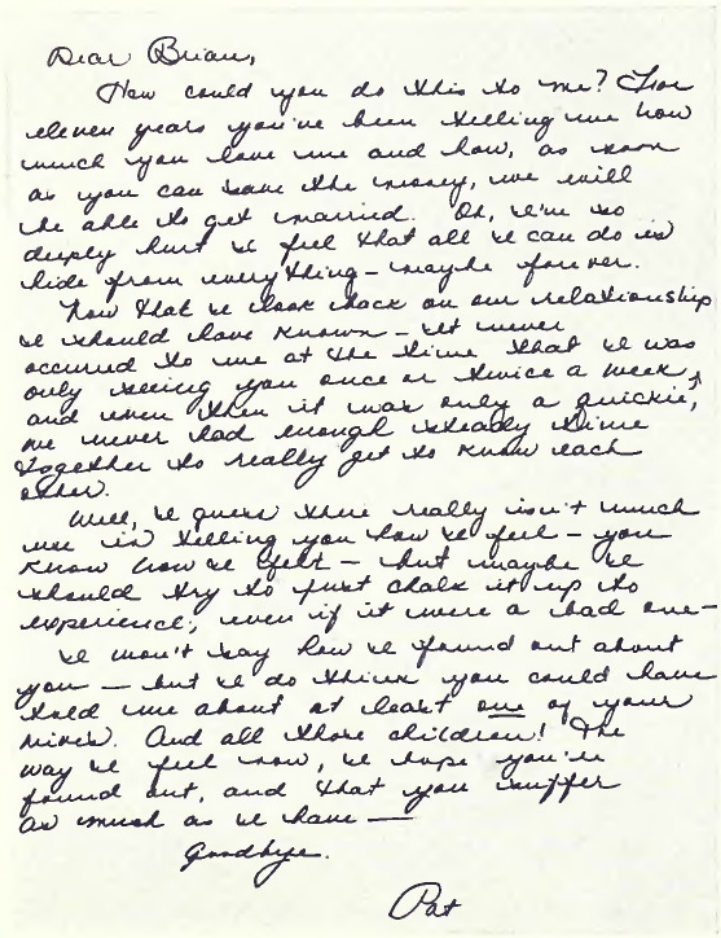
So — in summary
John dear

Make it !!

Susie

Susie should have been an actress: she loves the adulation of an audience. If you're on the receiving end of her histrionic skills, you may have some trouble separating the acts from the facts. But when she puts you on, it will usually be all in good fun. Because Susie isn't sure what she likes best, she has set up her own experimental theater of the living and loving arts. This is graphically expressed in the way she alternates the Greek ϵ with the copybook E. Add to this her 35-degree slant from the base line of the "ll" in finally and you get the feeling of a person who leans very far forward to please others. Her need to be all things to all people is shown in her personal pronoun I. She decides who she is by the feedback she extracts from those for whom she exhibits her skills and emotions. In her last sentence, the "y" of lonely and "g" of thing show the vast range of her libidinal outlets. When she's lonely, her drive is weak and frustrated; but when she's free to do her thing, she proves she is the liberated swinger she enjoys most.

Susie will do almost anything for a laugh; and if you're down in the dumps, you can depend on her to get you out. This is shown by the way many of her lines go uphill and by the pronounced upward thrust of her signature. But underneath her frivolous air, she needs a strong man to lean on and a broad shoulder to cry on (far-right slant of letters). To compound her dilemma of independence, she also shows an unconscious need to control those who are closest to her (arcade forms of "n" of lonely and "mm" of summary). The tightness of space between letters plus some left-tending forms in her Ms and Ns indicate an ambivalence that she manages to hide under a flibbertigibbet façade. Overall, she's a sensitive, sensuous girl (thick stroke of the script and full lower-zone loops) who thrives on the love of an attentive man.



Dear Brian,

How could you do this to me? For eleven years you've been telling me how much you love me and how, as soon as you can save the money, we will be able to get married. Oh, we're so deeply hurt to feel that all we can do is hide from everything — maybe forever.

Now that we look back on our relationship we should have known — let never occurred to me at the time that we was only seeing you once or twice a week, and even then it was only a quickie, we never had enough steady time together to really get to know each other.

Well, we guess there really isn't much use in telling you how we feel — you know how we felt — but maybe we should try to just talk it up to experience, even if it were a bad one —

We won't say how we found out about you — but we do think you could have told me about at least one of your wives. And all those children! The way we feel now, we hope you've found out, and that you suffer as much as we have —

Goodbye.

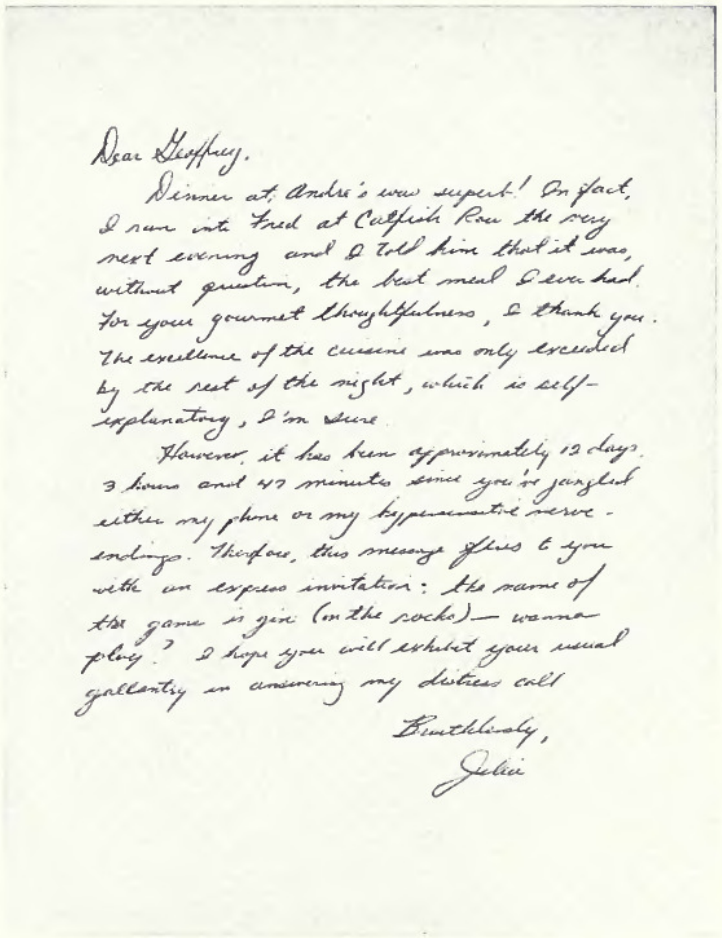
Pat

Any man who enjoys a warmly affectionate woman will respond to Pat. Her handwriting is a fine example of the thick, sensuous stroke produced by the felt-nib pen and the soft, round, garland connective strokes that indicate receptivity, responsiveness and femininity. Pat's whole existence is controlled by her softhearted reactions to others. Her sentimental and romantic feelings about people, life and love are found in almost every graphic movement she makes: Her cuplike Ms and Ns are consistently duplicated at the beginnings and endings of words with similarly formed garland receptacles. Notice the saucerlike initial and terminal upsweeps in "me" and "for" at the end of the first line. Whenever she can, she unconsciously uses these pictorial expressions of the outward curved arms—which betoken acceptance, sincerity and dependence on others for material and emotional sustenance. Pat's need to intrude into the white spaces, together with her rocking-horse personal pronoun I, signifies that this young lady is quite dependent on the people in her life. Although her straight writing lines and the consistency of her graphic performance indicate that she is no chameleon, the collision of her libido (lower-zone forms) with her ego (middle-zone forms) means that she bends easily with current winds and whims. She wears her heart on her sleeve, hides the lump in her throat and tries her best to please every man she respects.

Despite her tenderness and compassion, however, she is a moral conformist and ethical idealist, and therefore presents a bit of a challenge. If you would pursue her, give her flowers and some Victorian traditionalism. Her life values are centered on tenderness and affection, with a firm foundation of material possessions. If you're not interested in providing all this, you'd better eschew the writing sorority whose graphics resemble this sample.

Julia's small but unaffected writing is proof that you can expect her to be sensitive to your needs and appreciative of your assets and good qualities. But if you aren't interested in mental activity, if social psychology—what makes people tick in groups—is not your thing, steer clear of the girls who write like Julia; they need constant intellectual stimulation with their erotic pleasure. They may look like easy marks, but they're mighty hard to please. Look at the beautifully balanced marginal frame that surrounds the well-organized body of her script. This indicates her basic artistic and cultural needs in living and loving. Like a sponge, she wants to sop up all the stimuli her environment can give her, so she unconsciously leaves wide marginal spaces at top and bottom, right and left. This represents her lebensraum but is also her invitation to you to share and contribute to her growth and fulfillment. These generous margins also display the respect she shows for the opinions of others, along with her desire to live and let live.

Unless your libido is varied and versatile in its range of performance, she will tire of you quickly; inexperienced men should not apply for her graces. Her many different kinds of lower-zone Fs, Gs, Ps and Ys symbolize a demand for drama and excitement in her sex life. The sharply arched forms of her Ms and Ns, together with a pattern of diminishing middle-zone letters in single words (e.g., message, express, answering), reveal the critical and analytical acumen of a woman who's been burned and who knows when she's being had. But her writing displays a definite thrust to the right and upward, indicating a future-oriented drive for self-actualization and positive gratification. So, if you're a serious guy looking for a wife, Julia is the intensely introspective and hopefully optimistic girl who can carry more than her share of the load.



Dear Geoffrey,

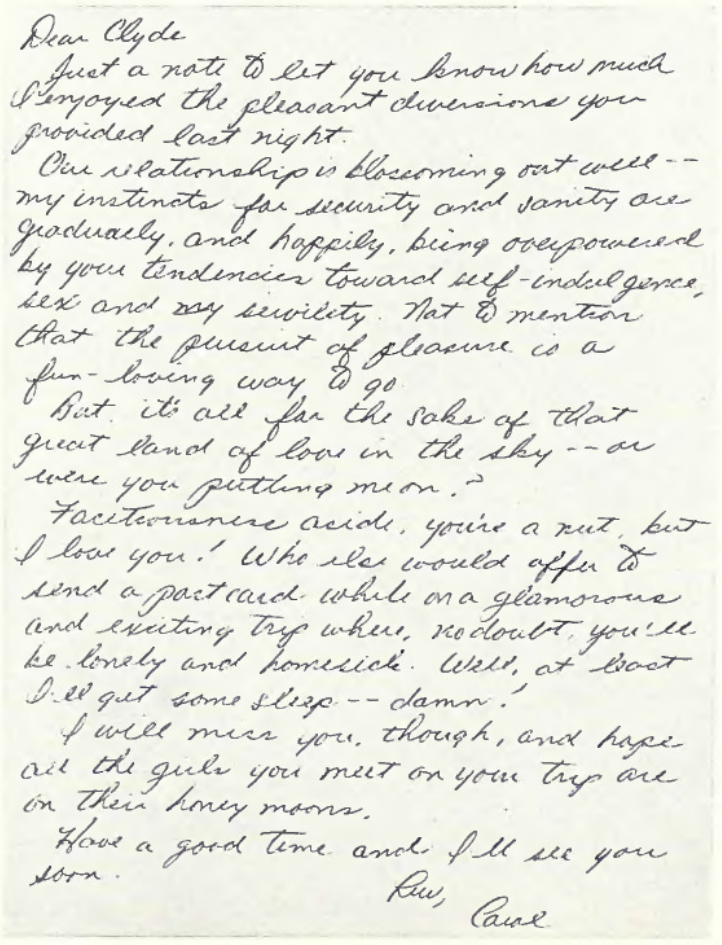
Dinner at André's was superb! In fact, I ran into Fred at Catfish Row the very next evening and I told him that it was, without question, the best meal I ever had. For your gourmet thoughtfulness, I thank you. The excellence of the cuisine was only exceeded by the rest of the night, which is self-explanatory, I'm sure.

However, it has been approximately 12 days, 3 hours and 47 minutes since you've jangled either my phone or my hypersensitive nerve-endings. Therefore, this message flies to you with an express invitation: the name of the game is give (on the rocks)— wanna play? I hope you will exhibit your usual gallantry in answering my distress call.

Breathlessly,
Julia

Lucky the man with a girl like Carol. Of the four women whose handwritings we are analyzing here, she is the most spontaneous, outgoing extrovert. Carol is truly interested in men as they reflect all varieties of the human condition. While she may not thwart your efforts to bend her to your will and whim, she is her own woman; and she is an instinctively good selector. Notice the rather easygoing and unself-conscious use of the paper space. She sweeps over almost every inch of the background. Her figures and forms are not tight and conventional; they are free and nonconforming. Since her handwriting is a replica of her self-expression, you can expect Carol to be an honest realist and to follow her heartfelt feelings without too much inhibiting premeditation.

Her conversation will charm you, because she says what comes from her heart on the spur of the moment. She's not out to impress you as much as she is to get to know you, so you will find a naturally responsive relationship growing between you. A concept of envelopment applies to her life and love with you, just as her handwriting covers the paper. She doesn't consume it or gobble it up, but she knows how to use it to her best advantage. Her broad and expanded letters and words, plus the easy articulation of her personal pronoun I, prove that she is a truly secure woman with plenty of ego to share. She is neither jealous nor petty. None of her forms show a dangerous leftward tendency and none of her lines are compulsively straight and narrow. Therefore, she will allow you the same liberties she expects for herself, so you'll get essentially what you give. Although her conscience prevents her from luxuriating in profligate one-night stands, she recognizes that guilt is for monasteries. Carol is a warmly responsive and amorous young woman who's doing her best to let her libido take its course.



Dear Clyde

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed the pleasant diversions you provided last night.

Our relationship is blossoming out well -- my instincts for security and sanity are gradually, and happily, being overpowered by your tendencies toward self-indulgence, sex and sexy sensibility. Not to mention that the pursuit of pleasure is a fun-loving way to go.

But it's all for the sake of that great land of love in the sky -- or were you putting me on?

Facetiousness aside, you're a nut, but I love you! Who else would offer to send a postcard while on a glamorous and exciting trip where, no doubt, you'll be lonely and homesick. Well, at least I'll get some sleep -- damn!

I will miss you, though, and hope all the girls you meet on your trip are on their honeymoons.

Have a good time and I'll see you soon.

Luv,
Carol

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 188)*

supremacists, not black supremacists.

PLAYBOY: The war in Biafra seems every bit as brutal as any other war. Black life there seems to be as cheap to blacks as you say it is to whites in this country.

JACKSON: The Nigerians and Biafrans are fighting with white men's weapons. They are fighting a war that is based on a white man's division of Africa, and the cause of the division was an earlier economic colonialism. The war is an unfortunate aberration and the signs of white meddling are everywhere in it.

PLAYBOY: During the 1968 teachers' strike in New York City, there was evidence of deep-rooted black hostility toward Jews. Is anti-Semitism consistent with your claim of black moral supremacy?

JACKSON: In the first place, there were really few examples of black anti-Semitism, and these examples were blown out of all proportion by the teachers' union, which benefited by the dissemination of fear. More significantly, though, I don't think you can characterize blacks as anti-Semites. We have never been obsessed with the Jew as Christ killer. But our relationship with the Jew has changed as the black movement has changed. When blacks began to confront the Southern white power structure, most of which was WASP Baptist and Methodist, Jews gave us great support, both financial and moral, and a real kinship developed. But once the movement moved North and the problem was defined not just in terms of social segregation but in terms of economic colonialism, the Jew began to be revealed as landlord and shopowner. Of course, he is more conspicuous than the Protestant, because his name is likely to identify his ethnic background. And he is also more sensitive: It is much easier to embarrass or humiliate a Jew than either a Protestant or a Catholic, because, unlike the others, the Jew immediately identifies with suffering.

As blacks have emerged, the Jew has been there as teacher and shopkeeper, and there has been an inevitable friction. But I think the mood of the blacks is more one of anti-colonialism than of anti-Semitism. For blacks cannot afford to be anti-people; no matter who the people are, they must be anti-evil. I think the Jews who are most concerned about anti-Semitism, however, should keep in mind that blacks have not exploited Jews *at all*. We have not owned anything in the Jewish community—no clothing stores, banks, food stores. The Jewish community, like most others, has a left and a right wing—some who operate in a tradition of justice and others who violate that tradition. Rather than develop a persecution complex, perhaps it ought to expend some of the energy it spends complaining about black anti-Semitism on the Jewish merchants who are known to be exploiters and tend to pull the reputation of the Jewish community down.

PLAYBOY: Jews, along with Irish, Italian and other immigrant groups, are often held up as an example that the blacks, if they were industrious enough, could emulate. The premise is that those groups were poor and lived in ghettos but were able to overcome that experience and join the American mainstream. Why hasn't that happened to blacks?

JACKSON: First, those groups came here voluntarily and were always free. We came here involuntarily and are still not wholly free. The other immigrant groups are white and could lose their identity and merge with the majority when it was necessary; with a few technical skills or a decent education, it was a simple matter for them to bypass prejudice. Their families were not destroyed and their sense of historical continuity was preserved. Most importantly, they did not suffer the tremendous color stigma of the white man.

Historically, there was a conspiracy to hold us down. We were enslaved, then locked into plantations, as we are now locked into ghettos. When America finally released our physical bonds in 1865, it was as if we had been in jail for 200 years and were let out without a road map or a dime to go to the city. There was no attempt to help us overcome the psychological or economic hardships of slavery. Many blacks didn't survive; and of those who did, most had to pervert their natures—become invisible men, as Ralph Ellison wrote, become hidden, for it was too dangerous to assert one's real identity, one's manhood. No other ethnic group was faced by a hostile white society that wanted to castrate it both physically and psychologically.

PLAYBOY: Then today's black militance is a quest to resurrect that manhood.

JACKSON: One thing that I have to say right off is that there's nothing to be learned from the white man's idea of manhood. An American man is identified by his weapon, by what he controls. American men are obsessed; they are gratified by making money they can't even spend, which is a kind of emptiness of the soul. Real manhood should be defined by the ability to help and to heal, by an extension of the mind, by knowledge exerting its power over ignorance. Real manhood comes from helping others be free, by breaking the bonds of slavery.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that metaphorically?

JACKSON: Only partly. Many of us have internalized slavery and behave like slaves, responding to the slavemaster when he calls. In some communities, we must fight our own people because they maintain the slave institutions. They are still in awe of Pharaoh and are afraid to confront him. That is a form of slavery. The slave psychology works on a subtle level that warps the black mind. It has been drummed into blacks that whites are the creators and producers and thinkers. Blacks whom we might have respected were taken from us. George Washington Carver's image is one of a docile creature—an old man in a laboratory, bowing to a white child. The fact is that he developed over 300 elements from the peanut and almost singlehandedly revived the Southern economy. A black man, Daniel Hale Williams, was the first open-heart surgeon. There are many, many other examples, but the point is that blacks never knew about them. It was easy to preserve the image of the dull-witted, slow-talking and -thinking black bumbler. There is still a need among blacks for white validation of their efforts. If Tommie Smith and John Carlos had a race tomorrow and both broke their records for the 220-meter dash, and the race were held on a black campus, where all the judges were black, black people wouldn't believe it—and neither would whites. But if it were a white track meet, there'd be no problem. As for our churches, they gave up their soul—and I mean that in both senses—to copy white church styles. That's why at Operation Breadbasket meetings, which are deeply based in religion, we have a band and a Gospel choir and consciously try to capture the rhythm of our people.

PLAYBOY: Is the slave psychology the reason for your own fieriness and emotionalism when you address a black congregation?

JACKSON: Certainly. I am seeking converts—not necessarily to religion, although there's that, too. But I want to make my people realize their own selfhood. I begin each service with a chant that says, "I am *somebody*." It also says, "I may be poor and I may be on welfare, but I am *somebody*." Because black people have to learn that they have rights just because they're alive. They've got to stop putting themselves down because of an induced inferiority complex. The slave psychology was apparent when Dr. King came out against the Vietnam war. He had all the credentials you could ask for: Nobel Prize winner, an international leader, a scholar and a Ph.D. But blacks said he had a lot of audacity; he's a preacher and should confine himself to civil rights. But when Robert Kennedy and Senator McGovern took the same position, then it was all right. And after Memphis, when SCLC's James Bevel expressed Dr. King's contempt for capital punishment, he was scorned by the black community. He said Dr. King would have wanted James Earl Ray rehabilitated, would have said to fight hatred but spare the hater. Bevel also pointed out the irony of trying to obtain

justice by sacrificing a two-bit waiter for a billion-dollar black prophet. But blacks said he was crazy. Then Ted Kennedy said that Sirhan's life should be spared because his brother Robert was against capital punishment. The black community immediately cited Teddy as a great man of justice who didn't become vindictive in the face of personal tragedy. This is a painful indication of our self-contempt. We must stop looking to whites to validate our worth; we must look within for beauty and strength and courage.

PLAYBOY: Your own self-confidence, as contrasted with Dr. King's humility, seems to be of formidable dimensions, and you've been accused of messianic impulses. Do you see yourself as the next great national black leader?

JACKSON: First of all, Dr. King was not humble; he was forthright and audacious. He was killed for challenging white power. As for me, I am confident of my abilities as a social analyst, but I have no illusions of grandeur. My job is to proclaim liberty, to preach unity, to bind up broken hearts. I am just taking care of my assignment. Besides, anyone in public life in this violent society who would make such long-range plans is a fool.

PLAYBOY: You certainly expose yourself to the risk of assassination as much as any man. Do you think that you may be subconsciously seeking martyrdom?

JACKSON: I want to live. I've got no hang-up with that. But a man must be willing to die for justice. Death is an inescapable reality, and men die daily, but good deeds live forever. An assassin believes that you can kill the dream by killing the dreamer; that is an error.

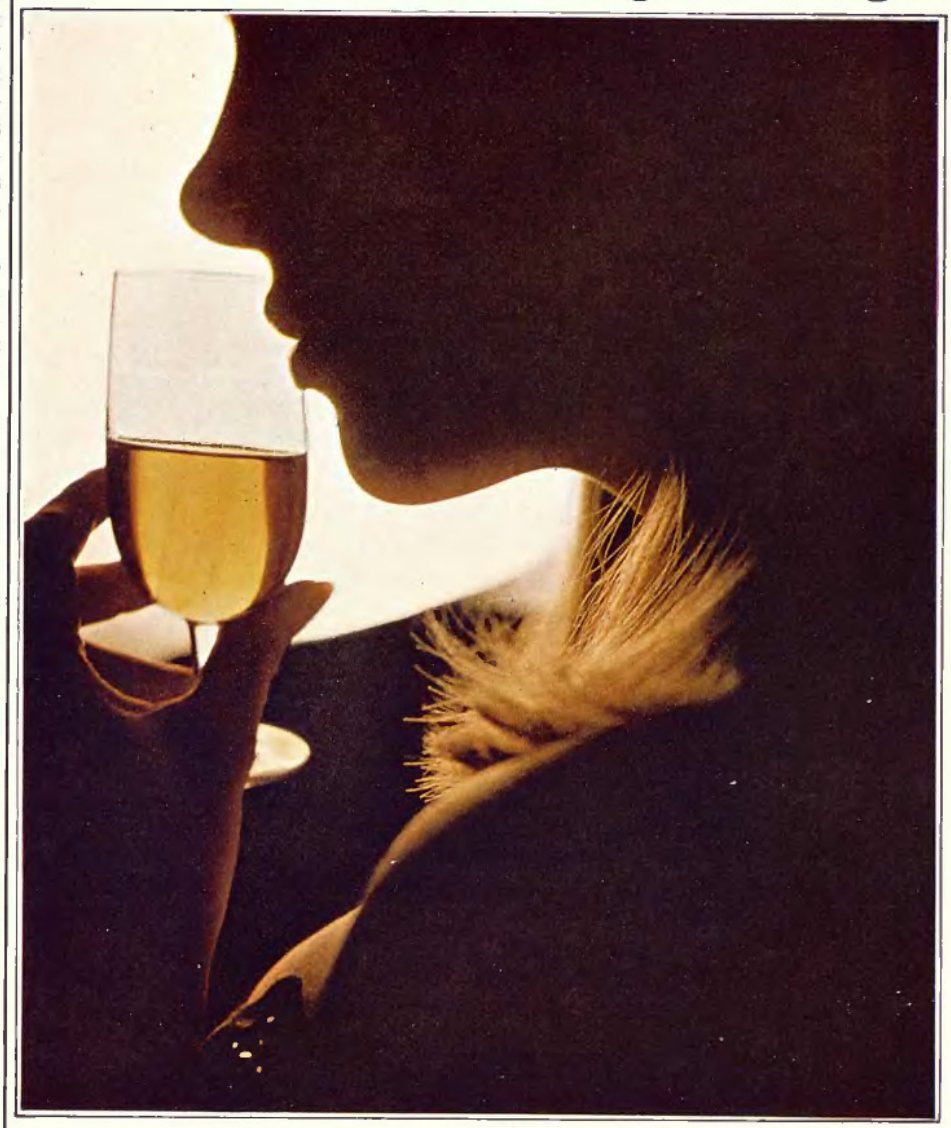
PLAYBOY: Would you have any special message to leave with black people if you were killed?

JACKSON: Yes. Don't send flowers. Don't come around with your tears. Picket. Go to P. T. A. meetings. Fight for higher wages. If I die tonight and you wake up tomorrow, make the most of it.

PLAYBOY: You've been quite sick a few times this year, once with a form of anemia, and also with some very debilitating viruses. Yet you hardly let up on your activities, rarely sleep and constantly drive yourself toward exhaustion. Why?

JACKSON: Because I have a sense of urgency about what has to be done. It is not the thought of death so much as it is the crying need for justice. Perhaps both facts motivate me simultaneously. I do feel that I have to fulfill my work in an appointed time. I would like to sleep, but ideas come to me in the night and wake me. I think I'm drawing my stamina from a spiritual source that has been allotted to me; for that reason, I have no choice but to keep on driving. You can't devote the energy necessary to confront Pharaoh unless you are spiritually consumed by the need for liberation. But that is social consciousness, not a messianic need to be worshiped. There are

You don't know her



SYNERGIE

...and yet she could be the one you loved,
the one you love, the one you will love.

Your "tête à tête" supper is just over. The night promises to be intimate. We don't want to know what you are so tenderly whispering. We can easily guess it.

But there is one thing we are quite sure about: you have offered her a glass of Remy Martin because Remy Martin is more than just a cognac; it is a Fine Champagne* cognac (V.S.O.P. of course).

*Fine Champagne means that it comes from the tiny heart of the Cognac district : the Cognac Champagne region.

some aspects of glory attached to having the privilege to lead, but none of the agony ever gets publicity, because television cameras don't record people tossing and turning in their beds at night.

PLAYBOY: Inasmuch as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference is basically a religious group, it's understandable that religion plays a large role in your life. But what appeal can the church have for a cynical 20-year-old kid from the ghetto?

JACKSON: The black church is relevant because it has provided a home for our rebellion. It has cherished our people. The white church, on the other hand, worships *worship*, not Christ nor love nor brotherhood. God is very sick here; the God of justice and liberty is almost nonexistent. Christianity is universal, but the American flag flies higher than the cross in American churches; and when wartime comes, universal love goes out the window. If Americans had a true God consciousness, they could not leave the church on Sunday and shield their eyes from the hungry.

But there is extraordinary relevance in the actual teaching of Christ. If you love people, you will not destroy them in war; if you love deeply, you will distribute the goods of the earth that the Father provided, so that people will be fed and housed. That is the Jesus I identify with. His was a program for feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and giving company to the lonely.

PLAYBOY: In the past, some critics have regarded Christianity as an impediment to black liberation; blacks were supposed to have been content to get their reward in heaven. Did you consciously evolve this activist approach to Christianity?

JACKSON: My religious philosophy can be summed up in an old Southern story about two farmers. One farmer was most concerned about his duty to God. He attended church every day and worked his fields in the afternoon. His neighbor never attended church and never paid any attention to religious rituals. The first farmer was just eking out a living; the second farmer was getting twice the harvest from a lot the same size. Finally, the first farmer said to the second, "Brother, I don't understand. I've been working this land and doing my duty for God and asking His help. I go to church each day. Yet I can't get ahead at all. You never take care of your religious obligations, yet you're getting all the bounty. What am I doing wrong?" The second farmer answered, "I don't know what you're talking to God all the time for. He doesn't know anything about farming. This place didn't produce *anything* when He had it all to Himself." That's the whole thing. God made it but man has to go out and do it.

PLAYBOY: In our interview with Dr. King four years ago, he said the aims of SCLC were removing the barriers of segregation, disseminating the creative philosophy of nonviolence and total integration of the Negro into American life. How much have things changed since then?

JACKSON: Four years ago, SCLC was a Southern movement primarily concerned with social segregation. Blacks were defined as less than human and were not allowed to participate in public. We were "boys" and our goal was to be recognized as men. That drive was aimed at creating a moral consciousness, and one of our slogans was "Save the soul of America." I think that one of the reasons for impatience among blacks today, and the reason for the appeal of violence, is that we never before knew just how awful the secrets locked in America's soul really were. We didn't know then that America would bomb a people to pieces and side with the oppressors in order to preserve her financial investments. We didn't know then that the Northern liberal had better manners than Bull Connor but that his institutions were no less thoroughly racist. And we didn't know then that the capitalists who slandered us with cries of "Communist" were living high off the Government hog, while we were starving in the streets.

This education of ours has led to a change of mood. Our first concern now is not white America's soul; it is black America's body. We are justified in our impatience, because that body is hungry. When Moses had his illumination and realized that he could confront Pharaoh, the Bible says that Moses had to take his shoes off, because now he was on holy ground and the bushes were burning. Actually, the bushes were not burning; Moses was burning. His eyes were aflame—the skin had come off them. Black people today are burning; the skin is off their eyes. The movement is now in a resistance phase and we will no longer cooperate with the white slavemaster. Either we are going to live or America is going to die. The ghetto experience has not been a satisfying or a useful one, but it has given us inner resources—the ability to do much with very little.

I read in the white press how black people are dispirited and confused. White editorial writers claim that the civil rights movement is fragmented. That is not true; the movement is very together: The NAACP, which just saved the Voting Rights Bill, is doing its thing in Southern courts; the Urban League is doing its thing in industry; the Panthers are feeding kids in the streets; SCLC just had a political victory in Greene County, Alabama; Operation Breadbasket is thriving. It is white America that is at the crossroads. If she does not join us in the resurrection of her soul, in the fulfillment of her dream for all her people, then I foresee a day when little children in a schoolroom on the moon read in the history books about an empire that crumbled because all her power and might of arms could not cure the immoral greed that diseased her spirit.

"Have I had any side effects from the pill? . . . Only promiscuity!"

PLAYBOY CARS–1970

(continued from page 161)

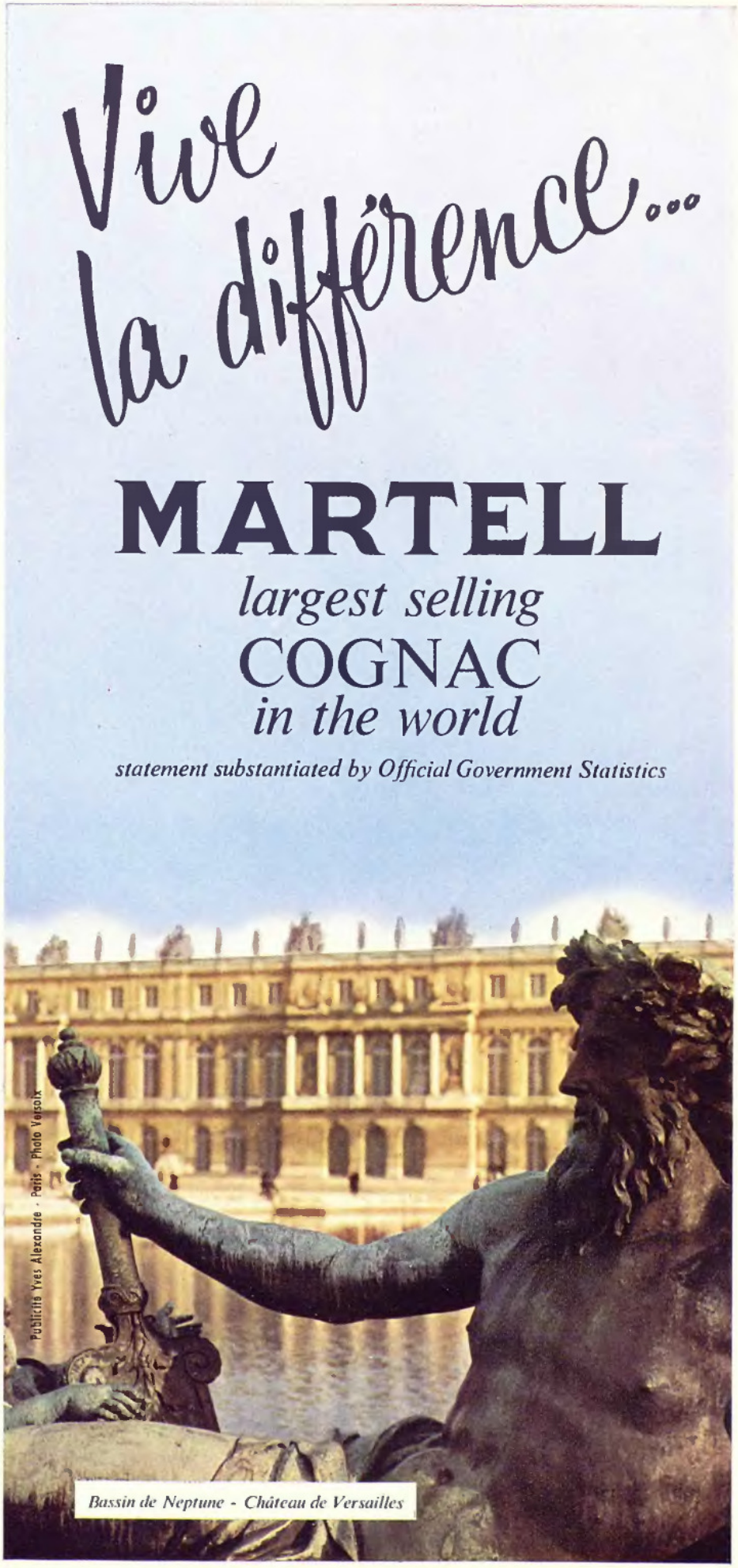
for dinner. He had driven the C-111 from the road circuit at Hockenheim, around 75 miles distant. How fast? someone asked, and he said, 150, 160. Kilometers? No, miles an hour. This on open roads, in ordinary six-P.M. traffic. Uhlenhaut is a superb driver who has fully extended 200-mph Grand Prix cars, and 150 on an autobahn is not extraordinary for him, but he is a knowing and intelligent man and he would not do it in any but an extraordinary car. We looked at it, the body not yet in final form but basically in the mode dictated by present convention and its own performance. Gull-wing doors, surprisingly heavy but to be eased by stronger assistance pistons. The Wankel engine behind, looking strange and small. Comfortable, firm-holding seats with an adjustment range to accommodate anyone. Small steering wheel, stick shift, instruments canted toward the driver. Surprisingly full rearward visibility.

Next day, at the track, early on a wet morning, nailed to the passenger seat by a double harness, Dr. Hans Liebold driving. Acceleration? One might say blindingly adequate: 0–60 mph in five seconds. The 3.6-liter Wankel puts 335 hp into the clutch and the car does 161.2 mph at 7000 rpm. The engine can be turned to 11,000. Braking? The biggest disks that can be fitted to 15-inch wheels. The car felt solid, safe, secure, even on vertical banking under a g load so heavy that the wheel arches were slammed down on the tires and blue rubber smoke fogged the interior.

When Dr. Liebold gave me the car, I drove it rather less forcefully. It would certainly be—if only Daimler-Benz were going to build it—a precise solution to the problem Dr. Uhlenhaut stated to me: to make a very fast, roadable sports car that would be truly comfortable. Because the Wankel engine is small, the C-111 can be roomy; and because the engine is rotary, it produces no vibration, or none that is perceptible, at any rate. And it's not nearly as noisy as a comparable standard 335-hp engine.

Two new Mercedes-Benz engines are scheduled for the coming season, and there is no doubt at all about that. Excepting perhaps Rolls-Royce, no one has taken more out of in-line engines, and particularly in-line six-cylinder engines, than Mercedes-Benz, but the new pair will be V8s, a 3.5-liter and a 4.5.

Announced some time ago, but only now beginning to appear in quantity, is the XJ Jaguar, the most striking new model out of Coventry since the E-type. Delay has been due to the chaotic British labor system, to use the term loosely, and to Jaguar's difficulty in developing an air-conditioning system good enough



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to cope with Texas summers. The air problems have been worked out, but the labor juggernaut, capable of shutting down an entire plant on a *rumor* that a handful of men are going to be fired, still lurches on.

The XJ6 is the best-looking Jaguar in years, smooth-flowing, bright but not brash, lots of glass but not a greenhouse, a handsome interior treatment notable for white-on-black round-faced dials, clearly marked rocker switches and, of course, the masses of leather and walnut without which it is absolutely impossible to sell a high-priced car on the United Kingdom home market.

Power is provided by the trusty six-cylinder double-overhead-camshaft engine that made the Jag reputation back there in the 1940s—actually, 1948—and it's still a wonder, old-fashioned and technically out of date as it is. Down the years, it has been refined and re-refined (the factory long ago passed the quarter-million mark with this engine) and it is now dead quiet and turbine smooth. The whole car is remarkably quiet and its handling qualities are comparable with the E-type's. I drove an XJ about 1500 miles in England and France a few months ago and I liked it better than the E-type in every way. A new engine, a V12, will be along soon.

Another British high-performance machine just now beginning to appear here is the Jensen FF. The Jensen is a direct descendant of the 1933 Railton, first of the Anglo-American hybrids, a Hudson engine and chassis carrying British bodywork. The Railton begat the Cadillac-Allard, and the Cadillac-Allard begat various things, including the Jensen, which uses a 330-hp Chrysler engine and automatic transmission. The Jensen people argue that the FF is the most advanced motorcar on today's market, and they have a case: It is a four-wheel-drive *gran turismo* car, running the most sophisticated f.w.d. system known, a system good enough for 200-mph race cars, the Ferguson Formula, coupled with the most advanced braking system going, the Maxaret, which was developed years ago for aircraft landing gear. When any wheel is just on the point of locking, the system cuts off the braking power for a split second, instantly reapplies it when the wheel rolls freely again. Together, the two systems make it impossible for any wheel, or any two, or all four, to lock under either power application or braking. The Jensen FF offers standards of handling on winding wet roads that were new to me; and the last of eight hard stops from 100 mph was the same as the first: like running into a wall of taffy.

The Aston Martin is England's premiere luxury sports car, the name a famous one almost since the company's founding, in 1922. The car is in limited production, being, like the Rolls-Royce, a small part of the parent company's affairs. It has probably been sustained by the personal enthusiasm of one man, David Brown, whose primary business is gear making. The Aston reflects Brown's view that a high-performance automobile need not be Spartan, and it's the most luxuriously fitted out of vehicles in its class, masses of leather and top-grade carpeting, with electric-powered window winders and air conditioning standard. Power steering and power brakes, too. The engine is a holdout: all-aluminum six-cylinder in-line, showing 325 hp.

The new Rover 3.5 S is very well braked, too, with four-wheel disks almost 11 inches in diameter. This is the Rover 2000/TC body running the 215-cubic-inch (3525-c.c.) aluminum V8 used by Buick and Oldsmobile in 1961. Rover bought a license for this engine some years ago and worked it up to produce 184 hp, enough to run the 3.5 S to 115 mph. It's an impressive sedan, thoroughly comfortable, fast throughout the whole range, splendidly responsive and roadable. Price, around $6000.

De Tomaso's Mangusta is an Italo-American hybrid, a superhigh-performance Italian chassis and a superbeautiful Ghia body powered by a Ford V8 mid-engine. Very much sexier-looking than the Jensen—indeed, so much so that it makes the Jensen look almost dowdy—it's hard to get into, awkward (pedals far offset to the right) and uncomfortable. Not at gunpoint can Italian designers be made to pay attention to things like heaters and window winders, but they do make going automobiles, and the Mangusta does 0–60 in seven seconds flat and 90 in 13 with no strain.

Somewhat less costly superior automobiles are available from Alfa Romeo and Fiat. The 1750 Alfa Romeo Spider is a sports car in the grand tradition. The designation 1750 is one that the Italians take very seriously, since it was carried by the best-known and most admired car the house has produced, the 1750 Zagato-bodied roadster of the 1930s; the 1970 version is an altogether acceptable successor. Body is by Pininfarina. The engine is a bit over 1750 c.c. and develops 132 hp at 5500 rpm. It's thoroughly refined, double-overhead cams, sodium-cooled valves, beautifully finned sump for oil cooling, five-speed transmission and so on. A second Spider is the Fiat 124, one of the great successes of the decade, a motorcar justifying the strongest superlatives. A better-handling automobile is hard to imagine; the 124 is fast, quiet, responsive, good-looking and tremendous value for money.

The Swiss have made few automobiles, the Martini, out of business in 1933, probably the best known. An ultralimited production hybrid is being produced in Basel now, the Monteverdi, Swiss chassis, Italian coachwork, American engine: the Chrysler 440 V8. This is a 150-mph *gran turismo*, restrained and elegant in line

and meticulously finished. Monteverdi anticipates selling not more than 15 or 20 units to United States clients during 1970: price, around $21,900. Two-seater and four-seater versions are available.

The four-passenger configuration is rare in high-performance cars out of the European ateliers, but Lamborghini does a special-order model, the Espada, at around $21,000, Bertone bodied and, oddly for its type, thoroughly roomy for four people and their weekend luggage. (The almost-flat back light, carrying the sensual roof line out to the tail, lifts for baggage stowage.) The V12 engine puts out its 365 hp extraordinarily decorously and quietly, all things considered. The Espada will do 150 plus with a full crew, having got to 90 in 12 seconds; but instruments and such nonessentials are frivolous and braking undependable. At only slightly illegal U. S. speeds, however, the Espada is safe, comfortable and the most glamorous rig available for quartet weekending in the country.

Five Maserati brothers—Alfieri, Bindo, Carlo, Ernesto and Ettore—set up a racing-car store in 1926, and from then until 1961, the name was a fixture in Grand Prix and sports-car competition. Maserati means *gran turismo* now, and the Ghibli is top of the line, the engine a double double-overhead-cam V8 pulling 330 hp, five-speed gearbox, wishbones in front and a rather archaic hard axle behind, the whole beautifully metaled in the unmistakably Italian line and ticketed around $19,000. With four decades of racing history, it would be strange if the Ghibli didn't handle, and it will exceed 100 mph by a margin sufficient to cope with most emergencies. The car is quiet and unfussy, and attention has been paid to the little things.

Right or wrong, most of the top-siphoned layer of people who have tried a half dozen of the circa-$20,000 GT motorcars come back to Ferrari in the end, and the 365 GT 2+2 is the place to be now. This is an extension of the 330 GT (a ten-inch-longer wheelbase) but varying in no real essential from that lovely motorcar, pulled by the 320-hp V12 engine a lot of us would buy just for the noise it makes, never mind the exquisite refinement the years and the millions of high-speed miles have given it. The legend counts, too, the one man, Enzo Ferrari, making the one car as he, and he alone, wanted it made. The last time I drove a 330 GT, the hand brake stuck, the gas gauge registered full no matter what and the driver's-side window winder wouldn't, all failures that would ordinarily have spoiled the day for me, but they didn't seem to matter beside the going, the stopping and the *pointing* of the car, the way it seemed to arrow straight into the middle of whatever slot I aimed it at. In a well-ordered world, everyone who enjoyed driving would be given a Ferrari for an afternoon, as everyone who appreciated food would be taken, once, to dinner at Pyramide.

Someone has wisely said that when you pay more than $6000 for a car, you're paying for envy. As far as sheer go is concerned, you can buy 14–15-second quarter miles for a lot less than $6000 on the domestic market; for example, in the Plymouth Barracuda, now generically referred to as the 'Cuda, and, engined by the 426-cubic-inch hemispheric combustion-chamber V8, the Hemicuda, a quick automobile. The 440 V8, with three two-barrel Holley carburetors, pulls 390 hp at 4700 rpm and is a strong, solid engine, offered in Plymouth's Barracuda, Road Runner, GTX and in Dodge's Challenger, Coronet R/T and Charger R/T. The Challenger and Barracuda, incidentally, have a roll-over structure built into the roof panels, something that will eventually be universal.

Another muscle car is the Ford Torino (ex-Fairlane) Cobra, a very stout high-performance four-seater, pleasantly clean in line and replete with identifiers: Cobra decals, matte-black hood and grille, hood locking pins. The 429-cubic-inch four-barrel engine that is standard on the Cobra is optional on the rest of the line. The NASCAR version of the 429 is alleged to put out 375 hp as detuned for the street. Staggered rear shock absorbers, four-speed transmission, wide tires come with it. The GTs are dressed with something that Ford is pleased to call a Laser Stripe, and it's intriguing: a strip of paint that diminishes in opacity and intensity from end to end. All Ford's bucket seats this year will have high backs, the best way to go for headrests. The AMC Javelin will have them, too.

One of the few basic mechanical innovations turned out this year is Oldsmobile's valve rotator. Standard practice calls for the mushroom-shaped inlet and exhaust valves to joggle straight up and down as they open and close. Eventually, deposits form and interfere with the air-tight sealing between valve and seat that is essential to performance. Turning the valve slowly (about as fast as the second hand on a clock) as it bangs up and down scrubs the matching faces clean. Mercedes-Benz has turned its exhaust valves for some time, but Oldsmobile will rotate the inlets as well and the engines should run forever. (Another good thing is Mercury's automatic front-seat latch for two-doors: It releases—via solenoid—as the door is opened.) The 4-4-2 hardtop, sports coupe and convertible optionally sell a 455-cubic-inch four-barrel high-compression engine roofed by a fiberglass air-scooped hood. Oldsmobile has a splendid array of new grilles for 1970: vertically pillared, horizontally barred, honeycomb and egg crate. The W-33 option for the Delta 88 Royale, the big 455 V8, high-performance springs, shocks and so forth, turns out a fast car that handles remarkably well for anything so big.

American Motor's AMX will be a couple of inches longer for 1970; the reason, a stretched hood carrying what is becoming the mandatory ram-air opening, functional with an optional performance package: a 390-cubic-inch V8, power disk brakes in front, 15x7-inch wheels, special shocks, nonslip differential, heavy-duty cooling system. The car is a half inch lower, too, even a little more: .53 inch. The Hornet is aimed at Maverick

"She loves me. She loves me not. She. . . ."

and Volkswagen, tops Maverick with two-door *and* four-door configurations, 6 and V8 engines. An even smaller thing, the Gremlin, is on the way for AMC. GM and Ford have ultrasmalls in the works, too.

Where will it all end? The Mercury Cougar Eliminator rams, too, with the 428 4V engine, the scoop matte black and the whole engine lid so businesslike one looks for pin locks. The hood-pin bit originated on the Southern stock-car tracks; at high speed, rear-hinged hoods occasionally lifted and ripped off. Hood pins, usually themselves fastened to the car with airplane control cable, made a positive mechanical lock, less trouble to use and more nearly certain than the six-inch straps that used to do the same job. Better-looking, too.

The Montego Cyclone Spoiler really has one, rear-mounted on the two-door hardtop (the only configuration available). Four-speed manual transmission, the hot 429 V8, disappearing headlights, instruments canted toward the driver.

There's no envy money in any one of these cars; that's to say, you can't spend $6000. Inflation or no, and despite the obvious fact that nobody in Detroit or Hong Kong ever put a five-dollar improvement on a product and failed to charge ten dollars for it, the domestic vehicle offers stupendous value for money. I have a Pontiac Grand Prix SJ that does have a few dollars, only a few, of envy money in it, but this thing will do a standing quarter mile in 14 seconds and run within a hair of 120 miles an hour; it delivers a splendid ride over any reasonable road and with the air on and the windows tight, it's as restful as a hammock. True, the local dealership concedes total bafflement over a chassis vibration that comes in at 62 mph, the turn indicators may or may not indicate and the starter can't budge a hot engine; but still, the hand brake and the fuel gauge both work.

Chevrolet has a new entrant in the sweepstakes this year, the Monte Carlo, which will remind you of the Pontiac Grand Prix. It's a four-passenger two-door hardtop, running engines from 250 to 360 hp and intended to go up against the Thunderbird. Naturally, it has the longest hood Chevrolet has ever built.

Pontiac is spreading around such good things as the windshield radio antenna, exclusive with the Grand Prix model last year and standard now. There's a new six-cylinder engine, 250 cubic inches, 155 hp, regular fuel. The Grand Prix 1970 has a rather less aggressive-looking grille and the new plastic gas tank. This last will show during the year on Catalina, Executive and Bonneville station wagons for California only.

Buick is doing nothing basic to the Riviera in 1970 and not much with Le Sabre, Wildcat and Electra 225. They'll all have windshield antennas, hidden wipers, front suspension geometry that gives positive camber on rebound, variable-ratio steering. Disks in front and interior hood locks are optional. The Skylark has been restyled, with a performance model—GS 455 Stage One—that is quicker on a road circuit than the Pontiac GTO or the Oldsmobile 4-4-2. All General Motors intermediates now have the beefed-up, interior-girder doors.

Cadillac will pretty much sit this one out, except for boosting its engine size—already, at 472 cubic inches, the biggest production-passenger-car engine in the world—to 500 in the Eldorado, which will, presumably, continue to be the quietest automobile in the market.

A return to separate body and frame construction shows up in the Continental, which has been using the unitized frameless system. The separate system is quieter and the 1970 will be built on a wheelbase an inch longer. Taillights will be at back-light level and the interior has been set up as befits a luxury limousine: a loud-speaker in each door, electric roof, six-way adjustable seats. The Mark III continues largely unchanged except for details: hidden wipers, redesigned wheel disks and the new tamperproof odometer, which will make it likely that used Lincolns from here in will show honest mileage.

Sometimes I think German machines are less fallible than others. I suppose that anyone armed with the facts would, statistically speaking, run me up a pole; but out of a considerable experience with Porsche, some with Mercedes-Benz and a little with BMW, I do have the feeling that with the Germans, as with the Swedes, the little things go wrong less often than with us, the British, the French and the Italians. The BMW is an example, an automobile superior to others in its class on almost every count. The 2800 CS is the top of the line, a two-door four-seater hardtop. This is a fast, almost incredibly roadworthy, luxurious and solidly built sensible-sized car: 0 to 60 in nine seconds, 127.5 mph top. And the BMW factory in Munich, unlike some one has seen, is confidence-inspiring, with quality-control procedures obviously more stringent than necessary.

Part-German is the Opel GT, child of General Motors Germany. It looks like a squeezed Corvette—wheelbase is 95.7 inches—but it's a full two-seater. The Opel makes no pretensions about being a 2+2; there's not even a vestigial seat in the rear, only a shelf; and the trunk, what there is of it, is reachable only from inside. Foot space is tight for the driver and it's easy to get on two pedals at once. An attractive package, though, from turned-down nose and hidden lights to spoiler tail.

The Lotus Elan Plus Two is, of course, a Colin Chapman design; and Chapman is demonstrably the foremost race-car designer working today—but the Elan Plus Two isn't a race car. It goes pretty well, though—115 mph top—and the handling is no less than superb in every way. It steers, sticks and stops impeccably; ten-inch four-wheel disks, apparently totally fadeproof. Little things have a tendency to break and come off and some judgments would find the price a trifle high, just this side of $6000. Pedigree is always pricey, I suppose.

A sports car in the traditional British mold is the Triumph TR6, a convertible two-seater that can serve as transport and go racing, too. The engine is a six-cylinder in-line, 2.5 liters, 104 hp. The TR6 is a civilized sports car, showing lots of room for people and their portmanteaus and, wonder of wonders, a top that can be raised by one man using one hand. Remarkably little wind noise with it up or down. Top, 119 mph.

Sweden has turned out some splendid automobiles by Saab and Volvo since the War. The Volvo 1800 S now runs the two-liter engine used in the 144 sedan, a rugged, almost unbreakable unit that will show 115-mph top speed at one end of the spectrum and 30 miles a gallon at the other end. The body, made in England for Swedish assembly, is done to first-cabin standards, good attention to detail, excellent seats. The beltline is high, there's not as much glass as is currently fashionable, and the seats are low so that the effect is similar to that of the 356 Porsche. Some people would not like the resultant tucked-in feeling; others, I among them, find it secure and happy.

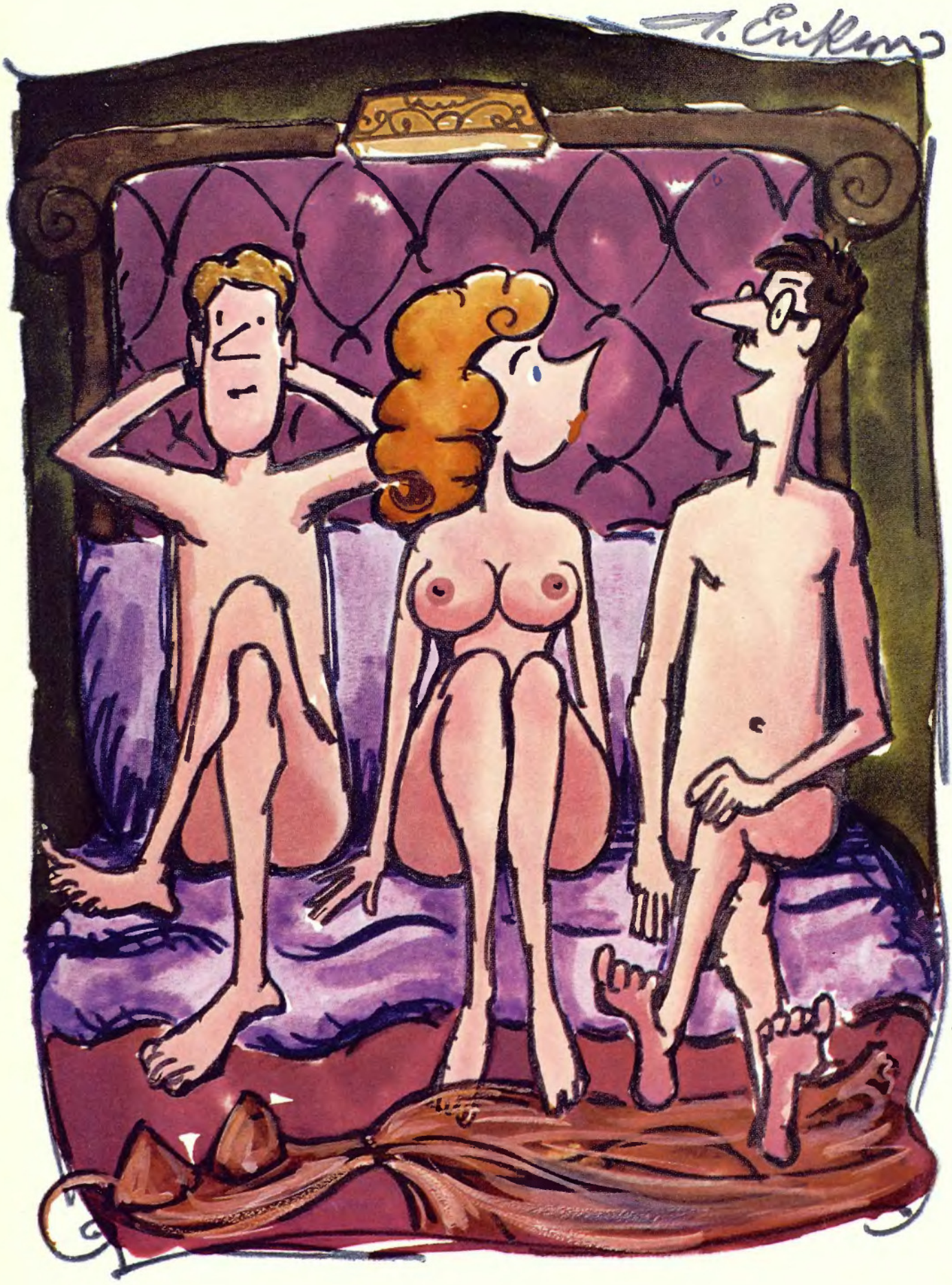
The top note about the Datsun 2000 is that it is rugged and quick. It runs like a thief—0–60 in 9.3 seconds—and will leave a Porsche on a long straight. The car is noisy, full of vibrations and ride is stiff, but it handles decently and it's great away from the lights.

The Toyota 2000 GT has been pretty universally commended since the first one came off the boat on the West Coast. No one who has driven the 2000 seems to want to denigrate it in any particular. Finish is impressive, the engine turned out like the best Italian, the body up to top British standards. Fast (125 mph+), comfortable, good-looking, very well turned out two-seater, pleasant to look at, a delight to drive.

Not yet in sight but coming soon are the mid-engined VW-Porsche sports cars, one with engine by Porsche, the other VW, about $4000/$3000.

Out of sight, practically, is the domestic convertible, the ragtop famed in song and story. Not many men, and almost no women, are keen for 70-mph top-down motoring, and convertibles are expensive to build, complicated to work and dangerous in accidents. They'll be phased out until they're as rare as seven-passenger touring cars.

All in all, perhaps, not a vintage year, but not really the year of the locust, either.



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