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AUGUST 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY



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AN INTERVIEW WITH
DR. PAUL EHRLICH
BUNNIES OF 1970

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A close-up, profile view of a man wearing a wide-brimmed cowboy hat and a yellow jacket. He is looking to the left and has a lit cigarette in his mouth. The background is slightly blurred, showing a white horse's head on the left and a white fence or wall on the right.

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PLAYBILL

"I have been labeled a mystic," anthropologist Loren Eiseley once said, "because I have not been able to shut out wonder when I have looked at the world." This sense of awe is lyrically revealed in *The Last Magician*, in which Dr. Eiseley exhorts man to renew contact with his animal-forest heritage. Internationally known in both the scientific and the literary fields, he has been the Benjamin Franklin Professor of Anthropology and History of Science at the University of Pennsylvania and Curator of Early Man at the University Museum since 1961. *The Last Magician* will appear as a chapter in his forthcoming book, *The Invisible Pyramid*, to be published this fall by Charles Scribner's Sons. Another distinguished scientist in the vanguard of those fighting to save the earth for all living creatures is the charismatic subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*. Population biologist Dr. Paul Ehrlich graphically describes what we must do to combat the dangers of overpopulation, depletion of the world's natural resources and the ever-increasing contamination of our environment.

A young man's love for a single plant figures heavily in *A Small Death in the Rue de Rennes*, best-selling novelist Mary McCarthy's poignant story of an American student who makes a commitment to social protest in riot-beset Paris. At home on the Rue de Rennes, Miss McCarthy is presently writing *Birds of America*, from which *A Small Death* is taken, to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World. Another fiction writer whose ecological concern is beginning to surface in his work is John D. MacDonald, who's writing a story about "a middle-management guy running a factory that heavily pollutes both air and water; yet he can't enforce a change without risking career suicide." In *Double Hannenframms*, MacDonald examines a different aspect of the industrial climate. "It's about a young man," he told us, "who rode the explosive bull market in 1967 and 1968, wheeling and dealing like all the Young Turks of the go-go funds and the hatchet men of funny-money conglomeration. When the times and tides change, he maintains position by turning corrupt, and sacrifices his wife along with his integrity. Too late, he discovers that the joy is gone and it is a time of despair." Feelings of desperation take opposite directions in *The Gourmet*, by longtime contributor Henry Slesar, and *Leviathan!*, which marks Larry Niven's first appearance in our pages. Slesar artfully weaves a horror mystery about an elderly recluse with an unpleasant secret that's discovered by a free-lance writer. *Leviathan!*, which was fancifully illustrated for us by California artist Charles Bragg, is a humorous sci-fi adventure about a hunter of the future who almost abandons hope during a terrifying time trip to the past. Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy rounds out our August fiction bill with *The Sign*, an ironic tale about a contest of wills between a man and a priest.



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BOWERS



SIEGEL



MURRAY



FFOLKES



BRAGG

Playboy Plays the Bond Market is the fourth in a series of common-sense financial articles by Senior Editor Michael Laurence. "When I started to work on this piece," he says, "the first thing I did was get rid of the Government savings bonds I'd been accumulating for years—they're not at all profitable." (Readers can profit handsomely, however, from a perusal of another of Mike's works: *The Legacy*, a short story that appeared in the November 1968 *PLAYBOY* and is included in *The Demanding Age*, a college textbook anthology recently published by McGraw-Hill.) During World War Two, buying war bonds was as patriotic a ritual as cheering the latest John Wayne movie. Satirist Larry Siegel herein presents a nostalgic look at that embattled era with *Star-Spangled Jive*, a tongue-in-cheek remembrance of those flag-waving flicks that fought the War on the home front. The exhilaration of victory and the heartbreak of defeat—at the Bob Hope Desert Classic, that is—are the subjects of William Murray's *Fore Play*. His firsthand report on all the action, from tee-off to tipping, gives a birdie's-eye view of the most bizarre tournament on the pro-golf circuit. John Bowers went on the road with soul singer Janis Joplin (voted the top female vocalist in the 1970 *Playboy Jazz & Pop*

Poll) to write *All She Needs Is Love*. "When I first met her," Bowers reports, "I thought she would conform to certain Southern/Texas clichés. But she fooled me—there isn't one cliché about her. She's an original." Bowers just finished writing *The Colony*, a memoir-novel to be published next year by Dutton.

The age-old hunt for aphrodisiacs is pursued by Fredric C. Appel in "Just Slip This into Her Drink. . . ." "While researching the story," he says, "a senior clinician at the Georgetown University Medical Center threw the place into a giggling uproar when he requisitioned all available literature on aphrodisiacs from the medical library. Unfortunately, there is still a tremendous lack of medical knowledge about sex, resulting from past and present prudery in the profession." In the contemporary book world, of course, puritanism is practically nonexistent—witness Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge*. For our Rabelaisian pictorial essay, *Myra Goes Hollywood*, critic-turned-actor Rex Reed has penned a curare-tipped commentary on the filming of the controversial best seller.

Other midsummer pleasures to savor: *Bunnies of 1970*, an 11-page photographic tribute to an international array of cottontail beauties; *Alphabetical Sex*, a comic abecedary by *PLAYBOY* cartoonist Michael Ffolkes; *On with the Shoe*, seven pacesetting ways to step out in style, and *The City Gentleman*, a go-anywhere collection of warm-weather sportswear—both by Fashion Director Robert L. Green. And, for the height of sport, join us for *A Real Gas!*, a highflying balloon outing packed with sun and sky—and food and drink from Thomas Mario. Obviously, August *PLAYBOY* is the only way to travel.

PLAYBOY



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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WOMEN IN REVOLT

Up Against the Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!, by Morton Hunt (PLAYBOY, May), presents as balanced a picture as a male "pig" can write. Certainly, the efforts of the so-called feminists (who should more accurately be called masculinists, I think) are often lacking in both perspective and information. They don't realize that while women undoubtedly suffer from the restrictions of this society, so do men. They also seem to spend a lot of time, like Don Quixote, fighting windmills; but some of their goals are legitimate and I wish them luck.

Jordan Scher, M. D.
American Board of Psychiatry
and Neurology
Chicago, Illinois

Do liberated women also liberate their men from alimony payments?

Don Wilson
Troy, Alabama

I think Morton Hunt has done an excellent job of highlighting the spectrum of dissent and dissatisfaction that prevails among women today. At the same time, he clearly shows the absurdity of the women's liberation extremists who, in their zeal to correct present-day injustices, can conceive of no solution less radical than abolishing the past two billion years of evolution and returning the human species to the condition of neuter-sexed amoebae.

The psychology of the female, like that of the male, is determined by both inherent biological potentiality and ever-changing cultural definitions; there is more possibility of change than conservatives realize but less than militant revolutionaries imagine. The male and the female must always collide, integrate and even overlap in the fulfillment of their separate biological roles. One sex is neither superior nor inferior to the other; they are merely different. Both want and need security, status, prestige and acceptance—and both are capable of envy, hostility, irrationality and masochism when their needs are frustrated. Each must play its own biological role and derive as much pleasure as possible therefrom, and each has its advantages and disadvantages. But one sex will

always bear the children and the other will always provide the seed. To return to reproduction by budding, parthenogenesis or fission (or to create fucking machines) will provide no real satisfaction for the majority of either sex.

Leon Salzman, M. D.
Director of Psychoanalytic Medicine
Tulane University School of Medicine
New Orleans, Louisiana

I have just finished Morton Hunt's article and I must say that it has cured me of my "male chauvinist" attitude of superiority toward women—and also of the chivalry that follows from that attitude. When the militant feminists start their guerrilla insurrection, I will have no hesitation about blasting them the way I would a mob of similarly violent male revolutionaries.

Alan Stone
Hollywood, California

Cheer up, girls: We men may have a lot of unfair advantages economically, but we'll always kiss your lovely asses, both figuratively and literally.

Eugene Lieb
Port Monmouth, New Jersey

Having just returned from Vietnam, I can't help wondering how the feminists would react to having the full responsibilities (as well as the privileges) of being men. How long would it take them to decide that they prefer being women, after all, when they see their friends dying all around them because the medical helicopter can't get to the area? How long would they want to be "one of the boys" when it entails sleeping on rocks or in rice paddies or listening all night to the shells and wondering if one has your name on it?

Sgt. R. L. Meadows, U. S. M. C.
Beaufort, South Carolina

Congratulations to Morton Hunt for a comprehensive and unbiased article. If the new feminists are unhappy, feel unfulfilled and lack intellectual stimulation, that is largely their own fault—not any man's. Women who thrive on such self-pity and hostility toward men have not learned the art of reciprocity; their attitude is "What's in it for me?"—and

For the man with a lot of living to do.



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the answer is, as always, that there's nothing in life for anybody who is not willing to give as well as receive. Modern technology has greatly reduced the time spent doing housework, leaving a wife and mother with ample opportunity to pursue intellectual, artistic or other self-fulfilling experiences. If women would seize this challenge, instead of sitting back and feeling sorry for themselves, they could have rich and happy lives—and this would be a better country and a better world.

Vive la différence!

Mary Weiner
Woodacre, California

Morton Hunt is a real delight. He is enlightened, liberal and sympathetic—just as long as his woman will accept his version of democracy, in which he is permanent President and there is never any rotation in office. Lovely. That's the kind of liberalism that provokes the angry rebellion that he discussed with a brief glimmer of perception very early in his article.

Elvira M. Wilbur
East Lansing, Michigan

Perhaps Ti-Grace Atkinson and Roxanne Dunbar are abnormal; maybe Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown are, too. Perhaps we should serve Boss Hunt his mint julep and darn his socks and never bother our simple heads with questions about justice and dignity. But, then again, perhaps Morton Hunt is an asshole—and if people don't fit the system, maybe it's the system and not the people that needs changing.

Aprille Dykes
Portland, Oregon

In a P. S. to her letter, Miss Dykes assured us her name is not her game.

A double bravo to Morton Hunt for his fair and objective essay. At least now I understand why the women's liberation troops wear those god-awful blue jeans and sweaters, even if I still think they look like hell.

Ned Brown
Lakeside, Michigan

Letting a man write an article on women's liberation is just another example of PLAYBOY's male-dominated, sexist, family-based, militarist, capitalist philosophy that is expressed throughout the magazine.

Ed Gittelson
Morristown, New Jersey

Morton Hunt's piece seemed well balanced and rational until he detailed his conclusions, which had the sound of having been engraved in stone, like the Ten Commandments. Individual men and women, working together, can choose the roles they will play in their sexual relationships and many of these will be

quite outside the pale of those that Hunt thinks are biologically determined.

The woman (or man) who says to me "This is how I feel and this is what I think I need" will get my respectful attention; but the dogmatist, such as Hunt, who says "This is what everybody must feel and need" is going to have to stand in line, because I am already up to my neck in other people's value systems.

Donald Skiff
Ames, Iowa

Hunt based his conclusions less on what men and women must feel than on what they say they do feel. Before suggesting that women combine marriage and motherhood with a career, Hunt cited surveys of high school and college women that indicated they preferred such a combination—with the home taking precedence over the work world.

The only good thing about Hunt's essay was the title, *Up Against the Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!*, which accurately stated by whom, and for whom, it was written.

Nora Weingarten
Dayton, Ohio

Morton Hunt's piece is almost within shouting distance of the 20th Century. He gets an A for recognizing the injustice of economic discrimination that results in lower rank and pay for women doing the same work as men. At the same time, however, he gets an F for not coming to grips with the more basic issue of sexism (a term I prefer to the more pejorative male chauvinism). Sexism is the unconscious, taken-for-granted, unquestioned, unexamined, unchallenged acceptance of the attitude that the world as it looks to men is the only world; that the tactics for dealing with the world employed by men are the only tactics; that the values of masculine culture are the only values; that the way men think about sex is the only way it can be regarded; and that what men believe about women is an accurate portrait of what all women are really like, all departures from that stereotype being perverse or abnormal. It is because Hunt is so unconscious of his own sexism and his own prejudices that he is able to regard women's liberation as both ridiculous and threatening and offer at the conclusion the Victorian notion that women should invest 50 years of their lives in the world of the home.

On the question of sex differences, most radical women will remain agnostic; they want to be shown; they will not be satisfied with the evidence so far adduced by Hunt and other male sexists. Perhaps there are such differences; but, if so, what is Hunt so afraid of? In a liberated society, without the present restrictions, such differences would ensure that the present male superiority would reappear. Why are sexists such as Hunt

so afraid to try this experiment? Could it be that their terror is a measure of their uncertainty and their repressed fear that they could not always make it to the top on the basis of their talents alone, without the crutch of sexist economic discrimination?

Jesse Bernard, Ph.D.
Washington, D. C.

Hunt replies:

It is sad to see a formerly thoughtful and fair-minded social scientist such as Dr. Bernard become a convert to the mindless rhetoric and defamatory billingsgate of the women's liberation movement. I am accused of sexism, which is then defined in sweeping terms—a technique that makes me guilty of all aspects of sexism without evidence or a fair trial. This is typical of the radicals of women's lib., who, like the extremists in SDS, have no faith in democratic procedures and see nothing wrong about shouting down the opposition or anyone they define as the opposition, by any means, fair or foul. But Dr. Bernard seems not to have read my article at all; witness her statement that I urge women to spend "50 years of their lives in the world of the home." For over a decade, I have been saying something very different—and I said it again in the article she presumably read. I have said that a woman ought to live outside the home as much as she can, except, perhaps, for the years when her children are small and combining motherhood and career is most difficult.

On the record, I am innocent. On the record, I am pro-feminist. On the record, I am a liberal in my outlook on the role of women in modern life. That is my crime: I am a liberal. Nothing infuriates radicals more than a liberal; they see him as an enemy infinitely worse than the reactionaries. This is because we are their competitors—for we always have, and always will, bring about the social changes that truly benefit mankind, and the extremists cannot tolerate this threat to their ideological position. That is why nothing I say here can do any good, for Dr. Bernard has now joined those who substitute vituperation for an examination of the evidence and who curse those who differ from them rather than seeking to exchange ideas and information. I regret seeing her on the other side of the barricades from me—but they are barricades that she and her radical friends have built.

OUR FOUR-WHEELED FUTURE

The steam-driven automobiles suggested by Ken W. Purdy in *The New Urban Car* (PLAYBOY, May) can be a reality if



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the right people get behind this idea. I have driven a 1925 Doble and it's fantastic—silent and smooth enough to make driving it as different from driving other cars as gliding is from flying. It was a gas (pardon the expression) and seemed to sail the highway at 70 mph. It's hard to believe that something this good, built 45 years later with today's technology, couldn't drive the pollution-making gasoline burners right off the roads.

Bill Neumann
Automotive Consultant
Glendale, California

Purdy was remarkably clear in discussing a complex subject. Now, if Detroit would only listen.

Thor Ostrom
Fargo, North Dakota

WAR AND PEACE

Robert Sherrill constructed *The War Machine* (PLAYBOY, May) with meticulous care, scrupulously documenting his information, building his case fact upon fact, until the ending seems inescapable. His article is eminently readable, eminently frightening.

Once again, we are all indebted to PLAYBOY.

Harold Willens, National Chairman
The Businessmen's Educational Fund
Los Angeles, California

Senator Vance Hartke's *The Peace Department* (PLAYBOY, May) is one of the most important and informative articles ever published by your magazine, but I doubt very seriously that such an agency could function in the present American Government, which is sad, because such a department would be of great value to the American people and, in fact, to all the people of the world.

Pvt. Mark Lippman
Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri

The articles by Sherrill and Hartke deserve more depth of study than I have time to give them. I would, however, call your attention to the following words by President Theodore Roosevelt: "If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace . . . then bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world."

Lt. Gen. A. W. Betts
Chief of Research and Development
Department of the Army
Washington, D. C.

There are so many people in America today screaming with rage that the only sound one can hear most of the time is a high-pitched howl of chaos. My generation blames the establishment for everything, from the Indochina war to pay toilets; the establishment, in turn, responds by calling us all Communists and bums. It is rare amid all this bitterness to

encounter a sane, workable and realistic plan to improve our situation, but Senator Hartke's suggested Peace Department is such a proposal. He is to be congratulated for writing the article and PLAYBOY should be commended for publishing it.

Jim Warner
Live Oak, Florida

Senator Hartke's plea for a Peace Department is admirable, eloquent, persuasive and hopeful. Keep up the good work.

Frederick L. Schuman
Professor of Political Science
Portland State University
Portland, Oregon

The Sherrill and Hartke articles were both interesting and informative.

Senator Daniel K. Inouye
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

GOLDEN GLOOM

Herbert Gold's *Zoya* (PLAYBOY, May) was so convincing that I forgot I was in California and began to feel the Russian cold (and the Russian intrigue) chilling my spine.

Bill Gordon
San Diego, California

I once visited Moscow, during the cultural-exchange years of the Eisenhower era, when they sent us their Moiseyev ballet and we reciprocated by sending one of our own national treasures, Ed Sullivan. Gold's story beautifully conjured up exactly the Russia I knew, with all its brutal bureaucracy and its unromantic, unswinging deadness. That Gold could capture this mood so well and still maintain the humorous values of his story is a tribute to his skill as a writer.

Bernard Pechter
San Francisco, California

What a whale of a story! Gold perfectly etches the varieties of selfishness, courage, fatalism, stoic and ironic acceptance, surprise and mystery that are involved in the meeting of capitalist West with socialist East.

John Newland
Brentwood, California

MR. CONSERVATIVE

Many thanks for your May interview with William F. Buckley, Jr. As an avid reader of both PLAYBOY and *National Review*, I am extremely gratified that a magazine of PLAYBOY's importance, influence and liberal leanings should give accurate coverage to the conservative point of view.

Nancy L. Whichello
Ochopee, Florida

Speaking as a 22-year-old college student, I feel that Bill Buckley's philosophy is one touch of sanity in our embattled era. This man's realism is an oasis in the

desert of false hopes sown by many liberals as well as many so-called conservatives. I am almost tempted to argue with Buckley's remark that he is not a genius; but, having watched him in action, I know better than to attempt to better him in debate!

James Patrick Cather
University of Alabama
Birmingham, Alabama

Congratulations to PLAYBOY for its interview with William F. Buckley, Jr., and for providing the forum from which this great American could express his beliefs. While I cannot agree with all his views, it's heartening to see something in print that contradicts the fervent radicalism that has recently gained so much attention.

E. Erwin Crouse
Kill Buck, New York

With characteristic restraint, William Buckley cites only the less spectacular examples of liberal-humanistic bias in our universities. Shocking as his examples are, I could give many that are worse, even on my comparatively conservative campus. Bullionists and mercantilists are not adequately represented in the economics department; there are no advocates of the divine right of kings on the political-science faculty; and a pro-Darwinist conspiracy has driven almost all the Bible believers out of biology. Worse yet, nobody in the geology department dares advocate the theory of special creation; alchemy is treated with scorn by our chemistry teachers; and no respectful attention is given to the rite of human sacrifice in our department of religion. However, led by stalwarts such as Buckley, tradition may yet be restored to a position of veneration, critical inquiry may still be stifled and, at the very least, our students will get haircuts.

Donald H. Grubbs
Associate Professor of History
University of the Pacific
Stockton, California

Perhaps Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., will be remembered as a "bad historical force," as Buckley suggests (although I doubt this). Buckley himself, however, will be remembered, if at all, as the last educated man who was able to delude himself that all issues could be reduced to a simple choice of good guys and bad guys.

Thomas Spies
Boston University
Brookline, Massachusetts

Bill Buckley righteously declares that the position of the Black Panther Party is untenable and that we cannot afford to extend the privilege of free speech to its adherents. The poor fellow is obviously lost in a daydream of bygone days, when he and his fellow patricians would

A man with long hair, wearing a brown leather jacket and wide-leg, vertically striped flared pants, is sitting in a dark, ornate chair. He is leaning back with his legs spread wide, looking directly at the camera. The background is dark, and the floor is a light, textured surface. The overall mood is classic and stylish.

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extend free speech to their inferiors as a reward for obsequious behavior and withdraw the privilege when it threatened to shake up their mansions. Or, perhaps, after being God's servant and spokesman for so long, Buckley decided to take his Master's place—in which case, I can only say that I regret this particular palace coup. Buckley has a fine mind—probably the finest that the 13th Century ever produced—but he shouldn't sound surprised and mournful in admitting that his ideals don't appeal much to contemporary college students.

Don Peters
Columbia University
New York, New York

Mr. Conservative refers to the "holocaust that Caucasians visited against the Jews" in Nazi Europe in the 1940s. Is it possible that this sophisticated, intellectual idiot doesn't know what race the Jews belong to?

Morton Ross
Skokie, Illinois

William Buckley's answers remind me of a computer at work. Everything was recorded decades ago on his brain tape, filed in its proper place and pours forth at once when the right question is asked. But none of it has anything to do with life today. Most conspicuously, the basic categories of his thought—conservative and liberal, Republican and Democrat—are totally uninteresting to students of my generation; he might as well be talking about York versus Lancaster during the War of the Roses.

Gary Clark
Crescent City, California

Your May interview was galvanizing to me. Classifying myself as an average liberal, I had always considered Buckley an execrable energumen; but his tendentious rodomontade had somewhat of a transmogrifying effect, despite his circumambient peripherizations. That is, it increased my vocabulary.

Bernie Eggener
Chicago, Illinois

William Buckley reminds me of a most decorous and impeccable undertaker. Whatever can be said of the men he criticizes—the Martin Luther Kings, the Robert Kennedys, the John Lindsays—at least they sparkle; they have imagination and vision; they do not bore me, as William F. Buckley does.

James L. Lucas
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY Associate Editor David Butler is correct about Buckley's surprising attitude toward people. Several years ago, I met the conservative firebrand in a motorcycle shop and made some trite remark about his politics, meanwhile bracing

myself for his noted tone of yawning condescension toward human ignorance. But, instead, a really warm and talkative response emerged from this man, who clearly cares as strongly for people as he does for perfectly constructed syntax.

C. Lance Bailey
Stamford, Connecticut

Buckley claims that sociologists have proved "societies don't survive without the observance of certain common bonds, certain taboos" and then uses this point to justify censorship. I doubt that he can find a sociologist who will agree with him. The generalization he quotes is by no means a "social universal" and has absolutely no predictive value. We simply cannot say that any particular taboo is central to a given society's survival chance; and many societies abandoned old taboos without immediately disappearing from the face of the earth. In short, his argument is a scientific absurdity.

Kenneth L. Nyberg
University of Maine
Orono, Maine

William Buckley's use of sociology to justify censorship was a bit of double talk—as I'm sure some sociologist will write to tell you—but, more significant, it illustrates his typical practice of using any argument at hand, without regard for his own consistency. For years, he has criticized the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision on the grounds that the Justices quoted sociological studies to buttress their opinion, and he has proclaimed that sociology is too dubious a science to validate any law. He forgets this when he himself can use, or abuse, sociology to support laws he likes.

Charles Calloway
Newark, New Jersey

AND SO TO BED

Bedsprings Eternal, by William Iversen (PLAYBOY, May), is the only essay I've read devoted to where, how and under what circumstances humanity spends one third of its life. To read the piece was to wax nostalgic for the trundle bed of my youth, the sleeping bag of my adolescence and even the hammock of my days in the Navy. Where are the beds of yesterday? Where, indeed. As author Iversen inadvertently points out, the history of mankind is the history of the mattress.

Don Walsh
Minneapolis, Minnesota

William Iversen's article did absolutely nothing for my insomnia—in fact, I stayed up half the night to read it. It's a treasure of trivia, a priceless history of the bed, from the peasant's pallet to the millionaire's hot-water-filled mattress. PLAYBOY is to be complimented for publishing it, though who else would have the insight to devote so much space to

such a vital item of furniture? After the fun and games are over, we do, indeed, slip into that "sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care."

Henry Rasmussen
Topeka, Kansas

SURPRISE!

I had thought that stories featuring O. Henry surprise endings had been supplanted long ago by those with no beginning, no middle and no end. I was pleasantly surprised, reading *Love Letters*, by Ken Kolb, in your May issue, to see that this is not so. Congratulations to Kolb for a delightful story, well told, and to PLAYBOY for eschewing the avant-garde and having the wisdom to publish a short story that offers nothing but sheer entertainment.

Carl Deutsch
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

When PLAYBOY publishes its next anthology of excellent fiction, I hope that Ken Kolb's *Love Letters* is included. I thought I could see the ending coming, but the author surprised me. Nice tale, nice writing.

Malcolm Singer
Denver, Colorado

Ken Kolb is no mean word mechanic. After reading your squib about him in *Playbill* (the movie *Getting Straight* was based on his novel), I turned immediately to *Love Letters* to see how he could do sans director, producer and actors—pure Kolb in cold type. I wasn't disappointed; the man is really skilled in spinning a yarn. A surprise ending that really surprised me.

Louis Hart
Birmingham, Alabama

FUNNY GIRL

The latest episode of *Little Annie Fanny* (PLAYBOY, May) is the hilarious last word on the group-grope cult that currently passes for psychotherapy among the sun-dazed Californians. Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder hit a satirical bull's-eye every time!

Matt Morrison
Tucson, Arizona

CHILLING FICTION

"To sleep, perchance to dream"; but I didn't dare after Reynolds Price's *Good Dreams, Bad Dreams* (PLAYBOY, May). Where do you find creepy-crawly stories such as that? I read it on a warm day and shivered most of the night.

Clarence Sloan
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE MYSTERY GUEST

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disguise him. I must say that your May cover outdid all your previous efforts. In fact, I'll wager that some of your faithful followers are still hunting for the enigmatic little fellow. I myself thought I had found him before I really had.

Ford Scott Rollo, Vice-President
Saxon Associates
Los Angeles, California

DECLINE AND FALL

Federico Fellini's article on his new movie, *Satyricon* (PLAYBOY, May), is almost as bitterly beautiful and frightening as the film itself. His parallels between the decay of ancient Rome and the current decline of the West are devastating and totally, tragically true. I only wish I could share his belief that, in spite of the insolence of empire he has chronicled, "Salvation, a new way of being human, is perhaps still possible."

James O'Reilly
Brooklyn, New York

When Pablo Picasso tried to write a play and showed the results to Gertrude Stein, she had the honesty to tell him bluntly, "Pablo, go home and paint." After perusing Fellini's feeble philosophizings, I can only say, "Federico, go home and film!"

Claude Wickler
Los Angeles, California

Fellini's parallels between contemporary Europe and Nero's Rome are true enough, but the real duplicate is right here in America. The only difference between our empire and that of the Caesars is that while our legions march across the earth, we do not even provide "bread and circuses" for the plebeians at home; we allow them, and our cities themselves, to rot.

Thomas Mooney
Cincinnati, Ohio

MORALE BUILDER

I would like to thank PLAYBOY for its great contribution to the morale of the Marine Corps in Vietnam. PLAYBOY is the most anxiously awaited article of mail in the country—surpassing even that letter from home—regardless of your opinion pieces that often condemn U. S. actions here. The beauty of the female form and your light humor more than compensate for political differences—and I imagine a lot of the men here agree with such Vietnam critics as Galbraith and Fulbright. I don't happen to be among them, but I must say that these views are presented logically and are always well documented.

Cpl. John T. Foster, Jr.
FPO San Francisco, California

DEATH AND NONCONFORMISTS

Your high standards of fiction certainly didn't suffer with the publication of Isaac Bashevis Singer's *The Blasphemer*

(PLAYBOY, May). To the extent that there is a little of the rebel in all of us, the sense of identification with Chazkele was sometimes overwhelming. We all long to say what we think and live as we like, but the danger in doing so is the same as that that threatens a pink chicken in the hen yard—the rest of the flock will peck it to death. Singer's recognition of this, and his insight into human nature in general, is unequaled among writers today.

Solomon Nanas
Los Angeles, California

The Blasphemer is a haunting story, one that is very reminiscent of my parents' life in Poland before World War Two. Singer's skills in narration and dialog, and his ability to understand human emotion, are enormous. And so is PLAYBOY's talent for selecting the best in modern fiction.

Raymond Chmielewski
Houston, Texas

IT'S A CROCK

Thomas Mario's *The Clay's the Thing* (PLAYBOY, May) is a gastronomic joy; and from now on, my kitchen will be as well crocked as I am at every dinner party I give.

Marcello Bodoni
Denver, Colorado

FLIMSY EVIDENCE

Ghosts!, by C. Robert Jennings (PLAYBOY, May), was immensely enjoyable, though not very convincing as to the actual existence of ghosts. Unfortunately, objectivity on the part of investigators seems to be quickly lost in a desire for notoriety and/or money. Fame for those who put down ghosts is exceeded only by that for those who can conjure them up. As far as ghost believers and disbelievers are concerned (and this applies to Jennings as well), the position of ghosts in modern society is ideally established—frequently heard but not quite seen.

Rafael Gallway
Chicago, Illinois

Lady Varley's encounter with the phantom monks had a sequel not mentioned by Jennings. The next morning, trying to remember the chant they had been singing, she picked out the tune on a hall piano. A countrywoman who was visiting then said, "Oh! So you heard them last night, too!"

Margaret Rutherford
Buckinghamshire, England

Miss Rutherford, one of England's national treasures, has starred on the stage and in films since 1925.

Ouija boards may outsell Monopoly sets and Sybil Leek may be able to take a census of the ghosts in a house by merely walking in the front door, but my bet is

you'll get a lot of mail from idiots who put down ghosts just because they've never seen one. Chances are, many people *have* seen ghosts and immediately denied it to themselves because it's not the "in" thing to believe in them. Author Jennings has done your readers a service by marshaling the evidence and proving, as in the case of flying saucers, the Loch Ness monster and the Abominable Snowman, that there is, indeed, something out there. Despite our vast scientific knowledge, the fact remains that we know little of what lies just beyond the veil.

Bob Smith
Tucson, Arizona

Ghosts!, by C. Robert Jennings, is a factual, enjoyable, well-researched piece, with all the bright-eyed objectivity of a man who's never seen a ghost and good-humoredly tolerates those who have. I once enjoyed the same state of ignorance, but I had it shaken forever one winter's night in my grandfather's farmhouse near Bloomington, Illinois. "From ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggedy beasties and things that go bump in the night, Good Lord deliver us!"

Ellis McCarthy
St. Louis, Missouri

The article about ghosts was absolutely first-rate, really fascinating. I'm a believer in the seen, as opposed to the unseen, but Jennings' piece has shaken me a little. It's a pleasure to read an off-beat article such as this, and here's hoping you have more of them in the future.

James Markoff
New York, New York

A few years ago, in the course of my work as an appraiser, I was commissioned to evaluate a parcel of Hudson River waterfront acreage. As part of my inspection, I made several photographs, one of them showing a portion of the shore line, with the river in the background. To my astonishment, when this photo was developed, it showed the faint outline of a young girl in a Dutch dress. I don't know whether or not to call this figure a ghost, but she was (A) invisible to me and (B) visible to my camera; and that portion of the Hudson River Valley once had a very large Dutch population.

Harold E. Macholdt
Kingston, New York

Jennings produced a superb essay and his attitude is surprisingly unbiased. Although he carefully refused to commit himself as to the validity of a paranormal world, his data certainly makes the cry of "Bah, humbug" seem very hollow.

ATN/3 George Wollmans
Key West, Florida



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Not long ago, we ventured off-Broadway to catch a remarkable double bill—*The Unseen Hand* plus *Forensic and the Navigators*—that was soon to close but turned out to be better than the New York critics had indicated in their death notices. We didn't know, as we entered the Astor Place Theater's unprepossessing lobby, that the lean, long-haired drummer whaling away in the corner as part of a high-decibel group known as Lothar and the Hand People was the author himself: 26-year-old Sam Shepard, who also wrote *Operation Sidewinder* (reviewed on page 34), a savage comic-strip satire concurrently installed at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater; who had won a fistful of off-Broadway Obies for such short plays as *Red Cross* and *Chicago*; who had co-authored the scenario of Michelangelo Antonioni's controversial *Zabriskie Point*; and who had provided *Oh! Calcutta!* with one of its more effective black-outs, about a country boy literally killing his father with a graphic description of sexual delight. Though Shepard has been described by some as the "great white hope" of the new American theater, *New York Times* critic Clive Barnes found his latest works impossible to understand, adding that "Shepard writes good disposable plays, and may become known as the man who became to drama what Kleenex was to the handkerchief."

Undeterred by Barnes, we trekked one muggy afternoon to Shepard's pad, a white Colonial house in lower Greenwich Village, where Shepard himself answered the door in beige Indian moccasins, red bell-bottoms, striped polo shirt and leather jacket. Shaking the hair out of his eyes, he turned off the stereo and introduced his wife, actress O-Lan Johnson, a sandal-shod dumpling of a girl, many months pregnant, who was dressed in homespun hippie garb. The Shepards were on their way out to purchase a hammock for their back yard, but there would be time for us to stop at Emilio's, a neighborhood garden restaurant with its greenery and stray cats concealed by a dingy barroom full of old men watching television.

When we arrived, Shepard chose a shady spot under a catalpa tree, mopped some wine and food stains from a long white marble table, ordered spaghetti with meat sauce and began discussing himself in the diffident manner of a man who can think of countless better things to do. He was as unimpressed by the success of *Operation Sidewinder* and *Oh! Calcutta!* as he was undismayed by the icy reception accorded his recent off-Broadway bill. "The people the critics write for aren't important to me," Shepard said. "As far as I'm concerned, Broadway just doesn't exist."

In response to the criticisms of those who can't identify with his characters—the protagonist of *Sidewinder* is a snake-like computer that controls the U.S. defense establishment; and the dramatic personae of *The Unseen Hand* include an outer-space freak, a trio of old-Western badmen (two of whom are resurrected from the dead) and a contemporary all-American boy who seems to be a hybrid of Andy Hardy and Mao Tse-tung—Shepard merely shrugged and explained somewhat enigmatically, "I'm trying to create mythological characters, to do things that are completely American."

Shepard himself is a quintessentially American product, born in Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and raised in California—in his own words, "an arrogant, horrible, asshole kid" who wanted, of all things, to be a farmer: "I raised sheep in Duarte, California, and belonged to the Four-H club, and had a grand-champion yearling ewe at the Los Angeles County Fair." After studying agriculture for three terms at Mount San Antonio College in Walnut, California, Shepard decided on impulse to become an actor. "Best thing I did was join the Bishop's Company on a bus-and-truck tour all the way to New England. We performed in churches, right at the altar, adaptations of novels by Rumer Godden, Alan Paton, like that. We even did *Winnie-the-Pooh*."

As a drummer, he also spent a year and a half on tour as a member of the Holy Modal Rounders, the group that performed with his play at Lincoln Center;

but he's grateful to have reached a point in his career where drums are a mere diversion from playwriting. "I think I see more and more how to keep out of the big commercial-theater scene: by limiting myself to a small cast and one minimal set. O-Lan is teaching me to play guitar and my next project will be a stage musical. I don't like to talk too much about it, because ideas get stolen. But it will have something to do with genocide in America." That would seem to be a less-than-promising theme for a musical—but considering the grim state of the Union and the fashionable masochism that seems to be current among avant-garde theatergoers, it's more than likely to be a resounding success.

All power to the police for rescuing a friend of ours from almost certain assault and battery. It happened this way. Our friend, a debonair and manly Manhattanite, was strolling along Park Avenue on his way back to work from lunch, thinking long summer thoughts, when he unwittingly wandered into the midst of a militant feminist demonstration in front of his office building. He became fully aware of this only when one of the distaff picketers, whom he'd almost blundered into as he made for the entrance, accosted him as follows: "Don't try to push me, you son of a bitch! I know your kind—you wouldn't know how to talk to a woman as an equal if you wanted to. And you don't. Women to you are for balling, I can tell by the way you look at me just because I'm not wearing a bra. You'd like to fuck me, right? Go ahead and admit it, you filthy bastard." To which our friend replied, "Only if you get a vasectomy first, Butch." At which point the lady charged, picket sign held aloft like an executioner's ax; at which point a policeman grasped the picket staff from behind the outraged amazon, bringing her to a screeching halt; at which point our friend entered his building and took the elevator to his office, feeling guilty about leaving his rescuer to the mercies of the gentle-sex storm troopers and humming

to himself the Gilbert and Sullivan song of which the refrain is, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

It's the custom in Hong Kong for business establishments to display their names in Chinese characters and, thereunder, in English transliteration. This can lead to some bemusement for the Occidental traveler who tries to figure out the nature of a business from its name. Someone we know has sent us a Polaroid shot of one such enterprise that really set us to wondering what goes on behind its portals. The sign reads simply, HOW TAI FOOK.

Our Outstanding Expense Account of the Year Award goes to the writer charged with researching *De Sade* before it was filmed. He was flown to Hamburg, Germany, to spend a hectic week on the *Reeperbahn*, the city's notorious red-light district, and turned in this itemized account: "Party for 24 transvestites, \$410; supper for 27 homosexuals, \$305; midnight swim party for 28 Lesbians, \$430; farewell dinner gala for 21 masochists and 21 sadists, \$550; rest cure in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, \$1850."

The *Chicago Tribune* reports this incident of poetic justice and divine intervention from Birmingham, England: "Leslie Nadin was fed up with thieves ransacking his general store, so he rigged a booby trap by removing the floor boards from a hallway where the burglars always broke in. The trap worked perfectly when Nadin, 49, stepped into the hallway and tumbled eight feet into a cellar littered with broken glass. He was admitted to a hospital with five broken ribs and severe cuts. Told that prayers were being said for him in a local church, Nadin replied: 'With my luck, it's a wonder the church wasn't struck by lightning.' It was. A bolt blew the fuses, extinguished the lights and put the organ out of action."

Ever zealous in their efforts to stem the celluloid flow of sex and violence, Boston newspapers carried a movie ad with an R rating (no one under 18 admitted without parent or guardian) for Walt Disney's *Peter Pan*.

Several members of Congress were surprised to discover that the Small Business Administration lent \$41,000 to the Body Shoppe in Denver before discovering it wasn't a garage but a striptease joint.

Music and pet lovers will be interested to learn that "Rats exposed early to music of Mozart and Schoenberg," according to a behavioral study conducted at the University of Michigan, "show a strong liking in later life for other music

by the composer they were raised on and reject the composer they were not raised on."

"Dear John" letters, an unfortunately common occurrence during World War Two and the Korean War, no longer shake up the troops—at least not in the U.S. Fourth Infantry Division in Vietnam. Such letters are now submitted to a committee of GIs, and a "Dear John Award" is sent each month to some lucky lady for her subtlety and originality.

Sign of the times spotted in a Sacramento, California, filling station: DRIVE CAREFULLY. YOU AS WELL AS YOUR CAR MAY BE RECALLED BY THE MAKER.

Many of us have long thought that the only issue on which people are agreed is the need to save our environment. But we hadn't counted on the Daughters of the American Revolution. At the D. A. R.'s 79th annual Continental Congress, the 2000 assembled delegates branded the environment movement "distorted and exaggerated," and one delegate went on to call it "one of the subversive element's last steps. They've gone after the military and the police and now they're going after our parks and playgrounds."

A Vancouver man was ordered by a provincial-court judge to avoid making anyone pregnant for three years. The judge, concerned over a presentence report that the defendant had caused three out-of-wedlock pregnancies, gave him a suspended three-year sentence for possession of an offensive weapon.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Fifty years ago, the Coconut Grove opened with a decor hallmarked by a tropic zone of palm trees and monkeys. Today, with a new name—the *Now Grove*—and sans cocoanuts and chimps, the club has gone Late Las Vegas. The change has been glitteringly grafted onto the venerable Ambassador Hotel on Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard; its new façade and interior done up in World's Fair Modern cheerfully ignore the parent hotel's Spanish motif that incongruously surrounds it. Aesthetics aside, the newly titled Grove has caught on with its policy of serving up superstars and full-blown revues. Ambassador president Hugh Wiley gave Sammy Davis Jr. the show-booking chores, with only one mandate—to pull them in, and he's done just that. Sam the Talent Booker wisely opened the Grove with the Sammy Davis Jr. revue. Then he booked the sensate and suave Diahann Carroll; the Jimmy Durante Show followed and, through the waning days of May, The First Edition put in an appearance.

Scheduled to star were Anthony Newley, Sergio Mendes, Diana Ross, Ray Charles and Johnny Mathis. The room, with its 1000-plus capacity, can best be described as cavernous. Tiers of tables rise from all sides of the show floor. The walls are silver and black, the carpeting a blend of orange, purple and black. A wide bandstand—constructed to split amidships for a rising runway to carry the stars—dominates the room. When the backdrop of deep purple falls away, a battery of varicolored spotlights built into the production booth high above the tables takes over. The management boasts that there isn't a blind spot in the house, and, indeed, there may be none, from ringside to topmost tier. The music at the Now Grove is a moon shot away from the businessman's bounce of Freddy Martin, a Grove fixture for decades. The baton is now in the hip hand of George Rhodes, whose orchestra is well salted with such friendly jazz faces as guitarist Herb Ellis, trombonist Jimmy Cleveland and longtime Basie man Marshall Royal punching a requisite pizzazz into the saxes. What's more, the band, with its top-notch jazz-rock dance fare, works—not only in superb support of the shows but in getting the dinner audiences out onto the floor. For reservations, telephone 386-5522.

BOOKS

Irving Howe, eminent literary critic and political analyst, has the distinction of wanting to be true and humane rather than original and shocking. His latest book of essays, *Decline of the New* (Harcourt, Brace & World), makes a sober effort to re-evaluate the heritage of literary modernism. Addressing himself to the fabled "common reader"—the man who reads Joyce and Cervantes, Kafka and Thomas Hardy with the same discerning pleasure—Howe ranges from the virtues and limitations of the culture of modernism to the recent garbled history of the New York intellectuals. When he's enthusiastically in tune with his subject, as in his moving essays on Isaac Bashevis Singer, George Orwell and Ignazio Silone, he really does tell the common reader something new and illuminating; but when, as in his essays on Céline and so-called post-modern fiction, he ventures into adjoining territory, where sensibility and fantasy count for more than judiciousness and decorum, he becomes slightly pompous. On balance, though, he is one of our most intelligent critics and has here made a notable attempt to build a solid causeway across the bogs and badlands of the present-day intellectual scene. In the anthology *Beyond the New Left* (McCall), Howe appears in his second important role as socialist and democrat, writing a roundup introduction to this series of essays by political

Gordon's. It's how the Brr-rr-r-ish keep their gin up!



Brr-rrr! Gordon's & Tonic.

The longer and hotter the summer, the taller and cooler this is going to taste. 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin. Pour into highball glass with ice cubes, and fill with tonic water. Add slice of lemon or lime.

Brr-rrr! Gordon's & Ginger.

Any drink mixed with Gordon's is made with the distinctive dryness, the delicate flavour of a gin based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin. Pour into highball glass with ice cubes, and fill with ginger ale. Add slice of orange if desired.



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Would we change even one ingredient in Gordon's Gin? Un-do that precious dryness even a jot? Never! 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin. Juice of ½ lemon. Pour into highball glass with ice cubes, fill with soda water. Add a little powdered sugar. Stir, decorate with orange slice.

Brr-rrr! Gordon's Rickey.

When you're the biggest seller in England, America, the world, you don't make waves with your liquid! 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin. Squeeze juice from ½ lime and add, with the rind, to highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water, stir.

thinkers as diverse and exciting as Theodore Draper, Richard Lowenthal, Paul Goodman, Lewis Coser and Michael Harrington. Can the need of the young for roaring revolutionary psychodrama be tamed and brought into line with the patient politics of reform and reconstruction? Howe and most of his associates in this volume think that it can and should, that a "strategy of coalition" must supplant the "passions of insurgency." To this end, they have covered almost every aspect of today's New Left scene, from Fanon and Debray to Marcuse and the Black Panthers. Anyone wishing to get a clear report on these matters could do much worse than read this book. On the other hand, it's unlikely to set anyone's mind and heart throbbing with visions of a revitalized socialism. If Goodman is right and the world is undergoing a change in values as vast and earth-shaking as the Protestant Reformation (a review of his book on the subject starts on this page), with the young people confusedly reflecting this stormy transition, then a great deal of what is said here may be reasonable, even just, but finally irrelevant. Not only socialism but also such worthy notions as coalition politics (working inside the left wing of the Democratic Party) may simply be outmoded responses to a situation that has changed more radically than these middle-aged radicals can imagine or admit.

Dan Wakefield demonstrates in *Going All the Way* (Delacorte) that you don't have to be Jewish to suffer. Willard "Sonny" Burns, fresh out of the Service, surrounded by as many parents as Portnoy ever despaired of, proves that you don't even have to know a Jew to inherit your share of woe. It comes with being alive. And having parents. And seeing the world, even a little, with the eyes of a victim. Sonny is neither a "Jock" nor a "Big Rod" but just a sort of average American boy with a heart full of desperation and a head full of day-and-night, fantasy-fed, hard-core lasciviousness. Early in the novel, Sonny teams up with Gunner Casselman, erstwhile letterman, make-out artist and now a Purple Heart vet questioning values. Together, the boys spend an uneasy, transitional summer in their home town of Indianapolis, trying to situate themselves in a community that asks no more of them than that they act as if the world they have discovered doesn't exist. *Going All the Way* is as traditionally American as French fries or pizza: a story of disillusion and departure. What Wakefield has done is to add a few personal touches that make this first novel a funny, touching piece of fiction. The quality of ingenuousness that Sonny tries so hard to shed is the quality that gives the novel

its charm. Neither Sonny nor his creator reaches beyond the natural limits of his style; but when Sonny, at a critical point in the story, looks up and sees that "beyond a scruffy stretch of woodland, the sun collided with the flat horizon and began to bleed," we know the nature of his heart and of the author's art.

The shots that killed John Kennedy and Martin Luther King still echo in the stream of books and articles that postulate new assassination theories ranging from plausible plots to paranoid delusions. The two latest entries in this field will disappoint the conspiracists; each examines the motives and personality of those assumed to be the riflemen, scrutinizes the facts and concludes that simple explanations come closest to the truth. In *He Slew the Dreamer* (Delacorte), William Bradford Huie has the journalistic integrity to abandon the conspiracy theory that originally inspired his study of James Earl Ray—and that would have made a far more sensational book. As the author patiently unravels the mysteries of the anonymous "fat man," the unusual aliases, the Canadian passport and the sources of Ray's money, the reader is left with a depressingly clear picture of a loner and a loser whose singular endowment may have been the neurotic capability of planning a murder and inventing a headline-making conspiracy. Somewhat less successfully (and more tediously), Albert H. Newman attempts to fathom the motives of Lee Harvey Oswald in *The Assassination of John F. Kennedy, the Reasons Why* (Potter). The result is an experiment in "sustained deductive inquiry" that closely approaches mind reading. By examining Oswald in the context of his own statements, his known actions and contemporary news events, Newman vindicates the Warren Commission in its basic conclusions—that Oswald was a lone assassin acting out of impulse and opportunity. Newman attaches great significance to the attempted shooting of General Edwin Walker, whom the author feels was the crucial person/target in understanding Oswald's actions both before and immediately after the shooting of President Kennedy. But the author's efforts to explain the murderer's impulse leads to speculation sometimes as wild as the complex plots of rival theorists.

Life at the Limit (Coward-McCann) is the enjoyable, informative and frequently humorous autobiography of English racing driver Graham Hill. Written from a hospital bed while Hill was recuperating from injuries sustained during the 1969 U. S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, New York, the book serves as an excellent introduction to the world of Grand Prix driving and drivers. Hill, of course, is among the premier performers of the

pro tour: Twice world champion, three times runner-up, he is the only man ever to capture a major road race (the Monaco Grand Prix) five times. Hill's career started in 1953, when he paid 70 cents a lap to drive an old Formula III Cooper around the track at Brand's Hatch, England. By 1958, he was in Grand Prix competition: "The first time I went down the straight at Spa-Francorchamps in Belgium, where the car was able to reach its true top speed, I was absolutely scared stiff. The car kept going faster and faster and the road seemed to get narrower and narrower, until I just backed off the throttle in a blue funk, went back into the pits and had a bit of a think. I decided that I wasn't cut out to be a racing driver after all . . . then I got back in my car and in a few laps I got the hang of it, and eventually it didn't worry me at all." Hill went on to pull off such feats as winning the Indianapolis 500 in his first attempt. Early in 1968, Hill and teammate Jimmy Clark were entered in a race at Hockenheim, Germany; Clark was killed when his car went off the road and crashed into trees. Remembering Clark, Hill writes, "He was a fighter whom you could never shake off and whom you never dared underestimate. . . . He was an ideal racing driver." Judging from his racing record and *Life at the Limit*, so is Graham Hill.

Stanley Ellin, as readers of *The Eighth Circle* know, writes an intelligent mystery that no one need be ashamed to be seen reading in public. His new suspense novel, *The Bind* (Random House), finds free-lance insurance investigator Jake Dekker on a stake-out in Miami Beach, trying to disprove a \$200,000 double-indemnity claim by the widow of one Walter Thoren. If Jake can provide evidence that Thoren's death was not accidental, he gets \$100,000. If he can prove nothing, he gets nothing. The free-booting American way, reduced to its essentials. There's a complication, though. Jake has brought with him a bright, good-looking ex-actress to pose as his wife while he takes up residence near the Thoren family. Reluctantly on both sides, they become "involved." At several points, there are what the girl takes to be opportunities for Jake to choose between her and the money—and he always seems to lean dangerously close to the money. At the end, he leans even closer. There is a quality to this ending not unlike that of Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, and you can't say much more than that for a suspense story.

"We are on the eve of a transformation of conscience," Paul Goodman asserts in *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative* (Random House). "The entire relationship of science, technology

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 **A** 
20 CIGARETTES

Tareyton



"That's why us
Tareyton smokers
would rather fight
than switch!"

and social needs both in men's minds and in facts" will have to be changed if Goodman's analysis is correct. Scientists, for instance, will have to fight for the proper use of their work and "inform and alter the public." Young people, now experiencing what Goodman terms a "religiosity" of communing with one another—music and drugs being among their sacraments—must go on to purge and humanize the priorities of science, technology and civil institutions. The result, argues Goodman, will be autonomous, ethical professionals doing humane work. As an anarchist, his strong preference is for maximum decentralization of initiative and decision making. But Goodman has a practical as well as a utopian bent and offers as one model an American adaptation of "the so-called Scandinavian or mixed economy, of big and small capitalism, producers' and consumers' cooperatives, independent farming and state and municipal socialism, each with a strong influence. To this I would add a sector of pure communism, free appropriation adequate for decent poverty for those who do not want to make money or are too busy with non-paying pursuits to make money. . . ." There is much more in these integrally connected probings into the possibilities of ending the alienation and impotence so many now feel. Goodman's book will turn off apocalyptic revolutionaries, but it has a great deal to say to those who have not forgotten that "participatory democracy was the chief idea in the Port Huron Statement, the founding charter of Students for a Democratic Society." Goodman remains a true believer in that idea and a prodigiously innovative provider of suggestions to make it work, so that we can live together "with a minimum of envy, pointless rivalry, anxiety, irrational violence or the need to dominate."

In the transcendently wacky cartoon world of *Tomi Ungerer's Compromises* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), anything at all is liable to happen: A glutton's head is replaced by a chicken; caterpillars crawl through a woman's body to become butterflies; a voyeuristic God lifts up rooftops. He occasionally takes a swipe at something political (grubby New Left members are shown riding in an elongated convertible, with a monstrous hammer and sickle as baggage) or something abstract ("A Nick of Time" is represented by a clock pendulum slicing through a man's head). But Ungerer's favorite subject is sex: A cigar-chomping male fancies that his phallus is a snarling bulldog and a girl recites a variation on "He loves me . . . loves me not" while plucking hairs from a scrotum that has been detached from its owner. Women get especially harsh treatment: They make subservient males hold the files while they sharpen their claws,

or the dustpans while they straddle their brooms in naked, satanic ecstasy; their breasts are variously pictured as egg beaters, footballs or—when milady swims underwater—batches of octopuslike tentacles. Wicked, indeed.

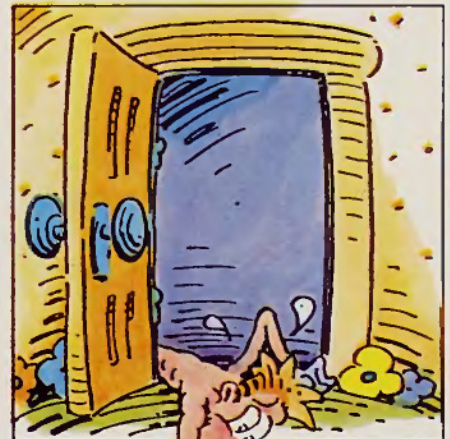
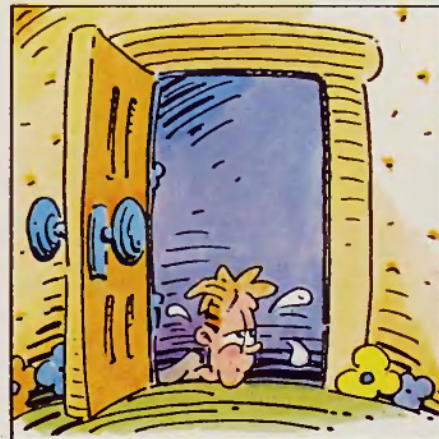
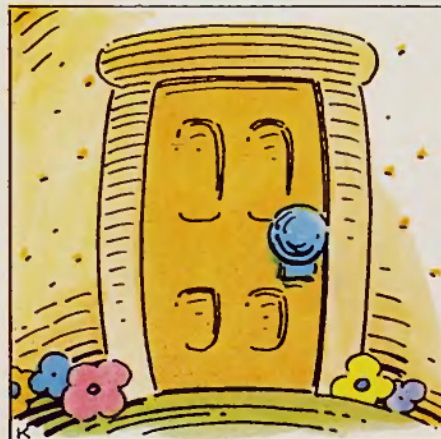
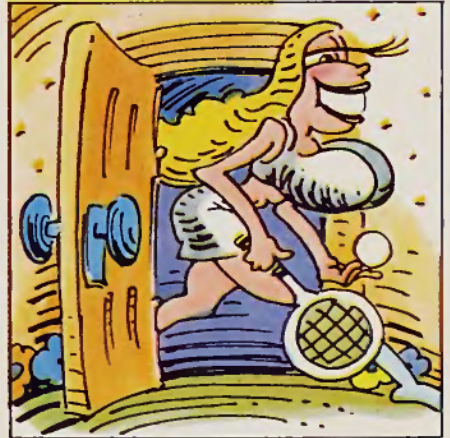
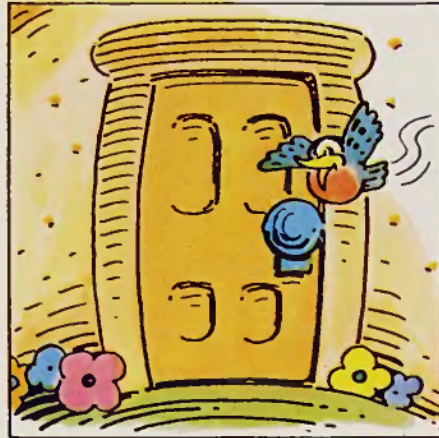
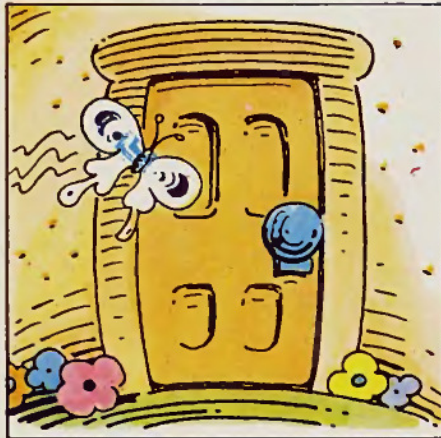
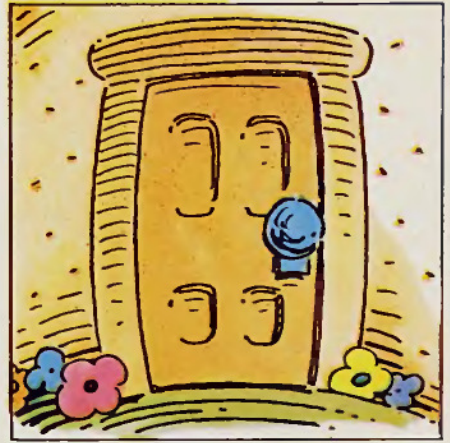
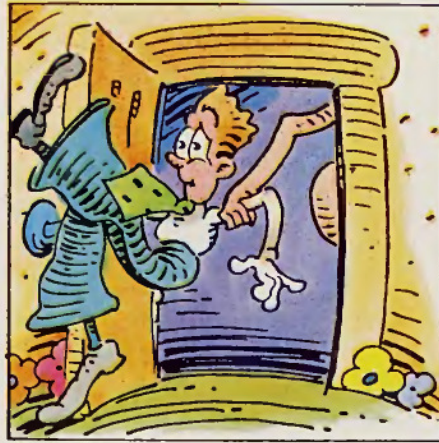
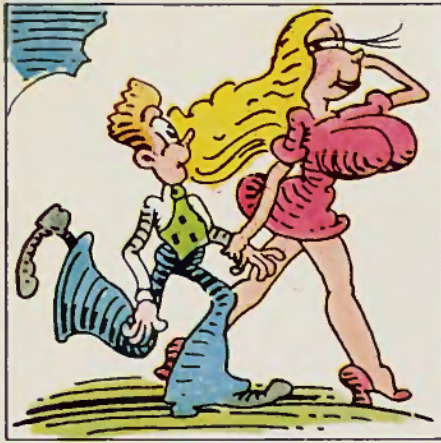
Ships have been used before in fiction as microcosms, but hardly ever to more ominous effect than in *A Quiet Voyage Home* (Little, Brown). Richard Jessup takes the S.S. New York, "finest ship in the world," as his stage for a shattering youth/age confrontation that, undercutting all ideologies, resolves itself in terms of gut reaction and raw power. What the "now" generation wants, according to Jessup's reading of student riots, is a dominant role in the leadership of society. Thwarted, it may resort to anarchy. Anarchy is in the blood of Indian, the cold-eyed, Cassius-lean protagonist of the story. A product of America's Midwest, he has studied, the better to subvert, the various power structures of American society, beginning with that of the football field. Heading home aboard the New York from the Paris student riots of May 1968, he finds himself with an opportunity to put his knowledge and will to the test. The captain and crew form the ship's power structure, the first- and second-class passengers its silent majority, the 1600 students jammed into tourist class its restless youth. With youth power his aim and destruction his means, Indian sets about creating an "issue," lining up behind it both freaks and squares among the students in one clamorous unit and launching his attack upon established order. The ship's doctor is an ex-Cuban who understands this kind of game without rules, and there is an Army colonel who is ready to learn it; but it's the power play between the captain, the symbol of entrenched authority, and Indian, the symbol of hungry youth, that decides the course of action. Out of the turmoil of events, the logic of cold debate and the well-knit structure of the novel, there emerges—simple yet urgent—youth's current warning to age. This most unquiet voyage home is an exciting, swift and hard-hitting parable of what may happen—and perhaps is already happening—within America's ship of state.

So many books on the military-industrial complex have been appearing these days that one more hardly seems necessary; but *Pentagon Capitalism* (McGraw-Hill) by Seymour Melman may be the best of a good bunch. Although a condemnation of the Pentagon, which Melman believes has long swallowed up the White House and the State Department, there is nothing strident about this book. Sober, matter-of-fact, slightly dull and sometimes impenetrable when the author quotes from Government procurement handbooks or discusses management tech-

niques, *Pentagon Capitalism* nonetheless tells a horror story in which we're all the victims. A professor of industrial engineering, Melman declares that we are a full decade into the post-military-industrial-complex period. If he's right, it's the Pentagon that dominates big business, not the other way around; and the Vietnam war is the result not of capitalistic imperialism but of the insatiable institutional need of the "state-management" war machine to grow and perpetuate itself. What Melman says is no less than that other Vietnams are inevitable and that our lives and liberties are imperiled unless we swiftly and decisively slash the political, economic and military powers of the Pentagon—an admonition more easily uttered than accomplished. But *Pentagon Capitalism* is a treasure of fact and analysis not only of how Pentagonism has meant a militaristic foreign policy but of how it has damaged almost every aspect of American life to a degree that we are just beginning to comprehend.

Before pop art became all the rage, artist Larry Rivers was using familiar images from advertising, familiar scenes from American history and such objects as cigarette packages, cigar boxes, flags and the good old bank note to create and convey the world of his mind's eye. Since then, he has continued to go his own special way, using the techniques of abstraction without ever losing touch with real people in a real world. For, unlike some of his jazzier contemporaries, Rivers is a highly competent draftsman. Now, in *Larry Rivers* (Abrams), Sam Hunter, professor of art history at Princeton, puts the artist's career into perspective with the help of 220 illustrations, 52 of them in full color. This hearty volume provides an incomparable opportunity to explore the progress and achievements of a brilliant contemporary career.

Marvin Kitman, the renowned scholar, Presidential candidate and PLAYBOY contributor, was working on *The Making of a President 1789*. In the course of his research, as readers of our February 1970 issue will recall, he came upon the meticulous memoranda kept by George Washington that comprise the basis for *George Washington's Expense Account* (Simon & Schuster). Like the article from which it was expanded, the book is a formidable historical document that lesser scholars will envy for its thoroughness, subtlety and interpretive skill. The Father of his Country—and of the expense-account way of life that sustains it—was, of course, a wealthy man who offered to lead the anti-imperialist struggle for no salary. Fair is fair, however, so the Congress agreed to reimburse him for expenses. Honest George charged off not only household expenses, including



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imported linen and madeira by the case, but servants' wages, undercover agents and even his wife's trips to the front. The bill for the eight years from June 1775 to June 1783, duly audited and paid without a murmur by a Congressional committee (which happened to be headed by a crony) came to \$449,261.51. When Washington offered to serve as President without salary, just expenses, the Congress, which had learned a thing or two, chose instead to give him \$25,000 per annum. Kitman fanciers can have more of him in a new collection of his magazine pieces (including several from PLAYBOY) titled *You Can't Judge a Book by Its Cover* (Weybright & Talley). A generous sampling of a genial wit.

When two books on an identical theme are published in the same week, comparison, though odious, is also instructive. *Encounter* (Grossman) by sociology professor John Mann and *Marathon 16* (Putnam) by psychiatrist Martin Shepard and his collaborator Marjorie Lee offer dramatized accounts of group psychotherapy encounters. *Marathon 16* is an edited transcript of a tape-recorded 16-hour session; *Encounter* is a fictional reconstruction of an actual weekend meeting. Both attempt to show how a number of strangers, meeting for the first time, can talk and act with such ruthless honesty that each of them is ultimately obliged to see himself not only more clearly but more kindly. And both books fail for the same reason: The truly dramatic conflicts being waged within the consciousness of each person appear only on the conversational surface. *Encounter*, which tries to convey a deeper sense of internal struggle, only draws attention to its contrived technique. *Marathon 16*, by contrast, is a sound track in print and thus has some of the impact of eavesdropping. The overheard conversation is often boring, banal, predictable—but equally often, it is laced with human pain, fear, loneliness and the longing to be loved. *Marathon 16* ends with Dr. Shepard's asking the participants to join him in stripping away the last of their concealments—their clothing. As they react to his request, the individual responses of the five men and five women reveal the inner self more nakedly than the body itself.

DINING-DRINKING

There used to be two good reasons for visiting fiscal firemen spending time on Wall Street and its tributaries: The lairs of the burgeoning conglomerates were on "the street" and nearby were the fabled Fulton Fish Market restaurants. Now, the conglomerates have moved to glass palaces in midtown and there is a superb new seafood restaurant that will serve the needs of the most finicky of fish fanatics. Joe's

Pier 52 (144 West 52nd Street) is owned by Broadway producer Joe (*Applause*, *High Button Shoes*, *La Plume de Ma Tante*) Kipness. The decor is a smashing mélange of nautical nugacity created by Frederick Fox, the Broadway scenic designer. Seaweed green, skyblue and yard-arm brown are the dominating colors, from the thick carpets up through the table settings to the beamed ceiling. Miniature sailing-ship models, figureheads from sloops and beautiful prints of whalers right out of Herman Melville are all so elegant that they make the clamshell and fish-net atmosphere of other seafood joints seem low camp. The menu appears to contain nearly everything edible that grows in salt or fresh water. The red snapper is particularly good—broiled in its own juices, like the other fish on the list. Joe's stone crabs, flown in daily from Florida, are a specialty served with a pungent mustard sauce. On Fridays and Saturdays, a huge Bouillabaisse Marseillaise is offered. After that, you'll find that you have little room left on board for even a minnow's share of the two flagships of the dessert menu—Mississippi Pecan Pie and Chocolate Cheesecake. The latter is so rich and good it must be illegal. Joe's Pier 52 is open all week from noon until two A.M. and reservations are definitely in order (245-6652).

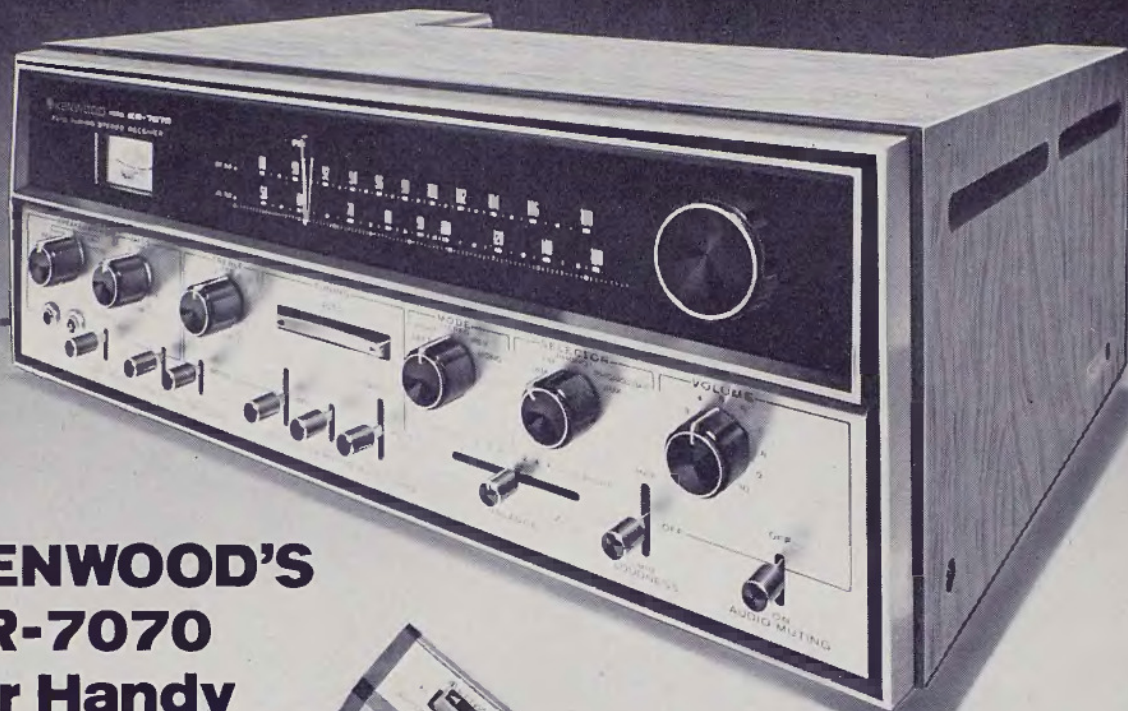
MOVIES

Readers who said they were never able to wade through *Catch-22* should find smoother sailing through the movie version of Joseph Heller's brilliantly lunatic novel about a U. S. bomber squadron in Italy during World War Two. It's one hell of a film, shrewdly updated by director Mike Nichols and scenarist-comedian Buck Henry (Nichols' collaborator on *The Graduate*, who also doubles here in the role of Lieutenant Colonel Korn) to make meaningful satire for the Seventies. In the final scene of *Catch-22*, Alan Arkin as Heller's hero, Captain Yossarian, launches a frail yellow rubber raft onto the wide blue sea—making one last heroic bid to escape from war, venality, stupidity and all the well-established practices that threaten the very survival of mankind. It's a crazy gesture but one sure to be instantly understood by alienated youth and any among us who see, as Heller saw, a mad, mad world full of "people cashing in on every decent impulse and every human tragedy." *Catch-22* on film is cold, savage and chilling comedy that inspires uneasy laughter about the sickness of the times, in the memorable tradition of *Dr. Strangelove*, and also firmly establishes Nichols' place in the front rank of American directors. Though obviously indebted to such European masters as Fellini, Nichols (shooting over schedule and officially over budget for a total of some \$15,000,000, though unofficial ap-

praisals range much higher) finds a free and fluid personal style that transforms the nightmare world of the novel into a turbulent stream of consciousness flowing from the feverish brain of Yossarian. The movie's subjective approach is inconsistent at times, and some minor details of plot may well befuddle non-readers; but mostly, the pieces fall into place with astonishing regularity. When a flight of B-25 bombers rises like starlings into a misty dawn and goes winging away while real birds begin to sing through the sudden quiet of an airfield, *Catch-22* poetically and succinctly states its attitude toward the bloody violence to come—and an audience can relax, confident that sensitive professionals are in charge. Starting with Arkin, whose finest screen performance to date makes Yossarian seem a cross between Don Quixote and the Good Soldier Schweik, a mammoth company of actors delivers its cryptic dialog in the well-calculated and perfectly timed Nichols manner. Standouts include Anthony Perkins as the uncertain Chaplain Tappan; Richard Benjamin as Major Danby; Art Garfunkel (of Simon & G) in a surprisingly able stint as the naïve Nately, who falls in love with a corpulent Roman street-walker and intends to take her home to Long Island; Jon Voight, very sharp, indeed, as Minderbinder, the super-capitalist; and Bob Newhart, who all but steals the show in one inimitable scene as a neurotic major named Major. Orson Welles, Martin Balsam, Paula Prentiss, Jack Gilford and Martin Sheen also pop up from time to time, doing their bits to persuade you that *Catch-22* would be an important event in any movie year. *M.A.S.H.*, move over.

The Strawberry Statement is the most exciting and cogent movie about youth since *Easy Rider*. No simple-minded song of revolution, *Statement* was adapted by off-Broadway playwright Israel Horowitz from James Simon Kunen's best seller, in diary form, about his experiences during the Columbia student revolts in 1968. In Horowitz' fictional version, which gains impact from 1970's crescendos of violence on campuses across the U. S., the truth blazes—and the truth hurts. The protagonist, played by 23-year-old Bruce Davison (the blond troublemaker of *Last Summer*) to offhand perfection, is a fairly average student at a California university, a lip-service liberal who belongs to the rowing crew and looks upon causes with a diffident smile. His growing self-awareness begins when he drifts into a student strike against R. O. T. C., defense research, blind authoritarianism and a university plan to house its military establishment in a building that will displace a playground for children of a nearby ghetto. The film's seemingly irrelevant title derives from an actual statement made by a faculty spokesman

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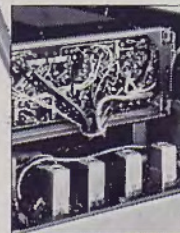


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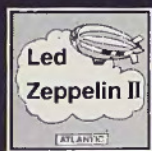
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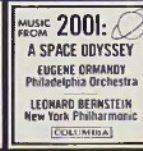
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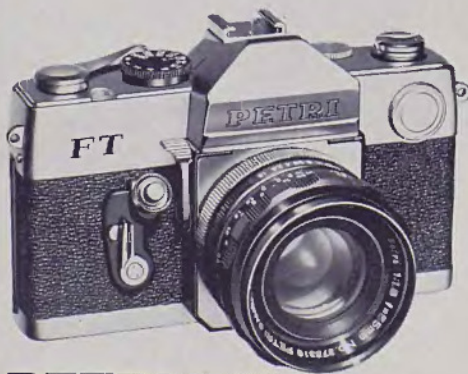
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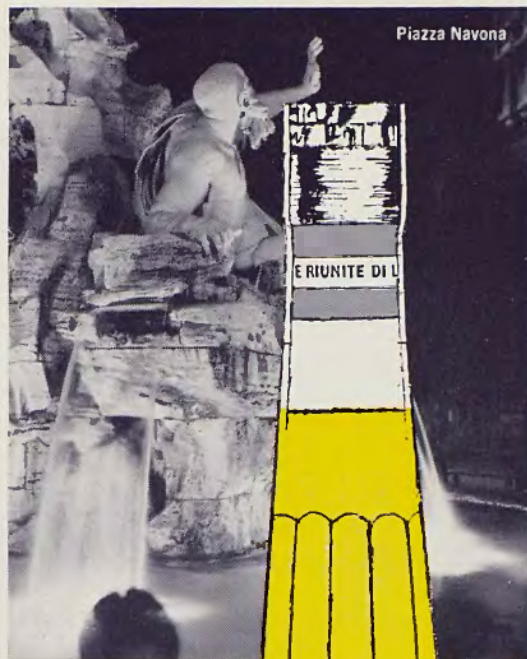
who declared that student opinions on any issue were about as relevant as whether or not they liked strawberries. Though *The Strawberry Statement* ends with an orgy of violence that will send shudders down your spine the next time you see helmeted policemen, the movie's sources of energy are nonviolent. Making his feature-film debut, director Stuart Hagmann falls into the common error of striving to be cinematic—which too often means that the camera literally runs rings around the actors and a viewer has to brace himself against the blur. But Hagmann also has the confidence to relax now and then, to look at long-haired boys with their birds (*True Grit's* Kim Darby is the bird to watch) and listen to the way kids talk and think and feel about one another and the world they're about to inherit.

Allowing Otto Preminger to employ his *Panzer* tactics against the frail substance of *Tell Me That You Love Me*, *Junie Moon* amounts to something like statutory rape. Preminger, at his vulgar best in such things as *Anatomy of a Murder* and *The Cardinal*, is all thumbs with Marjorie Kellogg's screenplay (based on her novel) about three physically handicapped people who leave the cold comforts of a hospital and pursue happiness as a trio in a house of their own. Anyone who hasn't read the book will undoubtedly determine to pass it by after two hours of exposure to old Doc Preminger's syrupy remedies for the crippled queer (played by Robert Moore, who staged *The Boys in the Band*), the insecure epileptic (Broadway's Tony Award winner Ken Howard) and the former good-time girl (Liza Minnelli) whose face was splashed with battery acid. Though ostensibly a wry and wistful ode to the world's losers, *Junie Moon* smacks of pure Hollywood whenever Moore and Liza start matching wits; and the rest of the dialog oozes awkward sentimentality. Preminger patronizes his characters shamelessly, and the result is a kind of Disneyland freak show.

George Peppard plays *The Executioner*, a spy who differs from most of his colleagues—at least the ones who have been showing up on movie screens of late—in that he is anything but cynical about the job he has to do. Peppard believes in patriotism, loyalty among friends and the essential virtues of anti-communism. It just happens that he has also been the lover of an errant lady (Joan Collins) whose husband, a high-ranking official in British Intelligence, appears to be the source of a serious leak to Soviet agents in Europe. When Peppard decides to go against orders and eliminate the man he cuckolded, *The Executioner* takes a series of deft turns into cynicism by questioning motives and generally laying



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waste the idea that espionage serves any useful purpose except to provide an outlet for unenlightened self-interest. Director Sam Wanamaker manages to sustain a lethally serious mood after an opening scene of such extravagant carnage that you may find yourself laughing out loud. Peppard's cool blue eyes convey precisely the look of smug righteousness that might lead an assassin astray, and blonde Judy Geeson helps relieve the tension of a truly diabolical plot as a swinging little MI clerk who keeps her bed warm for spies coming in from the cold.

True-blue Beatlemania who never have enough of John, Paul, George and Ringo will be pleased to learn that there is virtually nothing else in *Let It Be*, a kind of visual aid to the Beatles' album of the same title, but pallid in comparison with one or two earlier documentaries about the foursome (particularly the Maysles brothers' *What's Happening! The Beatles in the U.S.A.*). The only supporting player of note is John Lennon's lady, Yoko Ono, who sits beside or near Lennon throughout the rehearsal and recording sessions—a silent and inscrutable alter ego. With the Beatles disbanded as of last report, *Let It Be* becomes a nostalgic social document for historians of the Sixties. It is interesting to note that despite its fine, solid sound, the group looks tired—all, perhaps, except for Paul McCartney, who emerges on film as the Beatles' blithest spirit—like a quartet of friendly but weary pros who have traveled a long, long road since their youth and ebullience first brightened the cinematic landscape with *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* As Beatles movies go, *Let It Be* amounts to little more than the lazy way out of a contractual obligation. It comes to a cheeky climax, though, with a session on the rooftop of the Apple company's home office in London—a major happening that stops traffic, disrupts business for blocks around and brings uniformed bobbies to the scene. The cops, of course, are helpless against this disturbance of the peace and might as well lodge a complaint against earth tremors.

While Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones rehearsed for a recording session, Jean-Luc Godard focused a camera on them and used the footage for his new political tract, *Sympathy for the Devil* (originally titled *I + I*, which identifies Godard's own version of the film—altered over his strenuous objections by the producers, who end *Sympathy* with a complete and rather redundant performance by the Stones of the title song). Godard's idea, reduced to essentials, is apparently that out of seeming chaos, the musicians are putting it all together—and so are black militants, so are student radicals, so is he. A challenging concept, but Godard blows it again, flourishing his

credentials as a revolutionary at the expense of his far-superior skills as a moviemaker. What he has actually put on film is schizophrenic and frequently anesthetic, an OK musical documentary grafted with great strain onto some random sequences about a girl named Eve Democracy who paints slogans on fences and about a band of black Ché Guevaras who rape and murder white girls in an auto graveyard (where technological societies go to die, if we read Godard's simplistic symbols correctly). The saving grace of *Sympathy for the Devil* is that Godard's maddening pretensions can never quite subdue his talent, and the movie soars to a beautifully projected climax that romantics of every persuasion should find irresistible—when a giant camera crane on the beach, with black and red flags whipped by the wind, swoops the body of his martyred heroine skyward and instantaneously transforms preachments into poetry.

Remember the Statue of Liberty buried in the sand during the closing scenes of *Planet of the Apes*? Well, *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* begins where 1968's box-office bonanza left off, only to meet the fate of many another movie sequel. Here again is spaceman Charlton Heston running around in his loincloth, followed by James Franciscus and earth-girl Linda Harrison. Maurice Evans and Kim Hunter are also back in apeskins, as two of the more liberal simians in charge of maintaining peace on the planet. This time out, the apes are divided among themselves about whether to invade the fearful Forbidden Zone, where some erstwhile humans—a wretched species—live in subterranean caverns mindlessly worshipping a nuclear bomb. They're a god-awful ugly bunch of mutants, and they waste a lot of time and money spelling out a message for the world of today. You'll get the idea when Franciscus, as a former astronaut, clambers into the burned-out, dank site of a subway station marked Queensboro Plaza, then staggers onto the rusted tracks to pick up an artifact—a tattered poster declaring, NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL.

Though the title is a misnomer, *Sexual Freedom in Denmark* more than adequately covers every bedside hint and anatomical detail that's been left out of previous exploitation movies. This profusely illustrated documentary, a primer for very advanced classes in sex education, shows everything that the eye of a roving camera can possibly get down to see—from erection to oral-genital contact, penetration, ejaculation, orgasm and birth. The basic positions that aren't shown in a montage of stills taken from Indian temple art and Oriental erotica are photographically set forth in sequences of sexual choreography for two, with

handsome couples who appear unmindful of genital close-ups. Produced and directed by M. C. Von Hellen, the film attempts to view sexual freedom in historical perspective, using modern Denmark—where the age of consent is 15 for girls who feel ready—as proof of the thesis that liberation from old taboos can create a healthy moral climate. Interviews with psychologists and enthusiasts segue into quotations from Nietzsche ("Christianity has given a draught of poison to Eros"), and there are moments of outright dullness for those who don't really need another chalk-talk showing how one tiny spermatozoan finds its way to the female egg. Though doubt about the seriousness of *Sexual Freedom's* intentions arises when a narrator quotes the U. S. Constitution on freedom of the press while a camera stationed at crotch level watches a girl slithering out of a transparent G string, the lovemaking scenes finally lend beauty and dignity to the movie and press the case against censorship to new frontiers.

The suspicion that *Too Late the Hero* was actually made a couple of decades ago is fortified by the presence of Henry Fonda, looking young as ever in his "special-guest-star" stint as a World War Two Army captain who has to sit behind his mahogany desk, ordering other men to go out and die. We're back in the South Pacific, mates, somewhere on a Philippine island that has become infested with Japs. Another impossible mission must be performed, and the only indication that anything new has been added to war movies since 1950 is the presence of Cliff Robertson and Michael Caine, as a testy Anglo-American team whose attitude toward the job at hand can be summed up in a single line of dialog: "Getting ourselves killed isn't going to make any difference to anybody except us." Having once established that *Too Late the Hero* does not endorse the glories of war, producer-director-co-author Robert (*The Dirty Dozen*) Aldrich proceeds to splatter blood 'n' guts all over the jungle. War may be hell, but boys will be boys.

Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman bathes in a tubful of money, playwright Sam Shepard (see pages 19 and 34) appears nude, growling at the U. S. A. in a public-service commercial, and cinematographer John Hanish doubles as a barebacked lover balling his girl atop the trunk of a moving convertible. That's Win Chamberlain's *Brand X*, which would have been classified as an underground movie a few short years ago. Now, however, anything goes, and Chamberlain tries to pack most of it into a nose-thumbing pictorial essay that he calls "propaganda for the politics of joy and disorder." We suspect that Chamberlain prefers disorder. He certainly coins phrases better than he makes

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movies, yet *Brand X* has some validity as the subculture's answer to a consumer society dominated by TV. Looser than *Laugh-In*, the movie is chiefly a collage of commercials held together by your host, underground-movie favorite Taylor Mead, who begins with a morning exercise show and ends with a *Sermonette*. The space between is filled by the aforementioned notables, as well as by actress Sally Kirkland (the nude Duse), Ultra Violet, Candy Darling and Joy Bang, who plug the simple pleasures of dirt, sweat and fornication ("keeps you younger-looking"). No screenwriter receives credit, since the performers frequently concocted their dialog on the spot, apparently with childlike faith that any sort of put-down adds up to first-rate satire.

Home from abroad to languish at her family's country manse in the north of England, a restless schoolgirl finds herself responding with unexpected fervor to the hot-eyed husband of a gypsy fortune-teller. Whether the heroine is a creature of naturally passionate instincts or the product of bad blood—on her mother's side—colors the argument of *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, based on a work by D. H. Lawrence. With *Women in Love* as the pacesetter, English film makers are evidently finding new relevance in Lawrence; and *The Virgin*—a junior-miss variation on the *Lady Chatterley* theme—upholds the tradition without adding to it anything of major importance. Scenarist Alan Plater and director Christopher Miles are skillful collaborators who render down to the last detail the stifling boredom of country life during the post-Victorian 1920s—with occasional relief provided by Honor Blackman's performance as a renegade social butterfly who alights with her lover just long enough to scandalize the townsfolk. The virgin is played by doe-eyed Joanna Shimkus, opposite Italy's Franco Nero, who acts chiefly with his muscles but has a personality characterized by the firm phallic thrust that is the number-one requirement of Lawrencian heroes.

The Out-of-Towners stretches one thin joke into a lively, if overdone, comedy about the perils of life in modern New York. It goes without saying that this first original screenplay by Broadway's prodigious Neil Simon offers a volley of sharply curved gags at the expense of Fun City—as an urban jungle beset by air-traffic jams, garbage strikes, crowded hotels, muggers, demonstrators, con men, crackpots and cops. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis strive with enormous zeal to energize what Simon says about the arrival in Manhattan of a naïve young couple from Dayton, Ohio. Everything happens to the would-be immigrants: Their plane is late, their room reserva-

tions are canceled, their baggage is lost; by the time they straggle out of Central Park at dawn to seek solace in a church (closed for rehearsals of a pending telecast), they resemble the survivors of a Vietnam fire fight. That, in a nutshell, is the movie. Lemmon is, as usual, the prototypal American jerk, fully equipped with business suit, briefcase and ulcer. Sandy sports a Midwestern accent that might well make her *persona non grata* in every two-horse town between Dubuque and Toledo, but she also reveals a decided flair for knockabout farce.

Few of the presently fashionable clichés about youth are overlooked by freshman director Leonard Horn in *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, adapted for the screen by 23-year-old Robert T. Westbrook from his semi-autobiographical novel, which dealt with a boy who drops out of a vast computerized university not unlike Columbia. Westbrook's whimsically named hero lives his secret life right out in the open—jerking off in the bathtub while he reads a plaintive letter from his mom, luring a plumpish coed (hilariously played by Holly Near) to star in an underground flick titled *Masturbation* or gradually losing himself in the drug scene, until he emerges at last, presumably a bit wiser, though it would be difficult to say why or how. What's best in the film are a number of funny scenes that appear to be lifted whole from the book—a moviemaking bit, for example, or some of the sexual fantasies that become real when Stanley (Don Johnson) loses the once-virginal coed (Dianne Hull) he seduced and forms a sexual trio with two fetching hopheads (Linda Gillin and Victoria Racimo). Filmed partly on location in the environs of Columbia, *Stanley Sweetheart* already looks somewhat dated, if one measures its emphasis on free love and drugs against the more urgent issues behind today's campus unrest. Also, a certain Hollywood slickness prevails, as if the movie were made less for young audiences than for middle-class voyeurs who are panting to see just how far these damned kids will go.

Pseudo-soul music clutters the sound track of *Leo the Last*, while Marcello Mastroianni struggles gamely against the English language to maintain his identity in this misbegotten comedy about race relations in a London slum. As an inveterate bird watcher and blueblood—the last of a long, wavering aristocratic line—Marcello spends the greater part of the movie pointing a spyglass at his black neighbors, who fight, love, steal, get busted and raped and, finally, move the *émigré* prince to lead a tiny local revolution. Marcello does the noble thing, of course, when he discovers that he is—you guessed it—a slumlord whose

inheritance includes virtually every home on the street. As co-author and director of the scenario, John Boorman bears heavy responsibility for *Leo's* unwieldy combination of slapstick and social significance, filmed in an affected style that calls for myriad reflections in glass. Boorman can also claim the perverse distinction of having coaxed a very drab performance from the masterful Mastroianni.

All the busy flashbacks and fantasy sequences used by director Hal Ashby in *The Landlord* cannot spoil a comedy-drama that's as beautiful as it is black. Though the story, adapted by William Gunn from a novel by Kristin Hunter, is a shambles of subplots, the characters ring true in terms of social comedy. Better yet, the actors are a groovy crew, of which the grooviest include Pearl Bailey, Louis Gossett and gorgeous Diana Sands as resident blacks in a tenement in Brooklyn's Park Slope ghetto. Beau Bridges, oozing the little-boy manner that appears to be his stock in trade, plays the landlord of the title, a rich nonentity who belatedly leaves home (at the age of 29) to invest in urban housing. By the time he sees the futility of his efforts to soak up the black experience secondhand, *The Landlord* has evolved into a sad, searching comedy about a honkie so responsive to color that he finds his way to the bed of a mulatto go-go dancer (played with refreshing forthrightness by Marki Bey) and impregnates the seductive wife (Diana) of a black militant. Any summary of the action does an injustice to the movie's rich ethnic humor and candid dialog. Some of the choicest bits fall to Lee Grant, giving a brilliant comic performance as the hero's momma, who sets out to save her boy with lines like, "Didn't we all go together to see *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*"

Author-actor Ossie Davis, who wrote *Purlie Victorious*, makes his directorial debut on film with *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, a really *black* comedy that resembles nothing but itself. The director is black, the best of the actors are black, the location filming was done in the blackest, brightest spots of Harlem—including 125th Street's famed Apollo theater—and the idea bounced into being from the pages of a novel by black humorist Chester Himes. Godfrey Cambridge, in his guise as Grave Digger Jones, a Harlem detective, joins with his side-kick, Coffin Ed Johnson (Raymond St. Jacques), to expose a back-to-Africa movement headed by a bogus black messiah (Calvin Lockhart). But *Cotton* is basically a comedy of crime and suspense in which good guys, bad guys, tough broads and innocent bystanders show

their colors without reference to race. The obligatory putting down of Whitey, however, has seldom been achieved so spiritedly as in a scene between a black doxy (Judy Pace) and a dumb white cop (Dick Sabol) who is assigned to guard her and ends up in a public corridor—bare-assed and brandishing a pistol, with a paper bag over his head. Even the movie's scenes of violence have a wildly funny, poetic lilt to them that's as different from white farce as authentic soul music is different from swing. Though by no means a musical—despite a suite of vital background songs by composer Galt MacDermot of *Hair*—the actors play *Cotton* as if they could just as easily sing and dance it. The plot conveys a message of sorts, but don't let that worry you. Any hint of social significance is left in the dust of a chase through Harlem to recover a bale of cotton containing \$87,000. Most of it works so well that we foresee a sequel—if not a series—of cops-and-robbers misadventures featuring Grave Digger and Coffin Ed as two lovable pigs.

RECORDINGS

If *Déjà Vu* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) turns out to be the last LP by the squabbling Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, it will be a shame. Not only does the many-headed group produce some of the most fluid and together rock music ever heard, they also tell it like it really is for young people via such eloquent compositions as David Crosby's impassioned *Almost Cut My Hair* and Stephen Stills's haunting *4 + 20*; their interpretation of Joni Mitchell's *Woodstock* is enough to convince almost anyone that Woodstock Nation does exist.

Lena & Gabor (Skye; also available on stereo tape) has got to be one of the most refreshing LPs to surface in a long time. Singer Horne and guitarist Szabo, working on charts provided by Gary McFarland, put an additional sheen on such contemporary odes as *Something, Everybody's Talkin'*, *Yesterday When I Was Young* and *The Fool on the Hill*. A surprise dividend is Richard Tee, who plays what can best be described as roller-rink-style organ and makes you like it (dig what he does on *Talkin'*). The ageless Miss Horne has never sounded better, which means she's superb.

Since 1918, when James Reese Europe took the first band of jazzmen to the Continent that bears his surname, Afro-American musicians have often found greater acceptance there than in the United States. Two LPs that have come our way from Paris—*A Jackson in Your House* (BYG) and *People in Sorrow* (Pathé)—indicate that the Art Ensemble of Chicago is functioning well in its adopted

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home. Reed men Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell, bassist Malachi Favors and trumpeter Lester Bowie—who retain membership in Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians—fill both discs (readily available by mail from the companies) with fascinating aural textures; the nonmelodic sounds may take some getting used to, but the effort is well worth it.

We met Johnny ("Big Moose") Walker three years ago, when he was playing piano and singing the blues all night, every night, in a basement club on Chicago's Wells Street. In response to our asking if he had cut any records, he said he had never found anyone to record him right and he'd "rather die broke." Well, now he's got a record—*Rambling Woman* (BluesWay)—and it was done right. Walker's big-beat music, which stands at the spot where the blues and rock 'n' roll meet, benefits from the guitar of the late Earl Hooker and the way-out electronic sax of Otis Hale; the session, which includes a pair of long instrumentals, has a spontaneous quality that's all too rare today.

An absorbingly eclectic piece of work is *Tapestry* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), put down on vinyl by the New York Electric String Ensemble, some gentlemen who have no qualms about moving through three centuries of music. Harpsichord, guitars, basses, piano and drums are the instruments in hand (the ensemble is occasionally implemented by a brass choir), and Bach and Purcell, among others, have rarely had it so good. Not being able to find something that appeals to you on this LP is to admit to a tin ear. In somewhat the same vein is the Winter Consort's *Something in the Wind* (A&M; also available on stereo tape). Sax man-leader Paul Winter's sextet, augmented by additional pieces when the situation warrants, handles Bach, Ravel, Ives, Fred Neil and Jerry Jeff Walker with equal facility and aplomb. The Consort's sound never gets as tough as that of the N. Y. E. S. E., but it more than makes up for that in the richness of the musical fabric woven throughout.

Hector Berlioz didn't compose his *Grande Messe des Morts* to demonstrate the potentialities of four-channel sound, but he might just as well have, to judge from the new "Surround Stereo" recording of the work (Vanguard; tape only) made in Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle under the direction of Maurice Abravanel. A remarkable sense of spaciousness pervades the entire performance. The salient test, however, comes in the celebrated "Tuba Mirum," where four brass bands mingle their stentorian sounds in a mighty spatial melee. The

effect from four separately channeled speakers is staggering. The recording is also available on regular two-channel stereo tape and discs. Though not quite so spectacular in this guise, it still does ample justice to the fervor and finesse of Abravanel's conducting.

John Phillips (Dunhill; also available on stereo tape) finds the former leader of The Mamas and the Papas going it alone. Well, not quite; he has the support of some fine West Coast studio musicians—notably, pianist Larry Knechtel—who bring out the best in Phillips' sometimes obscure but always tuneful compositions. The over-all sound is a surprisingly smooth blend of such disparate elements as country steel guitar and background singing by a Raeletts-type group; Phillips' delivery is a bit shy but pleasant.

Stax's spoken-word label, Respect, has its first release in the Reverend Jesse Jackson's *I Am Somebody* (also available on stereo tape). After the Operation Breadbasket chant that serves as the title of the LP, Jackson delivers a rambling sermon, *Know Your Enemy* (who isn't necessarily white), followed by two shorter raps, *The Great Divide* (on dissension within the black community) and *Quarter on the Dime* (which explores the ramifications of the fact that Chicago's blacks, 25 percent of the city's population, live on 10 percent of its land). Jackson's delivery retains much of its excitement on record and his brand of black humor cuts like a scythe.

The 5th Dimension, after devoting the first side of *Portrait* (Bell; also available on stereo tape) to some uninspired romantic ballads and rhythm tunes, really gets it together on side two: Laura Nyro's *Save the Country* leads to an ear-bending medley of *The Declaration* (of Independence), Sam Cooke's *A Change Is Gonna Come* and the Rascals' *People Gotta Be Free*; Bob Alcivar's *Dimension Five*, a wordless, jazz-oriented opus, closes the proceedings with style. An extra virtue of the LP is the cover art by longtime PLAYBOY contributor LeRoy Neiman. Another singing group of unusual versatility is showcased in *Stairsteps* (Buddah; also available on stereo tape); a family in real life, the Steps show true togetherness as they limn a pair of Lennon-McCartney items, *Getting Better* and *Dear Prudence*, plus a number of engaging originals.

For years now, estimable reed man Tony Scott has popped up in exotic corners of the globe as an ex-officio ambassador of jazz; and his sojourns have had a marked effect upon his music. On *Tony Scott* (Verve; also available on stereo

tape), he heads up several groups that vary in size and personnel as he offers—in addition to such standard fare as *My Funny Valentine*, *Brother*, *Can You Spare a Dime?* and *Sophisticated Lady*—a trio of Eastern-influenced efforts, *Ode to an Oud*, *Swara Sulina* and *Homage to Lord Krishna*. Tony is heard on clarinet, baritone sax and flute, and it's all great Scott.

When Jimi Hendrix left Capitol Records, he had to promise them one future LP. *Band of Gypsies* (also available on stereo tape) is that record, and it's a gas. Etched live last New Year's Eve in Bill Graham's Fillmore East, it features the short-lived threesome that gives the jam its name. The emphasis is not on freakiness but on straight-ahead cooking, and with drummer Buddy Miles and bassist Billy Cox laying down a solid groove all the way, Hendrix does precisely that. A very different guitar master, Nashville's Chet Atkins has what may be his best side ever on *Yestergroovin'* (RCA; also available on stereo tape); the tunes swing more than usual, the arrangements are subtle and sparse and Atkins is perfection itself as he applies his blend of jazz, classical and country music to such old stand-bys as *Cherokee*, *Inka Dinka Doo* and *Tennessee Pride*. Lightweight stuff, but a must for guitar nuts.

McLemore Avenue (Stax; also available on stereo tape) is the thoroughfare in Memphis on which Stax Records is located; it's also Booker T. and the MG's' answer to the Beatles. All the material from *Abbey Road* is here, arranged in three well-knit medleys, with a separate version of *Something*. For the MG's, it's a significant departure from their customary three-minute formula; Booker T. (who, at 24, hasn't hit his musical peak yet) feels it's the best thing he's done, and we're inclined to agree.

Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana, discovered them; he notified the then-lead singer of the Supremes, who told Berry Gordy; and now the Jackson 5—a quintet of brothers, aged 10 to 16, who can sing the hell out of any tune—are headed for the top. *Diana Ross Presents the Jackson 5* (Motown; also available on stereo tape) is their debut LP and, despite the overambitious charts, the group hits the jackpot with *My Cherie Amour*, *Standing in the Shadows of Love* and ten other driving essays in soul.

Producer, bass man, singer, composer of tunes such as *Back Door Man*, *The Seventh Son*, *Spoonful* and *The Little Red Rooster*—among many others—Willie Dixon finally gets to do his own thing on *I Am the Blues* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape), and it's really fine.

Willie's unidentified backup musicians lay down a definitive groove throughout and his vocals reveal *mucho corazón*.

With each recording, the masterful Miles Davis discovers new ways his wonders to perform. *Bitches Brew* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) is a twin-LP package of near perfection. Miles is into all sorts of things—electronics, mysticism, avant-garde harmonics, exotic instrumentation and rhythms; you name it. And the Davis horn has never been more overpowering. For his forays into the unknown, Miles has gathered about him three electric pianists, a trio of drummers, plus a percussionist, a bassist and a Fender bassist, a soprano sax man and a bass clarinetist, and a superb electric guitarist, John McLaughlin, for whom one of the tracks is named. *Bitches Brew* gives every indication of becoming a jazz landmark.

THEATER

Inquest deals with a subject of utmost political and moral concern, the conviction and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg as atomic spies. Were the Rosenbergs innocent? Or, if guilty, how guilty? Were they villains or dupes? To what degree were they victims of the McCarthy era? What sort of people were they? None of these questions is answered satisfactorily in Donald Freed's play. It isn't so much theater of fact as a loaded position paper. Freed is so convinced that the Rosenbergs were victims that he forgot to write a play about it. As acted by George Grizzard and Anne Jackson, the pair were not only innocent but absolute innocents (a less humorous version of Sam Levene and Molly Picon). Freed divides everything into documentation from the record and "reconstructions" from reality. The documentation contains some fascinating material, much of it blunted by the acting and by Alan Schneider's misconceived direction. The reconstructions deal mostly with the couple's grossly sentimentalized home life. Freed has taken an urgent inquest and trivialized it. At The Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

With all of its faults, however, *Inquest* is the latest example of the developing love affair between the New York theater and the regional theater circuit. It also elicited a patriarchal nod of approval from the granddaddy of the grass-roots theater movement, the Cleveland Playhouse, where *Inquest* was first staged last year under the title *The United States vs. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*. The Cleveland Playhouse Company, oldest among some 55 professional resident companies in the United States, has unveiled 62 new works in its 54-year history. Some were written by young playwrights of whom you have heard: Elmer Rice,

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Maxwell Anderson, Tennessee Williams. Others were by young writers who grew old in deserved obscurity. In either case, New York producers rarely took seriously what was happening west of the Hudson. Until recently, they regarded regional theaters, not without a measure of justification, as worthy but dull country cousins bogged down in warmed-over Broadway hits and obligatory classics. For their part, the resident theaters viewed Broadway as a cavern of commercialism.

Both attitudes are changing. New York producers, plagued by a dearth of strong new plays, can no longer scorn the boon-docks. While the movement of new works from the provinces to New York is hardly a stampede, it has gained momentum with the successful transition of Howard Sackler's *The Great White Hope*, originally produced at the Arena Stage in Washington, and of Heinar Kipphardt's *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, which had its American premiere at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. Other Broadway imports have been less successful. *Red, White and Maddox*, a musical by Don Tucker and Jay Broad that wowed 'em at Theater Atlanta, and Rochelle Owens' *Beclch*, a success at Philadelphia's Theater of the Living Arts, failed to excite New York audiences.

Yet the resident theaters continue their scramble for new plays. Beset by deficits, they know that foundations and grant-dispensing Government agencies are impressed when a theater is innovative. The regional companies also have a sense of identification with playwrights who haven't yet made it, and a few have hired playwrights in residence. Some months ago, the Cleveland Play House (it's actually three theaters in two buildings, all under the direction of Rex Partington) engaged 43-year-old New Yorker Norman Wexler and has already staged three of his works. When its new season opens next month, the Play House will lead off with a mixture of the old and the new: Bertolt Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera*, Samuel Beckett's *Endgame*, and another work—still untitled—by its resident playwright. Whether or not Wexler's latest makes it to New York, it is part of a trend that seems to be wedding Broadway—for better or worse—to theaters throughout the country.

Most Broadway musicals are retreads. *Company* is a new musical—in form, subject matter and style. It's bookless, almost plotless, but loaded with imagination, intelligence and entertainment. The theme is marriage and nonmarriage, commitment and lack of commitment, particularly in the urban environment. The central character is the third man, the best friend, hanger-on, catalyst, observer. What *Company* says about commitment is double-edged, summed up by

the title of one of Stephen Sondheim's most inspired songs, *Sorry-Grateful*. *Company's* couples are all in this together, with varying degrees of awareness—from violent confrontation (karate keeps one marriage together) to sheer cynicism. The chief cynic is played by Elaine Stritch, who in the song *The Ladies Who Lunch* mockingly condemns the soullessness of superficial city ladies. Some scenes are sung—the songs ranging from rock to complicated counterpoint; some are songless. Action stops abruptly for a song commenting on the action, then resumes. But everything interlocks. The set by Boris Aronson is a multilevel tubular-steel assembly that evokes the slick, urban machine that is the milieu of the show. Credit goes to the ensemble of actors, to Sondheim, to author George Furth and, especially, to producer-director Harold Prince, who conceived and superbly executed *Company*, a sleek, professional, unconventional musical. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street.

Theatergoers are being treated to two demonstrations of the star's art this season. Each is a vehicle and each is in exactly the right hands. *Colette*, a biographical play about the famed French authoress, is a compilation of memories and reflections, the sort of play you might assume would be better read than acted—until you see it acted. As Zoe Caldwell ages from teenager to octogenarian, from country girl to literary lioness, she creates a full-bodied Colette—with all her humor, self-confidence and sensuality. In keeping with the character, hers is a huge performance. The supporting cast, led by Mildred Dunnock as Colette's mother, is excellent, with most of the actors playing a variety of roles. Harvey Schmidt—sitting at a piano onstage throughout the performance and savoring every minute of it—plays accompanying music written by him and by Tom Jones. One footnote: Miss Caldwell, in what is probably a first for a star in the American theater, is called upon to expose her left breast. She does it with enormous presence and panache. It is, as intended, the comic high point of an extraordinary theatrical evening. At the Ellen Stewart, 240 East Third Street.

Ron Leibman, in bringing the 1937 John Murray-Allen Boretz comedy *Room Service* back to Broadway, gives a performance even bigger than Miss Caldwell's. In one of its several incarnations, this farce served as a Marx brothers movie; and Leibman, a former improviser of the *Premise*, comes on like Groucho, Chico and Harpo combined. Wisecracking, mimicking, miming, leaping, pratfalling, mugging, Leibman is riotously, raucously funny as the quintessential Broadway sharpie, the producer with no money but plenty of gall, the

operator who would do anything to sign a contract, even—as he does, hilariously—draw his own blood in order to fill an inkless pen. The stage is full of competent clowns, but they are all overshadowed and outplayed by the lunatic Leibman. At the Edison, 240 West 47th Street.

There were moments during The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's pop-art production of Sam Shepard's *Operation Sidewinder* when it seemed that, at last, the inmates were running the asylum. Shepard (see page 19) is probably the most prolific, most talented and least commercial of America's younger playwrights, and his *Sidewinder* is a free-wheeling swipe at everything from a missile-minded society to empty-headed white liberals. For all its sprawl, *Sidewinder* is great fun. The automobiles onstage; a fantastic hissing computer that looks like a snake (*Sidewinder* itself), rapes a girl and communicates with outer space; the low-down rock music slashed out by the Holy Modal Rounders—all went to make it one of Lincoln Center's most exciting offerings. But, sadly, *Sidewinder* was not what Lincoln rep was about this year. It was the only new play in a season of revivals, which began with William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*, a gentle comedy that seemed to withstand not only time but also a mediocre production. The barroom set was finely detailed, but the staging and much of the acting seemed haphazard. The second revival was Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real*, in an ornate production—with staircases to the heavens, Kilroy swinging in over the audience on a Tarn-like skyhook and a cast seemingly of thousands. It's a very literary, highly metaphorical play, populated by such historical figures as Lord Byron and Casanova. The cast, particularly the leads, were good, but the play, at least in this production, didn't seem the neglected masterpiece its partisans consider it to be. *Sidewinder* came third. The fourth and final production was an exhumation of George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly's 1924 *Beggar on Horseback*. This piece of pseudo-expressionist claptrap was one of the dullest, dreariest, most pointless processions ever to crawl across the Lincoln Center stage. Ostensibly, it is about a composer—well played by Leonard (Harold, from *The Boys in the Band*) Frey—who dreams of selling out to big business. That dream, literally depicted and endlessly attenuated, could put anyone to sleep. In a season of elaborate productions, *Beggar* beggars description. It was something like a cross between *Modern Times* and *The Nutcracker Suite*. At least the set shop was busy this year at the Vivian Beaumont, 150 West 65th Street.

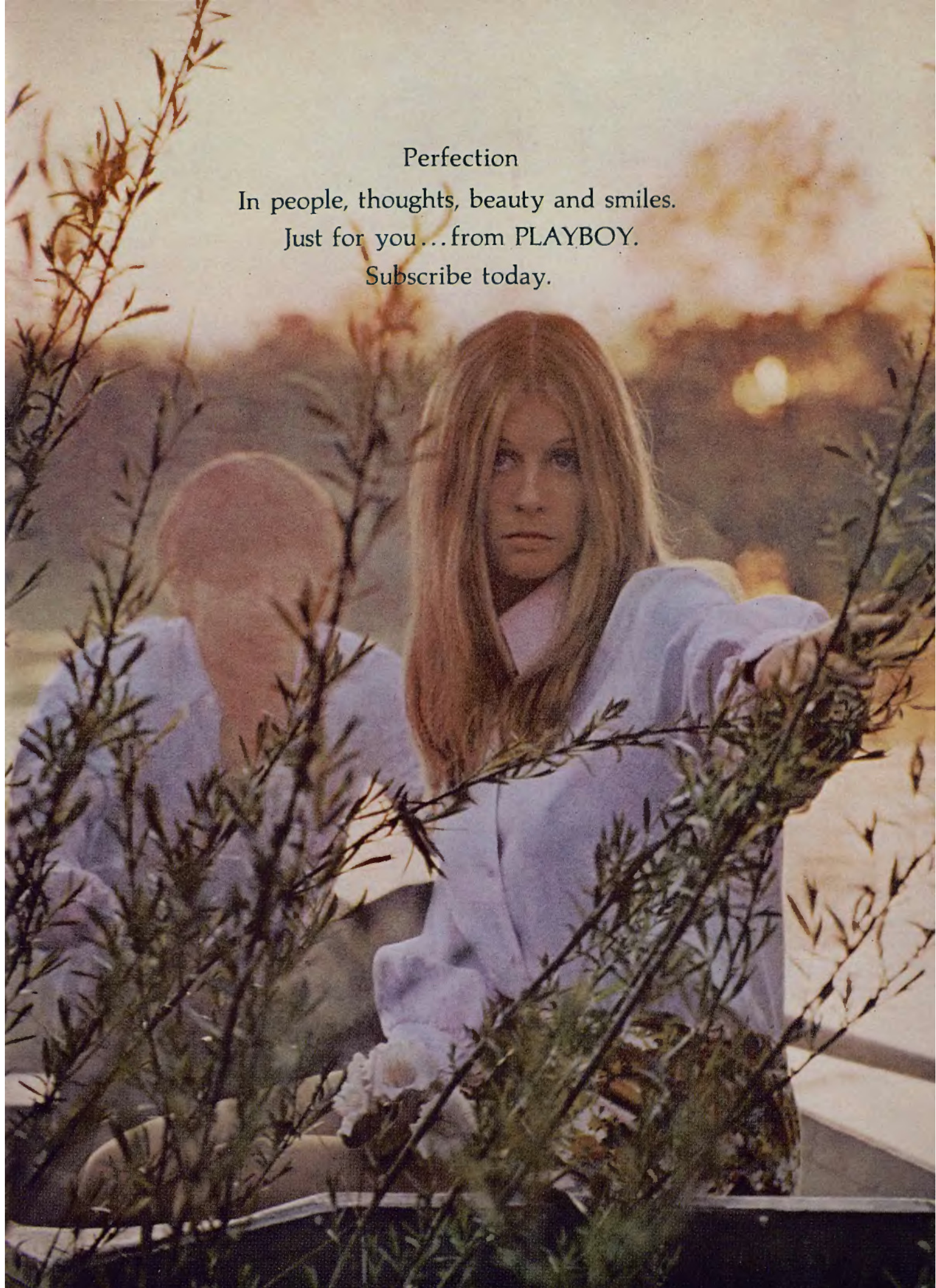


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

On a number of occasions, I have called a particular girl for a date. Each time, she pauses for a brief conversation with her mother, then gives me a reason for not being able to go. No hits out of five times at bat is a poor average and I'm really getting bugged with her mother's meddling. What can I do about it?—D. Z., Madison, Wisconsin.

Nothing, since it's apparent the girl is asking her mother not what to tell you but how to tell you. If you'd pick a different team to play, you might improve your score.

What is the origin and literal meaning of the word honeymoon?—D. R., Memphis, Tennessee.

The moon in honeymoon refers to the first month of marriage. The honey has two possible meanings. In ancient times, it was the custom for a newly married couple to sip honey on each of the first 30 days of their marriage. Some insist that the honey derives from the fact that the first month of marriage is naturally sweet. Cynics have pointed out that this seldom lasts, that every new moon wanes and eventually the honey turns to gall. Or, as English poet Thomas Hood put it:

*Of all the lunar things that change
The one that shows most fickle and
strange
And takes the most eccentric range
Is the moon—so called—of honey.*

Can you tell me the primary differences between beer and ale?—T. Y., Juneau, Alaska.

Ale tends to be heavier, darker and more bitter than beer; this is the result of differing amounts of ingredients and the fermentation processes used. The word "tends" is important here; for example, bock beer is darker and heavier than pale ale, though the latter may be higher in alcoholic content.

In your answer to Miss P. K. of San Francisco (*Playboy Advisor*, March), who inquired about ways of enlarging her bust, you told her not to have silicone injections, since they were still in the experimental stage and had not yet been approved by the Food and Drug Administration. I don't doubt the accuracy of your answer, but isn't there a way to enlarge the bust other than by direct injections of silicone?—R. F., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes. A number of women have successfully had their busts enlarged via an operation called an augmentation mammoplasty. This consists of making a small incision directly under each breast and

inserting a thin-walled envelope filled with medical-grade silicone gel behind the breast tissue. This mammary prosthesis has a special backing into which scar tissue grows to hold it in place. The operation, approved by both the FDA and the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, is relatively painless. There is no interference with pregnancy or nursing and the breasts retain their original softness. Liquid silicone, when injected directly, is considered a drug and has not been approved by the FDA except for experimental purposes.

A friend recently told me that if I buy Japanese stereo equipment overseas, it may differ electronically from the same model by the same manufacturer offered for sale in the U. S. I don't want to miss out on the good buys available in the Vietnam Post Exchange, but neither do I wish to buy a set that can't be serviced at home. Would you give me some advice?—F. C., APO San Francisco, California.

Since transmission-line standards vary throughout the world, check with the salesman to make sure the set you buy will operate on the U. S. standard of 117 volts, 60 cycles. Television sets are more complicated; in addition to varying transmission-line standards, the number of scanning lines per inch may differ, there may be differences in vertical frequency and AM sound may be used instead of FM. Equipment sold in Post Exchanges, of course, is usually designed to operate Stateside. Some overseas manufacturers offer an international warranty that will be honored in the States despite the fact that their equipment was purchased elsewhere.

For several months now, I've been going with a 24-year-old girl whom I love and hope to marry. However, she has repeatedly refused to let me pet her or have intercourse with her. She says she has never had an orgasm in her life and that if she did have one with my help, she would become dependent upon me or would have to masturbate. But she thinks the latter is repulsive. How do I handle this perfectly charming girl and her utterly ding-a-ling sex views?—S. T., Dallas, Texas.

Your long-suffering attitude will help neither of you; and between her sexual hang-ups and your passivity, your marriage, if it takes place, will probably be a dismal affair. If her notions about masturbation being repulsive and orgasms causing dependence are, as we suspect, a cover-up for a fear of becoming intimate with you, then face the problem directly

When your daughter says that Field & Stream's aroma reminds her of a great autumn day in the woods...



**start
saving
up the
dowry.**

and try to talk it out. If you can't do that, stop bowing to her wishes and bow out.

In doing research for an English course, I remembered your comment in *Dear Playboy* (February) that PLAYBOY is available on microfilm. The local librarian said she would be glad to order it if she knew where to send for it. Would you let me have this information?—C. J., St. Louis, Missouri.

PLAYBOY on microfilm may be ordered from *University Microfilm*, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. All issues from December 1953 through December 1968 are available in both black and white and (at slight additional cost) full color.

For the past two years, my father has spent every weekend with a divorcee. She has two daughters by her first marriage, which broke up three years ago, and a one-year-old son of whom my father is suspiciously fond. My mother has never said a word about this to anyone, though I'm sure she knows. This whole messy thing, which took me from my 16th to my 18th birthday to uncover, will eventually kill my mother. What can I say to my father that will make him stay home?—B. L. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Nothing, because the problem may be of more concern to you than to your mother. You have discussed it with neither of them and, thus, you cannot be aware of any agreements they may have made. If your parents consider their lives fulfilling enough to stay together despite your father's apparent liaison, you should think twice before offering counsel. It took you two years to find out about it—and the details you offer suggest some digging on your part—indicating your father has been discreet, undoubtedly in an effort to spare you and others in your family any pain. Even though the situation may distress you, your parents have as much right to their lives without interference as you have to yours.

I would like to buy a black-light lamp for my room, to illuminate a number of posters that fluoresce under such light, but I've heard that this type of illumination may be harmful to the eyes. Is this true?—B. F., Toronto, Ontario.

If you look directly at such a lamp, you may be asking for trouble. The ultraviolet rays from black light are greater than those from the sun and caution is urged.

Usually when I ask a girl for a date, I make all sorts of plans to convince her to go to bed with me. But I've never succeeded because, by the time the evening is over, I always decide against it, presuming that I would be taking something precious away from her—her virginity—and

that she would think more of me if I didn't try. Secretly, I know that I'm worried about being a failure when it comes to performing "the act." What can I do to convince myself that a girl's virginity is not a "pearl beyond price"?—C. C., Ft. Worth, Texas.

What makes you think all the girls you date are virgins? The first thing to do is to convince yourself that your own virginity isn't that valuable. Your date might be very willing to spend the night with you, but your own fear of sex makes you want to think otherwise. Try to relax and enjoy your date and quit concentrating on the sexual side of it. Failure to function is almost always the result of anxiety.

I don't wish to appear naive, but as a small-town subscriber to several hippie newspapers, I find that a number of words and terms in the text and ads are over my head. Since I can't—and don't expect to—find them in my well-thumbed unabridged dictionary, I wonder if you would define the following for me: unclipped stud, swinging butch stud, toke, hard kick, bi-gal and tripsit.—E. T., Albany, New York.

Here is our unabridged way-out "Webster's": The unclipped stud who took the ad out for his services is a well-endowed, uncircumcised male hustler; the swinging butch stud is another hustler, who is very masculine in appearance and action and probably "does anything." If the host at a party offers you a toke, he's offering you a drag off a marijuana cigarette; if you overhear someone talking about a hard kick, he's talking about the effect produced by a powerful drug such as heroin. The ad for bi-gal refers to a bisexual girl—one who digs both men and women; and an advertiser who asks you to tripsit is suggesting that you provide companionship for someone under the influence of LSD.

My girl and I lived together for five months and then broke up. Neither of us is in love with the other, but we've been talking about getting back together again. However, I heard from a reliable source that she had intercourse with one of my best buddies. I asked her about it but she won't talk. I really don't want to make an issue of this, because she is delightful, but do you think, as a self-respecting male, I can just let her move back in with me?—M. V., Anaheim, California.

Why not? You apparently made no promises of mutual fidelity, so no promises were broken. After she left you, whom she slept with was her business. If she is really as delightful as you claim, why not concentrate on the future and forget the past?

I'm taking my German camera and assorted lenses with me when I fly to

Europe next month. Will the Customs man wave me through on my return home if I show him a bill of sale proving that the equipment was purchased in the U. S. and that duty already has been paid on it?—R. W., Detroit, Michigan.

He'd prefer that you show him a registration form listing the equipment and serial numbers, checked and signed by a Customs officer prior to your departure. This service is available to travelers in all ports and airports that handle foreign traffic.

A cousin and I had homosexual relations when I was 11 years old. Nothing like that has happened since then, nor do I have any desire for homosexual activity. But, remembering the incident, I wonder if there is a homosexual leaning in my character that may return to trouble me in later life. Do you think this is possible?—L. G., Ames, Iowa.

Your experience is trivial and important only to the extent of your own concern about it. Psychiatrists point out that such experiences are commonplace and harmless among adolescents.

Why do the British call a pound—in money—a pound?—G. C., Kent, Ohio.

The first coin minted by the British was the penny (or "sterling"), which was made of silver and was about the size of a dime. Twelve pennies made a shilling and 20 shillings made a pound, so-called because the law required that the penny be of such a weight that 240 of them weighed exactly one pound.

Considering the advent of the pill, is the condom now completely outmoded as a contraceptive device?—F. V., Newark, New Jersey.

No. Though the Planned Parenthood Federation rates the condom as only 88 to 92 percent effective, compared with the pill's 99.7 percent, the condom is widely used and is readily available without prescription. It is the only contraceptive that affords protection against V. D.; it also controls premature ejaculation by decreasing sensitivity (though many men complain about this, comparing the use of a condom with washing one's hands with gloves on). Because of fears among many women about serious pill side effects and because of greater V. D. among teenagers, sales of condoms are increasing.

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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on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

SAVE THE MINISKIRT

The miniskirt is doomed—unless American women, with the support and help of men, refuse to wear the so-called midi fashions and continue to wear short skirts as a gesture of opposition to the designers, the fashion industry and the fashion publications that would defeminize women and make them pay through the nose for the privilege of looking ugly. This is a cause that should appeal to PLAYBOY and to its readers. It should also appeal to every thinking woman who still wants to look feminine and who is tired of being intimidated by arbitrary fashion dictates—especially one that is anti-woman, anti-sex and aesthetically unappealing. Of course, we still want to buy new clothes, we want to be fashionable and we want to be attractive to men in a manner that is consistent with comfort, utility and individuality. Therefore, to make our protest effective, we must have sources of miniskirts and short dresses as alternatives to the midi—so we can continue to buy clothes that please us instead of just the fashion industry, which is behind this costly nonsense. So far, in New York, our organization has appealed to several fashionable *boutiques* and dress shops and they have agreed to maintain stocks of minis in defiance of the new styles. At least one shop is refusing to stock the midi at all. We hope to find girls in every American city who will persuade several of the better shops in their area to cooperate: to keep the mini on the market for those of us—we hope millions—who, for the sake of freedom and femininity, will proudly go out of fashion until the designers and the industry once again decide to serve women instead of merely emptying their pocketbooks.

Phyllis Tweel
Girls/Guys Against More Skirt
(GAMS)
Box 386
New York, New York 10022

PLAYBOY readers can—if they want to and if they act quickly—help save American women from the greatest fashion folly of the century. Several months ago, the world's top fashion designers, having tired of miniskirts and microskirts and the "now" look in general, arbitrarily declared that fashionable women this fall would clothe themselves in the style of a foppish grandmother. So in comes the midi—a fashion calculated to delight

the women's apparel industry (whose profits soar with each style change), the fabric manufacturers (whose yardage sales should double or triple), the fashion newspapers and magazines (which need new-product advertising and fresh fashion topics) and the accessory manufacturers (which can introduce restyled purses, shoes, etc.); and one that will cost American women millions of dollars, because their present wardrobes will be obsolete.

Styles should and do change, but not in a manner so transparently calculated to pressure the consumer into luxury buying with no alternative—except to be uncomfortably out of style. It's this lack of options that provoked several of us here in Washington to organize. With the arrival of the new fall midi fashions, short skirts are going or already gone, thanks to shrewdly planned obsolescence meant to make the industry rich. (One of the nonsensical rationales for the midi is that dreary dress styles are appropriate for these troubled times!) The hope of the industry is that by introducing the midi for fall and winter, when longer skirts are reasonably practical, women will adjust to them in time for the spring selection—which will require yet another wardrobe revolution.

So far, the designers and the industry have not won the battle, and this is where PLAYBOY readers come in. If consumer resistance prevails, the industry's concern will soon turn to panic and its designers will have to revive the short skirt for spring and summer or risk financial catastrophe. Thus, we can save the mini, or at least preserve it as a fashionable, functional, comfortable, economical option that is flattering to many women and presumably appealing to the male. Toward this end, we hope PLAYBOY readers will urge girlfriends, wives and daughters to eschew the midi and thereby help encourage real consumer resistance against capricious and costly fashion fads—especially such a depressing one as the midi.

Patricia Deem
Fight Against Dictating
Designers (FADD)
Suite 581, 1629 K Street NW
Washington, D. C. 20006

PROTEST NETWORK

I read in *The New York Times* that the only continuous network coverage of the anti-war activities in Washington

If you're about to buy a watch, why not make sure it's a

- 1 stop watch
- 2 time out stop watch
- 3 doctor's watch
- 4 yachting timer
- 5 tachometer
- 6 aviator's watch
- 7 time zone watch
- 8 skin diver's watch
- 9 regular watch

Why not make sure it's the
Super-C Chronomaster
by Croton, \$120.

Write for free fact book:
Dept. P-72, Croton Watch Co.,
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520



CROTON SUPER-C CHRONOMASTER

and across the country on the weekend of May 8-10 was provided by a group of college radio stations. The 60 stations, coordinated by New York University's WNYU, began broadcasting Thursday night, May 7, and continued through the weekend. With events moving faster than ever and national sensitivities—during that week after the Kent State killings and the Cambodian invasion—at an all-time high, it seems to me that this college network was performing a vital public service. The *Times* story stated that the hookup was financed with the help of Playboy. Congratulations to you and the college broadcasters for their contribution to journalism in the public interest.

Harry Larson
New York, New York

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

I'm a Lutheran clergyman and professor of New Testament theology teaching at a Jesuit university, where colleagues and students have been initiating me into the mysteries of Roman Catholic mores, especially those in the sexual domain. Much of what I've learned would sound like something out of Edgar Allan Poe. A horrendous theology of an anti-worldly nature—by no means restricted to Roman Catholicism—has contributed to the sexual hang-ups in our society; and I'm trying to trace the roots of these beliefs and find correctives for them. Though I'm not convinced that Hugh Hefner has the correct answer, I'm using material from PLAYBOY as aids to classroom discussion, because I think Hefner tries to solve problems rather than create them.

The Rev. John H. Elliott
Associate Professor of Theology
University of San Francisco
San Francisco, California

STEREOSTETHOSCOPE

A recent issue of *The Lancet*, the world-renowned medical journal, published a letter from a Lebanese doctor named Boghos L. Artinian, who declared:

I have designed and assembled a stereophonic stethoscope. The idea—but, mind you, not the design (it was wrong)—came to me from a PLAYBOY cartoon. Having used this instrument for two months, I now regard the ordinary stethoscope as an obsolete instrument.

The essential features are the two chestpieces with ipsilateral and contralateral connections to the earpieces. . . . It can be easily assembled from the components of two ordinary stethoscopes. The tube joining the chestpieces should be of around the same length as the other tubes.

Dr. Artinian goes on to give the advantages of his stereophonic stethoscope

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

CRAZY PACIFISTS

CHICAGO—"The defendants I represent have the delusion that our cherished institutions are being perverted," attorney Frank Oliver told the court. Defending four of eleven persons accused of destroying records at a draft headquarters, Oliver said his clients insanely believe that the anti-war demonstration in Washington on November 15, 1969, was the most important event that day. "We sane and undeluded people know that the most important thing was the Purdue-Ohio State game," Oliver asserted. (President Nixon had said he would watch that game while the Moratorium demonstration was taking place.) To further bolster his case, Oliver tried to subpoena Vice-President Agnew, who used the term criminally insane in a radio discussion of dissent and protesters. Judge Edwin A. Robson quashed the subpoena on the ground that the Vice-President was "not qualified" to judge the criminal insanity of the demonstrators.

Principal purpose of this legal strategy was to enable the defendants, forbidden to make political statements in court, to present their beliefs to the jury in the process of trying to prove their "insanity." Judge Robson parried by ruling that the four defendants claiming insanity receive psychiatric examinations instead of being allowed to testify on their opinions. On the basis of an examination, one defendant was found mentally incapable of standing trial. The jury declared the other ten guilty.

THE BIG EYE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Federal District Judge George Hart has upheld the right of the Army to infiltrate civilian groups and compile dossiers on persons it considers political troublemakers. The court dismissed a suit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union charging that some 1000 plainclothes Army Intelligence officers are spying on the American people—and that dossiers have been compiled on such persons as the late Martin Luther King, Jr., folk singer Joan Baez and several former generals who have denounced the Vietnam war. After the brief hearing, at which the court refused to admit his testimony, A. C. L. U. witness and former Army Intelligence agent Oliver Peirce told reporters that he had once been assigned to infiltrate a non-political church group in Colorado because the founder had participated in anti-war demonstrations. Judge Hart denied the A.C.L.U.'s contention that such activities tend to stifle free speech; A.C.L.U. attorneys said they would appeal.

COMPULSORY REVERENCE

BOSTON—The Massachusetts legislature has passed a bill making the Pledge of Allegiance or a portion of the Declaration of Independence obligatory in public schools, with a maximum fine of five dollars for any teacher who skips the recitation for five consecutive days or for any principal who does not require the recitation. In a further move toward compulsory displays of patriotism, the house has also approved a bill authorizing a five-dollar fine for members of local school committees that fail to provide their schools with an American flag. In May, the state enacted a law that would attempt to evade a Supreme Court ruling by authorizing prayers in public schools before the start of each day's classes.

POSTAL PROTECTION

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Supreme Court has unanimously upheld a 1967 law under which any person can enforce a ban on further mailings of advertisements he considers "pandering" or "sexually provocative." The law was originally introduced by U. S. Congressman Jerome R. Waldie of California and explicitly leaves the judgment of the mail's offensiveness to the individual citizen, rather than to the Postmaster General. Congressman Waldie has insisted that the law permits people to stop advertisements even for cabbages if the recipients are willing to say they find these vegetables erotic. Said Chief Justice Burger in the ruling: "In effect, Congress has erected a wall—or, more accurately, permits a citizen to erect a wall—that no advertiser may penetrate without his acquiescence." Waldie's wall will no doubt continue to inspire humorists, soreheads and people who are fed up with junk mail, as well as the sexually sensitive persons it officially protects.

GOOD TRY, FELLOW

CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA—An enterprising American pornographer thought he had worked out the problem of slipping his wares past Australian customs, but a random check of incoming mail exposed the scheme. The materials were being sent in envelopes supposedly from the Billy Graham Crusade.

WAGES FOR WOMEN

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The U. S. Department of Labor, after studying employer compliance with the Equal Pay Act of 1963, has found that illegal discriminatory wage policies have cost women workers some \$17,000,000 since the law went into effect in 1965. Settlements have so far resulted in back payments of

\$2,000,000, and a suit against a New Jersey firm has awarded \$250,000 to present and former women employees.

Meanwhile, in Syracuse, New York, the telephone company agreed to hire, as a switchboard operator, 37-year-old Raymond Page, who had filed a complaint with the state's Human Rights Commission charging discrimination on account of his sex. Then Page, when shown the switchboard room, turned down the job: "I couldn't work there. I mean, all those miniskirts. . . . I'd go right up the wall."

JUST PLAIN MIZZ

NEW YORK CITY—U. S. Congressman Jonathan Bingham has pondered the problem of whether to address a woman as Miss or as Mrs. when one doesn't know which is correct—and when many women resent being asked. With Solomonic wisdom, he has proposed a compromise: the all-purpose female title, Ms., pronounced "mizz," which he believes should satisfy everyone.

NUDE IS LEWD

BOSTON—A court in the city known as the Cradle of Liberty has sentenced a psychiatrist and a woman lawyer to 30 days in jail for walking around nude in their own home. Neighbors complained that the couple could be seen on their glass-enclosed rear porch and declared that children were looking at the house and laughing. Moreover, the two were not married. But the judge mercifully dismissed charges of illegal cohabitation with the statement, "These two people are very much in love." He did, however, find them guilty of "open and gross lewdness." The case is being appealed.

A CABLE-CAR-BLAMED DESIRE

SAN FRANCISCO—A lawyer specializing in "psychic injury" claims has persuaded a jury that his client's alleged nymphomania and other psychosomatic afflictions stemmed from a serious cable-car accident. On the basis of medical and psychiatric testimony, attorney Marvin E. Lewis was able to establish that a 29-year-old woman, once prim and proper, developed severe emotional problems, including an insatiable desire for body contact and sexual relations, as a result of extreme insecurity triggered by her close brush with death. The jury awarded her \$50,000.

ECOLOGISTS WHO CRY WOLF

WASHINGTON, D. C.—At least one population expert is worried that some of his zealous colleagues may be hurting their own cause by predicting early ecological disaster. Dr. Philip M. Hauser, director of the Population Research Center at the University of Chicago, told an American Medical Association congress that the danger was very real but not quite so

imminent or recognizable as often foretold; and the result could be that environmentalists would lose their credibility, and the public its concern, if doomsday failed to occur on schedule.

THE NEW PILL

A report by four doctors conducting research for the British government states that the new, low-estrogen oral contraceptive is safer than the original pills, whose side effects have stirred heated controversy in medical circles. Immediately, the U. S. Food and Drug Administration said it would urge doctors to prescribe this pill instead of the old ones, and G. D. Searle and Company announced it now has the low-dose pill on the market.

• Also in England, a Birmingham clinic's survey indicates that the oral contraceptive has actually decreased casual sex. A plausible explanation, according to the researchers: By taking much of the fear out of sex, the pill has encouraged warmer and longer-lasting relationships.

TOBACCO ADDICTION

A St. Louis University researcher has found strong evidence that cigarette smoking is not a psychological habituation alone but a physical addiction. Dr. Budh Bhagat, after three years of experimenting with rats, told a meeting of biologists that nicotine measurably increases the body's production and utilization of norepinephrine, a hormone that regulates the brain and other nervous-system tissue. This leads to a physiological dependency, and the withdrawal of nicotine results in depression.

LSA PERILS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—While scientists debate the effects of LSD on human chromosomes and present contradictory evidence, a new clinical study has found an alarmingly high incidence of fetal deformity that may be attributable partly to acid. Drs. Cheston Berlin and Cecil Jacobson, of the George Washington University School of Medicine, followed 127 pregnancies in which either the mother or the father had tripped on LSD one or more times: The spontaneous abortion rate was 43 percent (as compared with 20 to 25 percent in the general population) and the rate of birth abnormalities was 9 percent (18 times higher than usual). Of the embryos recovered for study after abortions, either spontaneous or therapeutic, almost half were deformed. However, Dr. Berlin urged extreme caution in interpreting these results, since most of the subjects had also been exposed to other suspected mutagenic agents, including other drugs, caffeine drinks, cyclamates, cigarettes, X rays, poor maternal nutrition, hepatitis and venereal disease.

and rules for its use. He apparently feels his device is a breakthrough in medical science, and for all I, a layman, know, it is. Important human progress often has had its origins in play and humor. Out of curiosity, I would very much like to see the cartoon that inspired Dr. Artinian.

Charles Tyrell
London, England

Here it is, from the November 1969
PLAYBOY:



"Stereo."

SEX EDUCATION

Being a student, a secretary and a housewife, I would like to state my opinions on the sex-education controversy. My elementary school years were spent in a Christian day school, which taught me basic reading, writing and arithmetic; no sex instruction was provided. This so-called education handicapped me greatly in later years, when sexual encounters proved to be painful revelations of my ignorance.

In this mobile society, all sorts of sexual surprises befall the average adolescent. A conservative high school is just no preparation, for instance, for a young person's first encounter with a deviate. Worse yet, arriving on a college campus after 12 years of being kept in the dark can be absolutely traumatic for both boys and girls who have received this kind of noneducation. Far from becoming more moral, young people merely become hysterical when they realize that with every step, they are stumbling and faltering in a welter of ignorance that has been imposed on them. I cannot understand why parents fail to realize this.

Mrs. Beverly Stoughton
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

INNOCENCE OR IGNORANCE?

Those idiots who fulminate against sex education because they want to protect

the innocence of their young ought to learn the difference between innocence and ignorance. Consider the following true stories:

- The girl who believed she could not become pregnant as long as she did not have a climax. When her doctor told her the bad news, she argued that since she'd never had a climax, it was impossible. My impression is that this belief is quite widespread among young girls.

- The girl who believed that by having sex in the woman-on-top position she couldn't become pregnant. Sad experience taught her otherwise.

- The girl who was raised in a very strict home, was never allowed to date and was forbidden to read books containing sexual descriptions or information. Her parents managed to ensure that she knew absolutely nothing about sex. As a result, when she finally did date a boy, he was quick to take advantage of her ignorance: He convinced her that sexual intercourse was what all couples did on a date.

- The girl who believed that the only time a man and a woman made love was when they wanted a baby. When she was married, the second time her husband approached her for intercourse on their honeymoon, she told him she must be pregnant and he was an animal for trying it more than once.

- The little girl whose weirdo physical-education teacher told her that kissing would make her pregnant. She came home screaming one day because a little boy down the block had kissed her.

Where sex education is absent, unwed pregnancies, venereal diseases and all kinds of emotional tragedies flourish. The chief victims of the stupid uprightness of anti-sex-education forces are the children. As I am a businessman in a small town and the families of the girls I've described are my good friends, I must ask you to withhold my name and address.

(Name and address withheld by request)

SWEDISH SEX EDUCATION

I am a 15-year-old Swedish boy and I enjoy reading what Americans think about Scandinavia and its sex education. I had a very good course in sex education in school, and I think it's essential for teenagers to know about sex.

There is much written in American publications about how popular pornography is in Scandinavia. But, really, pornography is purchased mainly by middle-aged men—the ones who have sexual problems because they didn't attend decent sex classes in their younger years.

Carl Kjellgren
Skovde, Sweden

JOHN BIRCH RIDES AGAIN

Every month, some demented individuals write to *The Playboy Forum* de-

nouncing, smearing and vilifying the John Birch Society. I wonder how many of these people realize what they are doing or what the John Birch Society really is. Of course, everyone believes it is a secret, fascist, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic group. That is why anyone can write to its headquarters in Belmont, Massachusetts, for its bulletins; why it has a Manning Johnson scholarship fund, which gives tuition grants to Negroes; why 40 percent of its membership is Catholic; and why it has many Jewish and Negro members. Certainly sounds like a hate group, doesn't it?

Before I open my mouth about a subject, I like to know all the facts.

D. Cox

St. Joseph, Missouri

Here's a fact you don't seem to know. None of the letters in "The Playboy Forum" have accused the John Birch Society of being anti-Negro, anti-Catholic or anti-Semitic; your defense on this score is irrelevant and makes one wonder why you feel compelled to make it.

POSTAL SNOOPING

On February 17, 1969, three postal inspectors and three policemen from a Pittsburgh suburb appeared at the farmhouse owned by my 84-year-old aunt and myself. They produced a search warrant and informed me that I did not have to answer any questions. They then searched our rooms, our cellar and an adjacent garage, after which they seized 76 pounds of books, magazines, letters, photos, a typewriter and a film projector, including such peculiar items as copies of *The Manchester Guardian* and *The New Republic*, a book on the Crimean War, a jar of Vaseline, tubes of Muterole, suntan lotion, first-aid articles and a packet of condoms. I was taken to a justice of the peace, charged with a felony (distributing obscene material) and then taken to a police station, where I was fingerprinted and photographed for the record.

After a full year of anguish, in which I learned what Shakespeare meant by his bitter phrase "the law's delay," I was finally brought to trial on February 24, 1970. The judge dismissed the charges on the grounds that there was no evidence that I had distributed obscene material in Allegheny County.

What caused my arrest? It turned out that a "woman" in Ohio, with whom I had been corresponding, was actually a man. Arrested on other charges in September 1968, he was sentenced to five years in prison. Subsequently, he gave written permission to postal inspectors to hold his mail and bring it to him in the Lewisburg penitentiary, where he opened each letter and turned it over to them. This is a method used by postal

authorities to get access to first-class letters without opening them personally. (Shortly afterward, apparently for his cooperation in this manner, my pen pal was paroled.)

Your readers can form their own opinions about the ethics of postal inspectors from their procedure in this case. There is also some hint of the general mental competence of these men, indicated by the fact that they seized suntan lotion while searching for allegedly obscene materials. Perhaps pornography is harmful after all and years of snooping for it in other people's mail has quite unhinged these men's minds. They might need rest and recreation, and being assigned to sorting mail for a while could be good occupational therapy for them; it might also save enough money to prevent the threatened postal-rate increase.

Earl Wright

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE COLLECTOR

I am a happily married man with five children; I also hold a responsible business position. I have been looking at and reading pornography for 25 years—since I was 12 years old. I know many other successful businessmen and professionals who collect pornography and I have yet to meet any collectors who were unbalanced.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

SEMANTIC ANTICS

Not long ago, an English instructor at the University of Northern Iowa asked his Composition I class (of which I was a member) to write an essay on their personal reactions to the following groups of words: (1) pig—policeman—officer; (2) whore—prostitute—courtesan; (3) faggot—homosexual—gay; (4) fuck—intercourse—make love; (5) nigger—black—Afro-American. I, along with the great majority of the class, felt that the assignment was very instructive, as it made us aware of our immediate gut-level responses to certain words even before these words are put into the context of a sentence. The lesson also illustrated how words having the same denotation can have vastly different emotional connotations.

Offcampus, however, a terrific controversy erupted. State senator Francis Messerly has begun a relentless crusade against the university and has urged curtailment of state funds. He has also taken a petition to the state legislature, signed by 1500 "silent Americans," demanding (among other things) that a course on "Rhetoric for Agitation and Protest" be dropped immediately. (The course explores the emotional impact of certain words used in confrontations between opposing groups.) The petition



Playboy Club News



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WANT TO SWING? TRY THE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSES AT THE LAKE GENEVA CLUB-HOTEL

LAKE GENEVA (Special)—Playboy's Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, is the place for people who like to swing—on and off the fairway!

Golfers will find plenty of challenge on our championship courses. Try the 7258-yard par-72 beauty—The Brute—designed by Robert Bruce Harris. Or tackle our newest master-

piece—the demanding par-71 6460-yard Briar Patch—designed in the Scottish manner by Pete Dye, with Jack Nicklaus acting as consultant.

Come for a day or a leisurely long weekend. And if you're a group golfer, bring the boys! We have special package rates for groups of 24 or more.

There's a whole world of fun waiting for you on the Club-Hotel's 1000 acres. When you're ready for the 19th hole, stop in for a supersize cocktail in the Playmate Bar or enjoy the fare at our unique Sidewalk Café. Sample the buffet in the Living Room or dine in luxury in the elegant VIP Room. And for a great evening's entertainment, take your seat in the Penthouse, where the biggest names in show business, such as Sammy Davis Jr., Flip Wilson and Liza Minnelli, are on stage.

The Lake Geneva Club-Hotel is conveniently located an easy 75-minute drive from Chicago. And now Lake Geneva Airways offers daily flights from Chicago's O'Hare International Airport direct to the Club-Hotel's private airstrip.

The entire world of The Playboy Club is yours to enjoy as a keyholder. To apply for your Key, simply complete and return the coupon on this page-



Now keyholders and their guests can swing on either of two great 18-hole championship courses at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel.

Jamaica Playboy for Fun and Sun!

JAMAICA (Special)—You can prolong those last rays of summer just a little longer at the magnificent Playboy Club-Hotel at Ocho Rios, Jamaica. During Swingathon '70, now through October, a week of fun in the sun (that's seven glorious days, six romantic nights) can cost you as little as \$145.*

Make plans now to get in on Swingathon '70 while there's still time. For more information, write to Jackie Eldred, Reservations Manager, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. And if you're not already a keyholder, why not apply today for your Key to The Playboy Club?

*\$145 (U.S. currency) per person is based on double occupancy, \$199 for single occupancy and \$95 for third person in a room. All rates are exclusive of transportation.



Guests at the Jamaica Club-Hotel may spend sunny days picnicking on the beach, swimming in the azure sea, relaxing around the pool or on excursions. And at Playboy, the fun goes on long after sundown!

KEYHOLDERS WELCOME PLAYBOY BACK TO BALTIMORE; PHILADELPHIA NEXT

BALTIMORE—Playboy's back in business in Baltimore with an exciting, totally new Club at 28 Light Street. In addition to all the justly famous Playboy Club rooms designed for the best in dining, drinking and entertainment, the Club boasts an all-new Playboy Grill featuring sizzling steaks and chops. Check it out in the Playmate Bar the next time you visit.

PHILADELPHIA—Later this year, Philadelphia keyholders will have a Playboy Club of their own to call home! It will bring to 20 the number of Playboy Clubs and Club-Hotels across the U.S. and as far afield as Montreal, London and Jamaica.

Now's the time to enter the exciting world of Playboy. Apply for your Key today—just fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Please send me an application for my personal Playboy Club Key.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

U.S. Initial Key Fee is \$30. Canadian Initial Key Fee is \$30 Canadian. Initial Key Fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine. You will be billed for the Annual Key Fee (currently \$6 U.S.; \$6 Canadian) at the close of your first year as a keyholder. For information regarding European fees, write the Membership Secretary, The Playboy Club, 45 Park Lane, London, W.1, England.

Enclosed find check or money order for \$30 payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc. Bill me for \$30.

I prefer a credit Key. I prefer a cash Key.

I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

9543

also asks that "all members of the university community—administrators, faculty and students—be made aware that they are employees of the people of Iowa and subject to the wishes of those paying their salaries." Meanwhile, a local columnist has declared that "Simple good taste, culture and ordinary morality have all gone down the drain at UNI in the face of the omnipotent god called academic freedom." This gentleman was most aroused by the word fuck, although I personally would consider the word nigger much more offensive and obscene.

Edward F. Samore, Jr.
University of Northern Iowa
Cedar Falls, Iowa

OHIO SEX STANDARDS

A decision by the court of appeals of Ohio sets down standards for judging pornography that are truly amazing. The decision, written by Judge Lynch (honest!), concerns the case of a Youngstown grocer who had some raunchy magazines for sale in his store. Here are some highlights of Lynch's legal reasoning:

The laws of Ohio and the city of Youngstown prohibit extramarital sexual relations, as offensive to the moral standards of the people of Ohio. Nudity to the extent of exposing the external genitalia of a male or female human body is also prohibited as likely to incite or encourage extramarital sexual relations.

Sex is not per se obscene, but the use of the human body for sexual behavior not intended in the creation of human beings can make such behavior obscene.

The great majority of women in civilized societies observe a sense of decency, and cover their sex organs. However, a small minority of women in civilized societies defy this generally accepted standard of human sexual behavior and degrade themselves by publicly exhibiting their sex organs by assuming poses that are unusual or unnatural for any other purpose except to expose their sex organs. The sexual behavior portrayed in such pictorial pornography is not the usual behavior of a married woman in the presence of her husband in their private bedroom.

Following Judge Lynch's logic, since extramarital sex is illegal in Ohio, all married people ought to wear blinders and be led by seeing-eye dogs whenever they leave their houses, lest they look at the opposite sex and lust after them. His second point, that all nonreproductive sexual behavior is obscene, would lead, if anyone enforced it, to the imprisonment of about 95 percent of the population,

according to Kinsey's estimate. As for his last point, if this is what marriage is like in "civilized" Youngstown, the people of that city must lead drab and joyless lives.

Peter Wicker
Yellow Springs, Ohio

THE SWAPPERS SWATTED

It turns me off completely when I read about mate swapping. Sex is a beautiful thing and should be shared by two people who have warm feelings toward each other, not just by strangers seeking thrills and new techniques. Furthermore, while I believe that children should be raised with liberal attitudes toward sex, I am certain that learning that their parents are part of the orgy culture cannot fail to have a distorting effect on their minds.

Stephanie Diodato
Brooklyn, New York

THE MIRAGE OF MARRIAGE

Since undergoing a wedding ceremony, I've had an uneasy sense that there was something wrong with the whole deal. I love my woman very much. But—the gowns, the walk down the aisle, the weeping congregation, the bridesmaids, the reception—what were they all for? It cost us damned near \$1000 to obtain a piece of paper that makes it OK in other people's eyes for us to live in the same house and sleep in the same bed.

To me, a marriage exists when people fall in love and decide that they want each other for the duration. The guy who dreamed up the wedding routine must have been insane or one of the greatest con artists of all time.

Micil Murphy
Hollywood, California

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Shortly after our marriage, my husband acquired an excellent position in a large corporation, in which his immediate superior was a covert homosexual. Since my husband was boyish and handsome, this man began making subtle advances toward him. At first, my husband was amused and tolerant and even took advantage of the situation to some extent, hoping it would advance his career. Soon, however, the pressure to submit became overpowering and there was a good possibility that he would lose his job if he continued to hold out. He began drinking heavily and both of us were completely distraught. All this happened in only a few months and our uppermost thought was that if he suddenly quit his job, it would be hard to explain to a prospective employer why a young man, just out of college, would leave such an excellent job after less than half a year.

Then, in one night, the tragedy descended. The police notified me that my

husband was under arrest for homicide. He had gone drinking with his supervisor in a last attempt to maintain a cordial relationship without becoming sexually involved. When both were blind drunk, something happened. My husband has never recalled the details, but the fact is that he beat the other man to death. In court, psychiatrists said that my husband had become psychotic because latent homosexual impulses had been aroused in him and he couldn't face them. Now, he is in a mental hospital and, due to guilt about killing a man and confusion about his own sexual identity, he is becoming increasingly withdrawn and seems unlikely to recover.

When PLAYBOY states that homosexuals should have the right to a private sex life with consenting adults, I suppose you are right, at least in an abstract sense, but I wish you would add that the consenting adults should be other homosexuals. When a man who considers himself straight is pressured by a persistent homosexual (I've also seen this happen to men other than my husband), the results are always unpleasant and sometimes tragic.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

ON TOLERATING HOMOSEXUALS

Frankly, I am sick of reading the complaints of poor "innocent" homosexuals who were entrapped by the police. Entrapment of homosexuals may be distasteful, but there is such a thing as "poetic justice."

Franklin Allen Resch
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

The mistreatment of homosexuals by police is inexcusable, but one can oppose such injustices without going to the opposite extreme and saying that homosexuality is a perfectly natural alternative to heterosexuality.

A friend and I were hitchhiking, when we were picked up by three homosexuals. Although they made no physical advances, their conversation was entirely designed to flaunt their sexual deviation in our faces. Such people are abnormal and it is not surprising that normal people feel uncomfortable in their presence.

Bob Hughes
High Point, North Carolina

People allow police persecution of homosexuals because they think in stereotypes. For instance, if you read that two Lesbians were arrested, you would immediately picture two hulking and ugly females dressed in men's clothes, who walked and talked like men and who were obviously very neurotic. My lover and I are both Lesbians and we are not

like that at all. We are very ordinary-looking, middle-aged ladies, quite feminine and very unfreaky. Our friendship turned into sexual love only after we were convinced by bitter experience—we had both been married and divorced twice—that marriage with men just couldn't work for us. Ideally, of course, Lesbians shouldn't be harassed even if they do fit the stereotype; but it appears to us that in this country, whether or not you get justice is partly dependent on your "image."

(Name withheld by request)
Phoenix, Arizona

By publishing letters on both sides of the homosexual issue, *PLAYBOY* has taken an enlightened first step forward in solving the discrimination against homosexuals in the U. S.

I am a homosexual and for the past five years I have lived with the shame, guilt and dread of being discovered. I am not aware of missing anything by not enjoying sex with females. If it were not for public persecution, I and many others like me would lead very happy and productive lives. If this is our choice, should we not be allowed to live by it?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Although I myself am a happily married and a completely normal male, I must applaud *PLAYBOY*'s efforts to enlighten people on the problem of homosexuality. I personally believe the Armed Forces are wrong in classifying all homosexuals as security risks. Some homosexuals are very brave men, willing to die for their country. They deserve better treatment than they are given by society.

Sgt. William Hobson
Robins AFB, Georgia

HOLDING THE LINE

Lest the letter from my good friend Bob Martin (*The Playboy Forum*, May) leave your readers with the impression that the homophile movement has been captured by the New Left, I should point out that some of us take a dim view of this noisy intrusion by long-haired, wild-eyed street urchins. It is common knowledge that the Commie-pinko-anarchist fringe tries to take over any minority cause it can latch onto; and for us, it had to come sooner or later. But Martin gives a false picture of the young radical contingent bulldozing its platform through the Eastern Regional Conference of Homophile Organizations, leaving the elderly liberals in total defeat. The fact is that, immediately afterward, E. R. C. H. O. voted to suspend itself for one year—a curious move, akin to shooting yourself in the head before the next guy does it for you. In this way, however, we prevented a take-over of our organization by the extremists; and once the dust

settles, the homophile cause can be resurrected as a sane and rational movement.

Foster Gunnison, Jr., Treasurer
Eastern Regional Conference of
Homophile Organizations
Hartford, Connecticut

GOOD BOOK OR HATE BOOK?

The Western Conference of Homophile Organizations voted at its convention in Los Angeles to demand reparations from the churches for sanctioning the murder of homosexuals and perpetuating the oppression of gay people. The guilt of the clergy stems from their acceptance of the anti-homosexual attitudes expressed in the Bible. This book picks out two sins as being worse than any others: murder and sodomy. These are described as sins crying to heaven for vengeance. *The Catholic Encyclopedia* states that these sins call for punishment by a special act of divine justice, pointing out that God destroyed Sodom with fire and brimstone on account of the rampant homosexuality there.

Saint Paul brings the wrath of God upon those men who, "leaving the natural use of . . . woman, burned in their lust one toward another." He adds, "They which commit such things are worthy of death."

Homophile clergymen who have attempted to explain these passages away have failed miserably. The passages are crystal clear and no amount of theological double talk can change their meaning. It is time this hate book was dumped on the rubbish heap of history.

Don Jackson
Bakersfield, California

NATURE'S GOD VS. CHURCH'S GOD

When science was an infant, religion sought to strangle her in the cradle. Servetus, the great anatomist who anticipated William Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, was burned to death by pious John Calvin, founder of Presbyterianism. Copernicus, father of modern astronomy, refused to publish his discoveries during his lifetime for fear of the Roman Catholic Inquisition. When Bruno dared to declare the Copernican theory in public, he was, like Servetus, burned; and Galileo, for the same "crime," was forced to recant and was incarcerated for life. Martin Luther declared that anyone who didn't believe in witchcraft was denying the Bible and was, therefore, as bad as a witch. When Darwin propounded his theory of evolution, he was denounced from virtually every pulpit in Christendom. Benjamin Franklin's invention of the lightning rod led to severe criticism of him by the New England clergy. The same pattern has been repeated in virtually every other science with each major breakthrough in knowledge.

Now, however, science is respectable,

and religion shamelessly attempts to ally itself as a partner. Such a shotgun wedding is, however, impossible. As philosopher Will Durant said on the occasion of man's landing on the moon, "We must reconceive our ideas of Deity. Deity is not some omnipotent something that sits outside the universe and regulates the mechanism. We must now accept a naturalistic Deity." In my opinion, the Church's God must give way to nature's God mentioned in our Declaration of Independence. This is the God of Jefferson and other 18th Century rationalists: of Spinoza; of Albert Einstein; the God not of theology but of science.

Charles Greer
San Bernardino, California

SOPORIFIC RELIGION

It was with great interest that I read the May *Playboy Forum* letters about mandatory chapel attendance at West Point, Annapolis and the Air Force Academy. I ran across the chapel-attendance problem while doing research for *The Brass Factories*, a book I wrote on the three major Service academies.

Even the academies are not entirely sure of their legal footing when it comes to forcing their students to attend chapel. I quote from an official report I unearthed, which summarizes the position of the superintendents of the three academies, as they voiced it at one of their annual meetings:

There is some question about the legality of requiring mandatory chapel attendance except for the J. A. G. [Judge Advocate General] of the Naval Academy, who believes this policy is legal. None of the academies have experienced any trouble with this policy and agreed to "hold the line" on present policies.

Moreover, during interviews for my book, I heard repeated criticisms of the mandatory-chapel policy from persons at the academies; namely, that it makes a sham of religious exercises not only in the minds of many cadets and midshipmen but in the minds of some of the chaplains at the academies as well. The perversity of the policy is well illustrated by the comments of one Annapolis faculty member I interviewed. He recalled that during a class discussion, some seniors pointed out that the Naval Academy chapel is known as Sleepy Hollow. He said his students told him of one midshipman who even made a habit of sleeping under a pew during services. Others merely dozed while sitting upright.

J. Arthur Heise
Tonawanda, New York

CAPITALISM VS. MILITARISM

In the May *Playboy Forum*, Major A. B. Hale, Jr., stated: "The individual

does not exist until after the mission has been accomplished. Were that principle not observed, our Armed Forces would be disorganized mobs."

The great American capitalistic system functions because private industry knows that individuals can work voluntarily as a team when adequately reimbursed in money and dignity. America would be in sad shape if private business and industry were as inefficient as the Armed Forces.

Ronald Pasha
Greeley, Colorado

PINKVILLE AND THE ARMY

I wasn't at My Lai and don't know what happened there, but I've been in Vietnam long enough to know that it would be a miracle if this war had *not* produced dozens of such atrocities. My first week here, I saw some Vietnamese villagers looking for something of value in a ditch where the Army dumped its junk. A soldier, who could plainly see these people, dumped another truck-load of scrap on top of them, including 60-pound track sections from armored vehicles. I also saw a sergeant tear-gas a population known to be friendly; he did it, as he said, "just for laughs" and he was not disciplined or rebuked. Everywhere I've been stationed, the Vietnamese people—all the people, not just the Viet Cong—are called "slants" and looked upon with hatred or contempt. The brass does nothing to correct these attitudes and tacitly seems to encourage them. The Army has only two purposes: to teach you to kill and to teach you to obey orders. Any human capabilities above this level are not only unnecessary to Army operations but may be a hindrance; hence, such personal attributes as insight, compassion and intelligence are extinguished and brutal behavior, such as I have described, becomes the norm. Is it any wonder that atrocities occur? Pinkville is the inevitable result of the way the U. S. Army trains its men.

I'm not writing this as some resentful college intellectual who got drafted: I'm a high school dropout who enlisted voluntarily, full of respect for my elders and a desire to serve. Now, I can only look on the whole system with revulsion and pity, and regret that I have been part of this abomination.

Sp/4 Bruce R. Meigs
APO San Francisco, California

MILITARY JUSTICE

I am a black U. S. Marine serving in Vietnam. I joined the Corps in June 1968 with the intention of making it my life's career, but now I am eagerly looking forward to my discharge in September. Some of the things that changed my attitude toward the Corps are:

As soon as I arrived at my first base, I realized that black men were selected more often than whites for the most revolting jobs, such as cleaning the la-

trines. In addition, Confederate flags were displayed in conspicuous places on base. The brass was well aware that this was very offensive to the black Servicemen, but the flags remained.

Although the Afro-style haircut is officially sanctioned by the Corps, I was ordered to wear my hair white-fashion. When I refused, the haircut was administered by a sergeant in full view of a group of white clerks.

When I was seen reading Black Panther Party literature, I immediately became subject to special harassment, even though I'd made no move to join the B. P. P. or even correspond with it. Word went around that the commanding officer believed I was a member of the Panthers and, shortly thereafter, I was assigned to Vietnam. I was also denied leave time to visit my relatives before going to the Nam, although I had nine days of acquired leave time on the records and, usually, this request is routinely granted. I was finally given leave time, but only on condition that I extend my duty in Vietnam three months even before going there. When I appealed this decision and demanded a captain's-mast hearing, I was informed that my name would be put on the waiting list but I would be in Vietnam before the hearing could take place; and this proved to be the case.

I expect to receive an honorable discharge and I am now being very careful not to provide them with any excuse to give me a less-than-honorable one. Nevertheless, I am writing this letter, since the American people should know what happens to a patriotic young man in the Marine Corps if he happens to be black.

L/Cpl. George M. Reeves
FPO San Francisco, California

TO LOVE OR TO LEAVE

Do the proud citizens who sport the bumper sticker AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT realize that, traditionally, this country has been one in which a man can dissent, speak out or demonstrate without fear of penalty? Today, if one protests a Government action, such as the Vietnam war, he is told to leave the country by the thoughtless Americans who support this slogan. As a military man, I'd recommend a different motto: Vietnam—Love It or Leave It.

A1/C Charles Tanner
Williams AFB, Arizona

KENT STATE

Under the laws of many states, anyone who incites a riot or otherwise provokes an incident that results in death can be charged with murder, whether or not he participated in the killing or was even present at the time. Without stretching this legal doctrine very far, one can argue that President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew should be held responsible for the murder of the four students

at Kent State University and that officials of the Ohio National Guard should be charged as accomplices.

The Administration's frequent and vitriolic attacks on student protesters invariably portray them as animals, bums, irresponsible troublemakers, immoral dope fiends and traitors, who aren't worth the powder it takes to blow them all to hell. With such ugly images in their simple heads, the young Guardsmen sent to keep order at Kent State viewed the college students as "the enemy"—and a dangerous one at that. And so, in a moment of anger and panic, they willingly opened fire. They might not have reacted with such thoughtless violence toward a group of "American citizens expressing legitimate grievances"—rocks or no rocks; but so-called bums, impudent snobs and dangerous radicals were fair game. Nor *could* they have reacted so violently had the Ohio National Guard—contrary to Regular Army policy—not sent them onto the campus with loaded weapons.

The "murderers" of those students were not the frightened young Guardsmen, poorly trained and commanded, who triggered the fatal shots but, rather, the Government officials who created the climate of hatred and provided the instruments of death that made this tragedy not just possible but inevitable.

Michael Martin
Chicago, Illinois

OUR VANISHING CIVIL LIBERTIES

The Defense Facilities and Industrial Security Act of 1970 discussed by Hiroshi Kanno and Val R. Klink (*The Playboy Forum*, June) is one of a series of legislative measures intended to nullify the Bill of Rights in general and the First Amendment in particular. This bill is, in fact, so flagrantly unconstitutional and so badly drafted that, in normal times, we might not take it seriously—but these are not normal times.

In his Charter Day address at Berkeley, Mayor John Lindsay made the observation that "There are men—now in power in this country—who do not respect dissent, who cannot cope with turmoil and who believe that the people of America are ready to support repression as long as it is done with a quiet voice and a business suit." The Defense Facilities and Industrial Security Act uses this rationale to create an agency that will replace the inquisitorial institutions of the Joe McCarthy era. This agency would possess the power to investigate "any person or organization," regarding "behavior, associations, facts and conditions, past and present." This bill also includes a so-called immunity provision, which prevents unwilling witnesses from invoking the Fifth Amendment to avoid informing on their associates, with the threat of indeterminate imprisonment for civil contempt if they refuse.

During the witch-hunts of the early 1950s, the American people were rescued from such repressive legislation by the Supreme Court under Earl Warren. The libertarian Justices of that Court soon became a prime target of the authoritarian right wing. Now that the executive branch of Government has joined the drive to silence dissent, the independent judiciary is being dismantled by Nixon's attempted appointment to the High Court of a type of "conservative," who is interested in conserving everything except the Bill of Rights.

The legislative and judicial areas are only part of the growing pattern of repression. Attorney General Mitchell has thrown the full force of his department into the battle. He made the decision to prosecute the Chicago Eight, and the Government's case rewrote the history of the police riot during the 1968 Democratic Convention. There is increasing evidence that the attacks by local police upon the Black Panther Party were elevated into a nationally coordinated war of annihilation by the Federal authorities. Meanwhile, this toughness has been matched by an equal tolerance for paramilitary formations on the right. In Chicago, the Legion of Justice has raided left-wing organizations and even held press conferences, to show their stolen properties, without any effective prosecution.

In short, we can begin to see the clear outline of a potential police state in the U.S., a home-grown variety of fascism marching under the banner not of the swastika but of the Stars and Bars of Nixon's Southern strategy.

Richard Criley, Executive Director
Chicago Committee to Defend
the Bill of Rights
Chicago, Illinois

OVERSEAS DRUG ARRESTS

There has been a marked increase in the number of young Americans arrested abroad for illegally using or trafficking in drugs. There were 142 Americans under detention on drug charges in 20 foreign countries in March 1969, but in March 1970, the total had risen to 522. Virtually all of these cases involve persons under 30 years of age. In our experience, most of these young Americans expected that foreign countries would be more permissive than the U.S. in their laws and law enforcement concerning drugs; and many thought that their own Government could do more for them in case of trouble than, in fact, it can.

The penalties for drug violations in most countries are severe. The charge—whether for possession or, more serious, trafficking—is usually determined by the quantity involved. Possession of more than 500 grams (about one pound) results in a minimum of six years in jail plus a heavy fine in some countries or, in others, one to three years in a "detoxification asylum"—usually a mental hospital.



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Trafficking in drugs carries a penalty of ten years to life. In some countries, prison conditions are primitive: damp underground locations; rats and vermin; insufficient light, heat and food; absence of sanitary facilities; abuse by other prisoners. Pretrial confinement can be prolonged—in some countries, up to one year without bail. Language difficulties compound the tragedy.

Americans traveling abroad are subject to the laws of the country they are visiting; they are not protected by U.S. laws. The U.S. Government can only seek to ensure that the American is not discriminated against—that is, that he receives the same treatment as do nationals of the country in which he is arrested who have been charged with the same offense. When a U.S. citizen is arrested abroad, consular officials move as quickly as possible to protect his rights, but the laws of the country where the arrest takes place determine what those rights are.

We urge Americans traveling abroad to be aware that the potential consequences of drug violations can be very serious.

Michael Collins

Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs
United States Department of State
Washington, D. C.

CANNABIS AND PUBLIC HEALTH

The following is a letter sent to President Nixon by 96 members and employees of the United States Public Health Service, including 38 physicians, 58 administrators and other professionals;

As physicians, commissioned officers and employees of the U. S. Public Health Service, we wish to make known our views concerning marijuana.

Many spurious claims and charges have been made by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. All of these allegations have been disproved by research.

Marijuana does not alter basic personality.

Marijuana is not causally related to crimes of violence.

Marijuana does not lead to increased sexual activity.

Marijuana does not lead to the use of other drugs.

As some 20,000,000 U. S. citizens have used marijuana and have firsthand knowledge of its effects, the continual misrepresentation by the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs tends to make young people lose confidence in authority figures in general and the Government in particular. It also leads young people to doubt information concerning truly dangerous drugs, such as amphetamines, nicotine, barbiturates and alcohol.

With this country ranking 21st in the world in its infant-mortality rate, ninth in maternal mortality, first in deaths due to coronary-artery disease, its V. D. rate climbing, millions of its citizens malnourished and other millions having only poor access to health care, there are many more urgent health problems than marijuana smoking. These priorities demand all the resources we can give them to increase the general health level of the people of the United States. Money now spent on preventing Cannabis usage should be directed toward these more important problems.

We also urge laboratory and clinical studies on the efficacy of this drug. If its use as a tranquilizer, sleeping pill and muscle relaxant are confirmed and no new side effects are found, it would be much safer than present medications. Furthermore, a search of medical literature reveals that it may have uses as an analgesic, appetite stimulant, anti-epileptic, anti-spasmodic, anti-depressant, anti-asthmatic, anti-tussive, antibiotic, childbirth anesthetic and withdrawal agent for opiate and alcohol addictions.

We urge you to take a reasonable, responsible approach to Cannabis; an approach that will conserve our most precious natural resource—people.

(Signed by 96 persons)

San Francisco, California

JUDGE OF THE YEAR

I quote from *The Washington Times-Herald* of Washington, Indiana:

A youth arrested in a dormitory room at Indiana State University for illegal possession of marijuana was sentenced to 180 days at the state farm and fined \$524 after pleading guilty here Wednesday.

The judge called [the youth's] offense "the most serious crime I have seen since taking the bench nearly two years ago."

If I hadn't seen it in print, I wouldn't have believed it.

Ed Evans

Indianapolis, Indiana

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

I read a report in the *Dorchester, Maryland, News* concerning a married couple who had been found guilty of involuntary manslaughter in the death of their infant son. Despite previous convictions of both (the husband for assault and battery, the wife for nonsupport of her children), the judge suspended sentence and let them walk away, though ordering the wife to attend a mental-

health clinic. An unusually compassionate judge, I thought.

Then I read about the next case on the calendar, which involved a young veteran with no previous convictions who had been caught with marijuana. The youth's lawyer argued that Congress is considering lowering the penalty for possession of pot from a felony to a misdemeanor, to which the judge immediately responded, "God forbid." The sentence was two years.

Is marijuana really that much worse than neglecting a child until he dies?

James L. Jones

Linkwood, Maryland

THE MENACE

About two years ago, I came upon my two daughters smoking marijuana in their bedroom. They were 16 and 17 at the time and I became terribly upset. I repeated all the misinformation about marijuana that I had acquired over the years; they, in turn, patiently quoted scientific evidence and told me their own experiences to try to calm me. They admitted having frequently smoked marijuana for over a year and added that regardless of my attitude, they would continue. After several weeks and many long discussions, my panic subsided and I agreed that two well-educated girls of their ages could make their own decisions on this matter.

Both girls graduated from high school last year with above-average marks and one made the honor roll. They both held good jobs during the summer; and the marijuana did not seem to decrease their capacity for work any more than it had damaged their school achievement. They are now in college and doing well. I am finally convinced that marijuana is a relatively harmless drug, especially compared with alcohol.

My only remaining fear concerns our cruel and destructive laws against marijuana. I want to thank PLAYBOY for attempting to bring some enlightenment to this subject and I hope to God your articles, letters and editorial comments have some effect on our legislators. The real menace to my family is not pot but our lawmakers and police!

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

SHOCK THERAPY

I wish to straighten out those letter writers who gave their opinions on electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) in the January and May *Playboy Forums*. Having personally administered over 50,000 electroshock treatments since 1941, I think I can better judge its merits than most of your correspondents. I have given treatments to patients with recent acute coronaries and fractures, to patients who have had major surgery five days before, to women in their eighth month of pregnancy and



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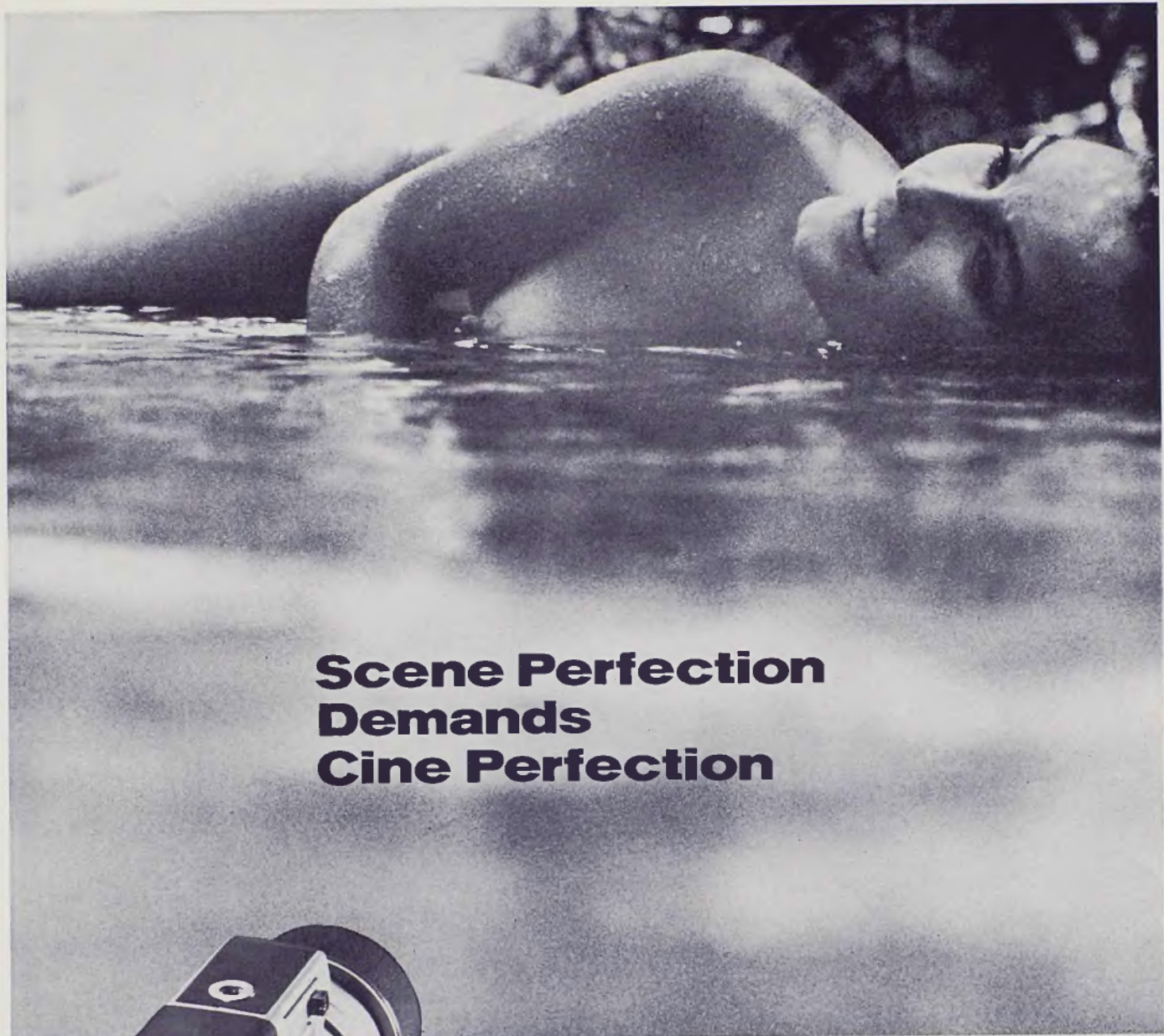
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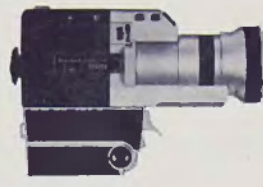
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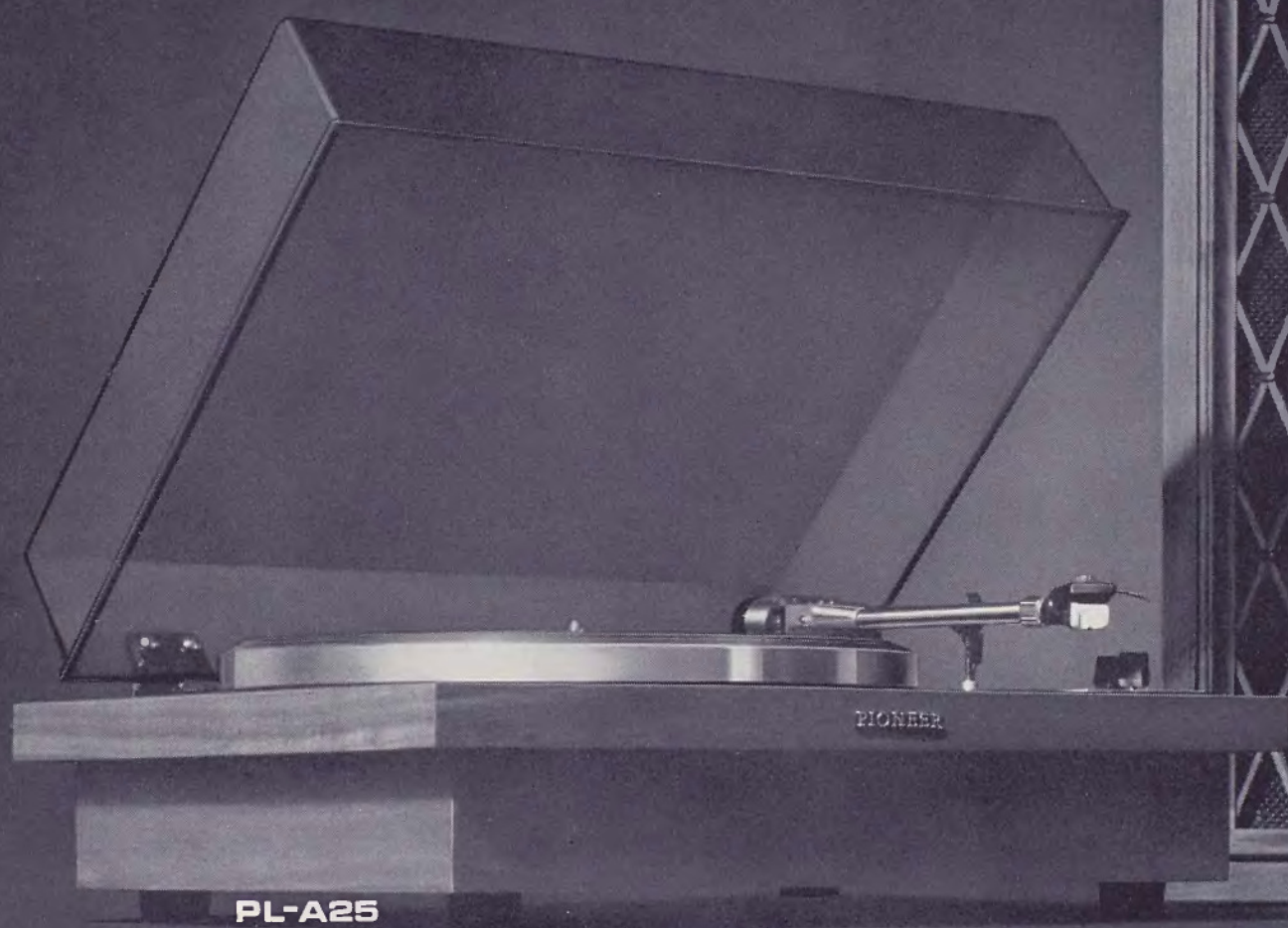


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to persons over 90 years old, to name a few. I have never witnessed any serious harmful effects, or deaths, resulting from this therapy.

The fact that some patients become worse after electroshock proves nothing; a certain number of patients become worse with any treatment. Incidentally, the confusion, disorientation and amnesia described by some of your letter writers are desirable effects of the treatment and are usually proportional to the degree of recovery. Mental patients have a degree of memory impairment anyway, whether they receive ECT or not.

I also take exception to the doctor and nurse who wrote that patients should be put under sedation before receiving electroshock. I have not used pretreatment sedation for 20 years, because this procedure actually increases the patient's anxiety. Furthermore, I've never had a patient who could remember the shock and, therefore, none complained that it was painful.

I would only add that ECT has survived over 30 years and psychiatric literature abounds with thorough studies showing its efficacy.

Joseph Perlson, M. D.
San Bernardino, California

COPS AND THEIR CRITICS

I am a police officer and I was very distressed by the number of letters in the March *Playboy Forum* describing abuses of police authority. Instead of writing letters about such things, people should fight back. If you are treated unfairly by a policeman, complain to his superior. If that doesn't work, go even higher. But, above all, don't assume that all policemen are like the ones described in the March *Forum*. There's a new breed of police officer these days who wants to hear your complaints, because he wants to make the police force better and help and serve the public.

Joseph P. Kosakowski
Albany, New York

UNEASY RIDER

I've seen *Easy Rider* twice and I was terrified by its honesty. But let's not kid ourselves and think that the senseless hostility it portrays applies only to the South: *Easy Rider* is the story of America today. Similarly, we shouldn't infer from Paul English's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, March) that only the police departments in Louisiana are likely to be stupid and cruel.

Most of the time, I'm a pretty mangy-looking character. But I've traveled through every Southern state—alone, with a girl and with equally mangy-looking guys—and I've never experienced anything but Southern hospitality. A police chief in a small South Carolina town once cooked breakfast for three friends and me when our car broke down. As for Louisiana, there are some mighty nice

people down there. I've heard about ugly incidents happening to others traveling in the South; I guess I'm lucky.

But I haven't been so lucky in the North. I could tell Paul English a few hair-raising tales about Chicago, New Haven and Albany, New York.

Michael F. Wolf
Davis, California

THE RESPECTABLE PROSTITUTES

There is a small town renowned all over this part of Texas as the locale of an active house of ill repute. Though quite illegal, this establishment is apparently tolerated by local law-enforcement officers, since its existence is an open secret and is the subject of general kidding. One evening a few months ago, I happened to visit this house with several fellow college students (more out of curiosity than anything else, considering the reported high price). Imagine my amazement when I was refused admission because of the length of my hair!

Frank Goodwyn, Jr.
Kingsville, Texas

INTEGRATION IN LOUISIANA

A while ago, the governor of Louisiana spoke on television about the great strides his state has made in integration. I am from the North and lived in Baton Rouge last year, while attending Louisiana State University. Not having any prejudices against the black man, I naturally made friends with many of the soul brothers there.

The governor said there were 2000 Negroes in the LSU system, neglecting to mention that there are a total of 55,000 students overall, making for an integration percentage of 3.6 percent. No wonder Louisiana has such a high rate of illiteracy.

Marc A. Quinlan
Husson College
Bangor, Maine

THE COLEMAN CASE

Thank you for publishing my letter about the case of John Coleman, a black leader employed by the Flint, Michigan, Ombudsman project, who was arrested in a highly questionable manner (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Since I wrote to you, there have been several new developments. First of all, John Coleman voluntarily agreed to take a polygraph (lie detector) test, but the two policemen involved in his arrest refused in writing to take this test. Meanwhile, a task force of concerned citizens, mostly white and including a good representation of the Flint religious community, has investigated the case and issued several statements sharply criticizing the Flint police for staging the raid in predawn hours, for entering with drawn guns, for searching without a warrant and for terrorizing the entire household on a matter growing out of a purely technical charge. (Every-

one admits that Coleman's possession of the two guns in question was legal under Michigan law, and whether or not this was technically illegal under Federal law will have to be decided in the courts.)

Following the newspaper coverage of this matter, Flint police chief James Rutherford called a press conference and alleged that he had evidence that all of the recent bombings around the country were plotted by the SDS-Weatherman faction at Sacred Heart Church here in Flint last December. He added that the dynamite for the bombings was purchased by a man in clerical clothing and distributed at that church. Since our citizens' task force meets at Sacred Heart Church and the two priests of that church regularly wear clerical clothing, a strong implication has been created that any group associated with the church may be a terrorist revolutionary group. We have issued a statement pointing out that the chief has not produced any credible evidence (but merely claimed that he had it), that the Weatherman group did not meet at the Sacred Heart Church but at the Giant Ballroom elsewhere in Flint and that those of us who know the two priests are absolutely confident that they would never be involved in violence of any sort. Nevertheless, as the Joe McCarthy era proved, a denial never quite catches up with an accusation if the accusation is wild enough; and all of us are now living under a cloud of suspicion, merely because a group of citizens went to the defense of a black man who had been abused by the police.

The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf
Interfaith Action Council of
Greater Flint
Flint, Michigan

SEX OBJECTS

As I understand women's liberation, there is a great deal of sense and also a great deal of nonsense in the movement. The sense consists of a quite legitimate demand for an end to various sorts of economic and social discrimination against women; any fair-minded person must support this. The nonsense revolves around the elusive expression sex object, which means either too much or too little and, therefore, fails to communicate anything.

A sex object, as the term was originally used by Freud, is any person or thing to whom another person directs his or her erotic impulses. According to Freud, the normal sex object for an adult male is an adult female, and vice versa. Those who have other sex objects—such as little boys or girls, shoes or girdles, dead bodies, etc.—are categorized by Freud as deviates. The Freudian theory, then, is that it is normal for men to seek women as sex objects and for women to seek men as sex objects; and that those who seek other outlets have been deflected

from normal development by some sort of childhood trauma.

Now, when women's liberation leaders say that women should not be sex objects, what do they mean? Do they want men to seek other sex objects and become deviates or fetishists? Do they want men to have no sex objects at all, to become celibates and, hence, allow the human race to die out? I suppose some of the extremists in the movement—e.g., those who have urged women to masturbate rather than associate with men—mean exactly this. Others, however, hold more conventional views, yet they also use the term sex object pejoratively. Is this just a case of the common habit of picking up popular expressions and repeating them without considering their implications? Or does the phrase have some new meaning unknown to Freud and psychoanalysis?

I wish some of the ladies would clarify this point.

James O'Malley
Boston, Massachusetts

MEN'S LIBERATION

While the women's liberation front is getting all the press coverage, a men's liberation front has quietly come into existence—with no fanfare, no publicity, no dogmas and no rigid organization. The members simply liberate themselves, without marching, demonstrating or writing polemical pamphlets. How big is this movement? I don't know, but one statistic (published in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* last April) is revealing: A private-detective agency reports that it handles 1000 cases of missing husbands for every four cases of missing wives.

Obviously, women aren't the only ones seeking liberation these days. The difference is: The women talk; the men act.

John Stevens
Dayton, Ohio

INDIVIDUALS VS. FRONTS

The women's liberation front is attempting to have women overcome their feelings of inferiority by political means. But an inferiority complex is a psychological problem to be fought individually by each woman. Women's lib defines the problem—prejudice, the myths of male superiority and female inferiority—and offers the solution: Women, unite! Since the movement has obviously ignored personal volition, blaming women's woes on society and male exploitation, it should give up hopes of freeing women; if women are purely the product of their society, they can do nothing to change themselves or that society.

Women's lib seems bent on turning out political activists, not self-confident adults. The goal of this movement has shifted from helping a woman realize her individual potential to encouraging women to see their role as members of

a revolutionary collective—which is sad, since the movement could have a positive effect on women's lives. The idea of making women aware of the psychological and political subjection they've had to submit to is good, as are the ideas that women can be intellectually equal to men and should be dealt with on the basis of their ability and not punished because of their sex. But instead of explaining to women why they shouldn't consider themselves inferior because of their sex, women's lib lectures on class struggle and revolutionary realignment, using current political jargon, substituting the word women for poor, black or oppressed. Instead of helping women, they are cashing in on the prevalent political climate. What happens to the individual woman in the midst of this blast of political rhetoric? She simply adopts another context in which to lose herself.

Diana Goldenberg
Iowa City, Iowa

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

I am not a radical feminist and I have long been an appreciative reader of *PLAYBOY*, even defending your magazine against men who argue that your approach is degrading to women; but the Morton Hunt article (May) was certainly a disappointment. Why did you imagine that a male author could possibly understand or explain the economic (and other) injustices that women face in this society? Why, why did you pick a man who has such a patronizing, mocking and unsympathetic view of the problem? And why, why, why did you let him get away with using out-of-context quotes from a few extremists to make the whole feminist movement look as if it consisted of nothing but anti-sexual freaks?

Most infuriating of all was Hunt's attempt to rationalize the economic exploitation of women. No amount of such clever verbiage is going to convince a divorced, deserted or widowed woman who is trying to support herself and her children on a salary that averages 58 percent of what men in the same jobs take home. You pride yourself on espousing progressive causes, but *Up Against the Wall, Male Chauvinist Pig!* was a long step backward from your enlightened stance.

Dr. Norma Erickson
St. Louis, Missouri

We appreciate your friendship for PLAYBOY and hope it will continue after you know a few facts about Hunt's article. For openers, we don't think it any more unusual for a man to write about injustice to females than for a white to write about injustice to blacks. We're happy that Abraham Lincoln didn't fail to write the Emancipation Proclamation because he was neither black nor a slave. In short, we're glad to hear your criticisms, but we think that blaming the sex of the author for your displeasure is

exactly the kind of sex prejudice modern feminists claim to be fighting.

*Having now defended our choice of a man to write the article, we must confess that, in anticipation of this type of criticism, we tried to find a woman to do the assignment. Several refused, asserting they feared becoming targets of the extreme feminists' wrath. A young woman finally did accept the assignment and wrote the article; but when we asked her to clearly separate the programs of the moderate feminists from the irrationality and anti-sexuality of the extremists—and to devastate the latter—she refused. She expressed fear that she, too, would be attacked by "her sisters," and, indeed, she was later intimidated into contributing \$100 as "reparations" to the Women's Liberation Center, presumably for dealing with the enemy: men. She also admitted, in an interview with Screw, a New York weekly of soft-core pornography, that she was really trying to reach *PLAYBOY's* "readership of millions" with a message quite the opposite of the one assigned to her: "I tried to concentrate on male liberation," she said. "After all, men are trapped by roles as much as women are." We finally gave this woman full payment for her article and retained permission to use it as research (we eventually utilized a single anecdote). It was then, facing an imminent deadline, that we asked Hunt, who had written a book about male and female roles (*"Her Infinite Variety"*—highly praised by feminists), to do the article for us.*

We can only suggest that you reread Hunt's article if you think he used "out-of-context quotes from a few extremists to make the whole feminist movement" look bad. The subhead of the article reads, "Militant man-haters do their level worst to distort the distinctions between male and female and to discredit the legitimate grievances of American women." We believe the article lives up to that premise. It isn't we who have done the discrediting—the kookie feminists on the extreme fringe have done it; and the sooner rational women such as you disavow these divisive and destructive elements, the sooner women and men can get together to solve the very real problems faced by both sexes. (See "Dear Playboy" for additional letters about Hunt's article.)

"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 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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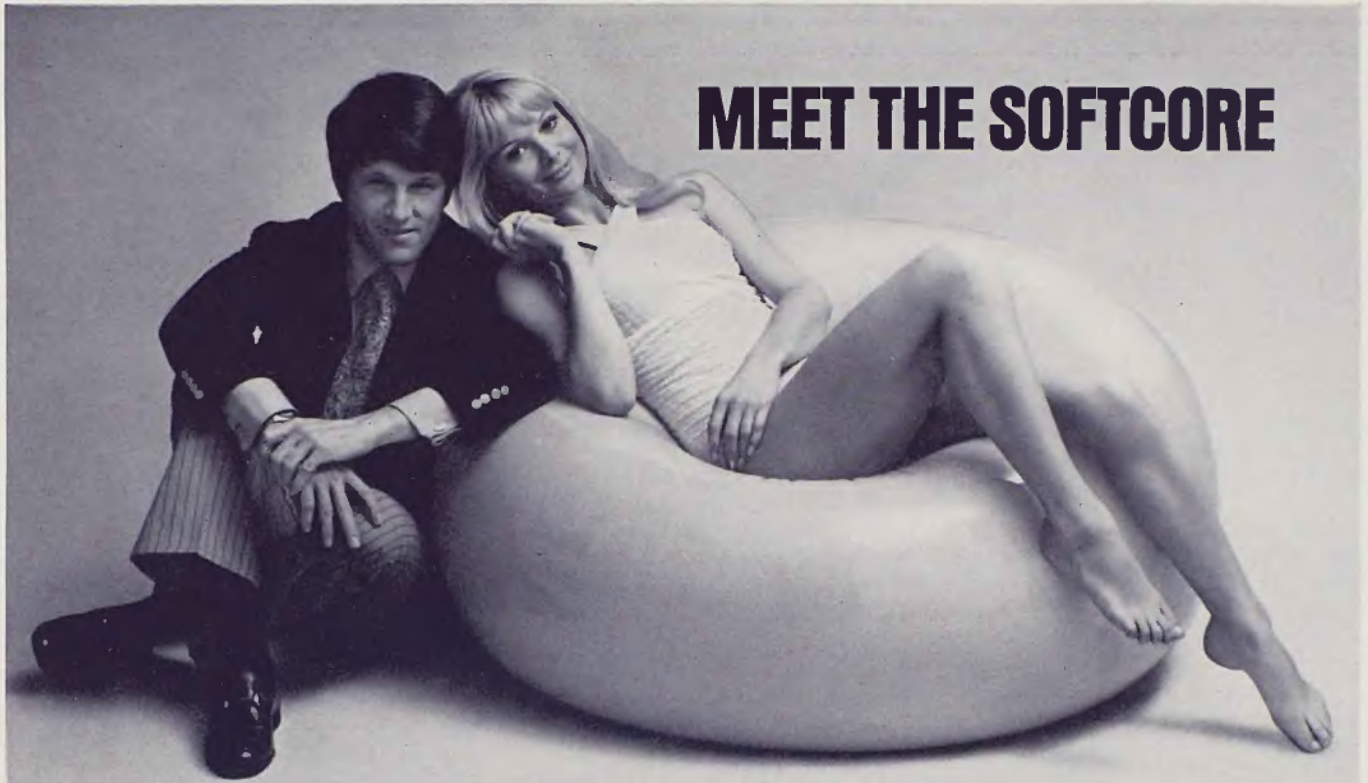
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DR. PAUL EHRLICH

a candid conversation with the outspoken population biologist and prophet of environmental apocalypse

In the three years since biologist Paul Ehrlich wrote "The Population Bomb"—a chilling scenario of the world's fate if people and their principal by-product, pollution, continue to multiply unchecked—the book has sold 1,250,000 copies and its author has become the chief spokesman for what promises to become the most important campaign of the Seventies: the crusade to save the environment. Ehrlich is very much in demand; clubs, colleges, magazines and networks find his message of ecological doom so compelling that he can't possibly answer every summons: "I get around two dozen requests a day and I'm booked solid for the next year."

Despite the scientific nature of what he has to say, Ehrlich has become controversial; one San Francisco columnist, Charles McCabe, called him "the Cassandra of contraception" and "in his own way . . . more dangerous than Hitler." Ehrlich endures this kind of irrational vituperation because he thinks the situation is desperate. "Some of my colleagues think it's too late, that we've already done too many irreparable things, given birth to too many people. They've given up. I think we may have some time, not much, but enough to turn things around and save ourselves, if we start now. That's why I'm doing all this traveling and speechmaking. Not because I like it but because I want my daughter to enjoy a full life, and I'd like to live another few years myself."

Ehrlich came naturally to biology. As a child in Philadelphia, he was fascinated

by butterflies (he wrote a book on the subject in 1961) and pursued his interest with a biology degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1953 and an M. A. and a Ph. D. from the University of Kansas. After a short stint at the Chicago Academy of Sciences, he joined the faculty of Stanford University, where he served for three years as director of graduate study for the department of biological sciences. Currently a full professor of biology, Ehrlich considers himself a scientist and researcher by profession and a missionary for the ecology movement only by reluctant choice. A rare combination of natural eloquence and articulate expertise in population biology—the study of how species naturally control their growth and size—made him from the beginning of his teaching career one of those special professors who both trouble and inspire students. During one recent semester, he and associate Dr. Richard W. Holm taught an undergraduate course that drew over 700 interested students—an indication that Ehrlich has no trouble meeting the current student demand for relevance in the classroom. In fact, some of his pupils were the first to carry his message beyond the confines of academe. As a result, Ehrlich found himself making presentations and being interviewed frequently around the San Francisco Bay area.

On one of those occasions, he so impressed David Brower—then head of the most prestigious American conservation organization, the Sierra Club—that the

two made arrangements for a book by Ehrlich to be published by Ballantine as part of a Sierra Club series. Ehrlich worked every night for three weeks and produced "The Population Bomb," an effort that has been consuming almost all of his waking hours ever since. "One thing I didn't know about writing a book is how much people are willing to listen to you talk about it. In my case, that's a very helpful phenomenon. Through interviews, talk-show appearances and that sort of thing, I've been able to get through to thousands of people who will never read my book, nor any other, for that matter. I'm told that my two appearances on the Johnny Carson show generated some of the heaviest viewer response in the program's history. So I must be reaching people."

Ehrlich reaches people because, unlike many scientists, he feels no trepidation about leaving the laboratory and entering the political arena. He is president of a group called Zero Population Growth that is dedicated to stopping population growth and environmental deterioration in this country through political action. In every speech, he attacks the national leadership for its ecological ignorance and irresponsibility, sometimes calling the President and other Government officials, simply, "boobs." Because audiences, particularly the young, respond enthusiastically to this kind of blunt talk, Ehrlich is a coveted speaker at college and university programs aimed at mobilizing environmental activism.

Although Ehrlich takes seriously his



"The water in some rivers is becoming too polluted to purify, and evidence is accumulating that DDT in our fatty tissues has reached levels high enough to cause brain damage and cirrhosis of the liver."



"Our large population is responsible for air pollution that could lead to massive starvation in the United States within the next two decades—because air pollution changes the weather of the planet."



"No action has been taken to save the environment. And the things the Administration is talking about doing—emission standards for automobiles and so forth—are like giving aspirin to a cancer victim."

self-assigned role as propagandist, he regrets the damage it's done to his private life. He has had to defer work on two basic biology texts that emphasize ecological considerations—projects he has been laboring over for several years and feels strongly about. "Ecology has been largely ignored in biology teaching over the past few decades, but it's certainly the area of biology that should be emphasized today." He has also given up his most valued form of recreation—piloting his own small airplane. When he finds himself aloft now, it's generally in a commercial airliner, on his way to another talk alerting people to the perils facing the sky above and the earth below. But all this relentless crusading has cut most deeply into the time he can spend with his wife, Anne (who co-authored his recent effort, "Population, Resources and Environment"), and his only child, a 14-year-old daughter (he often makes the point that "population control starts at home" by telling audiences that he is married, has one child and has had a vasectomy—a form of sterilization for males).

His tight schedule was an obstacle even for PLAYBOY when we approached him with our request for an interview. Leisurely taping sessions with Ehrlich in his home or office simply weren't possible, so we had to intercept him on the road and squeeze in whatever questioning his time allowed. One such meeting occurred on April 23—the day after Earth Day, an event hailed by many commentators and Government officials as the signal of a new era of ecological awareness. With the unfortunate exception of a police-student clash in Boston, demonstrations had been peaceful; attendance in most cities was large; sponsors and supporters of the event—which found ecologists, including Ehrlich, speaking all over the country—were encouraged. By all accounts, every ecologist could have afforded to take the next day off. Ehrlich, however, was up early and off to the University of Toledo for another speech. Over coffee, he told us that it was part of a tour that would have him crisscrossing the continent, losing sleep and missing meals for the following three weeks.

We attended his speech at Toledo and watched Ehrlich establish rapport with the students as very few 37-year-old men can. He clearly enjoys the familiarity of academic surroundings and the irreverent wit of scholars, one of whom introduced him, saying, "Dr. Ehrlich has said that 20th Century man is engaged in a rape of mother nature; now, I don't have to tell you what, in the current parlance, that makes us." As Ehrlich began his speech, citing various horripilating statistics to buttress his theme of runaway world-wide overpopulation, he was repeatedly distracted by someone's

clapping. Looking up, he identified the culprit as an exuberant infant, pointed and said, "There's the problem." Alternating this way between grim statistics and gallows humor, he held his audience in rapt attention for almost an hour.

After a brief question-and-answer session, Ehrlich lingered long enough to talk with the students who crowded around him to ask questions or tell him of their efforts in behalf of Zero Population Growth and similar organizations. Then he returned to his hotel for a rushed meal and a hasty departure for the airport. His timing was off and he had almost an hour to wait before his plane departed. We took advantage of this unexpected interlude, found comfortable chairs next to a window overlooking the main runway and began taping. The seductive springtime afternoon made Ehrlich's vision seem remote, indeed, so we began the interview by asking him to explain his prophecy of apocalypse.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say the death of the world is imminent?

EHRlich: Because the human population of the planet is about five times too large, and we're managing to support all these people—at today's level of misery—only by spending our capital, burning our fossil fuels, dispersing our mineral resources and turning our fresh water into salt water. We have not only overpopulated but overstretched our environment. We are poisoning the ecological systems of the earth—systems upon which we are ultimately dependent for all of our food, for all of our oxygen and for all of our waste disposal. These very complex ecosystems are made up of many different kinds of organisms; we're killing off those organisms and simplifying the systems. The stability of ecosystems is dependent on their complexity; if they become simple, they become unstable. Suppose, by analogy, that our lives depended on the functioning of a very complex computer. If transistors were being removed from that computer at random, we would have reason to be concerned. In the same way, every time we turn over more land to one-crop farming, every time we eliminate a species, as we are doing with the California condor, the peregrine falcon and the brown pelican, we reduce the complexity of the systems upon which our very existence depends.

In a balanced ecological system, the effects of sudden fluctuations in the population of one species are canceled out by the actions of other species. Should one natural predator of a pest fall prey to a new disease, the complexity of the system ensures that other predators will keep the pest population in check while the diseased species builds new immuni-

ties. What man does is counter to this natural process and, in the long run, to his own best interests. When we use synthetic pesticides to increase crop yields, we reduce the population of the pests' natural enemies, because most of these chemicals are toxic to both the pests and their predators. Once we eliminate the natural controls, we have to use even more pesticides. The insects build up immunities and become resistant to the pesticides, while their predators may very well be wiped out. So by spraying miracle crops, we simplify the system to the point where we have not only miracle crops but miracle pests, and the only way we can keep on is to use more chemicals that slowly poison us.

If we do something to an ecological system in one place, the whole system is affected. We must learn to look at the whole world and the people in it as a single interlocked system. It's impossible to do something somewhere that has no effect anywhere else. There are a number of ecological rules it would be wise for people to remember. One of them is that there is no such thing as a free lunch. Another is that when we change something into something else, the new thing is usually more dangerous than what we had originally. We can't affect one part without affecting another. People must learn those laws of dependencies and interrelationships. One of the greatest defects of our Government is its failure to educate people about the interconnections among population, pollution, environmental deterioration, war and resource depletion.

PLAYBOY: Which of these is the most critical threat?

EHRlich: The basic problem is too many people, and nothing else can be solved unless we solve that problem. Though overpopulation is the fundamental threat to survival, the most immediate manifestations of the problem are poisonings of ecological systems and the threats of world-wide plague, weather change and thermonuclear war. Take your choice.

PLAYBOY: How does overpopulation increase the likelihood of nuclear war?

EHRlich: We have limited resources on the planet. At projected rates of consumption, we will exhaust many of the important ones before the year 2050. When resources are limited, the per-capita share will decrease as the population grows. There will be greater and greater competition for these resources, and competition for resources is one of the major causes of war. Friction among nations is also likely to increase as countries realize that other countries are destroying their environment. There are now arguments about environmental problems in one country caused by activities in another, by pollution from one country invading its neighbor. That's something that pushes

us toward war. And even without a thermonuclear war, other major disasters aren't out of the question.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

EHRlich: Our large polluting population is responsible for air pollution that could very easily lead to massive starvation in the United States within the next two decades, perhaps within the next five years, because air pollution changes the weather of the planet. A rapid change in our weather would result in drastically decreased food production, and we have less than a year's reserve of food at the moment for this country alone.

We're also dangerously ready for a world-wide plague, particularly since we have jet transports that can take diseased people rapidly from continent to continent. In 1967, we just missed a plague with the Marburgvirus, never before seen in mankind, which was transferred from monkeys to human beings in a laboratory in Marburg, Germany, and in a laboratory in Yugoslavia. Thirty people caught this extraordinarily contagious and lethal disease. Seven died, in spite of the fact that they were well fed and had excellent medical care. If that disease had spread through the world, we could have lost two billion people, because most people in the world are *not* well fed and don't have *any* kind of medical care. To show how close we came, the monkeys carrying the disease were at London's airport for two weeks before they went to Marburg. If the disease had been caught by human beings there, we might have exterminated most of our species.

Biological-warfare labs are another monstrous threat to the survival of man, because there is no such thing as an accident-free virus laboratory. There *are* accidents, lots of them. It's quite possible to build an organism that would run through mankind, killing virtually everyone, because of a lack of resistance in the human population. The medical profession, in its concern with the diseases of middle age, simply isn't prepared for the possibility—or perhaps I should say the eventual certainty—of such a world-wide plague. Many medical practitioners wrongly feel that vast epidemic diseases are no longer a problem, so the medical profession and the Government aren't prepared for that contingency.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the public becoming aware of these problems and aren't we beginning to move toward remedies?

EHRlich: We're hearing a lot of talk now, but that's one of the problems. Politicians are talking about ecology and most of them don't have the vaguest idea of what it's all about. Even many of those involved in ecology don't really have the facts. But the main hang-up at the moment isn't just that people are doing a tremendous amount of talking without much knowledge; it's that no

action has been taken—no action whatsoever—on either the population or the environmental front. The things the Administration is talking about doing to help the environment—emission standards for automobiles and so forth—are like giving aspirin to a cancer victim.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't all the rhetoric begun to spur research into possible technological remedies that may make ecological disaster much less likely?

EHRlich: Man's technology hasn't eliminated all of the natural controls on his population, but it has artificially expanded, at least temporarily, the carrying capacity of the planet. Let me give you an analogy. Suppose we put gelatin nutrient, banana and a pair of fruit flies into a bottle. The fruit flies breed, their offspring breed and the population builds up. Eventually, the population becomes so large that the excreta of the flies fouls the medium and the food supply diminishes to a critical level. The fly population dies off or dies back to a lower level. By increasing the size of the bottle or putting more food into it, we haven't removed any natural controls; we have only temporarily increased the carrying capacity of the environment. Eventually, the flies will again overshoot the carrying capacity of the bottle and die. Man's technology has temporarily expanded the carrying capacity of the earth, but increasing that capacity without population control only guarantees that a larger number of people will die in misery than would have died if we *hadn't* increased the carrying capacity.

You have to understand the sheer numbers of the problem and the rate of acceleration of population growth. It took about 10,000 years for world population to grow from 5,000,000 to 500,000,000 in 1650 A.D., so population was doubling approximately every 1000 or 1500 years. World population reached one billion in 1850; the doubling time had been reduced to 200 years. Two billion was reached by 1930; that's a doubling in 80 years. We've almost completed the next doubling, only 40 years later. We're adding 70,000,000 people to the world every year. This means that we have a new United States—in population and all that implies in terms of environmental stresses—*every three years*. Let me put it another way. In all of the wars fought by the United States, we have suffered around 600,000 combat deaths. World population makes up that amount in about half a week. If current growth could continue, in 900 years there would be about 100 people per square yard of the earth's surface. Needless to say, population growth will come to a screeching and disastrous halt long before then.

PLAYBOY: What is the maximum population the world could support without environmental damage?

EHRlich: It's difficult to determine the

ideal population. There probably is no such static figure, but many scientists think the population of the United States should eventually be reduced to well under 50,000,000 and that of the world to an absolute maximum of 500,000,000.

PLAYBOY: Could family planning cut the birth rate and reduce population to this optimum level?

EHRlich: In general, around the world, the problem isn't unwanted babies but *wanted* babies. This doesn't mean we shouldn't have an all-out campaign to reduce the number of unwanted births, even if they aren't that important, on the whole. Some people estimate that in the United States, a third of the babies are unwanted and that if we can eliminate these births, we will go a long way toward solving our population problem. Perhaps, but it's very difficult to determine how many children people want. They say one thing and perform differently. Certainly, it's important that no woman be compelled to have a child she doesn't want; but as far as the world demographic situation is concerned, we have to change people's attitudes on how many children they *do* want. Despite the fact that family planning has existed in many countries for a long time and in the United States for well over 60 years, we still have rapid population growth. We've tried family planning and we know it doesn't work. That doesn't mean family planning isn't valuable, but more is needed to persuade people not to have too many children.

PLAYBOY: How many is too many?

EHRlich: Any more than two is too many. With a limit of two children per family, the average will move down to somewhere around 1.3 or 1.4, and that's what we need to bring rapid population growth in the United States to a halt before the end of the century.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Government regulations will be necessary to achieve this?

EHRlich: The first thing we should try is a Government propaganda campaign in which the President says, "Starting now, no patriotic American family should have more than two children." And we should start a TV campaign of spot commercials to keep reinforcing the idea that it's better for all concerned—especially the parents—to have families of two children or, if you want more, to adopt them; that it's stupid and irresponsible to have large families. We should also eliminate the notion that there is something strange or barren about a childless couple.

PLAYBOY: What if simple reason doesn't work and people continue to reproduce at an excessive rate?

EHRlich: If we're going to attack this problem, the Government has to act intelligently, starting with the least coercive measures to remove the pressure, the conditioning, to reproduce. If propaganda doesn't work, the Government could

give *incentives* not to reproduce. If those fail, it could resort to disincentives—such as changes in the tax structure. The thing is that eventually, if we don't manage population control with voluntary means, the Government will have to step in and employ sanctions of some sort. Laws control the number of wives you can have now and, if necessary, they'll control the number of children you can have, too.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't people resist Government interference with what most consider an inviolable individual freedom?

EHRlich: People aren't sufficiently aware that their freedoms are rapidly disappearing *because* there are more and more people. As population grows, we find that there are more and more restrictive laws on where we can drive, whether we can own a gun, whether we can fly an airplane, where we can throw our garbage, whether we can burn leaves. And as conditions become more crowded, even stricter and more comprehensive Government controls and regulations will be implemented.

PLAYBOY: We've already seen that massive, impersonal—and impersonalizing—Government machinery is required to maintain our large population centers. What are some of the other psychosocial effects of crowding?

EHRlich: I'm doing some research at the moment on the effects of crowding on human beings, and all I can say is that nobody knows what its over-all effects are. There are indications that crowding increases aggression, etc., but there is no way to correlate population density with events and conditions in various areas of the country and to be certain that crowding is the critical factor. In addition to too many people, crowded areas also have a different racial composition, educational level, and so on, from non-crowded areas. But it's interesting to note that per-capita cost of police protection, for example, goes up dramatically as cities grow larger. It costs a lot more to police one city of 1,000,000 than ten cities of 100,000. There are a number of indicators right there. I'm not saying that crowding in itself is causing riots, but nobody with any intelligence says that crowding is unlikely to *contribute* to riots.

PLAYBOY: Some social critics claim that activists such as you are exaggerating the urgency and importance of population problems and accuse you of minimizing and diverting attention from far more critical national problems. A recent *New Republic* article, "The Nonsense Explosion," implied that you are an alarmist and that what you call a population explosion is—in the U.S., at least—merely a population shift away from older rural communities into large urban complexes.

EHRlich: I *am* an alarmist, because I'm

very goddamned alarmed. I believe we're facing the *brink* because of population pressures. I'm certainly not exaggerating the staggering rate of population growth; it's right there in plain, round numbers. Whatever problems I'm diverting attention from will be academic if we don't face the population-environment crisis now. As far as the redistribution of population to the cities is concerned, it would be impossible even for a casual observer in this country to overlook the progressive concentration of people in large, sprawling population centers; it has been documented so thoroughly that it's almost cliché. The problem is that this urban population is still *growing*. But in his last State of the Union Address, the President didn't say we should cut down the size of the population; he said all we have to do is redistribute back from the cities to the towns. That's absolute idiocy. But let's make the simplistic assumption that we're going to redistribute, anyway; in other words, tell every fifth city dweller—in Los Angeles, say—to go somewhere else. Let's also assume they would go. Well, if people go back to their rural home towns, they'll be faced with the same problem that prompted them to leave there in the first place: They couldn't make a living there.

Others suggest that we redistribute to *new* towns. You get two choices if you're going to do that. You can locate these new towns in places where people can live—that is, where there's water, which allows you to have agriculture. But this would aggravate the already serious problem of loss of farmland. In California, for instance, the largest agricultural state in the Union, farmland is being paved so fast that by the year 2020, 50 percent of it will be concrete. And that's the *best* 50 percent, because most of the people settled originally on the prime agricultural land. Since this land is the best 50 percent, agricultural production will decrease during the next 50 years by more than half, and the people on this 50 percent are going to spew their pollutants out over the adjacent unpaved marginal land, thus reducing its already limited productivity. By settling on the best 50 percent of agricultural land and paving it, we are signaling doom for almost all California agriculture.

The other choice is to put people in Nevada or someplace like that. Why aren't more people living in Nevada now? Because there's nothing people can *do* in Nevada; they need water. So if people are going to move there, it will be necessary to desalt and then truck or pipe water in to them—an extremely expensive and ecologically unsound practice. To say that the problem is that we occupy only a certain percentage of America's land surface is to miss the essential point. Secretary of the Interior Hickel

made the observation that when you fly over the United States, you can see that most of it is underpopulated. This kind of nonsense is no more acceptable in the mouth of the Government official most concerned with environmental questions than it is in the pages of a supposedly learned journal. It's a matter of people and *resources*, not of people and square footage. There's plenty of uninhabited square footage on the *moon*.

PLAYBOY: Aren't some nations, such as Japan, with fewer resources and greater population densities than ours, attempting to increase population?

EHRlich: Japan's recent move to increase the birth rate may go down in history as one of the most idiotic moves ever made by a government, although there are many contenders for that honor. Japan already has to import around half of her food and she has to take from the sea roughly one and a half times the protein she is able to grow on land. She's involved in a race with other countries to get the last protein out of the sea. She is soon going to have very grave feeding problems and, with her present population-doubling rate of about 70 years, she will eventually have to turn aggressively toward the mainland. But even without military aggression, highly developed nations such as Japan, Russia and the United States are far more serious ecological threats than the underdeveloped nations in Asia or Latin America.

PLAYBOY: Even though the populations of countries such as India are growing much faster than those of the highly developed nations?

EHRlich: Absolutely. The average white, middle-class baby born in the United States has a future of consumption and pollution ahead of him that cannot be matched by 50 of his counterparts in Calcutta, who will probably not have enough food to survive as long as it will take the American kid to reach his peak consumption years. To keep that American baby in the style this country has decided is necessary, a large quantity of the natural resources of underdeveloped nations will have to be mined and made available to American industry. Most of the time, this exploitation doesn't require legions of occupying troops. We have the technology to extract the resources and use them; the underdeveloped nations don't. So we go in and build our plants or set up our mines, which employ a number of the natives who lived in absolute poverty before industry came along. In return for beefing up the local economy, we get the minerals, some of which may filter back into the economy of the nation that owned them. But as resources become scarcer, the populations of the developed countries grow larger and the governments of the poorer nations turn more nationalistic, competitions and frictions

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will develop that may very well lead us to war. The earth is running out of some very critical natural resources; the demand isn't easing, it's increasing; and in many cases, no substitutes are readily available.

PLAYBOY: Are we close to running out of such essential resources as oil and coal?
EHRlich: Very close. It's hard to say exactly how much we have left, but some fairly accurate estimates have been made. We may be nearing the end of the world's oil reserves, if we continue to consume at present rates, within 100 years. Lead, zinc and tin will probably be exhausted by the end of the century. Coal will last between 300 and 400 more years. Copper, 100. Nickel, 200. All these figures are based on the premise that consumption rates won't increase—and there's little likelihood of that. The United States, which numbers around six percent of the world's population, already uses between 30 and 35 percent of the world's resources.

Unless we decide to level off at our present rate of resource consumption, unless other nations are willing to do the same and unless they accept the disparity between their portion of the wealth of the world and ours, we will run out of these critical nonrenewable resources even sooner than these estimates indicate. There may be some relief in the form of nuclear energy, but it can't entirely replace fossil fuels—coal, oil and natural gas—and it's very dangerous. We are facing a serious resource crisis and, as world population continues to grow, it will become more and more severe. Even if we don't go to war over scarce resources, we'll have the problem of how to run our societies when those resources are exhausted.

Incidentally, one nonrenewable resource I didn't mention is water. We may face a water crisis in this country as soon as 1980 because of the heavy demands of industry and agriculture for fresh water. And we seem to be doing our best to make vast amounts of water into something that's been called "too thick to drink and too thin to plow."

PLAYBOY: When you talk about the inability of the world to support the geometric growth of population and the likelihood that resource scarcity will cause war, etc., don't you open yourself to the same criticisms that were leveled at Thomas Malthus after he made the same prophecies 175 years ago? Haven't his predictions—none of which have come true—been discounted by most economists?

EHRlich: Robert Heilbroner, who is a noted economist, reviewed the book I recently co-authored with my wife, *Population/Resources/Environment*, in *The New York Review of Books*. In his review, he said that while Malthus overlooked the possibility of technological advances and was consequently off in his

predictions, we *haven't* discounted that factor at all. In fact, we know almost exactly what technological advances are possible. In the light of these possibilities, and making the most optimistic assumptions, disaster remains the most probable prospect. So Malthus was fundamentally right; he just got the timing wrong. One important difference between the situation in Malthus' time and ours is that self-restraint was the principal means of birth control then; he was justly pessimistic about the efficacy of this method. Though there's little likelihood that we'll make use of them, we have more hopeful alternatives now.

PLAYBOY: Aren't serious objections to some of them, such as the pill, beginning to arise?

EHRlich: The recent propaganda about the pill has caused an unnecessary scare about its side effects. Obviously, there are risks involved, just as there are with any drug; but those risks seem to have been exaggerated. People have panicked; many women have gone off the pill, and unwanted births will result. We could have a much safer pill if it weren't for the politicians who are fighting against abortion reform. With subsidized abortion throughout the country, we could have a pill containing a much smaller dose of hormones but carrying a small risk of pregnancy. Women would doubtless accept this risk if they knew they could go to a doctor's office and have an abortion. There are other risks with today's pill, but for most women, they are relatively small compared with the benefits. They are certainly small compared with the risks of pregnancy. Any woman using the pill, of course, should do so only under the supervision of a doctor.

PLAYBOY: How do you answer the moral and religious objections to abortion?

EHRlich: There *are* no legitimate moral objections to voluntary abortion. It's far less immoral to terminate a pregnancy than to bring an unwanted child into the world to live a life of misery and contribute to the mental problems of the mother. Compulsory birth is as immoral as compulsory abortion. The major group opposing abortion on religious grounds is the Catholic Church, but Saint Thomas Aquinas thought abortion was perfectly acceptable up to the fourth or fifth month, the time of quickening; unfortunately, the Church has since changed its view. The moral question results from confusion over what a human being is. A human being is the result of an interaction between a genetic code and a physical and cultural environment, particularly the cultural environment. A fetus isn't a human being, it's a *potential* human being. Religious objectors are confusing the blueprints for a building with the building itself. If people are concerned about those blueprints and the death of the cells containing them, then

they ought to stop brushing their teeth, because every time they do, they destroy cells that contain blueprints for human beings. Religious objections are based on ignorance, but I don't think we should force anyone who has religious objections to have an abortion. Women should be free either to have an abortion or to carry the child if they wish.

PLAYBOY: What changes do you feel should be made in our abortion laws?

EHRlich: Right now, any affluent woman can get an abortion and has been able to for some time. Restrictive abortion laws simply deny clean, safe abortions to poor people. These laws should be removed from the books and subsidized abortions should be made available to all women who desire them. A doctor must be required to give an abortion to any woman who requests it, or at least to refer the woman to a doctor who will, if his own morals are against it. Unless it's unsafe for them physically, women should be able to have an abortion any time they want it.

PLAYBOY: If abortions were freely available in the United States, would the number of births be substantially reduced?

EHRlich: There would be fewer births, but the extent of the reduction isn't clear, because we have such a very high level of illegal abortions. We aren't really sure how high it is, because there are no statistics on it. Organizations such as Zero Population Growth and abortion-law-reform groups will probably put enough pressure on politicians to get our abortion laws reformed in the next five years or so. That's one of the areas where I'm relatively optimistic.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that the women's liberation movement could be an effective force in campaigning to lower the birth rate?

EHRlich: A great deal can be said for improving the condition of women in this country and for opening opportunities to them as a way of helping control the population. Other countries might use similar programs to lower the number of births. We must give women better opportunities and set up health centers that include child care, so that women can be freed from taking care of their children to go out and work. In the United States, of course, the attitude persists that a woman's role is that of homemaker, shepherding a large number of children. Women are clearly denied equal rights in this country in many, many ways. We ought to encourage them to join the professions and to look on themselves as having many roles besides motherhood.

PLAYBOY: Do you think men should shoulder more of the responsibility for birth control?

EHRlich: I do, indeed. The medical profession, by almost banning women from its ranks, has had a man's-eye view of reproduction. The way some doctors



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talk, you would think men had nothing whatsoever to do with reproduction. One way a man can take some responsibility is by having a vasectomy after he and his wife have had their children. Speaking from personal experience and the testimony of friends who have had vasectomies, I would highly recommend it. The effect on one's sex life is positive. It eliminates worries about contraception and has no physiological influence on sexual desire or performance. Anybody who understands the procedure and isn't being forced into it by his wife or girlfriend is likely to experience a positive psychological effect and improvement in his sex life.

PLAYBOY: If it became necessary for the Government to impose birth control, would there be any alternatives to this kind of surgery? Some authorities have talked about adding anti-fertility chemicals to water supplies.

EHRlich: I don't foresee any satisfactory technology for such indiscriminate mass-administered Government birth-control programs, at least not in time to help with the present crisis. Problems of side effects, uniform administration, avoiding those for whom such controls are not intended—children and the elderly, for example—are simply too severe for a rapid solution to the technological problems. And, of course, the problem of social acceptance would be even more difficult. On one hand, it might be viewed as mass involuntary medication, and some people consider that immoral. But, of course, it's also a public-health measure, because we're all doomed if we don't control population growth. There's plenty of precedent for mass administration of medicine in the name of public health—smallpox vaccination and fluoridation of water supplies, for example.

But I feel we already have more than enough bureaucratic intervention in our lives and I hope we can control our population by strictly voluntary means. If the Government inaugurates the proper programs of persuasion and the people respond strongly enough, it's possible that we'll be able to control our population. If we don't, compulsory Government control of births is a virtual certainty. Effective voluntary birth control, of course, will depend on dramatic changes in people's attitudes on the number of children they want. I don't think that very many people, particularly in the underdeveloped countries, will be persuaded to limit the size of their families for any reasons but matters of immediate self-interest, or what they think is self-interest. It has always been very difficult to get anybody to do anything for future generations. "What the hell did posterity ever do for me?" is the general attitude.

PLAYBOY: Some minority leaders have charged that birth control is simply an elaborate program of genocide to be imposed on their races. Is a birth-control

solution possible without the participation of blacks and other minorities?

EHRlich: Minority groups very wisely detect an element of genocide in the talk of many people who discuss population control. All too many people say, "There are too many black and chicano babies," which is nonsense. The most serious population growth is among affluent whites, because they are the heavy polluters and consumers. The blacks and the chicanos and the American Indians tend to be the victims of pollution rather than the cause of it; they have very little chance to consume. Anybody who worries about too many black, brown or red babies has a very simple device available to make the black, brown and red birth rates identical to the white birth rate. All that's necessary is for everyone in the country to have the same economic, social and educational opportunities. Then the reproductive performance of the various racial groups will be the same. Population control begins at home and whites will have to start cutting their own population growth—which is the most serious in the world—before they can say anything about what other people of other races, whom the whites are tromping on, ought to do. We're already hearing from black-power groups on this issue. The way to defuse it is to take pressure off the blacks by stopping people from calling it a black problem.

We must also avoid what many politicians are trying to do now, particularly in the Nixon Administration—deflecting public concern from racism and the war to the environmental crisis, as if they were separate problems. But the race problem and the war—which is incinerating a large chunk of the world—are inextricably tied in with the population-resource-environment issue.

PLAYBOY: Even if you could make the public understand the dimensions and implications of the population problem and persuade people to immediately reduce the birth rate to two children per family, wouldn't there be a dangerously long time lag before any noticeable effects took place?

EHRlich: If we had a miracle and everybody in the world decided today to have a maximum of two children, we would still have rapid population growth for at least the next 30 years. Thirty-seven percent of the world's people are under 15, and those young people are going to have children and grandchildren before they move from the 0-to-15 age group to the 50-to-65 age group and start dying of old age. Unless we have a massive increase in the death rate—which I think we will have—we will face a long period of population growth even with a drastic reduction of the birth rate. That's one reason biologists are so pessimistic about whether we can save ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Haven't there been radical ad-

vances in agriculture that will make it possible to meet the nutritional needs of this expanding population?

EHRlich: That's the famous "green revolution." The best way to evaluate the wildly optimistic claims of its proponents is to refer to *Time* magazine, November eighth, 1948, which reported that the agriculturalists expected in 12 years—by 1960—to be able to feed everybody in the world without any problem. Although some people thought there would be two and a quarter billion people by 1960, *Time* said other experts believed this was an overestimate. Well, in 1960, there were three billion people and the agricultural experts weren't feeding half of them. My reply to the prophets of agricultural utopia is: When you can adequately feed the 3.6 billion people we have now—including the 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 who are dying of starvation each year—come back and tell us how you'll feed the seven billion we'll have by the year 2000. Until you can do that, why don't you just shut up and get back to work?

PLAYBOY: Some economists have said that India and other underdeveloped nations, once they learn to master new agricultural techniques, will achieve economic self-sufficiency. Doesn't this contradict your dismissal of the green revolution?

EHRlich: Not a bit. Even if all the world's food were divided evenly, there would be a bare sufficiency of calories, but not of protein. *Everyone* would suffer malnutrition. The agriculturalists' solution is to plant more high-yield grains, the foundation of the green revolution. But there are a number of important things to remember about high-yield crops. In order to grow them and benefit from them, fertilizer has to be manufactured and transported, so there is a requirement for extensive new plants, trucks and roads. Tractors and other farm machines that burn petroleum fuels also have to be used. Water requirements for high-yield crops are very heavy, so irrigation also is mandatory, thus interfering with the ecology of water basins. And high-yield grains have often lost one very important characteristic in their development—pest resistance. They produce fragile crops that require large-scale treatment with pesticides that have very serious ecological effects and usually result in pesticide-resistant pests that do even more damage than unsprayed pests because the predators that ordinarily eat them have succumbed to the pesticides.

The green revolution wouldn't be ecologically sound even if it could meet the food needs of the world's population, which it can't. The points to remember are that you don't get something for nothing and that you never win totally. A perfect example is the Irish potato famine. That followed a green revolution. There were 2,000,000 Irishmen living in



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misery in Ireland. Then they had a green revolution; the potato was introduced. The Irish planted a huge monoculture of potatoes, an ecologically stupid thing to do, since monocultures are simple and, therefore, vulnerable systems. Then, in the middle of the last century, along came the potato blight, which killed the potatoes. By that time, the Irish had bred up to 8,000,000 people on this huge supply of potatoes. When the blight hit, about 1,000,000 Irishmen starved and 2,000,000 emigrated. Had there been no place for them to go, 3,000,000 people would have starved because a green revolution was introduced to 2,000,000 people.

Today, of course, we *don't* have any place to go, and there are already new famines building. When the number of people starving annually is measured in the millions, that's famine. We have to stop looking around for some quixotic technological or agricultural panacea and face the problem: too damn many people. But even if there are fantastic successes with population control, even if everybody decides tomorrow that they're going to have small families and the average around the world drops instantly to 2.3 children—which would be a miracle—population growth and associated extreme environmental stresses will continue into the next century.

PLAYBOY: Why?

EHRlich: The world population is so young that even if not another baby were born, present food requirements would continue to increase over the next decade, because those now under 15 will make increased demands on the food supply and on the rest of the resources of the world as they grow older.

PLAYBOY: If the green revolution won't feed them, could we meet part of this need by farming the sea?

EHRlich: There is a great deal of—bullshit, I think, is the correct term—about the untapped resources of the sea and how we'll be able to farm them. Well, biologists have very carefully measured the resources of the sea, and the maximum annual yield we can get—if we do everything right—is between 100,000,000 and 150,000,000 metric tons. This means that if our population continues to grow at present rates and doubles in the next 30 years, as it's expected to, and if the 100,000,000-metric-ton yield is achieved, there will be *less* fish per person than there is now. And that's if we do everything right. At the moment, we're not doing *anything* right.

PLAYBOY: What about synthetic or manufactured food?

EHRlich: To produce food synthetically, in the sense of just taking carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and making the molecules, the energy demands would be colossal if we knew how to do it, which we don't.

PLAYBOY: Is there *anything* we can do to ease the food problem?

EHRlich: If the goal is more food for the people of the world, and the necessary money and effort are advanced toward it, there are all kinds of ecologically safe measures that could be employed and that would help. The most helpful step would probably be the use of our technology to cut into the very serious losses that occur between the harvest and the dinner table. There are tremendous losses to rats, insects, mold, mildew, and so on. A program aimed at cutting these losses would be much more sensible than trying to grow edible algae on sewage, which is one of the more appetizing solutions that have been suggested. The people who push such programs, of course, are never going to be the eaters; they'll shovel it out to the rest of us and say, "*Bon appetit.*"

PLAYBOY: Many environmental experts say that even if we sensibly limit and adequately feed our population in the U.S., we'll still be headed for ecological disaster. Do you think your emphasis on population may be wrong for the U.S.? Aren't some of the consequences of pollution a more immediate threat?

EHRlich: I wrote a book called *The Population Bomb* because I thought too many people were emphasizing only pollution. I'm not in any way trying to minimize the problem of pollution. At the moment, it is at least as serious as, or possibly more serious in the United States than our population growth. It's perfectly clear that if we moved our population down to 50,000,000 and continued to use DDT as we are now, we could destroy the entire planet. But it's also perfectly clear that no matter how small we make our per-capita impact on the environment, everybody in a technological or agricultural society has a negative impact. If we take the problem from the pollution end and try to reduce the impact of each person, it's obviously going to be necessary to reduce it less drastically if there are fewer people. Los Angeles is a perfect example. It's had a continuous decrease in per-capita pollution for several years but a continuous increase in the number of people, so it hasn't made any progress. It's pointless to argue whether it's pollution or population; it's the interaction of the two, and the only intelligent approach is to attack both simultaneously.

PLAYBOY: Power consumption is one of the worst causes of pollution in this country. How serious a threat is it?

EHRlich: Very serious, because there is no ecologically "safe" method of producing and using power. Even if electricity generation weren't dependent on the burning of fossil fuels that emit deadly chemical and particulate pollution into the air, power plants would create dangerous thermal pollution. Any use of

power creates heat. Slam the brakes down on your car and you turn the kinetic energy of the car into heat energy; everything you do creates heat. The problem is that there is a very severe limit to the amount of power-generated heat that the earth can sustain. If the temperature of an organism's habitat—air or water—is raised above a certain level, that organism will die. Heated waste from nuclear power plants has already destroyed the fish populations of rivers where it has been dumped.

But power generation creates not just heat and air pollution but also other serious ecological problems. Damming rivers to produce hydroelectric power, for example, not only interferes with the ecology of the watersheds, it can even cause earthquakes. But despite all these grim facts, power use in the United States is doubling every decade. At this rate of growth, in 200 years, the entire surface of the United States will have to be nothing *but* power plants. There won't be room for anything else—including the people for whom the power is intended.

PLAYBOY: Nuclear power plants produce radioactive as well as thermal pollution. What is done with the radioactive waste?

EHRlich: A lot of it is buried deep in the earth, and this is something that people are justifiably worried about. A tremendous amount of all the red-hot waste that we plan to dump into salt mines could get out into the environment and cause an epidemic of radiation poisoning that would either kill immediately or lead to cancer, stillbirths and horrible genetic deformities. Remember that to be safe, we must contain these wastes for thousands of years. Another problem is that with the number of plants the Atomic Energy Commission is talking about, there'll be so many hot trucks and trains in transit to the salt mines that there'll be a tremendous danger of accident in the process of moving the waste. Even if that's done successfully, we can't build a 100 percent clean power-generation system, so there will be continuous low-level emission from the fission plants. The amounts will be small, but any release of radioactivity is biologically bad, and the total of these small emissions could be disastrous. Some physicists at the Lawrence Radiation Lab, which is fundamentally an AEC-backed facility at the University of California, have recently claimed that the AEC's permissible radiation standards are about ten times too high. Finally, with nuclear plants, there is always the possibility of an explosion—a small atom bomb, in effect. In 1966, there was an accident at the Fermi plant outside Detroit that just missed being such a disaster and killing millions with radiation.

My approach to the power problem is

not to build more and more nuclear power plants; it's to stop wasting so much of the power we produce now. Our aluminum industry, for example, is an extraordinarily large user of power. It consumes something like ten percent of the industrial power used in this country, and a fantastic amount of that is used to make cans—another environmental pollutant. For many excellent reasons, including this one, we might have to give up aluminum cans. Small loss. We might also have to turn off all advertising signs by law at midnight; that might be a blessing, too. We also have too many home appliances that are very inefficient, but the power companies send ads along with their bills urging us to buy another electric comb. Then the power-company officials say, "We're in a race for our lives to keep up with this power demand; to meet it, we'll have to flood farmland and build more nuclear power plants." It's a demand they have largely created. In western Europe, where people lead very pleasant lives, there is half the per-capita power consumption of the U. S.

PLAYBOY: The dangers from hydroelectric and nuclear power production aren't as visible—or as tangible—as those from fossil-fuel-burning plants that emit tons of pollutants directly into the air over our cities. What are some of the dangers of the air pollution such plants cause?

EHRlich: The danger is that it's lethal. Automobiles, various paper and pulp mills, chemical plants, refineries, other industries and trash incinerators spew millions of tons of deadly pollutants into the air annually. Carbon monoxide—about 70,000,000 tons a year—kills by suffocation when the level is high enough. In severe traffic jams, where a number of cars are idling for long periods of time, drivers begin to experience symptoms of carbon-monoxide poisoning: headache, loss of vision, nausea, abdominal pain. Death could occur in extreme cases. Sulphur oxides—about 14,000,000 tons annually—turns into sulphuric acid in the lungs. It is certainly one of the main causes of the increase in emphysema, bronchitis and other respiratory diseases among people exposed to severe air pollution. And hydrocarbons—about 15,000,000 tons annually—are almost certainly carcinogenic.

In most cases, air pollution kills slowly, by causing debilitating diseases that can't be directly traced to the pollution because of the diversity of pollutants, the existence of other factors and the varying degrees of exposure by the victims. But certain comparisons of respiratory-disease frequency in heavy-smog and smog-free areas indicate pretty clearly that air pollution is a killer. Sometimes, scientific study isn't even necessary. In the case of severe inversions—a layer of warm air overlying a layer of cool air,

thus trapping the pollution under it—people have died in huge numbers simply because of the smog. The worst such disaster occurred in London in 1952, when approximately 4000 people died as a result of a four-day smog. Similar disasters are likely to occur in cities such as Los Angeles if pollution isn't curtailed.

PLAYBOY: The most significant air pollutant is probably the automobile. What can we do to eliminate the ecological ill-effects of our transportation system?

EHRlich: Short of a mass switch from cars to bikes, we could do much better than we do with fewer and smaller cars, relatively low-pollution engines, more mass transit—which is ecologically and economically superior to private automobiles—and an efficient air-transport system. Anyone who flies much knows there are a lot of empty seats and duplicate flights. Obviously, in some places it will be a very difficult transition. Los Angeles was designed for the automobile. In fact, we've been designing the whole country not for people but for automobiles. So it's going to be a serious problem converting to mass transit, but it surely can be done and the simple first step is a law banning large cars and allocating tax funds to buy back old cars and recycle them. With smaller cars, we create more space for other cars, parking is easier, less smog is created and far less of our petroleum resources is consumed. If cars were made with aluminum instead of copper in the wiring, and so on, they could be very easily recycled. It's copper that makes melted-down automobiles undesirable scrap. So there are all kinds of things that could be done immediately to improve the transit system and reduce its impact on the environment.

PLAYBOY: Is there any validity to the argument that building smaller cars would mean simply that more people would be able to buy more cars?

EHRlich: Yes. Probably the way out would be to require that the maximum number of cars would be one four-seater per family. Until we can make people aware of their own contributions to the environmental crisis, such rationing may have to be imposed. But nobody will greatly suffer because he's limited to one automobile. That's not an unbearable sacrifice.

PLAYBOY: What about steam and electric cars? Are they feasible?

EHRlich: They would probably be very expensive; but there are many things that should be considered "feasible" even if cars cost five times as much as they do now, because there's nothing less "feasible" than dying. The thing to remember about electric cars, however, is that they, too, end up creating pollution. Somebody said it would take virtually the entire power capacity of the country to recharge the country's cars.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any plausibility in Henry Ford's promise of a pollution-free internal-combustion engine?

EHRlich: By definition, that's impossible. A cleaner one is unquestionably possible, though we may find that we can get rid of nitrogen oxides only by increasing hydrocarbons. But even if an automobile engine could burn a hydrocarbon completely, the end products would be carbon dioxide and water vapor, both of which are pollutants—not as serious pollutants as some of the others, but they have an effect on the climate of the planet that could be very dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Would it be possible—and helpful—for the oil companies to stop adding lead to gasoline?

EHRlich: Of course, and it would be a tremendous contribution. Lead is a pollutant not unlike DDT, which concentrates in food and is a deadly poison. There's some evidence that the decline of the Roman civilization was in no small part due to lead poisoning. Scientists have gone back and checked the lead content in bones of upper-class Romans, and it's enough to indicate that they had serious lead-poisoning problems. They drank their wine out of lead containers—ironically, to avoid the taste of copper. So it would be wise for the oil companies to stop adding lead to gasoline; we don't drink it, but we breathe the fumes, which are almost as deadly.

We must make sure, however, that the petroleum people don't substitute something even more deadly than lead, like nickel compounds. This is exactly what happened when soft pesticides were substituted for DDT. They break down fairly easily into harmless compounds, but they tend to be much more lethal than DDT before that process takes place. You could eat a teaspoonful of DDT, but if you put a single drop of parathion, a soft pesticide, on your skin, you're dead. It's from a family of pesticides that are derivatives of German nerve gases developed during World War Two. With these chemicals, the protection of farm workers becomes a severe problem. We must make sure that the oil companies don't substitute something equally dangerous for lead.

PLAYBOY: Unthinking use of chemicals seems to be commonplace today. Just how widespread and dangerous is it?

EHRlich: Unthinking use of chemicals is the rule today, and it's a dangerous rule. Farmers, for example, have been encouraged to increase production by relying heavily on inorganic nitrogen fertilizers. As is usually the case when such artificial factors are introduced into the environment, the results have been bad as well as good. The good effects of nitrates were immediately obvious. Long soil-building processes involving decay of organic matter, building of humus and nitrogen fixing by certain crops were short-cut in a single planting season as farmers used the inorganic fertilizers and reaped high yields. But, as always, it

wasn't quite that simple. When the normal soil-building processes were avoided, organic soil nitrogen was lost and the earth became so compacted that root systems had difficulty absorbing nutrients. This resulted in ever larger requirements for synthetic fertilizers; their use has increased 12 times in 25 years.

Dr. Barry Commoner has said that farmers are "hooked on nitrates like a junkie is hooked on heroin." One price of this addiction is increased water pollution, for a great deal of the fertilizer that's added to farmlands runs off the surface of the land and into lakes and rivers. In the absence of proper soil-building practices, farmlands in this country have lost around 50 percent of their original organic nitrogen. Commoner says that in 25 to 50 years, the fertility of the soil will be so low that the ultimate food crisis will occur unless inorganic nutrients are used to a degree that would cause an insoluble water-pollution problem.

Animal manure, on the other hand, is a soil *builder*. If we stopped treating the waste from animals as something to be disposed of—a pollutant—and used it, instead, as a fertilizer and soil builder, we'd be a long way toward solving one of our most critical pollution problems. Building soil in this way, of course, is a long, tedious process, and it may cost more than the present system of garbage disposal and chemical fertilization; but the country will save in the long run—in human as well as natural resources. It's always cheaper to clean it up now, at the source, than to let pollution continue to run wild and then scrape it out of our lungs ten years from now—if it hasn't killed us by then.

We'll want to continue, of course, to use those high-powered chemical fertilizers and pesticides in certain circumstances. But we're going to have to do it very cautiously, knowing what we're doing. Right now, pesticide use is encouraged whether bugs are present or not. Farmers are trained to spray on a frequent schedule. That's the kind of thing that has to stop. It will cost a lot and it will cause dislocation, but we have to do it. If we keep plundering the land until it's no longer capable of yielding food—and we're well on the way—there'll be no place left to go.

PLAYBOY: Some nonagricultural lands—such as the marshes along the New Jersey coast—have been allowed to become polluted because people seem to feel that the effects were merely unaesthetic. Should we be concerned about any ecological consequences of the pollution of such land?

EHRlich: The land you're talking about is ecologically as well as aesthetically valuable. An estimate has been made that somewhere around a quarter of all of our fisheries' production from the oceans is dependent on estuaries. And

the vast majority of oceanic fisheries' production comes from shallow waters close to shore. When we muck around with our marshes and estuaries, when the Army Corps of Engineers bulldozes them, when cities use them for garbage fills and nuclear power plants dump hot water into them and raise their temperature beyond the tolerance level of many organisms, there's a fantastically destructive effect on the shallow-water production of young fish. So that as we foul our shores—whether marshy or not—we simultaneously endanger the ocean, and we can't afford to do that. When explorer Thor Heyerdahl made his first attempt to cross the Atlantic by papyrus raft, he found extensive surface pollution most of the way across—so severe, in fact, that in some places, his crew couldn't even rinse their dishes and utensils in the sea water.

PLAYBOY: Dr. LaMont Cole of Cornell says we may already have destroyed the sea with the amount of DDT that has been used on land and will eventually run off into the oceans.

EHRlich: That may very well be. The situation with the oceans is very critical and very complicated. DDT doesn't break down easily. As it's sprayed on crops, runs off into watersheds and eventually makes its way into the oceans, it retains its toxicity. In fact, it's probably less than 50 percent broken down ten years after spraying. As we continue to spray the land, DDT continues to build up in the oceans, because what is already there isn't breaking down. But unless something in the nature of a catastrophic accident occurs—say an oil-tanker spill or deliberate poisoning—the oceans probably won't die overnight. Rather, their ecology will be slowly altered. As the level of DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons increases in the seas, certain critical organisms will either build up a resistance to these pesticides or be killed. The primary oceanic food source is phytoplankton, microscopic green plants that produce about 70 percent of the world's oxygen. If the phytoplankton are killed, marine photosynthesis will cease and all sea life will die.

But the effects of DDT on the oceans don't have to be this drastic to be devastating to the ecology of the planet. Pesticides may simply retard the growth of some species of phytoplankton and result in huge blooms of others. Some of the DDT-resistant strains may be unsatisfactory as food for oceanic herbivores. This would eliminate the food supplies of many oceanic species of fish. Certainly, as more and more DDT appears in the oceans, it will become concentrated in marine life and will more frequently reach levels that would be dangerous for human consumption. By the same process of concentration, DDT in mother's milk has reached levels that often exceed health standards for dairy milk.

Some radioactive wastes tend to be concentrated, too. The Atomic Energy Commission once dumped nuclear wastes into a river in the South, thinking that the amount wasn't serious and that it would be dispersed in the environment. When the AEC monitored the water downstream, it found radioactivity levels reassuringly low. But then someone pointed out that the oysters near the river's mouth were glowing in the dark. That's a pretty deadly form of water pollution. It's not only revolting but disturbing to consider that many smaller bodies of water—rivers, streams and lakes—in this country have been little more than cesspools for years. The Cuyahoga River, which flows into Lake Erie, was once a clear trout stream; today, it's so laden with pollutants that it periodically catches fire.

PLAYBOY: What does most of our water pollution consist of? Sewage? Fertilizer? Industrial waste?

EHRlich: A large amount of it is sewage, both animal and human. Fertilizer runoff, phosphates from detergents, animal manure, nitrates from inorganic fertilization, human waste and a tremendous variety of chemicals of one sort or another. Industrial chemicals. Pesticides. Mercury, which is extremely dangerous, was recently found in Lake Erie. There's lead, too, which takes the form of fallout from automobile engines. A lot of air pollution turns into water pollution; it comes down with the rain.

PLAYBOY: Can anything be done to save or revive a body of water as thoroughly polluted as Lake Erie?

EHRlich: It's difficult. This is a problem I have no particular expertise in, but the general estimates are that it will take one hell of a long time to purify a shallow lake like Erie. Even if we stop pouring wastes into it, there is such a build-up of crap on the lake bottom that it would take a thorough flushing over many years—perhaps hundreds of years—to restore it to its natural state. It's very easy to wreck these ecosystems, but it's hell to rebuild them again. And some of our lakes and rivers may be *beyond* salvation.

PLAYBOY: Several environmentalists have charged that President Nixon's program for control of water pollution will result simply in breaking down raw sewage into its inorganic components, which act as a fertilizer and result in the continued pollution of our waterways. Is that true?

EHRlich: Yes. At a teach-in at Northwestern University [reported last month in Assistant Editor Geoffrey Norman's *Project Survival*] just after Nixon's State of the Union Address, the first five speakers attacked his address vigorously, and several made precisely this point. Not one word of that, to my knowledge, got out over the network news. This

(continued on page 150)



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fiction By MARY McCARTHY
he was an american in paris,
a guest of france,
but when he saw students
being beaten by the flics,
he had to get involved

A SMALL DEATH IN THE RUE DE RENNES

PETER WAS TAKING HIS PLANT for a walk. This morning the sun was out, for a change, and he had no classes. He carried it, swaying, in its pot down the flight of steps, his private companionway, that led from the Rue Monsieur le Prince to the Rue Antoine Dubois—a mews populated by cats where Brigitte Bardot had lived in *La Vérité*. He was a past master of short cuts as well as circuitous ways; though he had not yet traveled by sewer, he liked to pretend that some implacable Javert was trailing him. He came out onto the Boulevard St. Germain, greeted the statue of Danton and stopped to look in the windows of the bookshops selling medical textbooks, colored anatomical charts and dangling cardboard skeletons.

This uninviting merchandise exercised a gruesome attraction on Peter, who, if he could believe his family, was a known hypochondriac. The quarter where he had elected to live was dominated by the dark carcass of the old Ecole de Médecine, around which, like suckers, had sprung up a commerce in surgical equipment, wheelchairs, orthopedic pulleys, sputum basins, artificial limbs, as well as these bookstores containing yellowing treatises on every disease he could imagine himself catching, including *le grand mal*. The main School of Medicine had moved to a modern building on the Rue Jacob, which was why he seldom saw students around here—only an occasional browser leafing through dusty textbooks; it was as if his whole neighborhood had been put up in formaldehyde, like gallstones or those crusty corns and giant bunions he sometimes studied in the half-curtained window of a corncutter over near the Carréfour du Bac.

At the traffic light, he decided to turn up the Rue de Seine and continue on into the Rue de Tournon, his favorite street, and walk on the sunny side; there were too many hurrying pedestrians on the Boulevard St. Germain, making it hard for him to clear a path for the tall plant with its crowning glory of pale new leaves unfurling like little umbrellas. It was a member of the ivy family, as you could tell from its name—Fatshedera—although, unlike the English clan, it did not creep or clamber but stood upright. He had bought it at Les Halles on a Friday afternoon; at five o'clock, the public was let into the weekly potted-plant market, after the florists had made their selections. It pleased him that in Paris there was a "day" for every kind of thing, as in the first chapter of *Genesis*: Friday at Les Halles for potted plants and Tuesday for cut flowers; Sunday morning, on the Quai aux Fleurs, for birds; there was even a dog market somewhere on Wednesday. The Parisian apportionment of the week made him think of Italy, where articles of consumption were grouped, amusingly, into families resembling riddles, as, for example, the family that included salt, matches, stamps and tobacco (bought at the *tabacchiaio*) or the chicken family that included eggs, rabbits and mushrooms; his father liked to remember a store in Rome that carried pork in the winter and straw hats in the summer.

The plantseller had warned Peter that the Fatshedera did not like too much light—which should have made it an ideal tenant for his apartment. But after a month's residence there, looking out on the air shaft, it had grown long, leggy and despondent, like its master. Its growth was all tending upward, to the crown, like that of trees in the jungle. The leaves at the base were falling off, one by one, and though Peter had been carefully irritating the stem at the base to promote new sideward growth, it had been ignoring this prodding on his part and just kept getting taller, weedlike, till he had finally had this idea of taking it for walks, once or twice a week, depending on the weather. It did not seem to mind drafts, and the outdoor temperature on a sunny day in late November was not appreciably colder than the indoor temperature *chez* him. He thought he was beginning to note signs of

gratitude in the invalid for the trouble he was taking; a little bump near the base where he had been poking it with his knife seemed about to produce a stalk or pedicel, and there was a detectable return of chlorophyll, like a green flush to the cheeks of the shut-in. He spoke to it persuasively—sometimes out loud—urging it to grow. So far, he had resisted giving it a shot of fertilizer, because a mildewed American manual he had acquired on the *quais*—*How to Care for Your House Plants*—cautioned against giving fertilizer except to “healthy subjects.” That would be like giving a gourmet dinner to a starving person—the old parable of the talents.

How to Care for Your House Plants was full of housewifely pointers that appealed to his frugality, like the column he used to enjoy in the Rocky Port weekly *Sentinel* where readers exchanged recipes for removing berry stains from clothing and keeping squirrels out of the bird-feeding tray. He wondered what dull adventures it had had before coming to lodge on his bookshelf: Had it traveled from Montclair to Stuttgart to Châteauroux in the trunk of some Army wife, along with the *Joy of Cooking*, “Getting the Most Out of Your Waring Blender,” “How to Use Your Singer” and instructions, with diagram, for carving the Thanksgiving turkey? Obedient to its recommendations, he had started some dish gardens in his Stygian lair from dried lentils, slices of carrots and grapefruit pips, setting them out in saucers under his student lamp, equipped with a 75-watt bulb—his landlady had confiscated the 150-watt bulb he had put in originally. Every day, he moved the positions of the saucers, so that they would share the light equally, determined not to show partiality in the vegetable kingdom, though already he preferred the lacy carrot. These dish gardens reminded him of the primary grades: the avocado and grapefruit plants on the broad window sill the class used to water, the acorns he used to hoard and the interesting fear (which his mother had finally scouted) that a cherry stone he had swallowed would turn into a tree branching out of his mouth.

All children, he guessed, were natural misers and sorcerers; the progeny of his new friends, the Bonfantes, were impressed and delighted by his dish gardens when he invited them to tea in his apartment. He promised to start them some in their kitchen window from bits of carrots and the eyes of potatoes, and he entrusted them with a sprouting garlic clove, with instructions to keep it in their clothes closet and gradually bring it out to the light; in the spring, it would have little white bell-like flowers—he did not see why garlic, though not specifically mentioned in *How to Care*, etc., should not act like any other bulb. They

wanted to know whether this was American, like the jack-o'-lantern he had made them at Halloween, and Peter said it was. He was the first live American boy Irène and Gianni had ever seen, and they asked him many questions, such as: Was it true that Americans ate with their feet on the table? Their conception of America was a blend of wild West and asphalt jungle, and they listened with doubtful wonder to the stories Peter told of white wooden houses, ponds and waterfalls, skating, clamming, ice-cream freezers, blueberries, corn on the cob—one of his mother's rules for telling stories to children, which she had learned as a child from her father, was always to put in something good to eat.

His mother might say he had no business trying to keep a plant in his apartment. Certainly, the Fatshedera would have been happier in nature, wherever it basically came from—the Far East, he supposed. But he could not set it free, for it would die if he abandoned it. He was responsible for it, though no Plant Welfare League would intervene if he were to neglect it. Besides, it was making a minuscule contribution to the air of Paris. He had read an article in *Le Figaro* on air pollution (some doctor had taken a rat from the laboratory and exposed it at the Opera House; it was dead in 25 minutes), which said that Parisians could help by growing plants on their balconies and window ledges; the chlorophyll they exhaled was an air cleanser. Whenever Peter took his tall Fatshedera walking, he felt there was an exchange of benefits; in return for the light it received, it purified the atmosphere like a filter. He did not mind the centaurish figure he cut—half man, half vegetable—as he strolled along, the plant overtopping his head; often when he performed an *action*, he noticed, he lost his fear of visibility; it was as though he disappeared into the gest.

He examined a printer's window on the Rue de Tournon. Printing, as a trade, attracted him; bookbinding, too—there was a bookbinder he liked to watch at work on the Rue de Condé. He had been thinking a lot lately about what he would do with himself when he was through with college and the Army. He was sure he did not want to become an academic, though that was where his language major was leading him—straight into teaching, unless he took the State Department exams for the Foreign Service. He would have liked to have been a consul in Persia a hundred years ago, studying the native flora and fauna and Oriental religions and writing long reports home on the shah's court intrigues, but he could not see himself in a modern office building issuing visas, promoting U. S. foreign policy and the interests of Standard Oil and rotating back in two years to Washington for

reassignment—in the old days, you were consul for 20 years or for life. His ideal career choice would be an occupation that kept him outdoors, like archaeologist or forester or explorer; yet everything in his background was pushing him to be some sort of scribe, if not a pharisee. His father said these were daydreams and not vocational drives: If Peter were serious about wanting to spend his life in the open air, he would have enrolled in a school of forestry or worked as a logger one summer or dug up Etruscan remains. . . . The *babbo*, Peter had to admit, was a shrewder prophet than his mother, who fondly saw him in a tropical helmet or excavating the skeleton of some Mycenaean warrior when she did not see him arguing before the Supreme Court.

In Paris, Peter had been dreaming of becoming a binder or a printer, though these trades not only kept you indoors but were probably worse for your health than teaching in a classroom, where at least you were on your feet all day in front of a blackboard. He would have enjoyed operating a clandestine press in the *maquis* and showering the country with broadsides and leaflets, but there was no Resistance anymore, except in uncongenial places like the Vietnamese mangrove swamps; and in the U. S., you could not become a printer unless you had an uncle or a father who belonged to the printers' union.

He turned right into the Rue de Vaugirard, passed the Senate and decided against going into the Luxembourg Garden today. Instead, he headed toward the Rue de Rennes, where there was a café frequented by some Swedish girls who went to the Alliance Française. As he approached, he heard strange noises—the sound of rhythmic chanting, mixed with honking—coming from the Rue de Rennes. He hurried on. At the corner, he saw what he took at first to be a parade and he wondered whether today could be a national holiday that he had failed to hear about. All along the wide street, householders were lined up on their balconies, some with brooms and dusters, watching a procession of young people marching abreast and chanting; they were carrying broad streamers and placards with slogans written on them that he could not make out. The traffic on the street had stopped; buses and cars were blowing their horns. Simultaneously with Peter's arrival, a police car appeared at the intersection and some gendarmes descended in a body, wearing dark-blue capes that swirled as they moved, giving the scene a festive look. Peter realized that he was witnessing a demonstration, such as he had read about in history.

More gendarmes were running up the Rue de Rennes, rounding the corner by the municipal pawnshop and blowing

(continued on page 112)



"No, Bud—I can't change a fifty."

EVERY MAN IN HIS YOUTH meets for the last time a magician, the man who made him what he is finally to be. In the mass, man now confronts a similar magician in the shape of his own collective brain, that unique and spreading force that will precipitate the last miracle or wreak the last disaster. The possible nature of the last disaster the world of today has made all too evident: Man has become a blight that threatens to efface the green world that created him.

It is of the last miracle, however, that I would write. And to do so, I have to describe my closing encounter with the personal magician of my youth, the man who set his final seal upon my character. I was 50 years old when my youth ended and it was, of all unlikely places, within that great unwieldy structure built to last forever and then hastily to be torn down: the Pennsylvania Station in New York. I had come in through a side door and was slowly descending a great staircase in a slanting shaft of afternoon sunlight when I became aware of a man loitering at the bottom of the steps, as though awaiting me there. As I descended, he swung about and began climbing toward me.

At the instant I saw his upturned face, my feet faltered and I almost fell. I was walking to meet a man ten years dead and buried, the man who had been my teacher and confidant and had not only spread before me as a student the wild background of the forgotten past but had brought alive for me the spruce-forest primitives of today. With him I had absorbed their superstitions, handled their sacred objects, accepted their prophetic dreams. He had been a man of unusual mental powers and formidable personality. In all my experience, no dead man but he could have so wrenched time as to walk through its cleft of darkness unharmed into the light of day.

The massive brows and forehead looked up at me as if to demand an accounting of that elapsed decade during which I had held his post and discharged his duties. We met and, as my dry mouth strove to utter his name, I became aware that his gaze was directed beyond me and that he was hastening elsewhere. The blind eye turned sideways was not, in truth, fixed upon me; I beheld the image but not the reality of a long-dead man. Phantom or genetic twin, he passed on and the crowds of New York closed inscrutably about him. I groped for the marble railing and braced my continued descent while, around me, travelers moved like shadows. I was a similar shadow, made so by the figure I had passed. But what was my affliction? That dead man and myself had been friends, not enemies. What terror, save the terror of the living toward the dead, could so powerfully have enveloped me?

On the slow train homeward, the answer came. I had been away for ten years from the forest. I had had no messages from its depths, such as that dead savant had hoarded even in his disordered office, where box turtles wandered over the littered floor. I had been immersed in the post-War administrative life of a growing university. But all the time, some accusing spirit, the familiar of the last wood-struck magician, had lingered in my brain. Finally, he had stridden up the stairs to confront me in the autumn light. Whether he had been imposed in some fashion upon a convenient facsimile or was a genuine illusion was of little importance compared with the message he had brought. I had starved and betrayed myself. It was this that had brought the terror. For the first time in years, I left my office in midafternoon and sought the sleeping silence of a nearby cemetery. I was as pale and drained as the Indian-pipe plants without chlorophyll that rise after rains on the forest floor. It was time for a change. I wrote a letter and studied timetables. I was returning to the land that bore me.

Collectively, man is about to enter upon a similar, though more difficult, adventure. At the climactic moment of his journey into space, he has met himself at the doorway to the stars. And the looming shadow before him has pointed backward into the tangled gloom of a forest from which it has been his purpose to escape. Man has crossed, in his history, two worlds. He must now enter another and forgotten one—

but with the added knowledge he has gained on the pathway to the moon. He must learn that whatever his powers as a magician, he lies under the spell of a greater, green enchantment that, try as he will, he can never avoid, however far he travels. The spell has been laid on him since the beginning of time—the spell of the natural world from which he sprang.

Long ago, Plato told the story of the cave and the chained prisoners whose knowledge consisted only of what they could learn of flickering shadows on the wall before them. Then he revealed their astonishment upon being allowed to see the full source of the light. He concluded that the mind's eye may be bewildered in two ways, either from advancing suddenly into the light of higher things or from descending once more from the light into the shadows. Perhaps more than Plato realized in the spinning of his myth, man has truly emerged from a cave of shadows, or from comparable leaf-shadowed dells. He has read his way into the future by firelight and by moonlight; in man's early history, night was the time for thinking, for the observation of the stars. The stars traveled,

THE LAST MAGICIAN

*a distinguished anthropologist warns that
man can preserve his human present only
if he makes peace with his animal past*

article **By Loren Eiseley**

men noted, and therefore they were given hunters' names; it was the way of the hunters' world and of the seasons.

In spite of much learned discourse upon the ways of our animal kin and of how purely instinctive cries slowly gave way to variable and muddled meanings in the head of protoman, I like to think that the crossing into man's second realm of received wisdom was truly a magical experience. I once journeyed for several days along a solitary stretch of coast. By the end of that time, from the oddly fractured shells on the beach, little distorted faces began to peer up at me—with meaning. I had held no converse with a living thing for many hours and, as a result, I was beginning, in the silence, to read again—to read like an illiterate. The reading had nothing to do with words. The faces in the cracked shells were somehow assuming a human significance.

Once again, in the night, while I was traversing a vast plain on foot, the clouds that coursed above me in the moonlight began to build into archaic, voiceless pictures. That they could do so makes me sure that the reading of such pictures long preceded what men of today call language. The reading of so endless an alphabet of forms is already beyond the threshold of the animal; man could somehow see a face in a shell or a pointing finger in a cloud. There existed in the growing cortex of man a place where, paradoxically, time both flowed and lingered, where mental pictures multiplied and transposed themselves. One is tempted to believe, whether or not it is literally true, that the moment of first speech arrived in a starburst like a supernova. To be sure, the necessary auditory discrimination and memory tracts were a biological preliminary, but the "invention" of language—and I put this carefully, having respect for both the biological and the cultural elements involved—may have come, at the last, with rapidity.

Certainly, the fossil record of man is an increasingly strange one. Millions of years were (continued on page 138)



ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE



Rex Reed, playing the male half of Myra Breckinridge's personality and her spiritual guide through mavieland, visits a far-out party while searching for his lovely charge. He finds a pack of Hollywood heads who believe more in decorating their bodies than in covering them (above) and an assortment of freaked-out guests (below, left and right) whose sexual roles are as kinky as the costumes in which they cavort.





pictorial essay By REX REED

MYRA GOES HOLLYWOOD

the on-screen excesses of gore vidal's transsexual antihero(ine) are matched only by the intrigues that took place off camera

WHEN 20TH CENTURY-FOX asked me to play the part of Myron—Raquel Welch's alter ego—in the film version of Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckinridge*, I showed the prescience to be very, very wary. I knew there had already been a great deal of trouble setting up this project—not surprisingly, since there are bound to be a few minor problems involved, even today, in adapting to the screen a novel about a transsexual who rapes a young man with a leather dildo and then runs off with his/her victim's girlfriend. First of all, there was the problem of casting: Would they get a man or a woman to play Myra? Vidal had talked of signing an international acting name like Vanessa Redgrave or Jeanne Moreau. Then Fox started testing for the part an extremely motley assortment of sexually ambiguous young men from all over the country. The studio was being pretty schizophrenic, though, because at the same time, it sent a script to Elizabeth Taylor; and whatever else Miss Taylor may be, she can't be mistaken for a man of any variety. When she wisely refused,

Raquel Welch signed for the part. Raquel wanted the part so badly that she even tested for it, like some struggling beginner. Fox was so desperate to get Mae West, on the other hand, that it paid her \$350,000, which was a great deal more than Raquel got for the picture.

In accepting a part myself, I realized I was inviting trouble from my fellow film critics; I know them all personally and everyone thinks I sold out by doing this movie. But most of the critics writing today know very little about the technical side of making films and if they are ever offered the opportunity to work in one, they should accept; they might learn something. In any case, I knew I was likely to be murdered when the reviews came out, so I wouldn't agree to do the movie unless the studio let me approve my part of the script before filming. Under no circumstances was I interested in playing a homosexual who has an operation to make him into a woman. They agreed to all my demands and assured me that the film would be

Oblivious of the carnival trappings, stoned guests (below) take time out from the revels to contemplate their own—and others'—navels.

Below left: Reed relaxes between takes with one of the film's able-bodied army of extras. Below right: Director Michael Sarne, a former pop singer, poses amiably with his high-powered sex stars, Raquel Welch and Mae West; but during filming, the three exchanged no valentines.



like a Danny Kaye movie—a Walter Mitty fantasy: Myron, instead of undergoing a sex change, would be involved in an accident and dream that he was the alter ego of Myra Breckinridge, giving advice to her. The two of them would be living together at Château Marmont and there would be lots of sex between them; I'd be a sort of carnal Jiminy Cricket to Raquel's erotic Pinocchio. I didn't object too strenuously to that.

But I had my doubts about the script. Vidal hadn't managed to produce a satisfactory screenplay and Michael Sarne, the director, had tried his hand at a rewrite with equal unsuccess. Then Vidal had rewritten Sarne's rewrite and still nobody—except Vidal—was satisfied. So I wanted a few assurances that we'd

have a script to shoot. I was told that a third writer was being hired to completely redo the screenplay, and it was true. David Giler came in and really shaped it up; he made it into a movie instead of just a lot of scribble. So far, so good. But Sarne was so offended because Fox had called in another writer that he wouldn't shoot half of what was there, even though they demanded that he approve the script as rewritten. He would agree to do a scene, then when we got to the sound stage, he would use a line out of his own script and a line out of Giler's; and most of the time, he just shot all kinds of things that had nothing at all to do with the movie.

The whole experience turned into an absolute nightmare. Sarne would have

Reed and Raquel Welch, the other half of transsexual Myra, mull over the movie's nonprogress. Anxiety was a permanent expression on both faces during the disastrous shooting.



Raquel shows randy Uncle Buck (played by John Huston, below left) how a niece can warm an uncle's heart better than any nephew.





Embarking on her sworn mission to conquer Hollywood and destroy its men (above), Raquel-Myra gets off to a sizzling start by performing a bizarre rape upon a dubious young stud (Robert Herren, below, left and center), thus ruinously altering his sexual predilections. She finds less satisfaction when she turns her erotic attentions to an innocent ingénue, Mary Ann, played by Farrah Fawcett (below right).





Leticia Van Allen, a man-devouring actors' agent played by Mae West (above), pays a reconnaissance visit to the argiastic revel that climaxes the movie—but she doesn't get to participate.

done *anything* with us if we hadn't been protected. There was a scene in his script, for instance, in which I was supposed to run naked down Wall Street at midnight, chased by the entire New York police force. When I get to the foot of the Stock Exchange, I look up and, instead of the lady with the scales, there is Raquel with a machete in her hand. She proceeds, of course, to castrate me in front of thousands of people—but instead of blood and genitalia, out come rhinestones, pearls, rubies and sapphires. Rather understandably, I said, "No power on earth could get me to play that scene." Raquel didn't have the legal protection I had; so every time Sarne wanted her to do something she refused to do, she would lock herself in her dress-

ing room. There would be hours of conferences on the set, while everyone sat around drinking coffee at great expense to the company. That's the way she ended up protecting herself.

Everything went horrendously wrong. From the beginning, there were endless personality conflicts—mainly because our director had no experience in instilling faith in anybody. When Sarne made *Johanna*—his only previous feature film—he worked with a lot of people who were like a very happy, nutty, freaked-out family, and they did whatever he told them to. But he had real pros working with him in *Myra Breckinridge*, people who weren't willing to do any damn thing he wanted them to. We all had our *own* ideas of how the movie should be



Uninhibited guests demonstrate the games the wild bunch plays at this anything-goes soiree, where the prizes are the players themselves.





Above left: A well-dressed partygoer is prepared for any emergency that might arise at Sarne's Felliniesque bacchanal. Above right: Reed casts a cold eye over the zombielike gathering before deciding wisely to move on, while (below) a girl on an acid trip is pursued by an out-of-shape satyr who adds a touch of sadomasochistic titillation to the chase by flailing his flying quarry with a confetti whip.



done. Raquel isn't a stupid girl; she knew exactly what she wanted. So did Mae West, God knows. And John Huston is no fool, and neither am I. I was really looking forward to meeting Huston and working with him. He had been friendly with two of the people I admired most—James Agee and Carson McCullers—and he's also made some pretty damn good motion pictures. He brought with him to the film a great deal of enthusiasm and excitement. He thought that to play Buck Loner, this old Gene Autry type, would be a gas and he had a lot of ideas on how to do it.

But the second day we were shooting, some vile little underground newspaper came out with an interview with Michael Sarne in which he proceeded to demolish all of us. He said about John Huston, "He's such an old hack that I nearly walked off the picture when they told me I was going to be working with him. However, he is such an enormous fan of mine that perhaps it will influence him into giving the only decent performance of his entire career." After that, Huston hardly ever came out of his dressing room, he never said hello or goodbye to anybody, he ate his lunch alone, he was never congenial. He never refused to take direction, but he never really responded to anything Sarne did as a director. He would say, "Yes, yes," and then do the scene exactly the way he had planned to do it all along. He had a stop date in his contract, which provided that he could leave on a certain day. That morning, when we got to the studio, all of his bags were packed and outside his dressing room, with a car and driver waiting for him at the sound stage. Huston walked off the set and said, "Goodbye, everybody. You'll never cut it together!" He walked to his limousine and was sped to the airport for a flight to Ireland.

By that point, Sarne was already a long way behind schedule. He would walk around in a stovepipe hat and a Charles Dickens coat, with his hands behind his back, and he would say, "I like that, let's print it. That's a take." And the script girl would go up to him and say, "But, Mr. Sarne, there was no *film* in the camera; that was just a rehearsal." Doesn't exactly instill security, does it? Richard Moore, a brilliant cameraman, nearly went crazy working with him. Sarne would reject everything Richard suggested, simply because he hadn't thought of it first. He treated almost all the actors in the same way. He was on a real ego trip, and I don't think he really cared much for any of us, particularly Raquel. Every day, he would say, "Get Old Raccoon out here on the set." Of course, she would hear that and get very uptight. Sarne's concept was to use all of us as freaks to symbolize aspects of the movie industry that he personally detests. He wanted to make Raquel look masculine and tough, to bring

out all the ugliness of Myra. Raquel wasn't willing to do that. She wanted to make Myra a sympathetic character and show what kind of woman she was. Of course, she needed dialog to do it, but Sarne wasn't willing to give us any. Believe it or not, he hates scenes with any kind of dialog.

He would do all sorts of things to break down the actors. He would say, "Well, Rexy, I really don't want to shoot you at all today, you look so ugly. You look so fat, you look middle-aged." That made me feel really terrific. I didn't have any experience at movie acting, so I needed all the help I could get. None of us *got* much help, so we all fought back in our individual ways. I ended up with my lawyers on the phone continuously. When she wasn't hiding in her dressing room, Raquel fought back by standing in front of a mirror all the time. When she senses hate from a director, the only thing she knows how to do is make herself look good. In the middle of scenes, she would stop and all her sycophants would come running with their hairbrushes, hair sprays and little portable mirrors, and that would drive everybody insane. But I don't blame her, because the least you could do in this movie was try to *look* good.

It was a survival course we were running. You couldn't even learn your lines, because sometimes you'd arrive on the set to do a particular scene and Sarne would say, "Oh, I'm not shooting that shit." One day he said, "Everybody go home. I have a wonderful idea; I'm going to shoot *food*." So Fox went out and spent \$2000 on hot-fudge sundaes, pancakes, peanut butter, hamburgers, hot dogs, pickles; they put together this enormous spread of fantastic-looking food. Jell-O, cream puffs, everything. And for two days, he shot close-ups of food. Now, this is a very expensive way to play around; all that studio space was standing vacant and the cameramen, crew and electricians were all getting paid to sit around while he shot footage of hot-fudge sundaes.

There was also great tension between Raquel and Mae West. But you can't blame them. Raquel is the star of this movie, not Mae West; but Fox treated Raquel like chattel and rolled out the red carpet for Mae. They were absolutely on their hands and knees to her. Raquel was supposed to have a big musical number that they didn't let her do and they cut out all of her big juicy scenes, but they gave Mae West two songs and Barbra Streisand's dressing room from *Hello, Dolly!* That made Raquel feel great. On Mae's first day on the picture, Raquel refused to act with her in a scene because there had been a problem on the costumes. The story that circulated on the set was that Raquel found out that Mae was going to be in black and white; anyone wearing black

and white in a Technicolor scene grabs all the attention. Raquel didn't want to be upstaged by Mae, so she demanded that *she* wear black and white in the scene, too. Everybody went up the wall, because it's in Mae's contract that only she wear black and white in the movie. According to gossip on the set, Raquel said, "I'm wearing black and white in the scene or I'm not appearing in it," and she stormed off to her Rolls-Royce and went home. She had brought dozens of red roses to welcome Mae and ended up taking them all home with her. They had to shoot all of Mae's first day on the picture with the dialog coach reading Raquel's lines from behind the camera.

But the most incredible scene was filmed last November first. When we got to the studio that morning, what greeted us was unbelievable. There were naked women everywhere. People from all the other sound stages were coming over to get a look. Raquel canceled two fittings and a hair appointment just to watch what was going on. Of course, the set was closed, but it was the hottest thing in Hollywood if you could get in that day. There was one girl walking around, a suit drawn on her body, with four sequins pasted on for buttons. A man in an Indian hat had pinned an enormous fur contraption over his genitals. A singer named Choo Choo Collins wore nothing but a polka-dot bikini painted on her body. There was a man in a jockstrap with a fingerlike thing hanging down from his crotch. A group of nudes stood around a grand piano singing *The Star-Spangled Banner* and there was one man in a bra and panties and another in a half-slip.

It was Michael Sarne's idea of a Hollywood party. I never went to a party in my life in Hollywood or anywhere else that looked like that. I asked the extras if *they* had ever been to anything like this. A naked man was riding through the scene on a pogo stick and he said, "Oh, yeah, at the last party I went to, there was a man in a wheelchair and he pulled off his pants and a girl went down on him right there, at the party. If you stick around this set, maybe you'll get invitations to a few of them." One girl, who considers herself to be the high priestess of a witchcraft cult, said, "I think I should play Mae West's part. I had a very strong soul transfer with her and I feel that she's got a heart attack coming on. I've been told by the gods that I will end up playing her part." Mae, of course, was in her dressing room during all of this, getting made up and feeling fine and dandy. She was not originally supposed to be in the orgy; but when she heard about it, she insisted on making an appearance. She now has an entrance in which she walks in and everybody applauds. She looks over the banister, fluffs up her hair and says,

(concluded on page 155)

FATHER VARNET stood to offer his hand, shrugged when it was refused, sat down again.

"I know why you're here, Mr. Kranach," he said. The words ran together, flat and fast, "I know why you're here." Who used to talk like that? Kranach tried to remember. Father Donnelly, back there in St. Sebastian's. Years of blistering through the Latin of the Mass. Some of the kids said that Donnelly could give you an Our Father in two and a half seconds and you'd hear every word of it, too. They were all famous for something at St. Sebastian's if you were an altar boy long enough—Father Delgado, who wanted practically all water and no wine in the chalice, and Father Mack, who was the other way around, vital stuff like that.

Kranach didn't say anything. He'd come in not knowing how he was going to put it. His hands lay in his lap. The priest's face was round and red.

"My daughter Margaret," Kranach said. "She told me tonight you won't marry her and Pete Toburn."

"That's right," Father Varnet said. "Margaret has been a member of this parish all her life. The Toburn boy is a professed atheist. Marriages like that are undesirable. They don't work out. It's a practical matter."

"You told her her children would be bastards, if she married him anyway."

"Illegitimate in the eyes of the Church."

"Bastards."

The priest said nothing. Kranach knew he was bored. Situation A. Response B. Next case. Boredom. He wasn't afraid of Kranach, that Kranach had a gun or whatever; he was too shrewd for that. And he was big, probably strong, fat or not, and brave. Most priests are all balls, Kranach knew that; a coward priest is uncommon.

"They will not be married in the Church," Father Varnet said, "and not by a priest."

"These kids have waited for two years now, all the time Pete was in Vietnam," Kranach said. "Something bad could happen."

"The marriage itself would be bad," the priest said, "and a bad thing cannot have a good result."

Kranach said more, but he knew it didn't matter and he gave up and went home.

Everybody was sitting around in the kitchen. They all looked at him as he came in. Margaret got him a cup of coffee. He wanted a doughnut out of the heap on the platter in the middle of the table but, for some reason, he thought it wouldn't be right to take it, and in his own house.

"I didn't get anywhere with him," he said. "They don't argue about a thing like this, smart-ass ones like him, they just tell you. Old Poshkin was a son of a bitch, but you could argue with him. Poshkin would boot this smart-ass down the front steps. Anyway, he says he won't let you get married in the Church, and he won't."

THE SIGN



fiction By KEN W. PURDY

*ask and ye shall receive, it is said,
so kranach asked—though his faith
had been dead for over 20 years*

"My God, there has to be *some way*," Margaret said.

"Sure, there's a way," Kranach said. "Peter goes back to the Church, he goes to confession, he goes to Communion, he goes back, then it's OK."

"Petey," Margaret said, "I never said this before, but look, what the hell, you could walk through it, if that's what they want, let them have it, nobody has to know what you really think. . . ."

"Peter," Margaret's mother said, "more people believe than don't, you know that."

"Let him alone," Kranach said. "God-damn it, don't you know a man when you see one, you two?"

"Look, Mom," Peter said, "if I could believe in it like I used to, I would. I can't, so I don't. That's all there is to it."

"Go see a movie or something," Kranach said. "Get in the car, don't sit around here moping. Maybe I'll think of something. But not tonight. I've had it for tonight." He took two doughnuts and went into the front room and turned on the TV.

In the morning, he said to his wife, "I thought of something."

That night on his way home, he stopped at the church. He went up the steps two at a time, glad it was dark. His hand closed on the thick bronze ring and he thought, well, it's been 22 years, that's damn near forever, and went in. Memories battered at him, riding on the colors,

golds and whites shining out here and there in the gloom, yellow 40-watt bulbs in the black-iron chandeliers, stub candles in banked red and green glasses at the altar, the smell of burning wax, flowers, thick blue incense smoke hanging forever high in the beams. Nothing had changed that he could see. Halfway down on the right side, there it was, the confessional Poshkin had come roaring out of, and dragged him out of, that June night, and they fought right there, head to head, like longshoremen; it took three men apiece to get them apart. That was where he got his flat nose, rolling on the blue stone floor in front of the confessional, and there was blood all over the place at the end. They threw Kranach out for good for that, excommunicated him, finally. Well, hell, he thought. Long time ago, all that.

He walked softly along to the altar, knelt, dropped his quarter down the slot and put the taper to a butter-yellow candle in a red glass. Then he bent his neck and prayed earnestly and for a long time, but not to God, to Poshkin; or, if to God, then God was wearing Poshkin's face.

He came a few minutes late to the eight-o'clock Mass the next morning. He sat in the back on the dark side of a pillar. There were 30 or 40 people scattered in front; there was no one near to see him or to notice that he wasn't kneeling or standing, just sitting there.

Probably no one in the church saw it as clearly as Kranach; after all, he was watching and waiting for it. Father Varnet coming down the steps, just having carried the chalice up after Communion, when he seemed to trip; he half caught himself, then he really went, ka-boom, all the way to the altar rail, where he fetched up with one foot in the air and the other one under him. It was as funny a fall, Kranach thought, as he'd ever seen, leaving out people like Buster Keaton, and, by God, the *only* time he'd ever seen a priest go on his head in the middle of a Mass. The altar boys had Varnet under the arms, trying to get him up, but it would be no good, Kranach knew: Varnet had a thoroughly sprained ankle, ordered, he thought, or petitioned, anyway, by me and delivered by Poshkin, the old son of a bitch, who had loved the chance to do it, you could bet on that for sure.

Kranach drove down the street and stopped at a pay phone. Peter was still eating breakfast. "You can tell Margaret it'll be all right now," he told the boy. "You said you could believe if you had a reason to, and that goes for me, too."

"What in hell are you talking about?" Peter said.

"You can go back to the Church, sincerely and like a man," Kranach said. "Anyway, for long enough to get married. I had a sign this morning, I saw a miracle. My faith came back. I believe now, and when I tell you, so will you. Come around to the store at lunchtime."

"Anything you say, Pop," the boy said.



"Just slip this into her drink.."

article
By **FREDRIC C. APPEL**

the age-old search for aphrodisiacs has inspired experiments with everything from spanish fly, oysters, rhino horn and alcohol to pot, lsd—and a pair of new laboratory turn-ons

AFTER A FEW THOUSAND YEARS of searching, and right in time to coincide with the sexual revolution, mankind has found new drugs that may lead to the first true aphrodisiacs. Newspapers heralded the initial discovery with their customary enthusiasm for sexual topics: "CHEMICAL APHRODISIAC IS FOUND"; "SCIENTISTS STIMULATE SEXUALITY." Even the researcher who first broke the news at a medical symposium, Dr. William O'Malley, betrayed a measure of excitement: "We have seen 70-year-old men with a frequency of intercourse at least twice daily. This compares with intercourse five times a week by an average 20-year-old, newlywed male. In all of history, we have never known a true aphrodisiac, so this was quite a surprise. This is probably the first time in the history of man that we have seen alterations of the fundamental biochemistry in the brain that produced hypersexuality."

The news-making drug was a chemical compound called L-DOPA, whose aphrodisiac qualities seem now to have been overrated. But a closely related drug, PCPA, does appear to be a bona fide sexual stimulant. Not long after the L-DOPA announcement set off premature headlines, a research team at the National Heart Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, reported that PCPA produced a long-lasting sexual frenzy in rats, rabbits and cats and had induced at least one person—a woman undergoing treatment for a stomach ulcer—to "start grabbing for everybody." Thus, some laboratory animals and one lusty lady may have earned themselves a place in medical history as pioneers in the age of the aphrodisiac—an elixir that could do for love what uranium did for war.

The search for a true aphrodisiac—a substance that either arouses sexual desire in another or enhances one's own sexual powers—is as old as recorded history and characterized by dedication, perseverance and ingenuity such as have been invested in few other human endeavors. It has encompassed practically every foodstuff, spice, beverage, narcotic and herb a person might dare put into his mouth or on his body, plus quite a number of other substances so exotic or noxious that one can only marvel at anyone's ability to stomach them. These

include horses' placentae, the flesh of dead human beings, the sexual organs of various creatures and other equally unappetizing items. In short, the range of alleged aphrodisiacs seems to have been limited only by man's imagination.

Typically, a nostrum acquired an aphrodisiac reputation by way of legend, myth, ancient religious association, its physical resemblance to people or to genitals or simply through wishful thinking. The mandrake plant, for example, was long widely believed to be an aphrodisiac because it often grows to resemble a human figure. Similarly, a popular Roman aphrodisiac, satyrium, comes from a plant whose root consists of two tubers that bear a striking resemblance to testicles. The sexy reputation of the oyster is said to derive from the fact that on the half shell, it looks—to some—like a woman's shaved genitals.

For obvious reasons, aphrodisiac qualities have also been attributed to the sexual organs of various animals. In 17th Century France, eating a ram's testes was thought to increase sexual desire. In Algeria and Morocco, that power was conferred on the testes of the lion. In Italy, the esteemed chef Cartolomeo Scappi was known for his lamb's-testes recipes. Elsewhere, the organs of donkeys and roosters enjoyed great popularity.

Quite a number of spices, particularly members of the pepper family, came to be regarded as aphrodisiacs because they can irritate the urogenital tract, causing a tingling sensation. The drug yohimbine, extracted from the bark of the yohimbé tree, similarly irritates the urinary tract and has long been used as a sex stimulant by the native tribes of West Africa and South America. Taking an even more direct approach, laggard lovers in ancient Greece applied powerful skin irritants, such as mustard and Spanish fly, directly to their genitals in order to stimulate an erection. They usually got their erections, but whether they got their jollies is another question; nor does history record the reactions of wives and girlfriends who were treated to peppered penises.

Belief in aphrodisiacs, however, is by no means restricted to the ancients. Today, powdered rhinoceros horn and reindeer antler are world-wide sellers. The demand is so great, in fact, that a single, large rhinoceros horn brings a hunter over \$1000 on today's market. Reindeer antlers go for a dollar a pound, while a single Korean ginseng root, the latest Hollywood rage, can command as much as \$1000. The root, which various people describe as resembling either a human figure or a penis, is used in brewing an acrid tea or as a powder in capsules, and is thought to restore or enhance virility.

Shops from New York's Greenwich Village to the New Orleans French Quarter, in the lotusland of Southern California and the boondocks of the Deep South



are doing a booming business today in aphrodisiac herbs, potions, oils, creams and other preparations based variously on ancient Oriental, European or even American Indian formulas. In Europe, in addition to herbs and oils for anointing one's body, a love seeker might try a cup of vervain, a drink prepared from mistletoe berries; elecampane, a flower-seed preparation; or *tanto krin*, a Russian concoction made from powdered antlers and an alcoholic brine. In West Germany, a chain of department stores devoted exclusively to erotica does a \$6,000,000-a-year business peddling some 1500 items promising to stimulate, prolong or otherwise improve sex.

If none of these products possesses genuine aphrodisiac qualities, at least they are generally harmless. And the so-called aphrodisiac foods and diets that frequently appear in books and magazines are usually more healthful than a hamburger with French fries; but that's about all one could say for them.

On the other hand, almost any of the so-called aphrodisiacs can produce the desired effect—if the user believes it will work. In such cases, all the individual really needs is the placebo effect of nibbling on some bad-tasting root or herb, plus a little positive thinking. Faith not only moves mountains; it can also raise a stalwart erection. "It's a state of mind, not body," says Aaron Morris, proprietor of Kiehl's Pharmacy in New York's East Village. Kiehl's peddles such enticing items as Compelling Oil, Indian Love Powder, Cleopatra Oil and Hi John the Conqueror Root; but Morris makes no special claims for these products. "When people have that kind of feeling," he says, "it doesn't matter what they take. It could be aspirin."

Occasionally, however, a not-so-harmless preparation becomes available. One doctor recounted the case of a young business executive who was given some "supersex" vitamin pills by a colleague, with the promise that they would give him extraordinary sexual vigor. Not long after, he traveled to another city to conduct a round of conferences with various clients. Arriving early one evening, he took one of the pills and went out on the town. Before too long, he happily encountered a young lady, who, after a few drinks, invited him to her apartment. To his chagrin, he was totally unable to perform. The next morning, the day of the planned conferences, he awoke to find that he could not speak. A second side effect of the supersex drug was to paralyze the larynx for 24 hours.

Far more tragic is the toll of deaths from the best-known and most dangerous of supposed aphrodisiacs, Spanish fly. As far back as 18th Century France, it was

fashionable to hold dinner-and-sex parties at which the food was treated with this substance; and historians have uncovered numerous instances of fatal and near-fatal poisonings. On the morning after one such party, attended by some 20 persons, the entire dinner ensemble was found dead. More recently, a London clerk was convicted of murder when, after failing to seduce his girlfriend by conventional methods, he mixed up a batch of Spanish fly-laced chocolate bonbons. As chance would have it, she was faithfully sticking to a diet and gave the chocolates to a friend, who ate them and died.

The active ingredient in Spanish fly is a poison called cantharidin. It is extracted from the dried remains of an insect commonly called the blister beetle, which defends itself by secreting a substance that burns or blisters the skin of anyone who picks it up. Taken internally, cantharidin causes irritation of the kidneys and urinary tract, burning in the throat, abdominal pain, vomiting, shock and sometimes death. In tiny enough amounts, the irritation of the urinary tract may be perceived as a tingling in the sexual organs; but as little as one grain can be fatal to human beings.

Perhaps the strangest aspect of man's compulsive and sometimes hazardous search for an aphrodisiac is why human beings should want one at all. According to most doctors and anthropologists, man is already the sexiest creature on earth, thanks to a powerful libido—or sex drive—that really needs no enhancement. "The human animal is capable of screwing 365 days a year," says one doctor bluntly. "As far as I know, he is the only member of the animal kingdom that can do that." In fact, the doctors say, the average human being with a completely unfettered libido would probably never get the chores done. But many people are so hung up with sexual anxiety, guilt and inhibitions acquired from social and religious training that it's a wonder they are able to make love at all. And, of course, many of them don't, from either dumb choice or inability—or both.

The power of the libido helps explain the widely held current belief that such drugs as marijuana, hashish and the opiates have aphrodisiac qualities. Simply because they depress the central nervous system and relax inhibitions, these drugs sometimes do produce aphrodisiaclike effects. Marijuana, for instance, may distort one's sense of time and affect the sense of touch in ways that for some people increase the pleasure of copulation and climax. But none of these drugs is a true aphrodisiac in the sense that it arouses sexual desire.

There is evidence, in fact, that in many people, marijuana *reduces* the sex

drive—or at least reduces the need to satisfy it. Unlike the randy, wide-eyed, energetic drunk, the pothead may be content to contemplate the pleasures of sex without actually getting any. In addition, marijuana and some of the stronger drugs can create obstacles to sex that more than compensate for the relaxing of inhibitions. The majority, for example, are mildly anesthetizing to the genitalia, and some produce a degree of nausea. In slightly stronger doses, they tend to put people to sleep or to so depress the central nervous system that the sexual apparatus is impaired. Habitual heroin users, for example, are rarely able to perform the sex act.

One doctor, who was seeking something to help his nonorgasmic patients, came across a narcotic-containing beverage from Morocco that was alleged to be an aphrodisiac. It consisted of an absinthelike liqueur, a little tincture of opium to relax inhibitions and a trace quantity of Spanish fly intended to produce a slight tingling in the urogenital tract. Determined to test it, the doctor took the liqueur home and his wife proceeded to prepare a romantic candlelight dinner. Following dinner, he poured two ponies of the drink and, after clinking glasses, they drank them down. The next morning, the good doctor and his wife awoke—still at their dining-room table. The potion had put them both directly to sleep.

The hallucinogenic drugs, such as LSD, have also been cited as aphrodisiacs. According to the drug's advocates, LSD qualifies as an aphrodisiac not because of any power to arouse sexual desire but because of its ability to open new dimensions of sensation and the new insights it affords into the sexual experience. Indeed, a person on an LSD trip may well imagine any number of pleasant variations and permutations on the sex experience. But there is always the risk of a bad trip with equally unpleasant results. It has even been claimed that a person on LSD doesn't really need a partner to have a sexual experience; he can just imagine everything. And in one case, reported in these pages some years ago, a man who had taken LSD was unable to obtain an erection, despite the vigorous assistance of his partner. But then, he said, he was overcome with an awareness that "My entire body was one great erect penis and the world was my vagina. . . ." Whether inducing such quasi-sexual experiences qualifies LSD as an aphrodisiac is largely a question of semantics. Like marijuana and the narcotics, LSD doesn't arouse sexual desires that aren't already present.

Researchers say that the development of a true aphrodisiac will come only with the discovery of something that acts



SOKOL

"Mother, I think we're having our first disagreement."

specifically on the brain's sex center. They know, for example, that the sex experience is essentially psychological and that no drug acting solely on the central nervous system or on the sex organs will create a desire for sex. In women, direct physical stimulation of the clitoris won't produce even hard breathing, let alone a climax, unless the woman wants it to—or is willing to let it. In men, there is a low-level reflex action by which penis stimulation can bring about an erection and ejaculation, but it produces little or no sexual pleasure unless the man is mentally aroused.

In the same way, drugs that act on the over-all brain are unsuccessful because, if they stimulate a person mentally, they also tend to stimulate anxieties and inhibitions; and if they are depressive, they depress both. In the case of the narcotics, which are mostly depressants, the drugs depress not only the brain but also the sexual apparatus, the sensory nerves and a number of body processes that, when disrupted, often produce nausea, discomfort and sleepiness.

It was in this context that researchers discovered the apparent aphrodisiac effects of L-DOPA and PCPA. Unlike all the previous so-called aphrodisiacs, these two drugs did work specifically on certain well-defined brain centers. They were being tested in the treatment of Parkinson's disease, a progressive degenerative disease that annually strikes some 500,000 Americans, generally between the ages of 50 and 70. It is characterized by trembling hands, shuffling gait, drooling, speech impairment and an immobile, expressionless face, and it causes eventual invalidism and death. About ten years ago, a Viennese scientist observed that patients who had died of Parkinsonism had abnormally low levels of a vital brain chemical, dopamine, in certain parts of the brain that normally are rich in the substance. Suspecting that this deficiency might cause the Parkinson symptoms, he treated a number of patients with the chemical. His experiments were unsuccessful; dopamine, it was discovered later, cannot cross a natural body defense called "the blood-brain barrier" between the brain and the rest of the body.

Several years later, another scientist discovered that though dopamine couldn't cross the barrier, its immediate chemical precursor, levo-3, 4-dihydroxy-phenylalanine—or L-DOPA—*could* get into the brain from the blood stream. There, a naturally occurring enzyme converted the L-DOPA into dopamine. This discovery led to a five-year test program involving 601 patients in 22 hospitals across the country. The results of the program, announced at a Georgetown University

symposium last fall, showed that more than 60 percent of those treated experienced some improvement in their condition, including about five percent who had a complete reversal of symptoms. What attracted the most publicity, however, was a minuscule two percent who also experienced the apparent aphrodisiac side effect described by Dr. O'Malley.

This is not necessarily a true aphrodisiac effect, explains Dr. Morris Belkin of the National Institutes of Health. "If you had been lying on your back and thinking about having a woman for the past ten years, but couldn't because of your disease," he said, "once you were relieved of your symptoms, you might become sexually active, too." Doctors still don't understand exactly how L-DOPA works, he went on, or why dopamine deficiency causes Parkinson symptoms. Nor can they explain the apparent aphrodisiac side effect. Moreover, he concludes, the tiny percentage of patients exhibiting any increased sexuality—and the problem of such side effects as nausea and emotional disturbances—doesn't warrant much optimism about the drug's potential as an aphrodisiac. Its use in the treatment of Parkinsonism is much more promising.

But the second drug, parachloro-phenylalanine, or PCPA, does show promise as an aphrodisiac, according to Dr. Gian L. Gessa, a member of the four-man research team at the National Heart Institute that discovered it. "We are optimistic," Dr. Gessa says, "that our work may lead to the development of a true aphrodisiac." While L-DOPA remains something of a mystery, scientists think they understand how PCPA works. Most of the brain centers, Dr. Gessa explains, contain two opposing pathways, or "circuits": one that stimulates and one that inhibits. By pulling against each other, they remain in balance. Each of these circuits depends on a specific chemical substance, called a neurotransmitter, that facilitates the transmission of nerve impulses from one nerve cell to the next.

In the so-called limbic system, a small region of the brain believed to control both sex drive and sleep, the neurotransmitter for the stimulatory circuit is called norepinephrine; its inhibitory counterpart is called serotonin. In layman's terms, says Dr. Gessa, "Serotonin says 'no' to sex and 'yes' to sleep, while norepinephrine says just the opposite." As an added precaution against the system's getting out of balance, he goes on, the body provides a third substance, called monoamine oxidase, or MAO, which acts as a kind of policeman, destroying any excess of either neurotransmitter that might accumulate. PCPA alone, he says, has a slight aphrodisiac effect, because it

depresses the level of serotonin in the limbic center, thus allowing the sex-stimulating norepinephrine to become dominant. But the MAO, exercising its police function, tries to counteract this imbalance by destroying the excess norepinephrine. This led scientists to add a second drug to the treatment, pargyline, which blocks the MAO from doing its work. The end result is that the inhibitory serotonin is depressed by the PCPA while the stimulatory norepinephrine accumulates and increasingly intensifies the sex drive.

In the laboratory, the research team first administered the drugs to 80 male rats. "The sexual excitation lasted for several hours and usually reached a climax with all the animals in one cage attempting to mount each other at the same time," the team reported. When the drugs were given to rabbits, the effects were even more pronounced and long-lasting. Does this mean that man's long quest for a magical love potion has finally ended? Not quite, says Dr. Gessa. Research work has only begun and the drugs have not yet been fully tested on human beings. It would be foolhardy to assume that the brains of rats and humans are identical or that the drugs would have identical effects on both. Secondly, the drugs could have unsuspected psychic and physical side effects that would preclude their use. Finally, even if the drugs prove safe and effective on human beings, they would not satisfy the traditional love-potion requirement of rapid action. It takes at least four days of steady administration before the drugs have an effect, Dr. Gessa says, and then it takes another several days without sleep before they wear off. In short, PCPA is not a feasible drug with which to ply one's inhibited girlfriend. But as a medical tool for doctors treating impotence and frigidity, the drugs do show great promise. Doctors could administer them over a period of four days, send patients home for a wild weekend and then, after the desired result has been achieved, inject them with a chemical precursor of serotonin that would enable them to get some much-needed sleep.

Doctors would welcome the perfection of such a treatment, according to Dr. Richard H. Edenbaum, a prominent internist in the posh Chevy Chase suburb of Washington, not far from the National Institutes of Health, where the research is taking place. "I hope this research can prove fruitful," he says, "because it will give us a valuable medication for a very serious medical problem. Three out of ten patients in my practice come in with complaints of frigidity or impotence in one or both of the partners. And this has led to divorce and

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THE GOURMET

fiction

By HENRY SLESAR

ELDRIDGE PACHMAN tested the popular conviction that large blue quantities of sky, sea and silence can heal and soothe a troubled mind. This notion proved false. He spent the first week of his vacation in Greece, in a small white Aegean hotel that lay stunned and bleaching in the sunlight; and he discovered in himself an incipient agoraphobia, the terror of open spaces. He spent most of the week in his room, where he could lie on the bed and ruminate on his divorce, on the wife who was now spending his money, the children who were so oddly indifferent to the sea change in their lives. Then he went to a Balearic Island, where the white buildings were at least splashed with scarlet and purple

suspected of an abominable crime, the colonel had dropped from sight; now he was trying to preserve whatever life was left to him

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER GREEN

foliage and where the coastal cliffs were penetrated by peaceful inlets with sandy beaches surrounded by pine. But he was no happier there. Luckily, he saw the colonel one day, and that was exactly what his brain needed: not healing and soothing but a mystery to ponder.

Pachman wrote magazine articles for a living. Frequently, he ghosted celebrity-written pieces or autobiographies. His favorite joke about himself concerned the question asked by his seven-year-old son; the boy wanted to know if his first name was Astoldto. Pachman averaged \$20,000 a year, although in the lawyer's office, his wife, her lips looking like a closed purse, claimed he averaged \$30,000. He was good at his work. He had an awesome gift for remembering names and faces.

But when he first spotted the colonel, sitting in a closed car parked on the beach, Eldridge wasn't struck by the familiarity of his face. The scene itself was too remarkable. The shabby old Renault, its tires threatened by the lapping water; the neatly dressed driver picking shells out of the gluey sand; and the colonel, sitting behind the upraised window of his vehicle, puffing on a cigarette and peering out at the sea, toward the island of Vedrá rising sheerly on the horizon. Later, the colonel told Pachman that the island was inhabited only by blue lizards. He commented, "Lizards can be the swiftest creatures on earth. It may take days to trap one. Then the disappointment is keen, when one discovers their hide is so tough they are inedible."

Pachman spoke to the manager of his pension, who was only too happy to talk about the colonel. His full name was Colonel Antonio Sebastian Teixeras. No one knew if the title was military, honorary or spurious. He was wealthy by the standards of the island, being able to afford a boat, a house and a manservant. The servant's name was Rodrigo and he was a mute, and he may or may not have once been the colonel's orderly. They lived in solitude in a dwelling that used to be the highest on the island, until the mayor pompously decided to build his own house above it. The colonel had been indifferent to this; but then, the pension manager shrugged, the colonel was indifferent to most things.

The next time Pachman saw the colonel, they were exactly three yards apart, the measurement made possible by the length of cloth the saleswoman at the Gran Galería was holding between them. Pachman had wandered into the shop as a dutiful tourist. The colonel was there because the owner imported English cigarettes for him. The brand name was reason enough for Pachman to strike up a conversation, and he was pleased to learn that the colonel was not only willing to speak but able to speak his language.

He was an immaculate man of medium height, whose military bearing added an illusionary inch or two. Pachman guessed his age at 70. He was craggy-featured, small-eyed and his nose was a nose. Within the first few seconds, Pachman was certain that he looked upon a familiar face.

When they parted, the colonel, with ritual courtesy, suggested that they meet again. Pachman asked him where he went for his *tertulia*, having been told that Spaniards prefer to hold their social conversations away from home. The colonel mentioned the Café Francia, the smallest of the three on the island.

For the rest of the day, Pachman had something else to chew on beside memories of his divorce. Why would the face of a Spanish ex-officer, on a small island in the Mediterranean, be so hauntingly familiar?

He went to the Café Francia that evening and saw the colonel's Renault parked outside. Rodrigo was in the back seat, curled up like a child, asleep. The colonel was alone at a small table with a glass of wine and he greeted Pachman almost as if the appointment had been arranged.

But nothing the colonel said that night gave Pachman the clue he needed. He confined his comments to the island and its neighbors, to remarks about the cats in the street, the fish in the sea, the lizards on Vedrá. When Eldridge inquired about his past, the colonel answered by sipping his wine. And yet, inches from the narrow contour of his face, the promontory of his nose, Pachman more certain than ever that he knew this man and knew him because of some event that made those features famous or infamous.

For two days, he pondered. On the third day, he went to the Café Francia early, to try its dinner fare. The menu boasted *langouste*, baby octopus and bean dishes. While eating his lobster, Eldridge was suddenly struck with the answer and it was electrifying enough to cause the fork to drop from his hand and clatter to the tiled floor. After that, he finished his meal quickly, no longer willing to enjoy the colonel's *tertulia* that night.

But with only four days of his holiday remaining (he had committed himself to the autobiography of a silent-screen star), Pachman knew he had to have his answer confirmed or denied. And the only man who could do that was Colonel Teixeras. Or, rather, if his answer proved correct, Colonel Miguel Fernandez Malagaras.

The next evening, he arranged his encounter with the colonel at the Café Francia and, with hardly a preamble, said:

"You know, Colonel, when I was a very young boy, I didn't collect stamps, coins or model airplanes; my passion

was old magazines. And certain articles stayed in my memory, especially those that told of mysteries still unsolved. One story I recall concerned an officer in the air force of Spain who, in 1933? 1934? undertook an experiment in transatlantic military transport, in an aircraft made for passenger service, by Handley Page, I believe. With a dozen officers and enlisted men aboard, the plane left Madrid early one morning and was never heard from again—until parts of the wreckage were spotted in the Mediterranean by a fishing boat."

Pachman, watching the colonel carefully, was disappointed by his reaction—or, rather, the lack of it.

"As a result," he continued, "a search of the area was made and the survivors of the crash were removed from a small island by a British destroyer. Or, rather, the survivor, singular—since, of the twelve men who left Madrid, only one, the commanding officer, was alive. In fact, his survival was so miraculous that it earned him dozens of speculative articles in many magazines. I read all I could find, looking for definite answers to the mystery, but there were none. The officer—his name was Colonel Miguel Fernandez Malagaras—stuck doggedly to a story that simply made no sense."

Now Pachman saw the reaction he wanted. The ash of the colonel's cigarette dropped onto the colonel's lapel and he failed to notice it.

"The officer's story was simple and tragic in its beginning. The plane developed an oil leak. The pilot, being at the point of no return, had no choice but to crash into the ocean or attempt a forced landing on one of several small, barren, uninhabited islands within sight. The attempt was made and it was partially successful; the aircraft was brought to ground on a strip of volcanic rock. The plane was demolished, the pilot and two enlisted men were killed, the others injured or shaken but alive.

"As commanding officer, Colonel Malagaras naturally took charge of the group and tried to keep them going until they could be rescued. The effort was doomed. There was a fresh-water inlet on the island, but except for a handful of lizards, there was nothing even vaguely edible. Death by starvation seemed inevitable, so they spent their days praying for the sight of a vessel and their nights dreaming of steaks and roasts and puddings. . . ."

He heard the colonel heave a sigh.

"When he was finally rescued, Colonel Malagaras had no idea how much time had passed; actually, it was eight weeks. There were no bodies on the island; as a health measure, he decreed that each dead man should be weighted with stones and slipped into the sea, an unpleasant chore he performed himself.

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A REAL GAS!

it's up, up and away as playboy takes off on a highflying balloon outing

MODERN LIVING FLYING IN A BALLOON is the ultimate ego trip. No aeronautic spectacle could command more attention—except, perhaps, the arrival of a Martian space ship in Central Park or another moon-shot lift-off at Cape Kennedy. But even if the sight of a balloon didn't cause a commotion on the ground, the ride in a gondola built for two would be a private pleasure worth every bit of the effort it takes to launch an 80-foot-tall nylon "envelope" filled with hot air.

Today's breed of balloonists bears little resemblance to the itinerant hydrogen-bag jockeys of the 19th and early 20th centuries who played the county-fair circuits, inviting farmers to "Step right up and see the city from the sky—for which a small fee will be charged." Ballooning has evolved into a sophisticated sport enjoyed by urban couples who happen to dig riding the wind suspended from a colorful bubble that looks like an enormous Christmas-tree ornament (but, fortunately, is nowhere nearly as fragile).

Not all the fun of ballooning is sky-high. There's also the excitement of coming to rest on a remote hilltop with a fabulous view, a spot where a picnic lunch is more than just a meal; it's a unique experience, since chances are that

Below, left to right: Balloon parties, with either rented or privately owned balloons, usually get off the ground at dawn; that's when surface winds are calmest. After the colorful nylon bags have been unrolled and stretched open, our six couples fill them—using motorized fans. Propane-gas burners are then ignited; as the balloons heat up, all hands grab lines to prevent the craft from prematurely heading skyward.



Above, left to right: With ascension time near, four of the couples climb aboard the metal gondolas while the two others act as chase crew—following the flights from the ground in a Toyota Land Cruiser and a hotted-up Chevrolet El Camino. The pilots hit the blast valves, causing the air temperature inside the 80-foot-tall bags above them to rise; then the four balloons gradually lift and drift away.



Once aloft, the balloons are soon separated; their varied altitudes aid them in picking up different velocities of winds. Above: At noon, one couple spots a picnic site atop a rock pocked with fresh-water pools. Lunch is followed by a leisurely dip and a well-chilled bottle of bubbly—the balloonist's traditional drink.



Above: By late in the afternoon, our intrepid aeronauts have got their craft back together again and are heading straight for a giant Playboy Rabbit target that's been laid out by the chase crew. Left: As they approach, their friends wave a greeting.



the wind currents won't carry you to that location again. And if you think one balloon is a ball, try four. A ballooning party similar to the one pictured on these pages is a friendly way to fly when it's a lazy summer day and you feel those hot-weather doldrums coming on. Six couples are the minimum number for a four-balloon affair. The extra pairs act as a chase crew, following *(text continued overleaf)*

Below, left to right: A fireside feast is last on the agenda, as one couple seeks the seclusion of a shallow grotto that's well out of the wind. Opposite: Another twosome can't resist getting away from it all in an illuminated tethered balloon.





their quarry from the ground in a wild cross-country variation of a fox hunt. If additional friends volunteer to aid in getting the festivities off to a flying start, that's all to the good: Plenty of helping hands on ground ropes lessens the chance that a balloon will take off with nobody aboard.

After the balloonists are aloft and well downwind, the chase crew will speed ahead to an open field and lay down a marker (we used a giant Playboy Rabbit) that indicates where the aeronauts should land. Because a ballooning trip is such a kick, it calls for final celebration after touchdown—an alfresco payoff in food and drink that's worthy of the day's flight fantastic.

Hot-air ballooning as a sport has been around since 1783—the year France's Montgolfier brothers sent aloft a heated bag with a gondola containing a duck, a rooster and a sheep. These barnyard balloonists rose to a height of 1700 feet, then descended safely two miles away after only eight minutes of flight. King Louis XVI applauded the aerial animal act and plans were made to send a man into the sky.

Jean Francois Pilâtre de Rozier, the king's historian, volunteered for the ascent. His balloon was a huge blue-and-gold sphere made of heavy cloth and decorated with the royal cipher and the signs of the zodiac. The platform on which he rode could hold just one man, a fire pan and some wet straw to burn so that the bag's air would stay hot. Water and sponges also went aloft, in case the flames got out of control. In October 1783, De Rozier ascended to the dizzying height of 84 feet and remained there four and one half minutes, bobbing at the end of a tether; he was the first man in history to view Paris from the air.

Ten years later, the sport of ballooning crossed the Atlantic when another Frenchman, Jean Pierre Blanchard, in a hydrogen balloon, made America's first aerial ascent. A Philadelphia newspaper reporter, obviously carried away by the spirit of the occasion, turned in the following story: "Mr. Blanchard was dressed in a plain blue suit, a cocked hat with a white feather. As soon as he was in the gondola, he threw out some ballast, then began to ascend slowly, perpendicularly, while he waved the colors of the United States and the French Republic and flourished his hat to the thousands of citizens who stood gratified and astonished at his intrepidity. After a few minutes, the wind blowing from northwest and westward, the balloon rose to an immense height and then shaped its course toward the southward and eastward. . . . And various were the conjectures as to the place where he would descend." The landing site, it turned out, was about 15 miles away, just east of Woodbury, New Jersey. There,

after his 46-minute flight, the daring Blanchard boarded a carriage and returned to Philadelphia, where he was greeted by George Washington, who became the first American President to personally congratulate a space pioneer.

As ballooning progressed from its infancy, hot air was replaced by such lighter-than-air gases as hydrogen and coal gas, since, in those embryonic days of flight, it was impossible to carry a safe or efficient on-board fuel supply. In addition to stowing straw, early hot-air men had used lamb's wool as fuel, and there was always the danger of sparks going up inside the balloon and igniting the fabric. Thus, hot-air ballooning swiftly diminished in popularity; and for about 150 years, gas-baggers ruled the skies. Early in 1960, however, the Navy awarded Raven Industries in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, a contract to build a modern version of the Montgolfier balloon as a training device for student blimp pilots. Within a few months, a safe hot-air sack was fabricated and test-flown. Since then, continued improvements have been made in the design and thousands of flying hours have been logged. Although aluminum and nylon are now used in the manufacturing of the basket and the bag, the basic Montgolfier principle of hot air for buoyancy has remained unchanged.

Balloons for civilian use and ownership are now available from Raven—in one-, two- and four-passenger capacities, with larger units made to order. The prices for complete ready-to-fly bags of wind—including full instrumentation and ground inflator—are about \$3500, \$5000 and \$6400, respectively, for one-, two- and four-man balloons. Instruction for a ballooning license—a document you must have—costs another \$500 or so. Any commercial lighter-than-air-balloon pilot can act as a teacher. A student must have a logged minimum of eight hours' flying time; up to six hours can be supervised with a licensed balloonist in the gondola, but two hours must be solo time in the sky. In addition, the Hot Air Balloon Club of America, a loosely knit nationwide organization of aeronauts, arranges club charters and licensing and also leases balloons. For taking lessons, HABCA maintains a fleet that can be rented like any other aircraft. A two-man balloon rental is \$50 an hour, which includes two tanks of propane gas and both launch and chase crews. (Should you have any questions concerning this, write to Bill Berry, President, Hot Air Balloon Club of America, 3300 Orchard Avenue, Concord, California 94520.)

To get the feel of this highflying sport, let's assume you have your license and are about to take your skyship on its maiden flight. The first calm day finds you heading for an open field that's well

away from power lines or major bodies of water, where you can drive an appropriate vehicle such as a pickup truck or a four-wheel-drive off-road machine. After you unload the balloon and spread it out flat on the ground, ready for inflation, start your ground inflator—a powerful gasoline-engine blower that throws a shaft of air deep into the billowing bag. As the balloon swells in size, more hands will be needed to keep the skirt (the removable section of material at the base of the balloon) from flapping wildly in the man-made wind. Once the bag is nearly full, the propane burner mounted at the top of the gondola is ignited and the craft is almost ready to fly.

Normal ground inflation can be accomplished by two experienced people in five to ten minutes. Having a couple of extra friends along, of course, will make the task easier. When you're ready to take off, your companion climbs aboard, all hands let go of the gondola and you hit the blast valve, sending a jet of flame up into the balloon. In a few seconds, the air temperature inside the bag will soar and you'll be free of the ground, drifting with the prevailing wind. Once aloft, you'll want to take a reading of the three flight instruments built into the gondola; an altimeter, a rate-of-climb indicator and a pyrometer. This last device is used to monitor the temperature of the balloon's surface at the peak of the bag.

To successfully maneuver a hot-air balloon, novice aeronauts must master the technique of heat anticipation, as this is what causes the craft to ascend and descend. (Obviously, the wind is what provides the horizontal propulsion.) When you hit the blast valve above you, the burst of flame that shoots into the nylon envelope soon heats the captive air to a temperature that's higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, and up you go. The opposite, of course, occurs if you release the gas valve too long and the bag cools down. To illustrate this point, let's say that you've just taken off, planning to peak at 500 feet. Probably, your first reaction will be to hold the flame on too long, and up you'll go past 500 feet to 1000. Because you're at an altitude higher than expected, you'll probably let the bag temperature cool too long. This time, down you go, perhaps to 200 feet. With a few hours of practice flying, you'll learn how to level out at various altitudes by anticipating your airship's reactions.

You'll be happy to know that hot-air balloons have a built-in safety factor; should you run out of propane fuel—something that's very unlikely but possible—the balloon will stay inflated while descending. And because the volume of air in the bag is so great, small holes or tears have practically no effect on



Enzo Angileri

"Oh, oh . . . pollution!"

performance. You *will* want to get them repaired, of course.

Landing is relatively simple. The pilot maintains a low altitude until he's above a suitable-looking field. Then he uses the fuel valve, as described, to control the final rate of descent. (A vent called the hoo-hoo, located on one side of the balloon, can also be pulled open for an extra-quick response.) Upon landing, the balloon is collapsed by pulling a rip cord that peels open a deflation port located in the crown. (Aeronauts call this popping the top.) Or, if it's a calm day and you plan to fly again, you can tether the craft with two lines, turn the burner low and, if it stays calm, the bag will sit there like a big colorful ball, bouncing slightly in the breeze.

For a day of ballooning, you'll want to dress in comfortable clothes and tennis shoes. And if it's summer, you won't need a heavy jacket; the burner above you will keep the gondola pleasantly warm. But there's one additional ingredient needed to ensure the success of a hot-air ball—an ample supply of the bubbly. Champagne is the traditional drink of balloonists and the only potable that can match the intoxicating kick of the sport. The French, who invented both balloons and champagne, and who know that the latter's buoyant effects are equally delightful on the ground and in the sky, appreciate the pleasures of a midmorning champagne toast. Before the ascent, its effervescence will make everyone feel lighter than air. And after the landing, champagne both signalizes and celebrates the completed trip; it's a perfect thirst quencher and an aperitif before the landing picnic.

Toasting a launch is a sparkling moment for all concerned but not the occasion for spending hours appraising the fine differences among various vintages. And you needn't carry a cargo of crushed ice to have cold champagne for a balloon party. The best technique is to chill it in the refrigerator overnight, then wrap it in several layers of aluminum foil and secrete it in an insulated tote bag. Crumpled paper or excelsior may be used to keep the bottles from bouncing against one another on rough terrain, and a can or two of refrigerant may be placed in the bag for added insurance.

All picnic preparations—except making the coffee for the vacuum jug—should be completed the day before the party. As the host, you shouldn't hesitate to delegate food-and-drink assignments to others in your crowd. They'll enjoy playing a part in the festivities. The picnic baskets should be packed with foods of substance that show imagination—roast rack of lamb, for instance, that can be held in the hand for hungrier-than-usual appetites, or chicken coated with chopped almonds, rather than the usual bread

crumbs, before frying. A cold curried shrimp soup or a *gazpacho*, as well as summer fruits in season and iced coffee, will appease the special thirsts balloon pilots and their first mates always develop after a hot-air ride in the boundless blue. If you own an outfitted wicker basket, you won't have to worry about lugging along outdoor eating and drinking equipment, although it's a good idea to check the menu item by item to make sure everything is in order, such as two sets of drinkingware if you're having both soup and coffee.

Toward sundown, you'll be ready to descend (ballooning after dark—except on a short tether—is *not* the way to fly) for cocktails and dinner under the same serene sky in which you floated earlier in the day. The evening meal is planned as a lazy long feast beside a charcoal fire. By the time the stars are beginning to appear, it will be sufficiently dark to appreciate the blue flames of cognac and Irish Mist licking a pan of sizzling crepes.

Here, then, are PLAYBOY Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's suggestions for what to prepare as tasty picnic totables and, later, for the grand-finale evening meal.

Balloon Picnic I

Cold Curried Shrimp Soup
Cold Roast Rack of Lamb
Dutch Potato Salad
Sliced Beefsteak Tomatoes
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Brie Cheese, Crackers, Whole
Fresh Elberta Peaches
Iced Coffee

COLD CURRIED SHRIMP SOUP (Serves four)

½ lb. raw shrimps in shell
Salt, pepper
Juice of ¼ lemon
¼ cup diced onion
¼ cup diced leeks, white part only
2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup sliced potatoes
1½ cups milk
½ cup light cream
2 teaspoons curry powder

Wash shrimps and place in saucepan with 2½ cups cold water, ¼ teaspoon salt and lemon juice. Slowly bring to a boil; turn off heat and let sit for 10 minutes. Remove shrimps from pan with slotted spoon, leaving cooking liquid in pan. Remove shrimp shells and vein running through back; return the shells to cooking liquid and simmer slowly 20 minutes. Strain; discard shells. In another pan, sauté onion and leeks in butter until onion is light yellow. Add shrimp stock and potatoes; simmer very slowly until potatoes are tender. Add milk and cream and slowly bring up to boiling point; remove from fire. Dissolve curry powder in 2 tablespoons cold water and add to soup. Cut shrimps crosswise into

½-in. slices and add to soup; let cool for about an hour. Place in blender—in several batches, if necessary—and blend until smooth. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill overnight. Check soup for thickness; thin with added milk, if necessary.

COLD ROAST RACK OF LAMB

A rack of lamb is the section from which the rib lamb chops are cut. Buy a double rack, separated into halves, for four portions. Have the butcher remove the backbone for easy carving. Remove the meat from the refrigerator at least an hour before roasting. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in a preheated oven at 400° in a shallow roasting pan and roast ¾ hour or until meat thermometer registers 160°. Let rack remain at room temperature about an hour before carving. Carve roast into chops; trim ends of bones for easy handling or for chop holders. Chill well. Bottled mint sauce or a mixture of red-currant jelly and bottled mint sauce is a refreshing garnish.

Dutch potato salad is flavored with bacon and made sweet and sour with vinegar and sugar. Chopped bacon, onion and leeks are sautéed together until onions and leeks turn yellow. The bacon fat takes the place of the usual mayonnaise or oil. Boiled sliced potatoes are combined with the bacon mixture, seasoned with vinegar, sugar and mustard and, if you wish, chopped hard-boiled egg. Be generous with the salt and pepper and chill well before packing into the picnic basket.

Allow one or two beefsteak tomatoes per person, depending on the size. Be sure brie cheese is soft ripe. Allow two large ripe Elberta peaches per person. Coffee should be brewed double strength before it's diluted with ice cubes and poured into the prechilled Thermos container.

Balloon Picnic II

Gazpacho
Cold Breast of Chicken with Almonds
Rice Salad with Olives and Peppers
Pickled French String Beans
Club Rolls, Water-Cress Butter
Fresh Strawberries, Melba Sauce
Iced Coffee

GAZPACHO (Serves four)

1 lb. ripe fresh tomatoes
1 cup diced cucumber
1 cup diced French bread
2 cups cold water
¼ cup sliced scallions
¼ cup diced green pepper
¼ cup olive oil
¼ cup red-wine vinegar
Salt, pepper

Lower tomatoes into boiling water for 20 seconds. Hold under cold running
(continued on page 182)



STAR-SPANGLED JIVE

it's anchors aweigh as the caissons go rolling along from the halls of montezuma into the wild blue yonder —and we're bathed once more in the roseate glow of those wonderfully simple-minded world war two flicks

satire By LARRY SIEGEL

THIS YEAR, as you may or may not know, marks the 25th anniversary of the termination of what still must be called the most titanic struggle of all mankind: World War Two. Oh, there have been wars before and wars since; and, unfortunately, there will continue to be wars. But until and if there

is a World War Three, the epic confrontation with the Axis powers must unquestionably stand as the supreme war of them all.

As one who was a part of that conflict, I have been asked why I consider my war to be superior to others—such as World War One, for example. During facetious moments, I say, "We were only number two, so we tried

harder." But then I soberly add that most wars in history had no *raison d'être*. World War One was brought on by the misunderstandings and petty jealousies of some fatuous heads of state. The Spanish-American War was created by a newspaper publisher. The Civil War was nothing but a colossal, tragic blunder. The Hundred Years' War (continued on page 108)

THE CLARK EXPEDITION

to sample life in another culture, sharon clark chooses a remote pacific hideaway

THE MICRONESIAN ARCHIPELAGO of Truk would have fired the imagination of Joseph Conrad: several dozen luxuriantly tropical isles, linked only by fuel ships that traverse the intervening waterways once every few months, bearing provisions ranging from cigarettes to rice. Moen, the second-largest island, is a roughhewn American outpost and is graced, improbably enough, by such rare fauna as Sharon Olivia Clark. It's a long way (about 8000 miles) from Norman, Oklahoma, where Sharon earned her degree in sociology; from St. Louis, where she later read manuscripts for a publisher of medical texts;





As these views attest,
life in Los Angeles
was pleasant enough
for Sharon Clark—
but it lacked challenge;
so she packed her bags,
bade the States adieu
and followed the sun
to the Truk Islands
in exotic Micronesia.



On the eve of her trip to Micronesia, Sharon arrives at L.A.'s Federal Building with her passport photographs, plus the health card that indicates she's had the necessary shots.



Above: Sharon refreshes herself with a few sips of coconut milk. Left: Doing what comes naturally to any resident of an island paradise, our coral-framed Miss August—an accomplished aquanaut who's also at home on water skis—goes snorkeling in the crystal-clear water near Maen's largest village.



The last step in the necessary business of securing a passport is swearing allegiance to the United States. This completed, a weary Sharon removes her shoes as she leaves the premises; besides spending the past few days in preparation for her journey, she's been staying up nights to read about the customs of Micronesia and to study her Malay-English dictionary.

There's no turning back now, as Sharon—with a smile that belies her anxiety—finally steps on board the plane that will transport her to an unfamiliar world.



Above: Shaded by a palm tree, Sharon adjusts her snorkel and wonders if her next dive will uncover a sunken treasure. Right: The equatorial flora of Truk is very much in evidence, with palms crowding the water, as Koichy Maipi, a Moen Islander, takes Sharon for a sail in his canoe.



MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

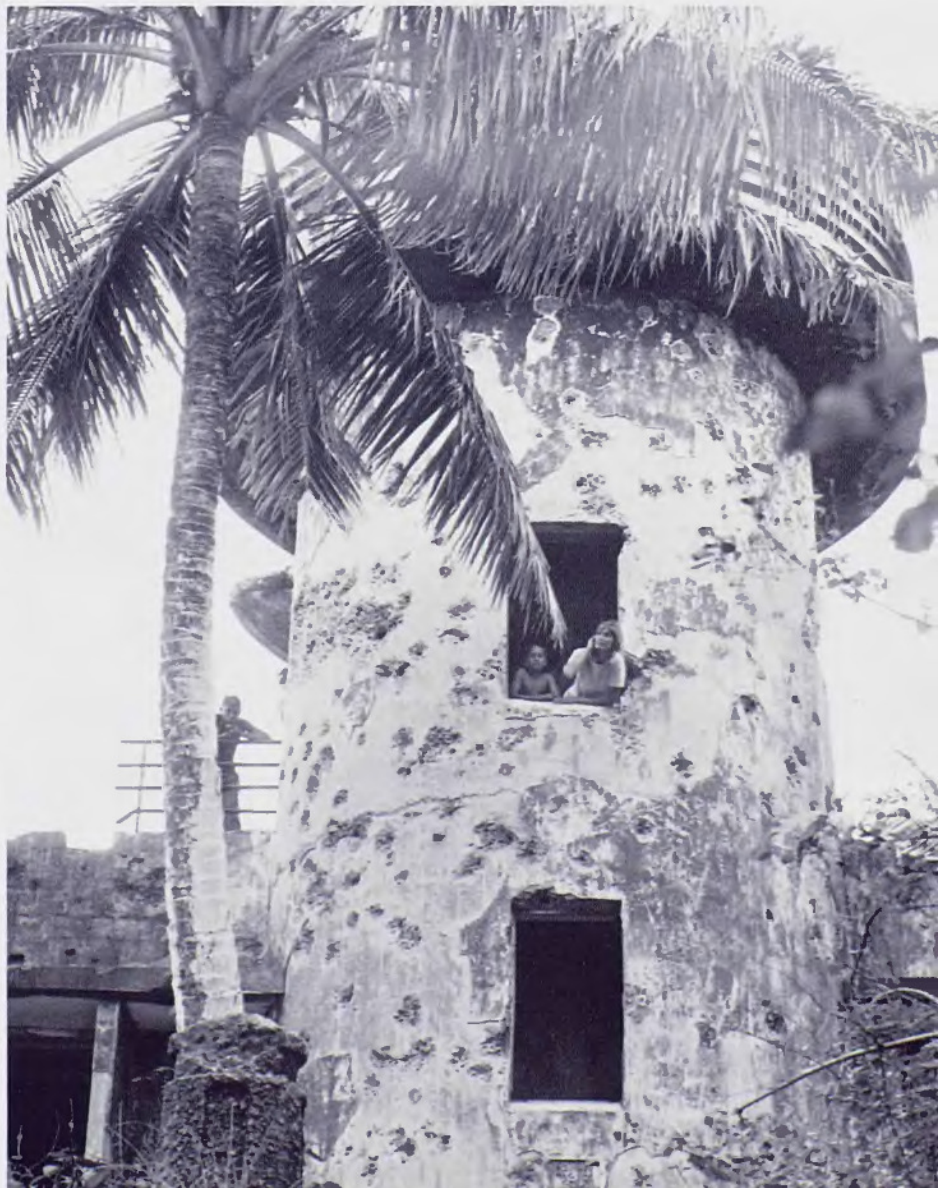


and from Los Angeles, where she was living when she decided to strike out for more exotic regions. Inviting us along for the ride, Sharon went native earlier this year to experience life as it's lived on an "island paradise" in the Pacific and to teach English to local high school students. The quality of life on Moen, Sharon quickly discovered, is very different from that in the States: "Home" is a Quonset hut (so is the classroom where she works); transportation on the otherwise impassable roads is by motorcycle; and the mercantile community in her village consists of a general store, a commissary where frozen meat is sold, plus three other establishments that deal in canned goods. The climate is idyllic; the temperature averages 85 degrees and the lagoons are bluer than blue. Yet since our return to the States soon after shooting the accompanying picture story, Sharon wrote (Moen can't be reached by telephone) that there's trouble in paradise—a circumstance she attributes to the American Government, which administers Truk under a trusteeship. In addition to introducing the tin can and other pollutants, American culture has done much, in Sharon's opinion, to undermine the Trukese way of life: "Instead of helping the natives develop their fisheries, the Americans are giving them Government jobs and turning Truk into a bureaucratic welfare state. We've taken our own economy and set it down on top of theirs. The locals accept this, but with undertones of resentment." And the presence of the Peace Corps, she feels, does little to counteract the effects of this subtle colonialism: Too few of the Corps men are involved in the crucial fishing industry. What aggravates the situation and gives the future a gloomy cast, Sharon says, is a lack of communication between the administrators from across the sea and their charges—who, she claims, "act sluggish when they're around the Americans, giving them the mistaken impression, after a while, that the islanders are all lazy." Sharon recognizes, however, that the American way of life, which seems so out of place in Truk, is her own: "I've learned that I don't really groove on the 'simple life'—much as I hate to see it destroyed. I like to see cars moving on four-lane highways. I miss the movies and skiing trips; I even miss the changes in climate." Sharon is also frustrated by her teaching job: "It's difficult to find reading matter in English that's relevant to these kids." Accordingly, despite her affection for the islanders, Sharon is planning to return to the States. But she doesn't regret her adventure; it's given her a new appreciation not only of America's fast-paced culture but also of the need to apply the brakes on occasion and take time out for a self-renewing interlude of ease—South Pacific style.

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BILL FIGGE AND ED DELONG



On a sight-seeing tour of Moen, Sharon takes a group of youngsters to visit an abandoned Japanese lighthouse, one of the many relics of World War Two (others include guns ranged about the hillside and sunken ships in the nearby waters). From the tower, Sharon can see most of the island; but, despite its beauty, she's thinking about returning home.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man returned from a convention and proudly showed his wife a gallon of bourbon he'd won for having the largest sex organ of all present. "What!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me you exhibited yourself in front of all those people?"

"Only enough to win, darling," he replied. "Only enough to win."

We know a waggish historian who says that George Washington was the only President who didn't blame the previous Administration for all of his troubles.



A plain-looking coed home from school on summer vacation calmly confessed to her mother that she lost her virginity last semester. "How did it happen?" gasped the parent.

"Well, it wasn't easy," the girl admitted, "but three of my sorority sisters helped hold him down."

And, of course, you've heard about the lady lawyer who moonlighted as a callgirl. She was a prostituting attorney.

The pretty patient nervously asked the doctor to perform an unusual operation—the removal of a large chunk of green wax from her navel. Looking up from the ticklish task, the physician asked, "How did this happen?"

"Well, you see, doctor," the girl said, "my boyfriend likes to eat by candlelight."

On a road ten miles from Palermo, an American motorist was stopped by a masked desperado, who, brandishing a revolver, demanded, in a thick Sicilian accent, that he get out of the car.

The motorist obeyed, pleading, "Take my money, my car, but don't kill me!"

"I no kill-a you," replied the brigand, "if you do what I say." Whereupon, he told the motorist to unzip and masturbate then and there. Though shocked, the motorist did what he was told.

"Good," said the masked stranger. "Now-a do it again." The motorist protested, but the gun was menacingly waved, so, with extreme difficulty, he repeated the act.

"Again," commanded the desperado, "or I kill-a you!" Summoning superhuman resources, the exhausted motorist Portnoyed himself yet a third time.

The bandit gave an order and a beautiful young girl stepped from behind the rocks. "Now," said the highwayman, "you can give-a my sister a ride to town!"

Desperate for work, the young man took a job at the zoo masquerading as a gorilla, to replace the prize animal who had died. The fellow launched into his act with gusto, screaming at the top of his lungs and swinging madly from the bars. The crowd applauded wildly. Inspired, he grabbed a bar and went sailing over the top of his cage into an adjoining pen occupied by four fierce lions. As the animals approached him, the chap screamed, "Help, they're going to kill me."

"Shut up, stupid," whispered one of the lions, "or we'll all lose our jobs."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mourner* as the same as "nooner"—only sooner.

Said an old maid one fondly remembers,
"Now my days are quite clearly Septembers.

"All my fires have burned low,
"I'll admit that it's so,
"But you still might have fun in the embers."

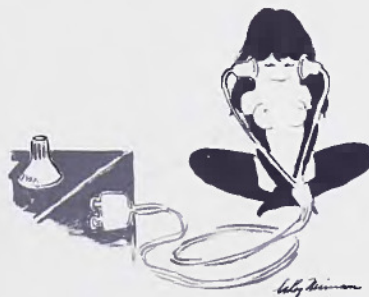
We also know a hip couple who mixed LSD with an aphrodisiac and spent the night making love on the ceiling.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alcoholic actor* as a ham on rye.

The 17-year-old girl had just been told by her physician that she was pregnant. "If only I'd gone to the movies with my parents that night," she lamented.

"Well, why didn't you?" the doctor asked.

"I couldn't," the girl sobbed. "The film was rated X."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a fellow who prefers to ball without the chain.

As the young newlywed was telling a girlfriend how she had successfully taught her husband some badly needed manners, he suddenly dashed into the living room and said breathlessly, "Come on, honey, let's fuck."

The friend sat stunned as the husband scooped his bride into his arms and carried her into the bedroom. Some time later, the girl returned, smiling and adjusting her clothing. "See what I mean?" she beamed. "A week ago, he wouldn't have asked!"

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.



"Minotaurs are human, too, honey bunch!"

STAR-SPANGLED JIVE

was a useless, bloody bore for at least 99 years. And, of course, the less said about the Vietnamese thing the better.

Why, then, does World War Two stand by itself in historical annals?

When I was taking basic training, I recall being shown a series of films titled *Why We Fight*. Each one invariably began with a voice-over proclaiming, "There is a good world and there is a bad world. . . ." And that about summed it up. We were the good guys, they were the bad guys. We had a job to do. Our very survival was at stake. When, throughout the ages, has any issue stood out more clearly?

So we went about doing a dirty but necessary job. We bought War Bonds, we collected aluminum pots, we became air-raid wardens or we went off to fight, praying for the lights to go on again all over the world, so that we could all come home wearing discharge pins (or "ruptured ducks," as we lovingly called them) and resume our places in a peaceful society.

In those days, there was no anti-war crowd to speak of and just about all of us gladly did our part. To help lighten the load and point us in the right direction was the ever-faithful Tim-Pan Alley, supplying us with such stirring songs as *Remember Pearl Harbor, We Did It Before (And We Can Do It Again)* and *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*. Also some less memorable but no less colorful ditties, such as *Goodbye Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama, We're Gonna Take a Slap at the Dirty Little Jap* and *Der Führer's Face*.

But the most effective medium for propagandizing a great cause was by far the motion picture. And that, of course, was where Hollywood came along to tell us what it was all about. By skillfully diluting strong doses of Americanism with liberal heaps of entertainment, the film makers got the message across loud and clear. To those nonbelievers, I strongly recommend turning to the raft of early-Forties films that still brighten the late-show channels. As for me, I don't need television to help me keep the faith. I need merely reach into a special crevice of my mind and I get instant feedback. In all honesty, I can't recall any one specific World War Two film. To me, they were all one delicious pastiche of GIs, gals, patriotism and songs, and they went something like this:

Open with STOCK SHOTS of Pearl Harbor being bombed, Japanese soldiers attacking, German soldiers marching, President Roosevelt addressing Congress, American Servicemen training, American soldiers marching, etc.

FADE OUT and CUT TO *Union Station in Los Angeles. As a train is pulling out, we*

(continued from page 97)

see three men standing in the station with duffel bags at their feet. They are

LON MC CALLISTER, a clean-cut, earnest young Army private; DANE CLARK, a gum-chewing, jive-talking sailor; and JOHN WAYNE, a tough, laconic Marine corporal. MC CALLISTER (*visibly awed*): Golly, who'd'a thought when I was a farm boy down in Hot Point, Indiana, that I'd ever get to the film capital of the world? . . . (*Looking around*) Gosh, this is exciting. CLARK (*chewing his gum vigorously*): Wait'll you see what it's like *outside* the station, soldier.

MC CALLISTER: Golly, I can hardly wait. . . . (*Extends his hand*) By the way, I'm Private Bob Kinkaid.

CLARK: Gimme some skin, my friend. . . . (*Shaking MC CALLISTER's hand*) Everyone calls me Brooklyn. And this here (*indicating WAYNE*) is Texas. (*WAYNE nods*)

MC CALLISTER: Hi, Brooklyn and Texas. Say, I just got a swell idea. Why don't the three of us do the town together?

CLARK (*enthused*): Solid, Jackson! CLARK and WAYNE start to pick up their duffel bags. MC CALLISTER doesn't move yet. He is apparently still overwhelmed by the situation as well as the train station.

CLARK: You coming, dogface? MC CALLISTER: In a minute. You know, I was just thinking. . . . (*CUT TO CLOSE-UP of his face*) I mean, here we are . . . a doughboy, a gob and a leatherneck. . . . (*Soft, stirring music begins to build in the background*) Three guys from three different worlds. Suddenly buddies. That's what it's all about, isn't it? I mean, that's what I'm fighting for. What are you fighting for, Brooklyn?

CLARK puts down his duffel bag and spits out his gum. He is very serious now, as he looks dreamily off into the distance and the music increases in tempo.

CLARK: Me? What am I fighting for? Let me see. . . . I guess it's for the right to watch a golden sunset over Bensonhurst. . . . The right to bean the ump with a pop bottle at Ebbets Field. . . . That cockeyed carousel in Coney Island. . . . The scent of summer rain in Prospect Park. . . . The right to stroll down Flatbush Avenue in my zoot suit.

MC CALLISTER (*swept along now in the tide of reverie*): Zoot suit? Say, I've got one of those at home, too. Mine has a reet pleat.

CLARK: Mine, too. Does yours have a drape shape?

MC CALLISTER: You said it. Also a stuffed cuff. Hey, Brooklyn, when did you used to wear your zoot suit?

CLARK (*fighting back tears*): When do you think? When I went to see my Sunday gal. . . . (*Music crescendos, then stops*) That's what I'm fighting for.

CLARK and MC CALLISTER stare at each other silently for a moment, too over-

whelmed to speak. MC CALLISTER then turns to WAYNE.

MC CALLISTER: What about you, Texas? What are you fighting for? (*He puts his arm affectionately around the Marine's shoulder*)

WAYNE: Me? I'd just like to kill me some Japs.

MC CALLISTER (*withdrawing his arm*): Oh. CLARK: Look, enough of this gab fest.

What are you guys planning to do today?

MC CALLISTER (*looking around eagerly*): Shucks, I got so many great things in mind, I hardly know where to start. First I thought I'd have a double chocolate malt, then I'd go over to the U.S.O. and play some ping-pong. Then I'd write a letter to my best gal . . . and then—

CLARK: Hey, Jackson, you got a picture of your best gal?

MC CALLISTER: Sure thing. (*He reaches into his pocket, takes out his wallet, opens it and displays a picture*) There she is.

CLARK: Solid. But she's a little older than you, ain't she?

MC CALLISTER (*blushing*): Shucks, she should be. She's my mom. . . . (*He puts the wallet back into his pocket*)

CLARK (*to WAYNE*): What were you planning to do, Texas?

WAYNE: I thought maybe I'd catch me some shut-eye. Then maybe hunt me down some Nips. I hear this town is loaded with Jap gardeners.

CLARK (*visibly peeved*): What is it with you hepcats, anyway? I sort of had something else in mind for today.

WAYNE: Like what?

A beautiful GIRL goes strolling by.

CLARK: Like that, for instance. Watch me strut my stuff.

CLARK walks up to the GIRL and emits a loud, long whistle.

CLARK: Hubba-hubba! Hey, cutie-pie, what do you say you and me cut a rug?

GIRL (*slapping his face*): Wolf! (*She walks away*)

CLARK (*rubbing his face*): I can't understand it. That line *always* gets 'em. . . . (*WAYNE and MC CALLISTER laugh good-naturedly*)

An elderly white PORTER comes up to them.

PORTER: Excuse me, fellows. I couldn't help noticing you standing around with nothing to do. Why don't you go over to the Hollywood Canteen?

MC CALLISTER: The Hollywood Canteen? CLARK: What's that?

PORTER: It's a place set up by the film industry for you boys in the Service, where you can eat and dance and be entertained.

MC CALLISTER: That sounds swell.

CLARK (*reaching into his pocket*): Yeah, but I'm a little short of do-re-mi. You know, twenty-one dollars a day once a month don't go very far.

PORTER: Are you kidding? It's all free.

(continued on page 160)



Left: Black-and-brown slip-on with leather-covered buckle and strap, by Pierre Cardin for Bostonian, \$40.

Right: Copper-patent-leather and natural-linen ball with walled toe and higher heel, by Renegades, \$27.

ON WITH THE SHOE

seven pacesetting ways to step out in style

active **By ROBERT L. GREEN**



Navy-and-mustard
crinkled patent leather with striped laces,
by Italia, \$25.

Black-and-brown
laced leather demibaot with plain toe,
by Freeman, \$27.



Natural-color soft sueded leather with side laces and front perforations, by Bostonian, \$15.

Two-tone-brown goatskin slip-on with double-seam front, brass eyelets and higher heel, by Nunn Bush, \$42.

Brown-and-tan ankle boot with narrow buckled strap and blunt toe, by Verde, \$32.

A SMALL DEATH (continued from page 70)

their whistles. Ahead of them came a second wave of marchers, shouting and singing. Moving to the curb, Peter made out what was written on one of the billowing streamers. He felt slightly let down. It was only a student demonstration for better housing at the *Cité Universitaire*. The police were trying to break it up. He could hear them growling at the demonstrators, who laughed and jeered back. Behind Peter, in the glass-enclosed terrace of the corner café, people were standing on chairs to get a better view. At the far end of the street, near the Montparnasse station, he could see still more police alighting from a Black Maria and he grasped the strategy: They were trying to hem the students in.

The crowd on the sidewalk was augmenting; those behind were beginning to shove. A very tall blond boy in a turtleneck sweater and tight gray thin jacket edged in next to him on the curb; Peter was starting to be concerned for the safety of his plant. "*C'est beau, hein?*" said the boy, surveying the spectacle. The police had moved in on the marchers, in salients, swinging their capes. Mentally, Peter compared this airy ballet with the behavior of the police at home, hitting out with night sticks; for the first time, he approved thoroughly of the French. They had made an art of it, he decided, as he watched a line of students break and scatter as the harmless capes descended. In these fall maneuvers between youth and authority, the forces were evenly matched, the students having the advantage of numbers and the police, like matadors, that of dexterity. If he had had two free hands, he would have applauded. He slightly lowered his plant, so as not to obstruct the view for those in his rear.

As he did so, he heard a discordant sound of disapproval or derision, like the American raspberry; a policeman on the pavement whirled around and stared at Peter and his neighbor, whose face wore a sleepy, ironical smile, like that of a large pale cat. In a moment, the sound was repeated, and again the policeman whirled; the tall boy's drooping eyelid winked enigmatically at Peter—he was a strange-looking person, with high cheekbones, a snub nose and colorless beetling eyebrows that seemed to express perplexity. Peter, who liked to play the game of guessing nationalities, decided that he could not be French. A Russian, maybe, whose father worked at the embassy? Then the boy spoke, in a slow, plaintive voice. "Jan Makowski. University of Chicago. Student of Oriental languages. Pleased to meet you." He had a strong demotic Middle Western accent.

Peter introduced himself. "I thought you were Russian," he said.

though considering the accusation. "I'm of Polish origin," he said stiffly. "Born in Warsaw. My old man 'chose freedom' when I was a kid. I went to grammar school for a while here, but he couldn't make it in France; we just about starved. Now he teaches political science at Chicago. Full professor."

"Same here!" cried Peter. "I mean, my father's a professor and he used to be a refugee." Makowski did not appear to find this an especially striking coincidence. "This is great, isn't it?" Peter continued, looking around him. "Compared with those Cossacks back home, I mean. This is more like a game. Everybody here is having a ball."

"You think so?" Peter followed the other's frowning, derisory gaze. The line of students with the streamer had reformed. The *flics* charged them, striking right and left with their capes. A line of blood appeared on the cheek of one of the students; a second student fell to the ground. Peter could see no sign of a weapon and he looked at his neighbor, who stood with folded arms, for enlightenment. The police struck again. Then Peter understood. There was lead in those pretty blue capes; he had read about that somewhere, he now recalled, disgusted at his own simplicity. The students were counterattacking, ducking the flailing capes. He could distinguish three principal battle points in the confusion. Makowski nudged him. They watched a boy aim a kick at a cop's balls; the cop caught his foot and swung him around by the leg, then let him drop. There was blood on the street. Behind Peter, a woman was calling shame on the police. A flowerpot came hurtling down from a high balcony—possibly by accident. Two policemen rushed into the building. Peter's hand tightened on his own clay pot; he selected a target—a tall red-haired gendarme who would make an easy mark. Then wiser counsel—if that was what it was—prevailed; his grip relaxed and he started to get the shakes. His hands were sweaty. He might have killed a man a few seconds ago—the cop or even a student. "Peter Levi, murderer." The thought was strange to him and not unimpressive, though scary. He glanced curiously at Makowski, judicious, with curled lower lip, by his side, a simple, scowling spectator. Nobody but Peter himself seemed to be particularly involved with what was going on. Clerks in their bright-blue *blouses de travail* had left their counters and lined up on the sidewalk to watch; concierges, with their mutts, were standing in their doorways; shopkeepers, concerned for their property, were pulling down their iron blinds.

The students broke and began to run, pursued by the police. A youth was passed, headlong, from cop to cop, and deposited

in a new Black Maria that had pulled up on the corner, just beyond a flower cart, at the Métro entrance. The police were working fast. "Nazi!" yelled someone behind Peter at a *flic* who was tripping a student. Two *flics* pushed past Peter and seized the offender, a young kid of about 16. When he resisted, they slugged him. "Nazi!" "Nazi!" Peter turned his head, but he could not locate where the voice or voices in a funny falsetto were coming from. People were looking in his direction; he asked himself whether his plant could be acting as an aerial.

Then he noticed that Makowski was slightly moving his lips. A ventriloquist! He wondered whether the Pole was crazy, playing a trick like that in a crowd, when he could get innocent bystanders arrested. "Cut it out," he muttered.

Now the demonstrators were darting through the throng, wherever they could find an opening, dropping their streamers and placards as they fled into the side streets, into the Métro, into the *Magasins Réunis* up the block. And instead of just letting them go, the police were hunting them down, aided by embattled concierges and their shrilly barking dogs. They were piling everybody they could catch into the Black Marias. Hungry for prey, they began to grab foreign students coming out of the Alliance Française, youths coming up from the Métro and blinking with surprise in the sunlight. As far as Peter could tell, their idea was to arrest anything that moved in the area between the ages of 16 and 25. He supposed that he and Makowski owed their immunity to the fact that they were stationary.

What shocked him, as an American, was that the demonstrators, once captured, showed no signs of civic resentment. They did not go limp, like civil rights workers, but hopped into the paddy wagons without further protest; it was as if they had been tagged in a game of prisoner's base. In the paddy wagon on the corner, the majority were laughing and clowning; two were playing cards; one, with a bloody kerchief tied around his head, was reading a book. Only the Nordic types from the Alliance Française were giving their captors an argument, which appeared to amuse the French kids, as though being a foreigner and falsely arrested were funny.

Detestation for all and sundry was making Peter nauseated. The rights of man were being violated, in the most elementary way, in broad daylight, before the eyes of literally hundreds of citizens, and nobody was raising a finger to help. At home, if this had happened around Columbia, say, there would be dozens of volunteer witnesses telling the cops to lay off, threatening to call up the mayor or their Congressman or the Civil Liberties Union; at home, citizens

(continued on page 184)

PLAYBOY PLAYS THE BOND MARKET

article **By MICHAEL LAURENCE** *a common-sense guide to the ins and outs—and the ups and downs—of that venerable coupon-clipping game*

WHEN THE VICE-PRESIDENT of a big Wall Street investment firm recently described the bond market as "a great American tragedy," he was not exaggerating. Day after dreary day this past May and early June, virtually every bond in the country enjoyed a market value less than its purchaser had paid for it. The money tied up in bonds was more than sufficient to retire the national debt—and hardly a penny of it represented profit. The collapse was so total that it could only compare with the great stock-market crash 40 years earlier. Between August 1968 and May 1970, corporate bonds—traditional shelter for widows and orphans—fell an average of 30 percent; municipal bonds—those issued by cities and towns—fell 34 percent. In both cases, this was the worst decline of the 20th Century.

But one man's tragedy can be another's good fortune. The investors burned in the bond crash were mostly those who could well afford it: immensely wealthy individuals and even wealthier institutions. Only recently have smaller investors been drawn to bonds, though their impact has been profound. The best current estimates indicate that individuals are increasing their bond holdings at a rate close to 30 billion dollars a year. That's \$150 for every man, widow and orphan in the country. More remarkable yet, chances seem good that these newcomers will profit—perhaps considerably. Crashes in any market are traditionally followed by bargains. Historically high interest rates and historically low bond prices may be offering investors the sort of opportunity that comes but once or twice in a lifetime. At the least, current or would-be investors ought to find out what bonds are all about.

A bond is an interest-paying I. O. U. The borrower is usually a corporation or a Government agency and the lender can be anyone who has money to lend at interest. The totals involved are astronomical, but for symmetry's sake, they are divided into \$1000 units. In return for each \$1000 it receives, the borrower provides an engraved certificate, therein promising to pay the bondholder a fixed rate of interest (usually twice a year) and to repay the \$1000 at the expiration of the contract (the maturity date), which might be 20 or even 40 years off. A few bond certificates represent amounts other than \$1000, but these are a tiny minority and, for purposes of discussion, it's convenient and not terribly misleading to assume that all bonds involve \$1000 amounts.

To sell its I. O. U.s successfully, the borrower must be willing to pay an interest rate sufficiently high to attract money from would-be lenders. In this free-market process, in which borrowers and lenders haggle over prices and finally reach agreement, the ever-changing cost of money—the general interest rate—is established. Once a bond is issued, its rate of return is fixed for life. A \$1000 bond yielding eight percent, for instance, will pay its owner an income of \$80 a year, no more and no less, until it matures. But the general interest rate is not fixed. It fluctuates daily, even hourly. And since a bond represents a fixed stream of income, its resale value after it is issued goes up or down according to fluctuations in the general interest rate.

An example should make this clear. As this is written, an investor can purchase, for precisely \$1000, a 9¼-percent bond recently issued by the Seaboard Finance Company, one of the largest personal-loan firms. This particular bond matures in 1990, so today's buyer is assured of an income of \$92.50 a year (9¼ percent of \$1000) for 20 years, after which (if he still owns the bond) he'll get his \$1000 back.

If he wanted his \$1000 prior to 1990, he'd have to sell his bond in the open market, in much the same way that he would sell a stock. As with stocks, bonds on the open market are worth only what others will pay for them. In the bond market, buyers are usually willing to pay prices that closely coincide with the prevailing interest rate. If that rate were to remain at 9¼ percent, then a bond with an income of \$92.50 a year would continue to have a market value of \$1000 and the purchaser of the Seaboard 9¼-percent bond would break even when he sold. But if the prevailing interest rate were to rise, say, to 12 percent, an income of \$92.50 a year would no longer be worth \$1000. At 12 percent, \$92.50 a year could be nailed down for around \$770, and that's just about what the Seaboard bond would sell for. And if the prevailing interest rate should *decline*, say, from nine percent to six percent, an investor would have to pay over \$1500 for an income of \$92.50 a year. So, *(continued on page 191)*

ALL SHE NEEDS IS LOVE

*which is why janis joplin
has to get on a stage
and sing those gully-low
blues to thousands
of grooving admirers*

AFTER she had become famous and was living atop a hill in San Francisco, the picture was pinned to the wall, along with a sooty American flag, a DYLAN FOR PRESIDENT banner and a poster of archhippie James Gurley in American Indian dress. It shows her as a shiny-cheeked girl in Mary Jane shoes and white bobby socks, hair cropped short. She stands before a white frame house, her eyes squinching up in tell-tale fashion, as she proudly holds up a Sunday-school graduation certificate from the First Christian Church of Port Arthur, Texas.

A generation or two have come and gone since the picture, and Janis Joplin, one of the world's leading pop singers, is now 27. Her albums *Cheap Thrills* and *Kozmic Blues* are both gold records, having sold over \$1,000,000 worth each. She was voted top female vocalist in the 1970 Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll. Her style has been called blue-eyed soul and sometimes rock-blues, and those are fine definitions, though hardly complete. Hear her once and you can't quite forget her—even if you try.

I heard her for the first time several years ago, when she was appearing at a ratty, three-quarters-filled ex-moviehouse in New York (not the Fillmore East) with Big Brother and the Holding Company. Her performance then was memorable, but what impressed me most was the style of the person—a white, cara-

mel-haired girl with a strong Texas twang, dressed in seam-splitting red-velvet slacks, swigging booze onstage like a stevedore and saying the first-breathy little thing that popped into her head. She has since outgrown Big Brother. She has traveled to Europe, appearing before record crowds in London, Paris and Stockholm, and this past December caused New York's Madison Square Garden nearly to cave in under the weight of all the frenzy and jumping around going on.

A year ago last spring, she was on an important tour—important and pivotal because she had left the Big Brother group not long before and was in the process of forming her own background group. There were those who predicted—even hoped, perhaps—that she would lose the old magic away from Big Brother. She is still making changes in her background group—a new drummer or horn player seems to come and go every day—but by now, she has proved that it makes little difference what hirsute collection is gyrating behind her, at least as far as her popularity goes.

The night she played before a college-aged audience in Ann Arbor, Michigan, was typical of that spring tour. (The college audience has become crucial to many performers, one they must reach and capture—witness Bob Dylan—if they are going to climb above the hungry many in show business.) Since I had first seen Janis, I had often wondered if she comported herself offstage as she did on. After all, comedians can be dour away from the footlights; handsome screen lovers can be

as queer as three-dollar bills. I wonder no longer about Janis, for I was with her night and day on that tour. Here is how it went at Ann Arbor:

In the communal-dressing room for her and her group—a gymnasium locker room with a faint jockstrap aroma left in the air—she can't sit still. For a moment, she bends her torso and flings her arms out in a unique kind of Joplinesque warm-up. As she bends forward in her skintight black-silk slacks, those of us to the rear are treated to an arresting imprint of her panties. (She does not, of course, wear a girdle. At one point, she debated whether or not to forgo underwear entirely, but a vote from her band members said her panty ridges looked better onstage than complete smoothness.) Warm-up completed, she goes for the brown, glittering bottle of B & B that has just been brought in for her private use.

She tries unsuccessfully to pull out the bottle top with her hands, and then sticks it between her back teeth. The cork snaps, half of it still stuck in the bottle, and she ends up having to sink a hole through it with a coat hanger. Then she has her drink, bringing the bottle up and down with both hands, frowning and shaking her head.

"Look, J. J., I want you to do one thing for me tonight," John Cooke says, coming up in a whirlwind. A Harvard graduate, the son of journalist Alistair Cooke, he was Janis Joplin's road manager at the time. He has intense eyes, white, well-cared-for teeth and a deceptively boyish smile. "When you get out there before this audience, please, for

once, don't say *motherfucker*. You've got to realize that words are communication, and some people—"

"Hey, like, man, that whole scene is beyond my comprehension. What kind of uptight bullshit you trying to lay on me? Hey, I ain't buying any of that, man. I don't give a shit who's out there."

"This is the University of Michigan, and we don't say *fuck*—"

The word hangs in the air like a rifle report as two men in clerical collars stroll in. Both are amiable, part of the university's welcoming committee, asking if there is anything Janis or the band needs. One is a pleasant, graying cleric. The other—quite startlingly—has curly, hippie-style hair that balloons out from his head about a foot. When Janis sees him, she does a double take and then breaks out in a laugh that affects her entire body. Her feet, in silver slippers, go up and down. Her head goes back. Her eyes crinkle and the laugh comes spontaneously from her stomach up her windpipe. Even her nose seems to move independently. Her laugh is filled with all kinds of "wheees" and "woos" and "heh-heh-hehs" and can stop as swiftly as it begins.

"Hey, too much, man. A freak for a priest. I don't believe it, no, I don't believe it, man." Then, suddenly embarrassed, she squirms about and will not look the cleric in the eye. The other members of the troupe also begin to show decorum. Snooky Flowers, the ebullient baritone-sax man, stops the process of changing his pants. But as soon as the



clerics bow out politely and the door snaps shut, Janis says, wide-eyed, "Hey, can that freak cat ball? I want to know, man, can he ball?"

"If he is an Episcopalian, which I believe he is," John Cooke intones, "he can ball."

"*Wheee wooo, heh-heh-heh!*"

"Out of sight, man, out of sight," Snooky says. He peels off bell-bottom dungarees, revealing a pair of jaunty black drawers that go well with his mahogany-colored skin, and then dons a pair of green-velvet trousers.

It is now nearing showtime and a muted, expectant rumble can be heard from the vast gymnasium every time the door opens. Roy, the drummer, beats his sticks on a warm-up block. Transcendental Terry, the bearded and long-haired trumpet player, goes through yoga breathing exercises with his eyes shut. Sam Houston Andrew, the only holdover from Big Brother, picks out chords on his guitar. Janis is seated one moment; the next, standing and hitching up her slacks. Absently, she runs her hand over the back of the organ player's neck. This is Richard Kermode, whose lush beard and thick wild hair make one think he is older than he is (he's 22). He returns the caress to the back of Janis' neck, his clear-blue eyes staring out at nothing. The atmosphere now is charged and tense—in keeping with this locker room for athletes.

"OK, we're on," John Cooke says, bursting in once more. "Everybody out! Come on, move! Don't lag behind, Richard! Go!"

They charge through a heavily guarded passageway, like bulls in the chute to the ring, and climb aboard a creaky, temporary bandstand. Only a few vague lights glow; but out in the audience, there are cries when this funny girl in the tight slacks and wild hair is sighted among the shadows: "That's her. . . . *There she is!*"

The band blows scales for the standard, interminable time, the amps whine and screech, and then, suddenly, a purple flood—Janis' favorite light and color—bathes the stand and the music starts. With feet apart and blowing hair away from her face with the side of her mouth, Janis furiously whacks a stick on a black chock to the rhythm, warming up and letting go. The faces out front stretch to the high gymnasium ceiling and a horde of open mouths crowds around the apron of the stage. A rubbery-limbed youth begins a dance that could be an epileptic seizure to the left of the bandstand. And there is that sudden, swift rapport with an audience that Janis seems to crave most of all. She sings about wanting and misery, and she sings as if she means it. The audience gives her back appreciation and—there is no other word—*love*.

Janis never quite found this rapport in the town she grew up in: Port Arthur,

Texas, population 67,000. Her father is an engineer for Texaco. She remembers him as a "strong, silent Texas type," generally easygoing, but a person one paid attention to when, on rare occasions, he got angry. Her mother works as a registrar at the local business college, and Janis seems to have had a fairly typical mother-daughter relationship with her. (The next day, before her appearance on the Ed Sullivan show, she called her mother and said, "Momma, Momma—guess what they're paying me for this one show?" And when her mother heard the amount, she said, "You're worth every penny of it, darling.") Janis has a younger sister whom she describes as "straight, a sorority girl in college," and there is a younger brother who resembles Janis a great deal.

It was around the onset of puberty that a deep resentment began to build in Janis, a loss and unsureness and rebellion that perhaps only poetry or one of her songs can explain—this from a cherub who used to sing soprano in the church choir and lift her eyes to heaven. She became a beatnik, later a hippie, the only one in Port Arthur. "They put me down, man, those square people in Port Arthur. They called me a slut. They threw rocks at me in class. But all I was looking for was some kind of personal freedom and other people who felt the way I did."

For a while, there were brief periods of middle-class conformity, followed by sudden wild flights into bohemia, like an alcoholic who falls off the wagon. Janis went to college—three of them. She lived for a few months on New York's Lower East Side and for longer stretches in North Beach, San Francisco. She hitchhiked between places. She worked as a key-punch operator and she drew unemployment checks. She served beer in a bowling alley in Texas and, according to her, was a very good waitress until she got bored (she gets bored easily). And it was in Texas that she heard a recording of Huddie Ledbetter ("Leadbelly"), fell in love with his music and began developing a singing voice that was soon to become notable. "I had always sung, what little singing I did, way up there in a high register," she says, giving a trill of demonstration. "But then one night before friends. I lowered my voice way down here, like this, imitating Leadbelly. Everybody was amazed. They didn't know I had that voice. Neither did I."

The first time she sang in public, in Texas, she got two Lone Star beers. And for several years afterward, she didn't earn much more from her singing. She sang country-and-western at Mr. Threadgill's, a beer parlor that had been converted from an old filling station on the outskirts of Austin. In San Francisco, she played one-night gigs at any joint

that needed a temporary singer. By 1965, she felt she had had enough of scruffy street living and went back home "to go straight." For a year, she wore unspectacular clothing, attended Lamar State College of Technology and started preparing, with good grades, to become a teacher—her parents' ambition for her. But it was not meant to be. When Chet Helms, a Texas musician she had met at Mr. Threadgill's, told her that Big Brother and the Holding Company needed a chick singer in San Francisco, she went flying. She hasn't looked back since.

She came onto the scene just when the movement was coming together in Haight-Ashbury—the flower children, the acid freaks, the psychedelic, overly amplified music. Big Brother and the Holding Company soon became a standard item at the old Avalon ballroom, where the hippie-rock dances began. Those who heard them in the old days—when it was experimental, totally fresh—say it was a stunning experience. Janis and the band members made \$200 a night, which they split five ways right down the line. At the 1967 Monterey Jazz Festival, with Janis wailing a memorable *Ball and Chain*, Big Brother stole the show; and a short time later, Albert Grossman became their manager. Grossman, who has a suite of informally run offices in New York, guided the career of Bob Dylan. He appears in the Dylan film *Don't Look Back*, the graying, heavy-set man who softly chews out an English hotel clerk in a manner that makes your blood run cold. Today, he is not so heavy and his gray hair is much, much longer (held in the back by a rubber band). Except for his large luminous eyes and his chic contemporary clothes, he bears a striking resemblance to George Washington. To reporters, he is as elusive as Greta Garbo. But to others, he is, like Washington, a father figure.

"He doesn't direct me," Janis says. "He just finds out where I want to go—and then he helps me get there. And he's there to comfort me when I need it. Man, that's important. I don't like to admit I need help—like, I need someone to help me across a snowy street—but I do, I do. Sometimes I go a week without talking to him; other times I'll talk to him three times a day for two weeks."

In many ways, the Grossman operation is highly casual, people coming and going as a loosely knit family does to the old homestead. "Everybody knows Albert," John Cooke says. He himself ran across Grossman during the period Bob Dylan used to hang out at the Club 47 in Cambridge and John was a student at Harvard. And then, a few years later, when John needed a job, Grossman was around. "Sure," Grossman told him. "What group would you like to travel with?" He named several and John chose the Janis Joplin outfit, because he



Rowland B. Wilson

remembered her well from the Monterey Festival. Everything casual, unlikely—and perfect.

When Janis left Big Brother to form her own backup band in the fall of 1968, the parting was amicable, everyone realizing that she had become a star and it was inevitable for her to strike out on her own. Her group at present is simply called Janis Joplin's band. The crowds flock to see her, no matter where, and her bookings leave her little time to herself. She is not sure how much she makes, but it is undoubtedly a hell of a lot. The Grossman organization gives her \$300 a week to live on and the rest goes into something called the Janis Joplin Corporation. Every now and then, she asks to see the accounting but gives up when the figures become complicated. "It beats," she says, "selling beer."

One cold wet evening in New York, I talked to Janis about her past and current life. It was after 9:30 when she finished rehearsing in a baroque, mirrored hall on 57th Street. (During the last part of the rehearsal, everyone seemed to be arguing at once and only the one who screamed loudest—usually Janis—got through.) Immediately, on the street she took my arm—not like a New York girl, as if ready to pull it off, nor like a Southern girl, lightly, as if you might bruise her. Janis held on for support, snugly, like a child. Slipping down her nose was a pair of large wire glasses without lenses. She wore a foxy fur coat, blood-red-velvet slacks, a saber dancer's fur hat and, from somewhere on her, a series of tassels that hung to the ground like drapery cords. Over one shoulder she held a Sony recorder that blasted out her numbers from the rehearsal. Only twice have I seen New Yorkers rubberneck on the street: at Moondog in green Nordic garb on Sixth Avenue and at Janis Joplin that night on 57th Street.

We ended up in the Carnegie Hall Tavern, a sedate, lightly humming place. Janis ordered gin and orange juice, and then called to the young, healthy-faced waiter, "Hey, buddy, make it a double!"

She smoked a Marlboro, she fidgeted, she noticed two women at a nearby table. One had long blonde hair, the other, bobbed strawberry hair—and they had their heads close together. "Hey, man," Janis whispered furiously, "are those two Lesbians? Are they *really*?"

"I don't know."

A fat man in pince-nez and banker's gray sat facing us at another table. His eyes never left Janis, and once I saw his mouth fall open. "You asked what I think of Port Arthur," she said, after a couple of drinks. "Here's what I think of Port Arthur." And then, on yellow note paper, she drew a heart and a kind of scrollwork that is found on current psychedelic posters. The lettering read:

JANIS LOVES (TEE-HEE) PORT ARTHUR AS MUCH AS PORT ARTHUR LOVES HER.

"They hurt me back there, man. They made me miserable. And I wanted them so much to love me."

"How did they hurt you? Why were you so miserable?"

She thought awhile. "I didn't have any tits at fourteen."

Soon, though, she was talking about some fast friends from the town. "There were these five guys, you see. They read books and had ideas, and I started running around with them. We thought of ourselves as intellectuals, and I guess we were in that place." They all went swimming at night in the Gulf, letting green oozy plankton cover their bodies. Then they would climb to the top of an old abandoned lighthouse. It was before them, in the lighthouse, that Janis first lowered her voice and imitated Leadbelly.

When she talked about Mr. Threadgill's beer joint, her face lit up. "He wore an apron and had this big pot gut, and he would come from behind the counter and sing like you never heard before. He yodeled, man, and sounded a lot like Jimmie Rodgers."

"I'd like to hear you sing country-and-western," I said. I meant later.

"SILVER THREADS AND GOLDEN NEEDLES—"

"Hey, hey, how is your voice holding up these days? Do you think you're wrecking it?"

"I'll tell you something, man. I started off screaming, I really did. I can't stand to hear a recording of my voice from those early Big Brother days. I didn't like the album of *Cheap Thrills*—oh, I'm somewhat satisfied with *Summertime* and *Turtle Blues*, but that's all. I'm trying to develop into a singer now and make it, oh, more dramatic. I'm not wrecking it."

The drinks kept coming, and she suddenly referred to a recent enemy of hers as an anal retentive, not using a more colorful phrase from the argot. (Somewhere within Janis there still lurks a college girl, a girl who reads Freud and likes to argue ideas over candlelight. Still deeper—and closer to her core—is a person who uses "righteous" as a devout Christian does. Her face is always solemn when she utters the word.) She said she started singing the blues because it allowed her to show the feelings she had. With country-and-western, she was just singing tunes.

"But why are you working so hard these days? What are you after?"

"It sure as hell's not the money. At first, it was to get love from the audience. Now it's to really reach my fullest potential, to go as far as I can go. I've got the chance, man. It's a great opportunity. . . ." She took a long swallow and another gin and orange juice was on the way. "But I need somebody to direct

the fucking band, I really do. How can I do everything? And those West Coast critics should know I need help now and shouldn't go about tearing me down. That fucking *Rolling Stone* made me cry, man, bawl, what they wrote. They should *know*. . . . Oh, hell, all any girl really wants is just love and a man. But what man can put up with a rock-'n'-roll star?"

"Do you ever get erotically aroused onstage? I've wondered."

"Like, hot? Hey, do I ever. Sometimes. Once I did this marvelous set, God, and was that audience with me. I came offstage and this boyfriend I had threw a cape over me right away and led me past performers, stagehands and autograph seekers, right out the back door and into the back of his Volkswagen bus for some balling. Was that *great*!"

"What happened to the guy?"

"Oh, he ran off with another chick. When you love somebody, they always love somebody else."

A drink vanished in three swallows. She lit a Marlboro and discovered that a layer of New York grime had covered her hands since the last washing. She showed me a tattoo on the outer side of her right heel. It was a blue sunflower that had been embedded there by a boyfriend, an Englishman, who woke her up one morning to say that she had lived long enough without a tattoo. The Englishman ran off with somebody else; the tattoo remained. "Now I want a rose tattoo. One right here on my left breast. I'm going to do it when I get back to San Francisco. Hey, they hurt like hell when they put them on, man."

She played a small segment of one of her numbers on the Sony, and then thought she heard a bad note. Swiftly, impetuously, she turned up the volume. "DOWN OOOONN MEEEEEE!!!!"

. . .

Forks paused in mid-air in the Carnegie Hall Tavern. Light chatter stopped with a snap. The bartender froze with a fifth at a 45-degree angle. "Please. Sorry," the waiter with the healthy face said in a German accent, "you must not do this here." Which meant, of course, that now she did. The third time in this haven for members of the New York Philharmonic and we were thrown out onto the wet side street, a mean wind whipping our faces.

At the corner, a taxi driver would slow, spot this little funny girl in her outrageous outfit and then speed by with a paralyzed neck, as if in a trance. The only thing to do was grab the door handle when one slowed sufficiently. He could then either bounce you off a light pole or admit you to his domain. We made it, the gnomelike driver seeming to squeeze one degree more into himself every time an expletive from the back seat assaulted his sensibilities. If the

(continued on page 172)



attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN** getting it all together for a casual work-and-play summer

The up-front urban chap with bird in tow has on a pair of pleated multicolor striped slacks with wide flared leg bottoms and three-inch-high cuffs, by UFO, \$14, worn with a turtleneck rib-knit sweater, from Bonwit Teller, \$35, leather sash, by Buckroe Country, \$7, and a pair of two-tone bals, by Renegades, \$29. The fellow at the left rear goes for a two-button single-breasted wool jacket with notched wide lapels, slanted flap pockets and deep center vent, \$165, paisley cotton shirt with long-pointed collar and double-button cuffs, \$25, and multicolor silk basket-weave tie, \$15, all by Meledandri; plus striped herringbone-weave Fortrel and polyester double-knit slacks with Western pockets, by Asher, \$27.50, braided cotton belt with gilt-finished friction buckle, by Paris, \$5, and a pair of two-tone bals, by Renegades, \$29. His mustachioed buddy wears a giant-herringbone-patterned double-breasted wool jacket, by Clubman, \$65, coupled with striped herringbone wool slacks, by Estevez for Joymar, \$40, imported cotton shirt with long-pointed collar, by Turnbull & Asser, \$25, silk paisley bow tie, by Liberty of London, \$7, tortoise-finish potent-leather belt, by Solvatori, \$8.50, and a pair of buffalo-leather demiboots, by Verde, \$30.

LEVIATHAN!

fiction By **LARRY NIVEN**

*the hunters of the future were faced
with a fearsome task—to capture the most
gigantic monsters ever known*

TWO MEN STOOD on one side of a thick glass wall. "You'll be airborne," Svetz's beefy red-faced boss was saying. "We made some improvements in the small extension cage while you were in the hospital. You can hover it or fly it at up to fifty miles per hour or let it fly itself; there's a constant-altitude setting. Your field of vision is total. We've made the shell of the extension cage completely transparent."

On the other side of the thick glass,



something was trying to kill them. It was 40 feet long from nose to tail and was equipped with vestigial batlike wings. Otherwise, it was built something like a slender lizard. It screamed and scratched at the glass with murderous claws.

The sign on the glass read:

GILA MONSTER

RETRIEVED FROM THE YEAR 230 ANTE-ATOMIC, APPROXIMATELY, FROM THE REGION OF CHINA, EARTH. EXTINCT.

"You'll be well out of his reach," said Ra Chen.

"Yes, sir." Svetz stood with his arms folded about him, as if he had a chill. He was being sent after the biggest animal that had ever lived; and Svetz was afraid of animals.

"For science' sake! What are you worried about, Svetz? It's only a big fish!"

"Yes, sir. You said that about the Gila monster. It's just an extinct lizard, you said."

"We had only a drawing in a children's book to go by. How could we know it would be so big?"

The Gila monster drew back from the glass. It inhaled hugely and took aim. Yellow-and-orange flame spewed from its nostrils and played across the glass. Svetz squeaked and jumped for cover.

"He can't get through," said Ra Chen.

Svetz picked himself up. He was a slender, small-boned man with pale skin, light-blue eyes and very fine ash-blond



hair. "How could we know it would breathe fire?" he mimicked. "That lizard almost cremated me. I spent four months in the hospital, as it was. And what really burns me is, he looks less like the drawing every time I see him. Sometimes I wonder if I didn't get the wrong animal."

"What's the difference, Svetz? The secretary-general loved him. That's what counts."

"Yes, sir. Speaking of the secretary-general, what does he want with a sperm whale? He's got a horse, he's got a Gila monster—"

"That's a little complicated." Ra Chen grimaced. "Palace politics! It's *always* complicated. Right now, Svetz, somewhere in the United Nations palace, a hundred different scientists are trying to get support, each for his own project. And every last one of them involves getting the attention of the secretary-general and *holding* it. Keeping his attention isn't easy."

Svetz nodded. Everybody knew about the secretary-general.

The family that had ruled the United Nations for 700 years was somewhat inbred.

The secretary-general was 44 years old. He was a happy person; he loved animals and flowers and pictures and people. Pictures of planets and multiple star systems made him clap his hands and coo with delight; so the Institute for Space Research shared amply in the United Nations budget. But he liked extinct animals, too.

"Someone managed to convince the secretary-general that he wants the largest animal on earth. The idea may have been to take us down a peg or two," said Ra Chen. "Someone may think we're getting too big a share of the budget."

"By the time I got onto it, the secretary-general wanted a Brontosaurus. We'd never have gotten him that. No extension cage will reach that far."

"Was it your idea to get him a whale, sir?"

"Yeah. It wasn't easy to persuade him. Whales have been extinct for so long that we don't even have pictures. All I had to show him was a crystal sculpture from Archaeology—dug out of the Steuben Glass building—and a Bible and a dictionary. I managed to convince him that Leviathan and the sperm whale were one and the same."

"That's not strictly true." Svetz had read a computer-produced condensation of the Bible. The condensation had ruined the plot, in Svetz's opinion. "Leviathan could be anything big and destructive, even a horde of locusts."

"Thank science you weren't there to help, Svetz! The issue was confused enough. Anyway, I promised the secretary-general the largest animal that ever lived

on earth. All the literature says that that animal was a whale. And there were sperm-whale herds all over the oceans as recently as the First Century Ante-Atomic. You shouldn't have any trouble finding one."

"In twenty minutes?"

Ra Chen looked startled. "What?"

"If I try to keep the big extension cage in the past for more than twenty minutes, I'll never be able to bring it home. The—"

"I know that."

"—uncertainty factor in the energy constants—"

"Svetz—"

"—will blow the institute right off the map."

"We thought of that, Svetz. You'll go back in the small extension cage. When you find a whale, you'll signal the big extension cage."

"Signal it how?"

"We've found a way to send a simple on-off pulse through time. Let's go back to the institute and I'll show you."

Malevolent golden eyes watched them through the glass as they walked away.

The small extension cage was the part of the time machine that did the moving. Within its transparent shell, Svetz seemed to ride a flying armchair equipped with an airplane passenger's lunch tray; except that the lunch tray was covered with lights and buttons and knobs and crawling green lines. He was somewhere off the East Coast of North America, in or around the year 100 Ante-Atomic or 1845 Anno Domini. The temporal-precession gauge was not particularly accurate.

Svetz skimmed low over water the color of lead, beneath a sky the color of slate. But for the rise and fall of the sea, he might almost have been suspended in an enormous sphere painted half light, half dark. He let the extension cage fly itself, 60 feet above the water, while he watched the needle on the NAI, the Nervous Activities Indicator.

Hunting Leviathan.

His stomach was uneasy. Svetz had thought he was adjusting to the peculiar gravitational side effects of time travel. But apparently not.

At least he would not be here long.

On this trip, he was not looking for a mere 40-foot Gila monster. Now he hunted the largest animal that had ever lived. A most conspicuous beast. And now he had a life-seeking instrument, the NAI.

The needle twitched violently.

Was it a whale? But the needle was trembling in apparent indecision. A cluster of sources, then. Svetz looked in the direction indicated.

A clipper ship, winged with white sail, long and slender and graceful as hell. Crowded, too, Svetz guessed. Many humans, closely packed, would affect the NAI in just that manner. A sperm whale

—a single center of complex nervous activity—would attract the needle as violently, without making it jerk about like that.

The ship would interfere with reception. Svetz turned east and away, but not without regret. The ship was beautiful.

The uneasiness in Svetz's belly was getting worse, not better.

Endless gray-green water, rising and falling beneath his flying armchair.

Enlightenment came like something clicking in his head. *Seasick*. On automatic, the extension cage matched its motion to that of the surface over which it flew; and that surface was heaving in great dark swells.

No wonder his stomach was uneasy! Svetz grinned and reached for the manual controls.

The NAI needle suddenly jerked hard over. A bite! thought Svetz, and he looked off to the right. No sign of a ship. And submarines hadn't been invented yet. Had they? No, of course they hadn't.

The needle was rock-steady.

Svetz flipped the call button.

The source of the tremendous NAI signal was off to his right and moving. Svetz turned to follow it. It would be minutes before the call signal reached the Institute for Temporal Research and brought the big extension cage with its weaponry for hooking Leviathan.

Many years ago, Ra Chen had dreamed of rescuing the library at Alexandria from Caesar's fire. For this purpose, he had built the big extension cage. Its door was a gaping iris, big enough to be loaded while the library was actually burning. Its hold, at a guess, was at least twice large enough to hold all the scrolls in that ancient library.

The big cage had cost a fortune in government money. It had failed to go back beyond 400 A.A., or 1545 A.D. The books burned at Alexandria were still lost to history, or at least to historians.

Such a boondoggle would have broken other men. Somehow, Ra Chen had survived the blow to his reputation.

He had pointed out the changes to Svetz after they returned from the zoo. "We've fitted the cage out with heavy-duty stunners and anti-gravity beams. You'll operate them by remote control. Be careful not to let the stun beam touch you. It would kill even a sperm whale if you held it on him for more than a few seconds and it'd kill a man instantly. Other than that, you should have no problems."

It was at that moment that Svetz's stomach began to hurt.

"Our major change is the call button. It will actually send us a signal through time, so that we can send the big extension cage back to you. We can land it right beside you, no more than a few

(continued on page 167)

double hannenframmis

*the judge said, "may god
have mercy on the soul
you should have had"*

fiction By JOHN D. MACDONALD

HE CAME IN ALONE on the executive jet, Gus and Kelly up front. First time he had ever been the lone passenger. Wyatt Ross all alone, amid the leathery black luxury of the lounge chairs. Strange not to have the members of the strike force along. Geri Housner, incomparable executive secretary. Stanley Silverstaff, knowing ratios and leverage and cash flow. Stannard on legal. Haines on systems analysis, product mix, production potential. Nucleus of the team, other experts added as needed.

Tried to read over the transcript of the last hearing, looking for hidden tricks in the questioning, looking for inconsistencies in his own answers. Slowed his skilled speed-reading down to minimum, down to subvocal level, but comprehension still fractional. Put it back into the dispatch case. Concentration will be impossible until this thing is settled, solved, brushed under a high-cost rug.

Pressure change in the ears. Change in pitch of jet engines and wind whistle. Lazy voice on the intercom, "Coming in, Mr. Ross."

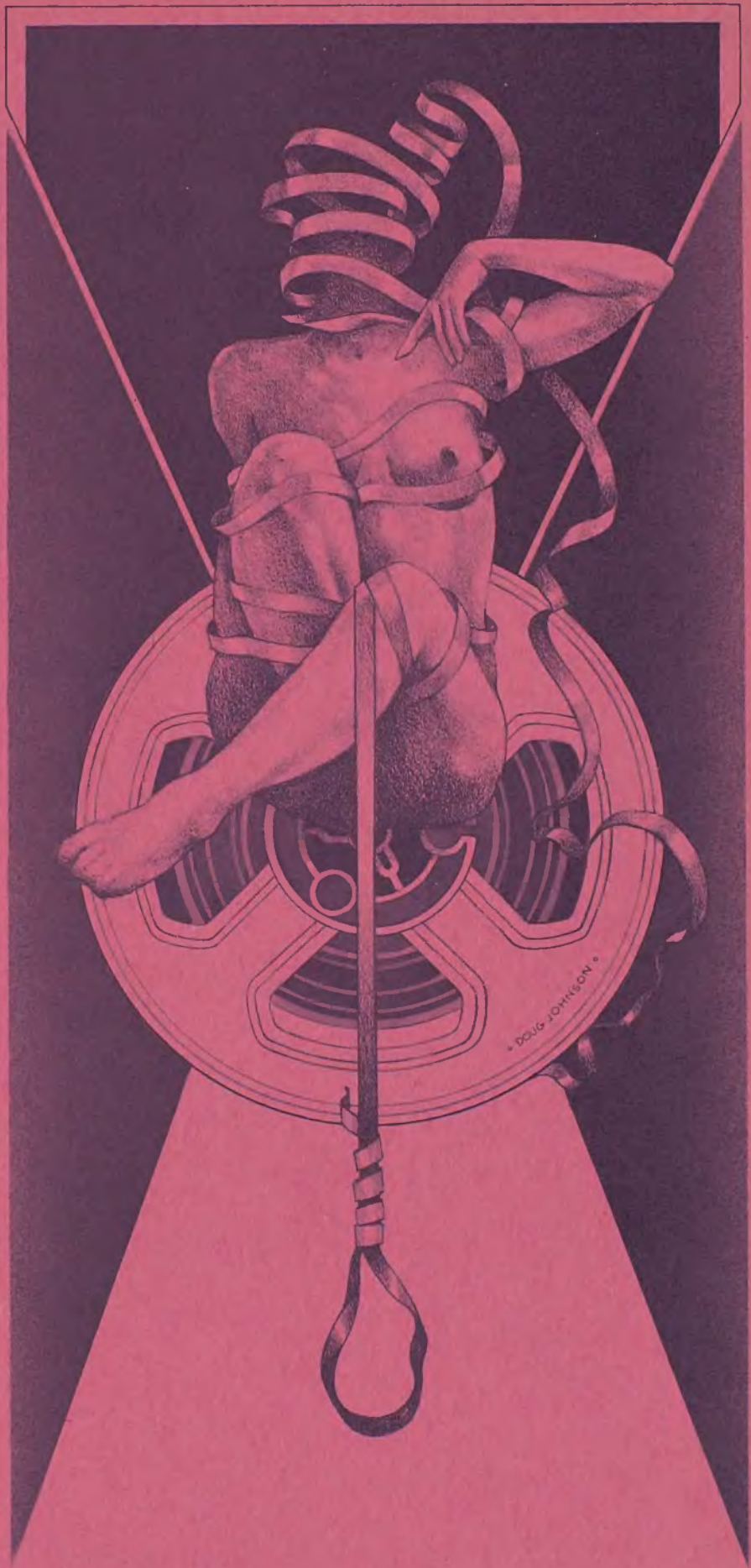
Tighten the belt and look down at the tilting earth, at the gaudy jumble of the toy hotels of the resort city. Bright-blue water in morning sun. Improbable green of the golf courses and the endless tan and rust and solitude of the desert all around.

At rest on the apron for private aircraft, rotors whining down into silence, heat striking through the metal carapace. Gus came back and undogged the door, cranked the steps down, carried the suitcase and dispatch case out to the wire gate. Wyatt Ross waved a taxi over, told Gus to tell Kelly to count on take-off at nine tomorrow morning.

Ross went blank at the driver's question, felt a panic out of all proportion to the seriousness of the small lapse of memory. Felt he could as readily forget the name of the city he was in, wife's name, names of the two small sons. Took out the black notebook. Hotel Contessa Royale, please.

Rocks and ferns, pools and fountains, upward swoop of driveway to stop in the shade of architectural redwood, and there was handed over to doorman, bell captain, bellhop, desk clerk.

"W. R. Ross. Dallas. Yes, sir, that will be nine-eleven. I hope you will enjoy your stay with us. Yes, there is one



message. Here you are, sir. Desk! Take Mr. Ross to nine-eleven, please."

Large room, tufted yellow rug, sliding glass opening onto a small sun terrace. Hushed, chilly, aseptically clean. Dressing room. Ice maker. Bidet. Color television. Many mirrors.

He kept seeing himself in the mirrors, seeing movement and turning with a start and seeing Wyatt Ross. Just like the pictures that had appeared over the past six years in *Business Week*, *Forbes*, *Time*, *Newsweek*. With the adjectives. Vital. Daring. Imaginative. Fast-moving. Aggressive.

And just like the newspaper photographs recently. Wyatt Ross subpoenaed in Senate hearing on stock manipulation. Securities and Exchange Commission launches investigation of misuse of insider information. Justice Department blocks acquisition of Kallen Equipment by Wyro International Services, Inc. Board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange suspends trading in Wyro. Attorneys for Kallen Equipment claim that Wyatt Ross, chief executive officer of Wyro, made fortune in dummy margin accounts in three brokerage houses.

He opened the sealed envelope he had been given at the desk. Feminine handwriting. Hotel stationery. "Mr. Ross: I will expect you at 11 this morning in 938. Do not phone my room, please. Miss McGann."

Twenty minutes. He unpacked too quickly. Once again, he tried to read the transcript of the last hearing. Just words, without meaning. He prowled, not looking into any of the mirrors. At two minutes before 11, he put the five-inch reel of tape into a side pocket of his suitcoat and walked down the corridor to Miss McGann's room.

She opened the door a few inches and looked out at him, then pulled it wide to let him in. A tall woman, younger than he had expected. Strong-bodied, big-bosomed blonde, with a pretty and impassive face, cool blue eyes, careless hair, brief green skirt with a big brass buckle, yellow sleeveless blouse, yellow sandals.

"Mr. Russo asked me to check and be sure you have a good reason to be here," she said.

"One of the men on my board lives here. Sam Wattenberg. He isn't well. He doesn't travel. He has a large stock interest in Wyro and he's very upset. I'm seeing him at his home at five this evening."

"May I have the tape, please?"

He handed it to her. She went over to the couch. She had cleared the long coffee table and set up electronic equipment on it. Two reel-to-reel recorders. A small amplifier. A piece of laboratory equipment that looked like an unfinished television receiver. Two small speakers on the floor.

As she threaded the tape onto one of the decks, he said, "It's just a lot of

standard husband-and-wife talk. Russo said to just turn on that machine and make sure she talked."

Miss McGann made no reply. She started the tape, adjusted the amplifier controls, then leaned back on the couch, arms folded, eyes half closed. And the breakfast-table voices of Wyatt and Mary Lou Ross, husband and wife, came into the room with a special clarity, a startling presence. The small routines of domesticity. The man had fixed the dishwasher, but it still wasn't working right. Denny's new tooth looked as if it was coming in sideways. Maria wants three days off to go visit her sick sister down in Brownsville. She wants to borrow the bus fare.

And then a part that made him edgy and uncomfortable.

"Darling, you look so tired. And you seem so kind of remote. I suppose it's all this trouble with the Government. They're sort of persecuting you, aren't they?"

"That's a good word, honey."

"Is it . . . real bad trouble?"

"Pretty bad."

"They're saying such ugly things about you in the newspapers. It hurts me when they say things like that. I know you're not like that."

"Thanks."

"Wyatt, darling?"

"What is it?"

"It's all a lot of misunderstandings, isn't it? I mean, you haven't ever done anything . . . sneaky and underhanded, have you? I shouldn't even ask you that. I know you better than that."

"I'm absolutely clean, honey. Believe me."

"I do. Then this is just something . . . we have to go through and they'll find out they're wrong about you. I think I would just die if you ever did anything crooked. I love you and I know you couldn't. I shouldn't spoil your breakfast by even talking about it. I'm sorry."

"You have a right to ask, honey. You have a right to be reassured."

"Well, I wish it was over, darn it."

Wyatt's face felt hot. The conversation turned to trivialities, to invitations they couldn't accept, to when the dog should have his shots, to what to send her mother for her birthday this year.

The tape ended. Miss McGann said, "That sounds like a nifty little wife, Mr. Ross."

"She is a nifty little wife, indeed."

"North Carolina?"

"Until she was about fifteen, and then her family moved to Atlanta."

"Nifty little wife isn't going to take this very well, is she?"

"I'm paying Russo a very large piece of money to get me out from under. The deal does not include my listening to your personal appraisals, Miss McGann."

"Correction, deary. I'm not on your

conglomerate payroll. I am a specialist, and I am damned good, and I get paid very, very well. You got too confident and you got too cute and you got caught. You can lose your ass, fellow. Russo knows it, you know it and I know it. I think your Mary Lou is better than you deserve and I think you will be doing her a favor by dropping her off the back of your sleigh, fellow. I say what I want when I want to and take crap from no man alive. Now tell me you're not used to being talked to like this. And I will tell you to relax and enjoy it. Now let me get to work."

She ran the tape back and found a place she wanted. A simple sentence. "Maria gets so all gloomy and dramatic when there's any kind of family trouble, especially financial problems."

"Why that one?" Wyatt asked.

"Why not?" she said.

"Look, Miss McGann. Truce. I'm in trouble. I'm humble. I need your help. My name is Wyatt."

She studied him, head tilted, then smiled for the first time. "Sure. Call me Ruth. That sentence has the sounds in it that are going to give me the most trouble. She turns financial, for example, into a four-syllable word. 'Fye-nance-you-wull.'"

She recorded the sentence from tape to tape ten times, leaving blank tape between each repeat. She then played the new tape, watching the ever-changing graph pattern on the screen of the unfamiliar piece of equipment.

With a microphone, she then repeated the sentence, recording it onto the new tape in the blank spots she had left, working the piano-key controls of the recorder deftly while she watched the sound pattern, the voice profile, on the screen.

Wyatt Ross felt disappointment. The imitation seemed way off, unconvincing. Ruth McGann opened a small jar and took out a wad of pink, puttylike material, broke off two pieces, thumbed them into her cheeks outside her back molars.

"Changes the amount of space inside the mouth," she explained. "Changes the resonance. I can alter the pitch."

She practiced for a little while, then put the duplicate tape on the first machine and a fresh tape on the second. She spoke at the same time, saying the same words, and both voice patterns appeared on the screen, becoming ever more similar.

Then she turned the equipment off and said, "Wyatt, darling, what in the world are you doing in this hotel room with this female person?"

The uncanny accuracy of it made him jump. It was Mary Lou's voice coming out of the stranger's mouth. She laughed at his startled look and it was Mary Lou's laugh.

"Now I got it, I better stay with it

(continued on page 156)



Bunny Ava Faulkner joined Playboy in Miami; now she's an attractive asset of the New York Club.

playboy presents a lovely array of intercontinental cottontails

JUST A DECADE AGO, an ad seeking "the 30 most beautiful girls in Chicagoland" appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*. From the hundreds who answered the call, 30 were selected to become the world's first Playboy Bunnies. Since the opening of the Chicago Club in 1960, the Playboy empire has experienced its own population explosion, spreading eastward to London, westward to San Francisco, south to Jamaica and north to Montreal. Now there are 800 Bunnies staffing 17 metropolitan Playboy Clubs, two resort Club-Hotels and even a superluxurious DC-9-32 jet airplane, Hugh Hefner's Big Bunny. Late last year, in anticipation of its tenth-anniversary celebration, Playboy Clubs International inaugurated a Bunny Beauty Contest and selected a Bunny of (text concluded on page 172)

BUNNIES OF 1970



Lyn Love (above) thought she wanted a clerical career; "But I got tired of taking the rap for my boss's mistakes," she says. The business world's loss is the Chicogo Club's gain. Both Avis Miller (below left) and Rosemary Melendez (opposite page, on stairs) are Jet Bunnies aboard Hugh Hefner's DC-9-32 jet, the Big Bunny, when not on duty at the Los Angeles Club. The reflective beauty below right is Denver's Heather Van Every, a devotee of skiing—either on nearby Rocky Mountain slopes or over the wind-rippled surface of a lake.





Alix Smith (above) was an art major at Tulane University before becoming a New Orleans Bunny. Carmela Benvenuto (below), a Jet Bunny, is also a student at a junior college in Chicago.





This trio of Bunnies includes Vicki Snell of Phoenix (above), Inga Whealton, a willowy Floridian now making the New York scene (right), and Londoner Ella Garland, equestrienne and former nurse (below).





Nancy Marshall, the blonde Montreal swinger above left, is a distant descendant of composer Richard Wagner. The sun-bathed beauty above center is Kingston-born Bunny Marjie Martin of the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel. Bunny Mickey Hersch of Boston, above right, is an elementary school teacher who holds a master's degree in education; during the winter months, she spends most free evenings rinkside at Bruins hockey games. Snuggled in furs below is Hollywood's Jet Bunny Linda Donnelly, who is also PLAYBOY's cover girl this month.





Both Cynthia Hall (left), a Bunny at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel, and Atlanta cottontail Nicole Cisar (above) were born in the Chicago suburb of Hinsdale, but they've never met. The bumper-pool expert below is Miami's Carol Vitale.





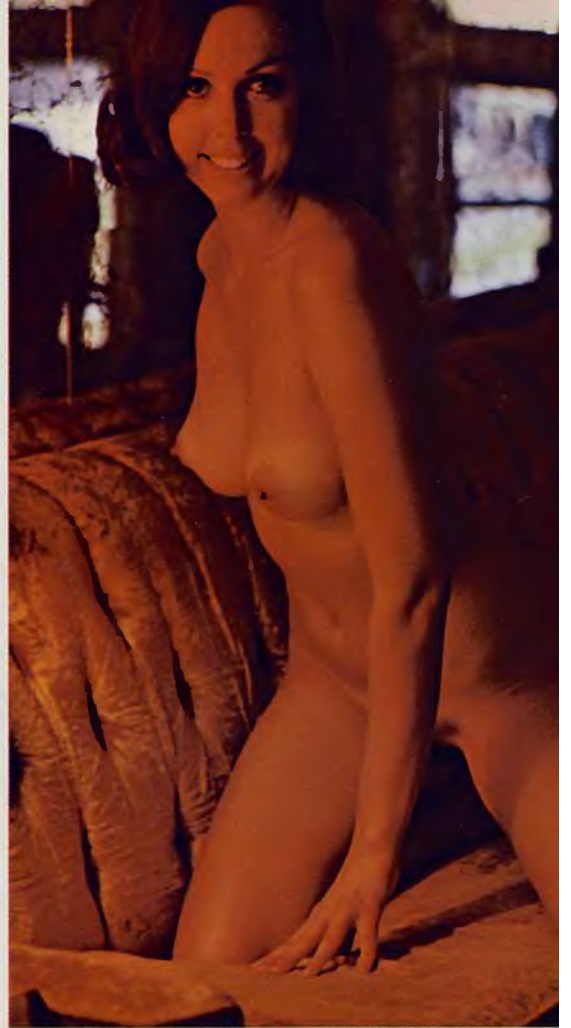
It's easy to see why Carol Imhof (above) won out as Chicago's Bunny of the Year in last fall's contest; PLAYBOY readers may also remember her as this year's "Mrs. February," our notion of a *Family Circle* Helpmate of the Month. London's Jeannie Dormon (below left) was—so help us—on assistant traffic controller in the Women's Royal Air Force before joining the Bunny brigade. And Cathy Green, the pensive beauty below right, abandoned an accounting career in San Francisco's financial district to become a Bunny a few blocks up Montgomery Street.





Bunny Barbie Crawford of St. Louis (above) has been winning beauty contests since babyhood. At California's Marymount College, she was runner-up for best-dressed-coed honors, but she scores in our book as best-undressed. Playmate-Bunny Jean Bell (below left), who graced our gatefold in October 1969, has moved westward from her digs in Houston to join the cottontails at the Los Angeles Club. The double treat below right is afforded by mirror-image views of Detroit Bunny Kim Stretton, an ex-journalist now launched on a modeling career.





New York's Nikki Minick (left) has been a vet's aide; Miami's Joyce Bennett-Odlum (above), a recreation leader; and K. C.'s Lydia Wickman (below), a skating medalist.





Above, from left, are Playmate-Bunny Helena Antonaccio, last seen as our Miss June in 1969, cooking up something in New York; Lynda Moore, a popular addition to the Denver hutch; and water sprite Kristi Willinger of the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Having a go at Cosmo (below) is Cincinnati's Elisa Simone, a newcomer to the cottontail coterie who aspires to becoming a theatrical producer-director. On the opposite page is Atlanta Club Bunny Lieko English, who's a delightful mixture of Japanese and American parentage.





*"You make your peace
sign, I'll make mine."*



THE HISTORY of the royal Bonapartes of Holland has always been attended by the most piquant rumors of amorous intrigue. Louis Bonaparte, king by grace of his brother the great Napoleon, was a man of shabby character who was married to Hortense de Beauharnais, the lovely daughter of Napoleon's empress. Although Queen Hortense felt only disgust for her husband and lived as far away as possible from him, she nevertheless managed to present him with three pretty children. Louis, despite his aversion to family life and his preference for the company of young men, would grow angry at the appearance of each new babe and would accuse the queen of immoral behavior.

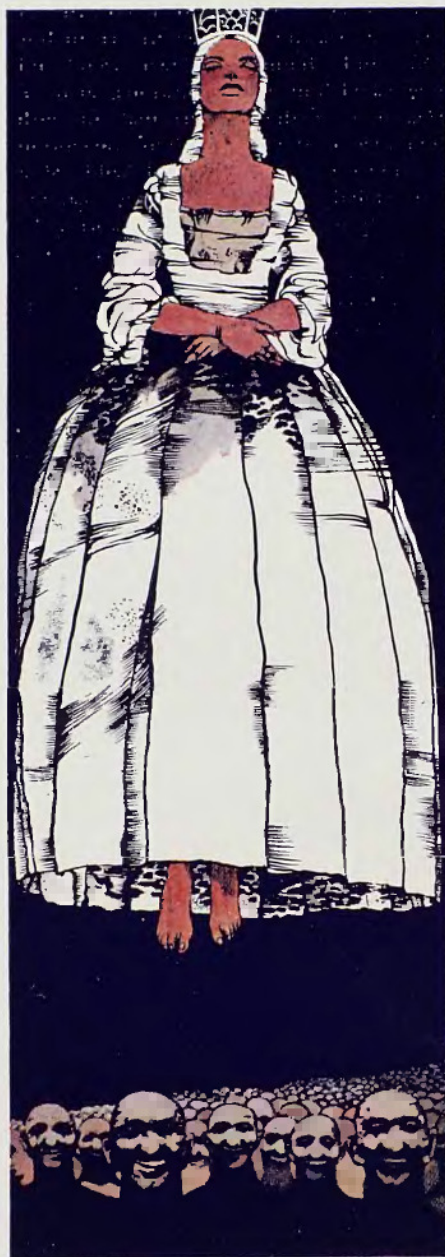
The truth was that she was no more than a charming, light-minded girl with a poor memory. She was always astonished by her pregnancies and usually quite vague as to the identities of the gentlemen responsible. The Emperor Napoleon once remarked that "Hortense always gets muddled over the father of her children," an observation that may have had some autobiographical meaning, since he may very well have been the father of the eldest prince.

The queen's lord in waiting was a respectable Dutch admiral named Ver Huel, who attended Queen Hortense during the summer of 1807, while she was enjoying the salubrious air of Caunterets in the Hautes-Pyrénées. One afternoon, while the admiral remained at the villa, Hortense went for a walk in the mountains with Christian Ver Huel, a handsome young naval officer who was the admiral's nephew. A violent storm came up, but they were lucky enough to find a woodcutter's hut. There they took shelter and waited for the rain to cease. It lasted until the next morning.

Of what occurred during the long hours of waiting there is no record. There is only one piece of circumstantial evidence: Nine months later, the child who was to become Napoleon III was born.

The brave admiral, in order to protect the good name of his nephew, accepted the moral responsibility and was generally said to be the father. He did, in fact, give the young prince guidance and support throughout his life. Louis Bonaparte, on the other hand, was considerably miffed by the development. He made it his business to be elsewhere on the day the child was born; and only with great reluctance did he finally agree to acknowledge it—the poor baby went five months without a name and a christening.

This unfortunate carelessness about paternal and familial matters continued to play a part in the life of Louis Napoleon after he grew to manhood. When he had become emperor, he determined



to give up his passing love affairs, to marry and beget an heir. It so happened that he met and fell in love with Eugénie, ostensibly the daughter of the Spanish grandee Count de Montijo but actually as much from the wrong side of the blanket as Louis Napoleon himself. He invited the two beautiful Montijo sisters to visit the château of Saint-Cloud. Overcome by passion during the night, the emperor tried to force his way into the bedroom occupied by Eugénie. When she managed to repel his attempt, he pleaded, "How may I enter your bedroom?"

To which the lady replied very properly, "Through the chapel, my lord."

In time, that is precisely how he entered, and the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence in 1853.

It turned out to be somewhat less than an ideal match. The years 1854 and 1855

passed without any hint of the appearance of an heir. In despair, Eugénie consulted all of the wisest doctors about her sterility; and they employed every resource of science, to no avail. They could find nothing wrong with her. The empress began to wonder whether there might not be something wrong with her husband; she contemplated extreme measures. She was a lady of considerable beauty, but at court, she had the reputation for being rather cold, prudish and unapproachable. In fact, this was not the case, though she gave that appearance.

One day, she begged the emperor to permit her to be present on the balcony of the Tuileries clock tower as he reviewed his troops, a ceremony that always filled him with the greatest pleasure. She came and seated herself somewhat behind him and, leaning back in a nonchalant attitude, she placed her feet gracefully up against the iron railing of the balcony.

Rank on rank, the brave soldiers of the Second Empire passed in review below, each company making a right-face toward its imperial commander. And suddenly, each man discovered a sight even more moving than that of his Imperial Highness. It seems that the empress had a prejudice against wearing *caleçon*, or underdrawers; in fact, she had a prejudice against wearing anything at all under her magnificent crinoline skirt. And so, as Eugénie admired the splendid martial form of those heroes of Sebastopol, of Italy and of Mexico, they, in turn, admired a pair of shapely Andalusian legs and other secret charms as well, displayed in complete nudity. That day, the entire garrison of Paris could repeat the first two words of Julius Caesar's classic boast: *Veni, vidi*.

Unaware of all this, the emperor descended to take his place at the head of his general staff. As he passed the balcony, he turned his head to meet the admiring gaze of his wife—only to get that enchanting nether view that had already inspired the hearts of 30,000 men. As soon as he could, the emperor dismounted, rushed into the palace and confronted his wife with her misconduct.

"What do you wish, my dear?" she asked in reply. "There's nothing very bad in all this. Without doubt, those brave men deserve some encouragement to their ardor. Now they realize what treasures of love I possess and lavish on you. They will love me even more for it!" It was thus that the Empress Eugénie lost her reputation for coldness and prudery. History does not record which gallant officer was most filled with courage by that afternoon's spectacle.

It does, however, record the fact that in 1856, the empress bore a son, who was christened Louis.

—Retold by Robert Mahieu

LAST MAGICIAN *(continued from page 72)*

apparently spent on the African and Asiatic grassland, with little or no increase in brain size, even though simple tools were in use. Then, quite suddenly, during the 1,000,000 years or so of the Ice Age, the brain cells multiplied fantastically. One prominent linguist would place the emergence of true language at no more than 40,000 years ago. I myself would accord it a much longer history, but all scholars would have to recognize biological preparation for its emergence. What the fossil record, and perhaps even the studies of living primates, will never reveal is how much can be attributed to slow incremental speech growth associated directly with the expanding brain and how much to the final cultural invention spreading rapidly to other biologically prepared groups.

Language, wherever it first appeared, is the cradle of the human universe, a universe displaced from the natural in the common environmental sense of the word. In this second world of culture, forms arise in the brain and can be transmitted in speech as words are found for them. Objects and men are no longer completely within the natural world; they are subject to the transpositions the brain can evoke or project. The past can be remembered and caused to haunt the present. Gods may murmur in the trees; ideas of cosmic proportions can twine a web of sustaining mathematics around the cosmos. But in the attempt to understand his universe, man has to give away a part of himself that can never be regained—the certainty of the animal that what it senses is actually there in the shape the eye beholds. By contrast, man finds himself in Plato's cave of illusion. He has acquired an interest in the whole of the natural world at the expense of being ejected from it and returning, all too frequently, as an angry despoiler.

A distinction, however, should be made here. In his first symbol making, primitive man and, indeed, even the last simple hunting cultures of today, projected a friendly image upon animals: Animals talked among themselves and thought rationally like men—they had souls; men may even have been fathered by totemic animals. Primitive man existed in close interdependence with his first world, though already he had developed a philosophy, a kind of oracular reading of her nature. Nevertheless, he was still inside that world; he had not turned her into an instrument or a mere source of materials. Christian man in the West strove to escape this lingering illusion the primitives had projected upon nature. Intent upon the destiny of his own soul, and increasingly urban, man drew back from too great an intimacy with the natural, its fertility and its orgi-

astic attractions. If the new religion was to survive, Pan had to be driven from his hillside or rendered powerless by incorporating him into Christianity—to be baptized, in other words, and allowed to fade slowly from the memory. As always in such intellectual upheavals, something was gained and something lost.

What was gained intellectually was a monotheistic reign of law by a single deity, so that man no longer saw distinct and powerful wood spirits in every tree or running brook. His animal confreres slunk soulless from his presence. They no longer spoke; their influence upon man was broken; the way was unconsciously being prepared for the rise of modern science. That science, by reason of its detachment, would first of all view nature as might a curious stranger. Finally, science would turn upon *man* the same gaze that had driven the animal forever into the forest. Man, too, would be relegated soulless to the wood, with all his lurking irrationalities exposed. He would know, in a new and more relentless fashion, his relationship to the rest of life. Yet, as the crust of his exploitive technology thickened, the more man thought he could withdraw from or recast nature; that by drastic retreat, he could dispel his deepening sickness. Like that of one unfortunate scientist I know—a remorseless experimenter—man's whole face has grown distorted. One bulging eye—the technological, scientific eye—was willing to count man, as well as nature's creatures, in terms of megadeaths. Its objectivity had become so great as to endanger its master, who was mining his own brains as ruthlessly as a seam of coal.

Linguists have a word for the power of language: displacement. It is the means by which man came to survive in nature. It is the method by which he created and entered his second world, the realm that now encloses him. In addition, it is the primary instrument by which he developed the means to leave the planet earth. It is a very mysterious achievement whose source is the ghostly symbols that move along the pathways of the human cortex. Displacement, in simple terms, is the ability to talk about what is absent, to make use of the imaginary in order to control reality. Man alone is able to manipulate time into past and future, to transpose objects or abstract ideas and make a kind of reality that exists only as potential in the real world. From this gift come his social structure and traditions and even the tools with which he modifies his surroundings. They exist in the dark confines of the cranium, before the instructed hand creates the reality.

There is another aspect of man's mental life that demands the utmost

attention, and this is the desire for transcendence. Philosophers and students of comparative religion have often remarked that we need to seek the origins of human interest in the cosmos, the "cosmic sense" unique to man. However this sense may have evolved, it has made men conscious of human inadequacy and weakness and may be responsible for the desire for rebirth expressed in many religions. Stimulated by his own uncompleted nature, man seeks a greater role, restructured beyond nature. Thus, we find the Zen Buddhist, in the words of the scholar Suzuki, intent upon creating "a realm of Emptiness or Void" where "rootless trees grow." The Buddhist, in a true paradox, would empty the mind in order that the mind may fully experience the world. No creature other than man would question his way of thought or feel the need of sweeping the mind's cloudy mirror in order to unveil its insight. Man's life, in other words, is felt to be unreal and sterile. Perhaps a creature of so much ingenuity and deep memory is almost bound to grow alienated from his world, his fellows and the objects around him. He suffers from a nostalgia for which there is no remedy except as it is to be found in the enlightenment of the spirit—an ability to have a perceptive rather than an exploitive relationship with his fellow creatures.

After man had exercised his talents in the building of the first neolithic cities and empires, an intellectual transformation descended upon the known world, a time of questioning. It is a period fundamental to the understanding of man and has engaged the attention of such scholars as Lewis Mumford and Karl Jaspers. This period culminates in the first millennium before Christ. Here in the great centers of civilization, whether Chinese, Indian, Judaic or Greek, man had begun to abandon inherited gods and purely tribal loyalties in favor of an inner world in which the pursuit of earthly power was ignored. The destiny of the human soul became of more significance than the looting of a province. Though these dreams are expressed in different ways by such diverse men as Christ, Buddha and Confucius, they share many aspirations and beliefs, not the least of which is respect for the dignity of the common man. The period of the creators of transcendent values, the axial thinkers, as they are called, founded the world of universal thought that is our most precious human heritage. One can see it emerging in the mind of Christ as chronicled by Saint John. Here the personalized tribal deity of earlier Judaic thought becomes transformed into a world deity. Christ, the Good Shepherd, says, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one
(continued on page 169)

article By WILLIAM MURRAY

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL ARSENAULT

CHI CHI RODRIGUEZ is a small, compactly built man with an unsmiling face, copper colored from the suns of a thousand golf courses, and he doesn't believe in wasting time. Looking very trim and natty, a small-brimmed white Panama planted like a muffin on his brow, he addresses the ball, brings the club back behind his shoulder in one long, beautifully vicious sweep and whacks the ball on a low, rising line over the uphill fairway of the tenth hole at Indian Wells. Somebody whoops and a couple of hundred other fans crowding around the tee applaud appreciatively. Chi Chi turns to the crowd and says, "I was born poor and here I am, on my first hole, a



fore play

*a duffer's diary of
the pulse-pounding action, the
fierce competition, the exhilaration
of victory, the heartbreak of defeat—and
that's just in the clubhouse—at the
supercircus of golf tournaments
known as the bob hope
desert classic*

rich man." The crowd laughs.

The time is 8:28 A.M. on a Wednesday morning in February; and from the first and tenth tees of four different golf courses in Palm Springs, California, many of the best pro golfers in the world are setting out in pursuit of \$125,000 in prizes. Chi Chi Rodriguez, as usual, is leading the way. Other guys may outshoot him but nobody outhustles him and only Lee Trevino can *talk* in the same league with him. Chi Chi is a very funny man. Here in Palm Springs, during the five-day Bob Hope Desert Classic, one of the major tournaments on the winter tour, a sense of humor is vital.

From a spectator's viewpoint, the place to be at the start of this tournament is somewhere along the back nine at Indian Wells. This is because the pro-am teams scheduled to tee off after Rodriguez include Arnold Palmer, Lee Trevino, Ray Floyd, Julius Boros, Dave Hill, George Archer, Doug Sanders and Billy Casper. And playing with them are Ray Bolger, Lawrence Welk, Hank Stram, Chuck Connors and Danny Thomas, celebrities sprinkled among the horde of eager amateurs indulging themselves in what has become one of their favorite vanities: trying to match strokes with the pros.

The Bob Hope classic is, in that sense, an idiot's delight. Instead of disappearing after the first day and leaving the serious golf to the professionals, as in most other pro-am tournaments, here the amateurs linger on for four full days. Playing in teams of three, they get to trade shots with a different pro each day, in a 72-hole best-ball contest. Not until the final day, Sunday, do the low-70 pros get to play solely against one another for the prizes that are awarded on the basis of 90 holes. The Hope is a circuslike marathon calculated to put almost unbearable pressure on even cool ones like Billy Casper.

Last February, 544 contestants were on hand, the amateurs all dressed up in the little outfits their wives had bought them; they spent a lot of time that first morning getting their pictures taken with their arms around each other and their pro partners. But then, as Palmer himself said at the end of that first day of the tournament, "It's simply a matter of taking a liberal attitude." "This tournament is unique, that's for sure," says Casper. "But if it weren't for the amateurs, the pros wouldn't be here." A good point. Who else would have put up the prize money and made it possible for this show to contribute well over \$1,000,000 to charity during the first ten years of its existence? The amateurs each coughed up 500 bills to get themselves immortalized standing next to Palmer or Casper, and they obviously think it's worth it; there's smiling and backslapping all over

the place. "I love this," says one amateur. "You get to wear all your bright new clothes and you get all these bets going. At night, you get drunk. And the broads! It's a wild turmoil, really *fun!*"

Just how much fun the pros have is another matter. It takes intense concentration and dedication to win the usual four-day tournament under normal playing conditions, but the Hope lasts five days and is anything but normal. "For one thing, playing on four different courses, you don't get a chance to look at terrain, to get the feel of it," one pro says. "And how can you concentrate for more than four days on your putting without coming down with a bad case of the yips?" In some ways, the Hope is the toughest tournament in which a pro can play. The proof of it is that some of them won't. Quite a few of the famous names were missing this year—Nicklaus, Beard, Player—but then, no pro can play in more than about 30 tournaments a season and expect to keep his game up. High-stakes golf is a sport of frustration, agony, crisis and pressure. But first prize in the Desert Classic this year is \$25,000 and a Chrysler Imperial, so you'd have to mind the circumstances a lot to stay away.

Arnold Palmer doesn't mind anything. On the first day of the tournament, he strolls onto the tee to the loudest applause of the day. He has just been voted Athlete of the Decade in a nationwide poll of sports writers and broadcasters, so why should anything bother him? He is 40 now, his hair is thinning noticeably and his powerful arms and shoulders can't entirely disguise the beginnings of a paunch. Back in 1960, when he won the U. S. Open, the golf tour was a \$2,000,000 enterprise. Last year, when, after a prolonged slump, he came back to win two major tournaments back to back as the decade ended, the tour had become a \$7,000,000 affair and it was mostly his doing. "We all owe our big pay checks to Arnie—he's made the game what it is," Gary Player has said, and he's right. For sheer charisma, no other golfer even comes close to Palmer, who has already magnetized the vanguard of his famous army around the tee. He clouts a prodigious drive and somebody behind me, applauding wildly, squeals, "He really kissed that shot goodbye!" Arnie's army rushes off down both sides of the fairway, hurrying ahead to secure the best viewing points. They seem oblivious to the fact that one of Arnie's partners this morning is Lawrence Welk, a symphony in yellow, who hits his shots with awkward, palsied grace, his right thumb twitching wildly over the grip of his club.

Lee Elder, one of the handful of black pros playing on the tour, is next, but he

is delayed by an elderly couple casually crossing the fairway ahead of him. Elder and the other blacks have never been invited to play in the Masters at Augusta, Georgia. (This year, Pete Brown, another black who played at the Hope, was excluded from the Masters' invitation list, despite the fact that his earnings for the year were high enough to make the oversight rather obvious.) Elder finally shoots and one of his amateur partners hooks wildly into what Lee Trevino, up next, calls Marlboro Country.

After Palmer, the big noise with the fans is Lee Trevino, the super-Mex. His army calls itself Lee's Fleas and its members spend a lot of time laughing at their man's jokes. Trevino, a good-looking, moonfaced Mexican American from Texas, is full of light banter. But when it's time to tee off, the jokes stop, and under his white golf cap, Trevino's face turns as intensely grim as a carving of an Aztec god. The ball soars into the air, losing itself against the light-gray sky, and Trevino observes, "I sobered up fast, didn't I? I need the money."

Jimmy Picard, an unsung pro, hooks his first shot way out into the trees; his amateur partners all slice, and somebody in the crowd says they won't be seeing one another for 20 minutes. Other unknown foursomes come and go now and the chatter around the tee becomes oblique: "I'm not going to take my trousers to London just to get the zippers fixed," an old duffer in a green-visored helmet confides to an equally ancient buddy with a purple nose. You can't help but be struck by how old so many of the people in this crowd are. Palm Springs is full of retired people vegetating elegantly in large, ranch-style houses with pools and cool, green lawns.

Now the names are back: Ray Floyd, a big man with a round, cherubic face and curly hair—a swinger with the ladies; George Archer, tall and thin—a concentrated, deadly putter; Julius Boros, a heavily built, kindly-looking man in his 50s—his big years behind him, but still a tough competitor; Doug Sanders, boyishly handsome, happy-go-lucky—a former winner of the Hope who hasn't been playing well for months, but still with a graceful, feathery-looking swing; Billy Casper, the method man, supposedly unflappable, precise, calculating, unexciting to watch—but perhaps the second-best golfer in the world today. They are announced, applauded, step up, tee off and march away, trailing in their wake, like scurrying beetles, the amateurs in their golf carts, fanning out right and left in search of errant balls. The pros, you notice, always walk.

Dave Hill has had the poor luck to
(continued on page 176)

ALPHABETICAL SEX

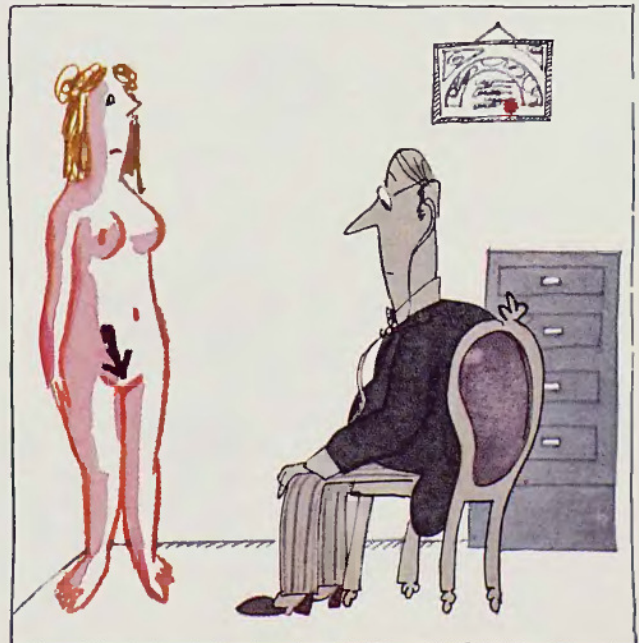
twenty-six simple truths
about topic one

By *ffolkes*

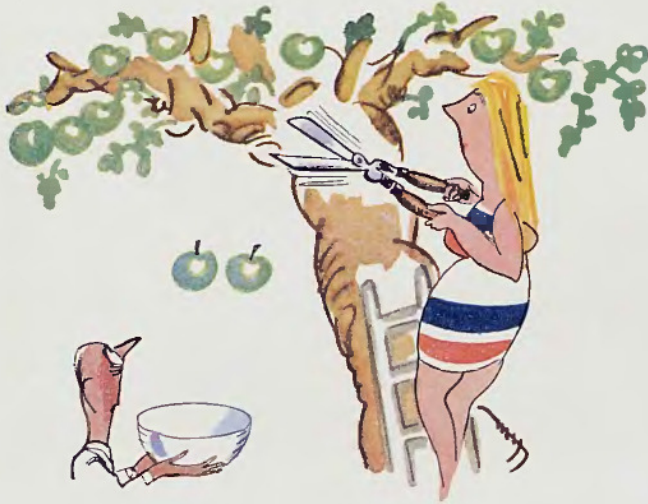
A is for
Age of Consent



B is for
Birthmark



C is for
Castration Complex



D is for
“Dear Diary”



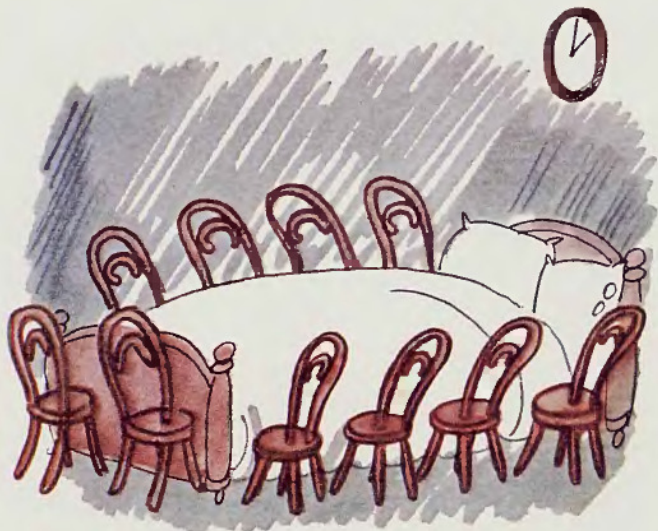
G is for
Gigolo



H is for
Hermaphrodite



E is for
Exhibitionist



F is for
Fetish



I is for
Incest



J is for
Jealousy



K is for
King Size



L is for
Love Bite



O is for
Original Sin



P is for
Plat du Jour



M is for
Masochist



N is for
Necrophiliac



Q is for
Queer



R is for
Recognition



S is for
Sacred and
Profane Love



T is for
Thou



W is for
“We’re Just
Good Friends”



X is for
X-Husband



U is for
Unknown Admirer



V is for
Vice Squad



Y is for
“You Mean
I’m the Very First?”



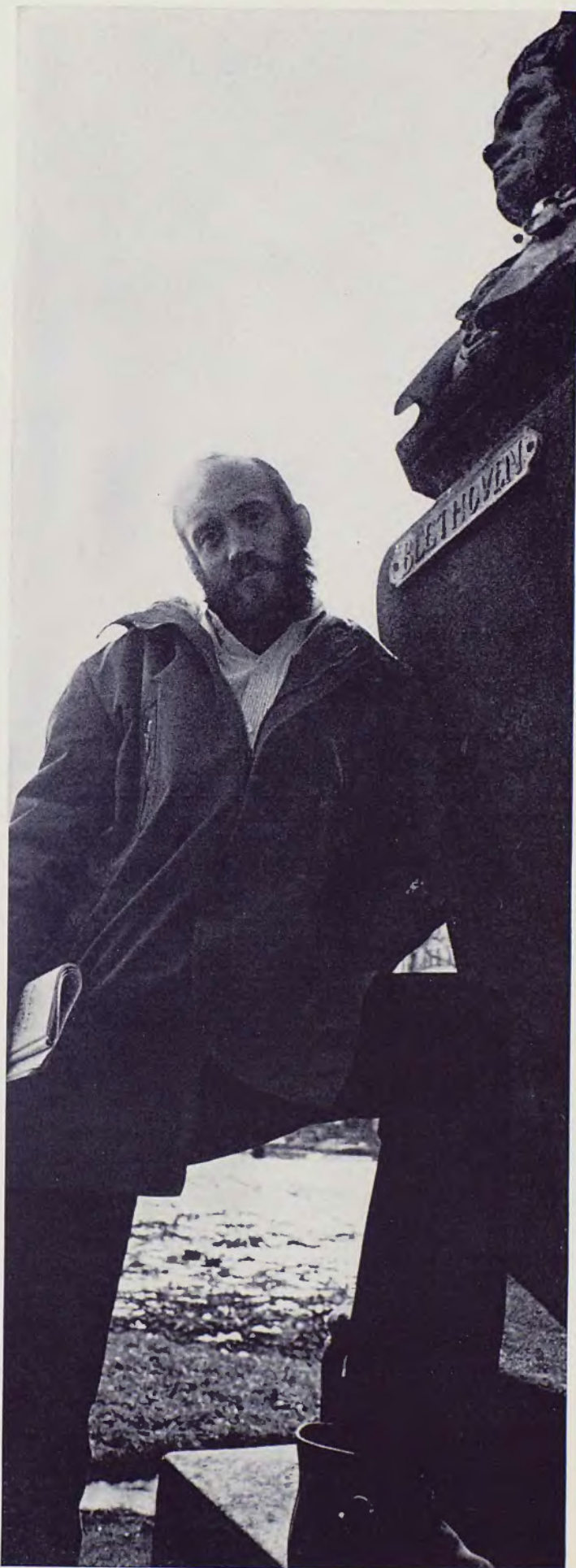
Z is for
“Zowie!”



ON THE SCENE

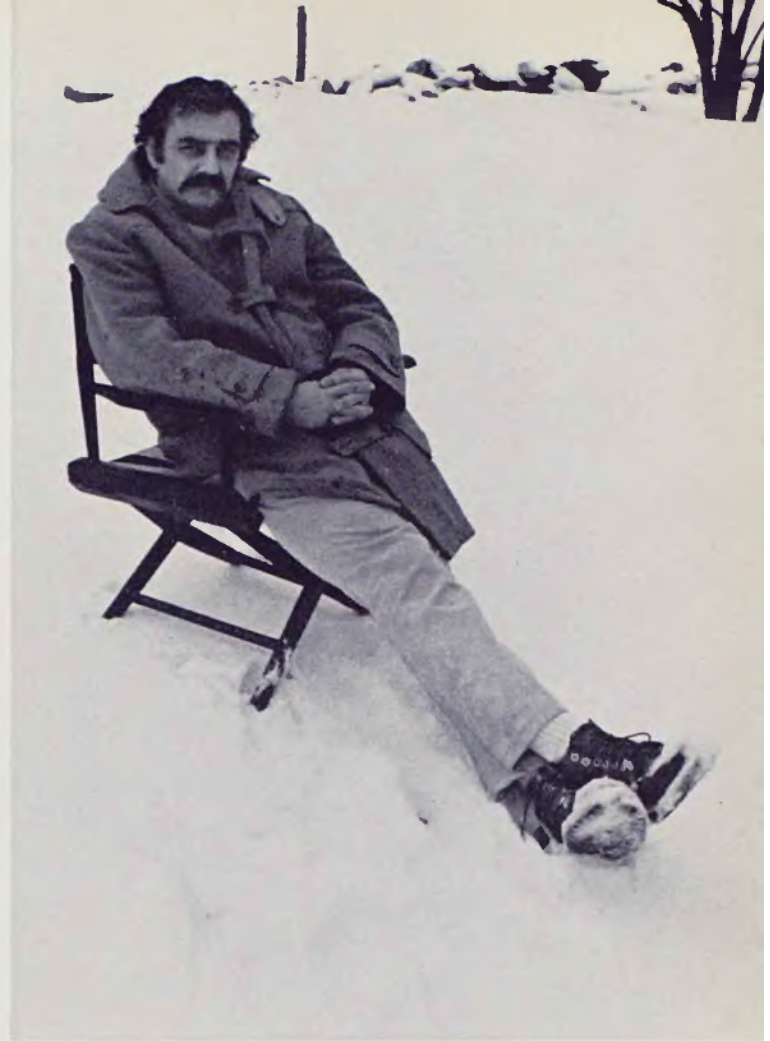
LORIN HOLLANDER *roll over, beethoven*

IT WAS AT THE AGE of 11, in 1956, that pianist Lorin Hollander made his Carnegie Hall debut and established himself as a *Wunderkind* of classical music. Thirteen years later, Hollander made history by playing Bach and Prokofiev on an electronic piano in a different musical mecca: Bill Graham's rock palace, the Fillmore East. This experimental venture grew out of the red-bearded virtuoso's conviction that the classics had been killed for his generation by the stultifying atmosphere of concert halls and by what he calls "the worst musical-education process in history." No devotee of rock himself, Hollander deplores record companies that cynically attempt to manufacture musical tastes for the young and musicians who add elements of pretension to the rock idiom, most of which he feels is "best written on the bathroom wall." Yet he believes that the popularity of the guitar (an "intimate" instrument) and the initial impact of the new drug culture—which encouraged kids to concentrate on what they were hearing—have done much to involve people in music. Hollander's Fillmore gig was the steppingstone to a unique, tripartite career that finds him working the concert circuit ("I dig it on some levels"); bringing his expertise and pithy analyses of classic composers to the colleges, where he plays to capacity audiences; and—best of all—visiting classrooms in the black ghettos ("We try to feel each other's existence"). Although New York-born Hollander plans to continue his musical missionary work, he and his wife left Greenwich Village and moved to the coast of Maine, where Lorin hopes to find a serenity comparable with that embodied in the tradition he's working to save: "If classical music dies out, it will not be the fault of the music. It's too great a music to die." In an age of artistic overkill and pliable aesthetics, Hollander is doing his very best to keep it alive.



ARAM AVAKIAN *on the road*

WITH THE PREMIERE of a celluloid psychedelic trip titled *End of the Road*, 44-year-old Aram Avakian has joined the small but dynamic group of Hollywood film makers who may bring the money back to movieland. Like most of that creative crew, he's served an arduous apprenticeship. After Yale University and military service, the GI Bill financed his studies in literature at Paris' Sorbonne. But then his application to a Roman film school was rejected and he found little critical or commercial acceptance for his short-story writing style. Thinking he needed a change of venue, Avakian returned to his native New York City and tried a host of television and film jobs—a few of which paired him with his brother, composer and music director George Avakian. Then Aram joined the production staff of Edward R. Murrow's TV series *See It Now* and, later, teamed up with lensman Bert Stern to make low-budget documentaries. The latter alliance produced the award-winning *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, which encouraged Avakian to form his own cinema company; it went bankrupt the same year. He landed an assignment as film editor of *Girl of the Night* and so impressed its producer that he was hired to direct *Lad: A Dog*. Differences with his boss, however, got him canned at mid-shooting. Film editing again, he spliced *The Miracle Worker* and won himself a succession of directing offers. Avakian's belated debut as director of a feature-length film—artfully adapted from John Barth's novel *The End of the Road*—united screenwriter Terry Southern with actors James Earl Jones, Stacy Keach and Dorothy Tristan (Avakian's wife) in what one critic called a "mind-blowing movie." A calculatedly absurd collage of abortion, adultery and death, *End* is just the beginning for Avakian's hallucinogenic brand of screen sorcery: He's busy making preparations to direct two films that just might be next year's cinematic double-"header."



DONALD SUTHERLAND *s. m. a. s. h.*

AS HAWKEYE PIERCE, the womanizing, irrepressibly insubordinate Army surgeon in *M.A.S.H.*, Donald Sutherland achieved instant stardom at 34—after spending a mere 20 years in the business. An actor even before he entered the University of Toronto, the 6' 4" Canadian went to England upon graduation, where he enrolled at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Sutherland remained in London until 1967, when he won the attention of critics as one of *The Dirty Dozen*. He then scored brilliantly as a dying English aristocrat in *Joanna*, and offers began pouring in. Five films later, Sutherland earned his starring role in *M.A.S.H.*, the most important—and enjoyable—movie of his career thus far: "There we were, having a ball reliving the Korean War on a ranch in Malibu. But we had absolutely no idea whether the movie would be a tremendous success or an enormous bomb." Since then, Sutherland has completed three more films—including the satiric swashbuckler *Start the Revolution Without Me*. "I rented a house in Beverly Hills for my wife while I was in Yugoslavia for *Kelly's Warriors*," he says. "She'd contributed money to the Black Panther free-breakfast program for kids, and while I was robbing a plastic bank in Yugoslavia, 25 FBI men broke into the house and arrested her on a charge of buying grenades for the Panthers." The case was thrown out of court, but to Sutherland, the episode is symptomatic of "a wave of political repression sweeping across America." Without copping out, however, he is more interested in cinematic than in political activism. "The old Hollywood type of movie—based on entertainment as escape—is dead," he feels. "Films now amplify reality, and that excites me." Sutherland recently signed a contract to direct as well as to act, in which capacity he expects—and can be expected—to continue manning the barricades of Hollywood's movie revolution.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 66)*

wasn't long after Agnew's anti-press speeches. Even though there was coverage of the event, that part wasn't picked up. Another point that was made that night is that Nixon is talking about spending ten billion dollars, only four billion of it Federal money, over the next five years to clean up water pollution. But we need much, much more. The best estimates are that it will require a Federal program of at least 50 billion a year, and similar amounts in other overdeveloped countries, over the next several decades, to give us a chance of surviving the population-resource-environment crisis.

But even if sufficient funds were appropriated, the kind of sewage-treatment plants Nixon is sponsoring wouldn't do anything to solve the fundamental problem. All that happens when processed inorganic nitrates and phosphates are dumped back into the water is that they're picked up by the algae as a nutrient and turned right back into organic compounds. As the algae die, their decomposition uses up oxygen and adds to the sludge at the lake's bottom. Finally, the lake is able to support only the algae; and when this happens, the lake is dead.

Even worse, some of the water that's used in municipal drinking supplies is so polluted that certain viruses seem to be impervious to the chlorine that's

used to sterilize the water for drinking. Doctors in some areas have prescribed pure bottled water for infants; if air pollution doesn't get us first, we may live to see the day when that prescription is extended to adults. So water pollution is more than an aesthetic inconvenience and an injustice to fishermen; it's a dangerous health hazard. We need water; it's essential for life. We can't afford to continue poisoning it.

PLAYBOY: Oxygen, of course, is equally essential to life, and some of your colleagues have predicted an oxygen crisis. Is this a real threat?

EHRlich: There is little danger of an oxygen crisis per se. If photosynthesis were stopped—if the green plants that take in carbon dioxide and give off oxygen were all killed off by pollution—we'd eventually run out of oxygen. But there's a fairly large supply of oxygen already created. A rough calculation is that at the current rate of consumption, if the production of oxygen stopped, there would be about 1000 years' supply left. But we won't have to worry about our oxygen supply, because if photosynthesis is stopped, we'll all die of starvation long before the air runs out; all our food comes from green plants.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the oxygen problem, isn't there a carbon-dioxide problem? In

addition to the surplus CO₂ created by the destruction of plants through pollution, paving and the like, doesn't the combustion of fossil fuels emit CO₂ into the atmosphere at an excessive rate?

EHRlich: Yes, it does, and this is a major problem. Increasingly, atmospheric CO₂ affects the weather, but we can't accurately predict the long-range effects of man's climatological influences. We can, however, describe what he is doing to change the weather. The 12 percent increase in atmospheric carbon dioxide since 1880, in the absence of any balancing factors, would tend—for rather complicated reasons—to warm the earth by a proportionate amount. But we've also added a number of other substances to the atmosphere—dust, particulate matter from incomplete combustion and the contrails of highflying jets—that have formed a substantial cover over the surface of the earth. This cover reflects solar energy before it can enter the atmosphere and warm the earth. Alone, it would cause a cooling of the earth. In combination with the CO₂, it may effect a kind of temporary balance—but an unstable and unpredictable one. Meteorologists now tend to feel that the cooling effect is overpowering the warming one.

PLAYBOY: What can we expect if these trends continue?

EHRlich: It's impossible to say what the

You've got a lot to live.

Whoever, wherever you are,
you've got a lot to live. Good times,
good people, good things to enjoy.
Make ice cold Pepsi-Cola one
of them. Pepsi...it's got a lot to give.



long-range effects of our tampering with the weather will be. The flow of air is important, so local heating and cooling that can't be predicted are very important. But the northern area of the planet *could* warm enough to melt the floating arctic ice pack, which would cause a change in storm patterns and a drastic reduction in rainfall over certain areas of North America, Europe and Asia, turning them into deserts. The southern polar region, on the other hand, could become so cold that the icecap would become thicker, thus liquefying the bottom portions under the pressure and causing the mass of the icecap to slump into the sea, raising sea levels throughout the world as much as 100 feet and flooding low-lying areas such as those occupied by New York, London and Tokyo. If the ice fell into the sea and spread out, another result would be that much of the sunlight reaching the earth would be reflected and severe temperature drops would follow, perhaps bringing on a new ice age. It's all very difficult to predict. And very gloomy.

PLAYBOY: Is there any tangible evidence to support these cataclysmic scenarios?

EHRlich: Some scientists think that we're experiencing dramatic weather changes in the United States right now, and that they could hurt our agriculture a great deal. Here's a system on which our lives

depend more and more as the population gets larger, and we're changing it in ways that we don't understand. There is a very great tendency among politicians and some technologists to take the point of view that if the immediate effects seem to be OK, go ahead. In this way, almost without knowing it, people have been conditioned to accept small, steady increases in pollution. Los Angeles didn't become the smog capital of the world overnight. If it had been clear one night and choked with air pollution—as it is today—the next morning, people would have been alarmed and would have demanded action. But over the years, we have slowly acquired a psychological tolerance for pollution and the other environmental threats. We are also able to tolerate physiologically certain levels of pollution. At last, however, I think we may be reaching our limits of tolerance. The water in some rivers is becoming too polluted to purify by conventional means and evidence is accumulating that DDT in our fatty tissues has reached levels high enough to cause cancer, brain damage and cirrhosis of the liver. These are things that indicate we are approaching the physical limit.

PLAYBOY: Are we equally close to the psychological limit?

EHRlich: The psychological limit may be farther away. Conditioned by *Family*

Circle and *Woman's Day*, women want their apples to look like the flawless red specimens in the magazines' advertisements, so grocers spray DDT on their produce to make sure no insects damage it in the store. Some people in England pay premium prices for insect-damaged fruit because they know it's safer than unblemished fruit. In the U. S., we have a media-inspired attitude toward all consumption and production. The media convince us that perfectly good cars ought to be turned in every year in order to get ones with a different array of chrome, and that somehow it's more swinging to drink beer from an aluminum can than from a glass bottle.

But the power of the media is double-edged. Now it's consumerism's cheerleader; in the future, it may encourage ecological awareness. On the *Today* show the other day, William F. Buckley's publisher, William Rusher, was saying that you can't blame industry for all of our air and water pollution—which is true. But Rusher said that industry contributes only around 17 percent of air pollution, compared with 60 percent by automobiles. The point he misses is that industry had some small role in *producing* those automobiles and, even more than that, in manufacturing the *demand* for them. That's the bad side of the media problem. The good side stems

Pepsi's got a lot to give.





BUCK BROWN

"If they were really angry, they'd close their curtains!"

from the fact that the media can convince people that a bottle of deodorant will change their sex lives, that a car will turn them into superstars, that Richard Nixon is a statesman. If advertising can do that, it might even be able to convince people that big cars pollute too much and that fewer little consumers would be better for them as well as for the country.

PLAYBOY: Can the complexity of the ecological problem be made clear to people through advertising? Wouldn't such a program be likely to suggest simplistic answers that might be counterproductive, in the long run?

EHRlich: There is a great danger of rampant know-nothingism from all sides in this area. The problems are so complex that you can be fairly sure that no single simplistic solution is right. But people *have* learned the word ecology, and now they're going to have to start learning what ecology is all about and how it relates not only to their welfare but to their survival. The essentials of the science of ecology won't be hard for this well-educated society to learn; the hard part will be learning to live differently than we do now—to conserve rather than to consume, to abstain rather than to indulge, to share rather than to hoard, to realize that the welfare of others is indistinguishable from our own.

PLAYBOY: Can people be persuaded to modify their high standards of living in order to save the environment?

EHRlich: The usual concept of a standard of living is really absurd. How do you measure a standard of living? By the number of four-slot electric toasters per capita? Or by the quality of education, recreational facilities, cultural events and physical health? But whether or not we decide to make sacrifices, the population-environment problem in the United States is going to cause a decline in any genuinely human standard of living. As I think everyone knows, we're falling farther and farther behind in the effort to keep our air and water clean, to provide adequate schooling for our children and to supply good transportation and decent housing for our citizens. Even without a major disaster, our lives seem doomed to become nastier, shorter and more brutish as a result of our unceasing pursuit of a "high standard of living," which is simply not a rational measure of what's desirable in life. I think people will begin to see that and move toward ecological sanity.

PLAYBOY: In describing that movement, you have often spoken and written about the necessity to evolve "from a cowboy economy to a spaceman economy." What do you mean?

EHRlich: It's economist Kenneth Boulding's phrase. But what I mean by it is simply that we have to get away from the idea that we have unlimited resources and that as soon as we deplete or

ruin one source of supply or foul our campground, we can push on west. We should conceive of everyone in the world as being on a single spaceship with a common life-support system.

PLAYBOY: On an ecologically sane "spaceship earth," which of the pleasures and privileges most Americans associate with the good life will we have to abandon?

EHRlich: We're going to have to limit ourselves to the things that really improve the quality of our lives—and the lives of others. Instead of getting a new car every year, we're going to have to force automobile manufacturers to make them last for 30 years. They'll probably be damnably expensive, and we may have to pay for them over a period of 10 or 20 years, just as we do a house; but they won't cost any more per year than our present cars. They'll be safe, nonpolluting and well built, but they're not going to be designed to save your ego or to give you subliminal sexual kicks; you'll have to get your sexual kicks out of sex.

The fancy gadgetry that now goes into refrigerators and tends to make them obsolete after four or five years—things that automatically make ice cubes, cheap plastic inserts, and so on—will have to be replaced by quality workmanship that will enable them to last a lifetime. You may have to pay more for one, but it'll work forever and make minimal demands on the world's supply of renewable and nonrenewable resources. We'll also need to change our food-distribution system so people can get more fresh food—another improvement in the quality of life. And because we'll be eating more fresh food, we won't need such tremendous freezer-storage capacity.

What else? We should use smaller washing machines, thus conserving on the use of metal, water, electricity and detergents. While we're at it, of course, we'll have to change the attitudes of society so that people don't feel they have to own so many clothes. We should also use less air conditioning; the best way to accomplish this is by reducing the need for it. People lived quite happy and productive lives long before the world was air-conditioned; if we created a casual society in which very light or little clothing was required in hot weather, they could again.

It's all a matter of trade-offs. You may have a smaller income, but you're not going to have to travel so far for your vacation, and it's not going to be as expensive, and food's going to taste better, and the air's going to be cleaner, and life is going to be pleasant and relaxed. In essence, we need to turn the whole system down and start concentrating on what life's really about.

PLAYBOY: Can any of this be done by working within the present system? Do we make current technology more efficient, family planning more strict, appoint a few commissions of scientists,

establish some Government enforcement agencies and hope for the best?

EHRlich: Well, there's no way we can go on the way we're going now. There's no way to make little technological modifications, put smog-control devices on cars, build more sewage plants and hope to beat the problem. That's treating a couple of the symptoms without tackling the basic problem. This isn't to say that a hell of a lot can't be done with technology. Technologically, we could *dodge* a lot of the problems and make things easier. There are some immediately feasible stopgaps: recycling pollutants, eliminating nondegradable containers, more reforestation of cutover or barren land, and so on. I don't want to denigrate these efforts. And there are a number of things the Government could do, starting with a reorganization that will gear it to our needs in this area. The Federal Government isn't presently structured to handle the population-resource-environment crisis. The Department of Agriculture rather than the Department of Health, Education and Welfare handles the food program, so poor people get crud like lard and white flour rather than high-protein food. Interior tries to do one thing, Agriculture the opposite. Something like 11 agencies deal with the cities, and there's no coordination. We need an over-all Department of Population and Environment that would have the Census in it, large chunks of Interior, large chunks of USDA and of HEW. It would have to have the power that doesn't exist today to stop other Federal agencies from doing environmentally destructive things.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that the difference between what we have now and the ideal society would be the difference between the concepts of maximal and optimal?

EHRlich: I think so. I think Stewart Udall puts it very well when he says that bigger isn't necessarily better and more can be less. Some people say we should have the greatest good for the greatest number. Well, that's a double maximization; you can't do it; it's mathematically impossible. We have to determine the possible amount of good and then, within the limits of our ability, decide how many can share it. My idea of an optimum society would be one that offered the greatest amount of choice. An optimum population of the United States would be enough people to have big, active, interesting, swinging cities where those who really like city life could go and enjoy themselves instead of fighting traffic, choking on fumes, wading through garbage and ducking muggers. But it would also be small enough so that people who wanted quiet rural surroundings could find them without having to pay admission to see a live tree or a clean stream over the shoulders of hundreds of fellow

refugees. I think it's important to maintain the diversity of mankind—not just different life styles but different cultures, because I don't see any evidence that our culture is so good that it ought to be the only one that exists. Man has to learn to live with and value different points of view, physical differences, cultural differences. That's something an appreciation of the concept of ecology gives you and it's something that's being wiped out as the population gets larger and as our technology spreads over everything.

PLAYBOY: To some observers, resource preservation and anti-pollution as you've described them imply an anti-capitalist bias, but does that necessarily imply a pro-socialist bias?

EHRlich: Quite the opposite. I would say that the pollution-environmental-resource problems of socialist and capitalist societies are essentially identical. The Soviets and the Chinese are just as bad or worse in regard to their environment and resources as we are. In fact, Marxism is conceptually worse, because Marx, being an enemy of Malthus, found it unthinkable that an infinite number of people couldn't be supported if the Communist system were running the world. So, bad as our Government is, it would be worse if it were Marxist. It's not a matter of socialism or communism versus capitalism; it's a matter of the exploitive economy having to become a conserving, recycling economy.

PLAYBOY: How will this new economy enforce these new values?

EHRlich: The Government will have to place limits on consumption—until we learn to place them on ourselves. This is one of the problems with too large a population—more and different forms of Government regulation. But even with a smaller population, there will have to be limits. Everybody should have a right to a small car; but without a permit certifying special need, you shouldn't be able to get anything bigger. Everybody should have one refrigerator and that's it. Limit it that way and then make ownership requirements; that is, make it a crime to abandon an automobile on the street—not just a \$25-fine sort of thing but a serious crime. In the spaceman economy, some functions of Government such as this would undoubtedly increase, but others would eventually decrease. It wouldn't need a lot of pollution-control functions, because the place to control pollution and waste is at the source, and people—even manufacturers, who are also people, I'm told—are soon going to reach the point where they simply won't stand for any more of it.

PLAYBOY: You've become something of a celebrity because of your efforts to alert people to the dangers of population growth and environmental deterioration. Have you begun to see any results?

EHRlich: The main result has been the

destruction of my personal peace and quiet. But I feel it's the job of every scientist and anybody else who's interested in this fight to do everything he can over the next couple of years to see that we get some action. It's a self-solving personal problem for me, because if we don't get action by the 1972 election, it'll be too late; and if we *do* get it then, I won't be needed anymore, so I can go back to doing what I like. Everybody's got to do his own thing part of the time, and this racing around the country making speeches isn't my thing.

PLAYBOY: Apart from being aware of the problem, what can the average citizen do about the population explosion and the environmental crisis?

EHRlich: He can, first of all, limit his reproduction. He must do whatever he can personally to reduce his use of chlorinated hydrocarbons, polluting detergents, and so on. But the most important thing is to become involved in the political system. Too many Americans don't vote and too many Americans who do vote don't know what they're voting for and don't pay any attention to what is actually going on in Washington. These problems will take societal action to solve, because there is a limit to what we can do as individuals. But unless society shapes up, we've all had it.

People should write letters to their Senators and Congressmen in Washington and to their elected state and local representatives. Don't expect them to do their jobs without relentless prodding. Ask them to give their positions, to explain their votes. Keep after them—don't be fobbed off with those innocuous "Thank you for your views" form letters. And don't underestimate the power of your letters. Congressmen and Senators have staffs to keep track of the mail flow. It can be even more effective to write letters to newspapers and magazines, which tend to be responsive to mail.

Above all, join local anti-pollution groups that are dedicated to *doing* something and not just talking about it. And join Zero Population Growth [367 State Street, Los Altos, California 94022], which is working to elect candidates who will help solve our problems and to defeat those who don't understand or are under the control of special-interest groups. Z.P.G. also organizes picketing at hospitals with antique sterilization policies, works for abortion reform, smog control, and so on.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the tendency of many people to dismiss the ecology and pollution battles as a fad?

EHRlich: I think they *are* a fad. People's attention has been drawn and there's a tremendous amount of interest now. But there is a hard core of people who are determined to take advantage of this interest and mobilize it to get things done. We want to alert everybody to the

problem and then recruit enough dedicated people to get the job accomplished. Until we succeed in doing something substantial about the problem, the symptoms will get worse. So it's not going to be a fade-out fad like hula hoops.

PLAYBOY: What happens, though, if public interest does fade and the problems remain?

EHRlich: Well, most likely, we as a race will fade away, too. For good. I sometimes start my speeches by saying the environmental crisis began on January second, 8000 B.C. The levity escapes my audiences, more often than not, but the message is there. As soon as man began to farm the land, he began to significantly alter the ecology of the planet. Everything he has done since has made the situation worse. For most of man's life on the earth, however, his disruptions were small enough in scale to be handled by the biosphere—that thin layer of earth, air and water which supports and binds together all forms of life on earth. But with the Industrial Revolution, man tipped the scales; it became possible for him to overload the biosphere and destroy it piecemeal. He's been doing it, rather stubbornly, ever since.

When man mastered his own tools and intelligence enough to escape the earth and view it from space, however, he learned that what he has been given is not infinite. Those striking pictures of earth taken from the moon may be the greatest reward of the entire space program—an effort that certainly isn't ecologically sound in any other way. All anyone who doesn't believe in the severity of the crisis has to do to convince himself is look at those pictures of spaceship earth suspended in the black void. That's it—all we have, one little orb.

That orb and most of the other heavenly bodies are much older than man. Many of the creatures of the earth have seniority over us. They made it this far by remaining compatible with their environment, by adapting and adjusting to the natural circumstances of their existence. There are many species that have vanished because they could not adapt. It's not at all inconceivable that man will follow these creatures into extinction. If he continues to reproduce at the present soaring rate, continues to tamper with the biosphere, continues to toy around with apocalyptic weapons, he will probably share the fate of the dinosaur. If he learns to adapt to the finitude of the planet, to the changed character of his existence, he may survive. If not, nothing like him is likely to evolve ever again. The world will be inherited by a creature more adaptable and tenacious than he.

PLAYBOY: Is there such a creature?

EHRlich: Yes. The cockroach.



MYRAGOES HOLLYWOOD (continued from page 80)

"Ohhh, this must be what's called lettin' it all hang out." Then she turns and exits. Sarne had told the extras to say anything they wanted to. One girl was asking, "Do you masturbate in the shower?" Another said, "Let's burn all the pubic hair off her body with lighter fluid." And one extra, who used to come to the studio regularly in a catatonic state, and never spoke, finally broke her silence. She stood up in the middle of the group and asked, "Do you fuck or suck?" Richard Moore said, "That's the first thing she's said in three days. Would somebody get that down?"

The studio had taken away the budget for all of Sarne's other pranks, so this orgy was going to be *it* for him, his big Fellini moment for the whole picture. The producer, Robert Fryer, was standing there watching, with two of the executives from Fox, two of the little gray people who survive all the administrations because they never make a commitment to anything. One of them said, "Well, it's a *today* picture," and Fryer said, "Bullshit! *Midnight Cowboy* didn't have pubic hair and filth in it." Here was the producer seeing what he was seeing; the movie was going to have his name on it, and he was unable to do anything about it. Incredible!

But finally, even Richard Zanuck got fed up with all the expenditure and all the insanity that was going on and he told Sarne, "You must shoot everything you have left to shoot by the 19th of December, because this movie ends on that date. It's over. If you have to work all night that night, then that is what you will do." On the 18th, even the stand-ins were coming up to me and asking, "Is it true? Are we really going to stop shooting tomorrow? Is it really all over?" And I would answer, "You've got me. A quarter of the picture is still unshot and there's still no ending." As of this writing—in late May—there still isn't. But Fox is waiting for Sarne to give them a finished cut. God only knows what they're going to get.

Sarne is crafty, though. He knows the release date for this picture is coming up fast. He also knows he has a contract that says Fox can't fire him until he gives them the first cut, so he keeps cutting and cutting and cutting. He figures if he gets them up against the wall and he still hasn't delivered the first cut in time for release, then the movie will have to open with whatever he puts together. It will be too late for them to reassemble it. But they're very crafty, too, because they won't allow him near

the negative. They have it locked up in a vault and he can't even get in to see it. They know that no matter what he does to the picture, they can go back and get the footage he's cut out, if necessary. There was a rumor that he cut Mae West out of the movie to such a degree that she was only a bit player. Zanuck said, "What are you doing? You must be out of your mind! All the people are coming to see Mae West, not Michael Sarne." The word is that Mae West's footage was reinserted.

I got a call from Fox that broke me up a few weeks after I returned to New York. The caller said, "You know, there are still some things about the movie that don't make sense." I said, "No kidding!" Then he said, "Michael is now going to write narration so he won't have to shoot anything more. You will recount off-screen all of the things that never happened in the movie." So I had to go back out there for more work. It's been one endless battle to get this film out. I can hardly wait to see it—when and if it's ever released. My make-up man summed it all up best. He said, "You remember the old Hollywood line, 'Who do you have to screw to get into this picture?' Well, on this movie, everybody's asking, 'Who do you have to screw to get *out* of it?'"



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(continued from page 124)

right along, because if I go back to being me, I'll, like, lose the taste of it, dear."

"It's a very weird sensation."

"Honey, we better go over the little scripts. Here's your copies. Soon as we get to sounding natural, then we can put them on the tape."

Russo had worked out the dialog. Ruth McGann became very irritated with Wyatt when he could not get away from the sound of somebody reading something. Once he had the sense of it, she made him put it aside and ad-lib it. Finally, by changing her own lines, she was able to help him sound natural.

They taped the first exchange and then listened to it on playback.

"You got time for more coffee, darling?" she asked.

"I guess so. Sure."

"Wyatt?"

"What is it?"

"I think there was a Kallen girl in school with me in Atlanta. Could that be the same family?"

"Where did you get that name from, Mary Lou?"

"Well, I couldn't hardly help seeing it. All those papers about the Kallen Equipment Company all over your desk in the study. I don't let Maria go in there, but somebody has to do a little bit of dusting

and cleaning. I saw the name and I wondered about that girl."

"I don't know. The company is in Michigan."

"That's who you went up there to see last week?"

Listening to the tape, he could appreciate Russo's cleverness. It back-dated the conversation by almost six months.

"Yes, but it's strictly confidential, honey."

"Oh! Are you going to buy that little old company? My goodness, if you keep on buying things, doesn't it get hard to keep track of everything?"

"Not with the team I've got working for me."

"But why do you want that little company?"

"Because it's there, honey."

"Oh, come on!"

"Well, for instance, they've got about sixteen million dollars' worth of raw land, at fair resale value, and it's carried on their books at what it cost them way, way back. Eight hundred thousand dollars."

"Wow! Do they know that?"

"They sure do, honey. That's why we might have to give them one share of Wyro for every share of Kallen outstanding, which is a difference of better than

twice what their shares are worth on the big board."

"Now you've lost me, sweetheart. More coffee?"

"I better run. If you get a chance, find out about the suit the cleaner lost."

Ruth McGann switched it off. "You're a little wooden, but it's good enough. Let's get these others done."

There was one where she pried into the profitability of Wyro until he told her that their next quarterly earnings statement was going to be about half of what had been estimated, and another where he told her he had decided to break off negotiations to acquire Henderson Homes.

After Ruth had listened intently to the playback, she turned off the equipment and sighed, plucked the two wads of pink-plastic substance from her mouth, got up and went into the bathroom. When she came back, she said in her normal voice, "That should do it."

"But what happens next? How can Russo explain the reason the tapes were made in the first place?"

"There's a lot of options. He won't come into it at all. Somebody will show up with the tapes. In the interest of fair play and all that, Mr. Russo makes everything logical. Don't worry about it. It will all fit together. I could make a guess, but it won't mean much."

"Go ahead."

"Some woman hired an investigator to get the goods on your Mary Lou and her husband. So the investigator bugged the house; and, because it isn't exactly legal, he sends the tapes in with an anonymous letter of explanation, sends them to your attorneys."

"That won't be enough."

"Not without some trimmings. Maybe a fake phone tap. Mary Lou talking to an unidentified boyfriend." She switched to Mary Lou's voice. "Sweetheart, I'm doing the best I can, I really am. I mean, I've never paid much attention to all this business stuff in the past. I've been asking him everything you told me to ask him, lover, and I've been telling you everything he says; but when can we stop all this? When will you have enough money, so we can go away, my dearest? I think of you every living minute of the day and night, honest. I love you so."

He found that he was standing. And roaring. "No, damn it! I won't stand for that!"

"Deary, you were very shifty the way you worked those accounts. Nobody can tie you directly to them. Mr. Russo says. But he says you were stupid with the timing, because you made your moves in the market on the basis of information known to you alone. He says you were greedy-stupid, getting in at the bottom and out at the top. And you pulled the cash out in such a way that it can't be traced back to you."

"I had to do something! Too many



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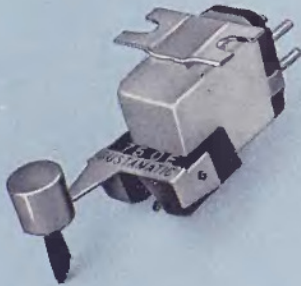




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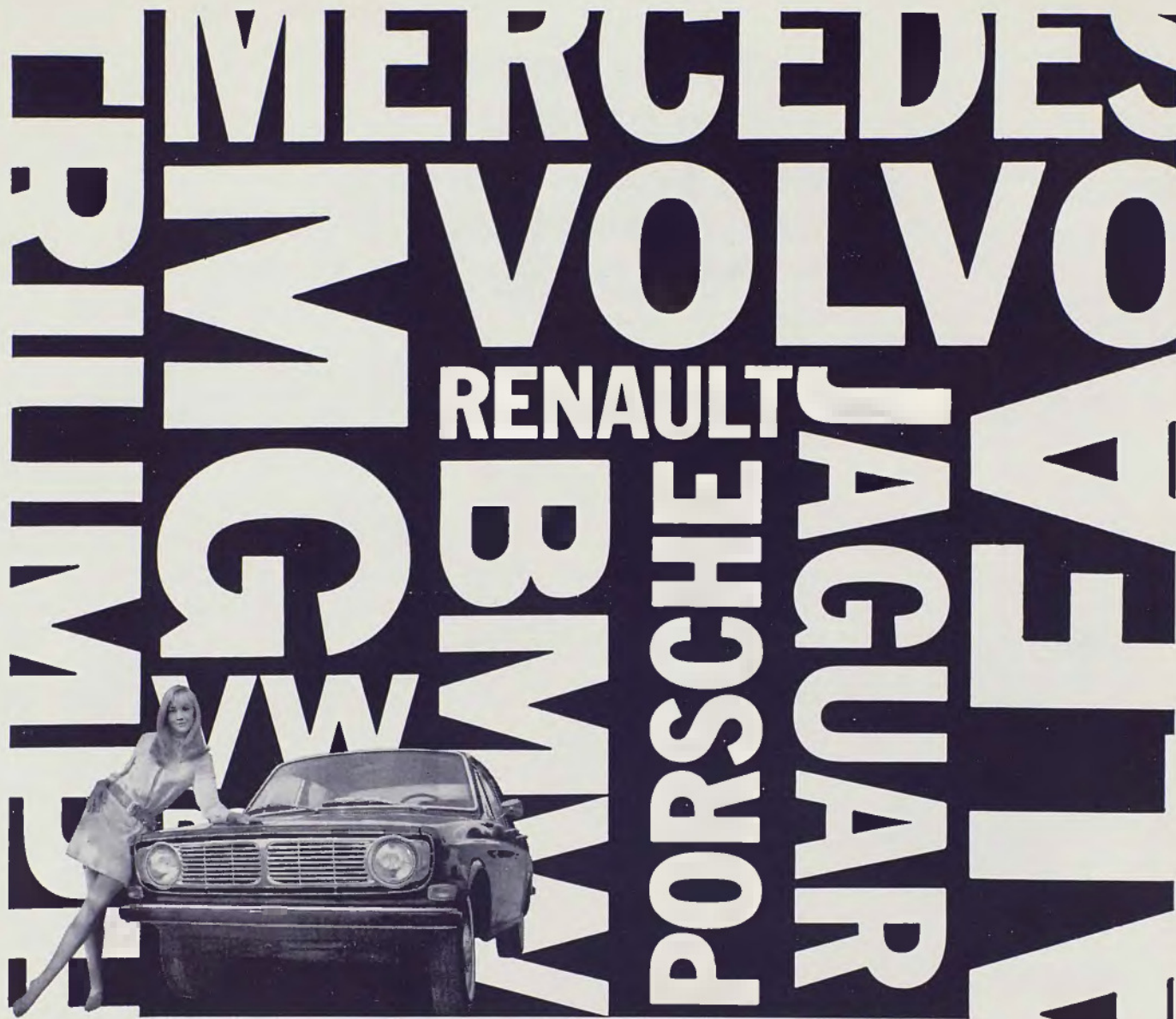
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things started to go wrong at the same time."

"We all have our little rationalizations, sugar. You made your moves and you siphoned off the cash; and if you hadn't, you couldn't afford Russo to get you into the clear. But you didn't declare it and you haven't planned on paying taxes on it. And unless you can throw them *some* alternative, you get your pick of Leavenworth or Atlanta or some other garden spot."

"But I was doing it for—"

Wise and crooked smile, too old for her mouth and face. "For the wife and kiddies? Come on! Any way you deal the hand, you've lost your Mary Lou. Best to set it up to look as if somebody was using her. Otherwise, she could get clipped for tax evasion. After they play the tapes and question her, and after you testify that those are conversations you had with your wife, you think she'll forgive and forget?"

"No."

"If there has to be more trimmings, Mr. Russo will provide them. A motel witness. Look at it this way. In the clear, you can afford to give her big alimony. If they nail you, she might have to work waitress to support those kids."

He sat on the couch, elbows on his knees, forehead resting on the heels of his hands, shoulders hunched high. Did not know he was weeping silently until he felt the tickle of the tears. Ruth McGann was pulling out the interconnecting jacks, putting the equipment into fitted cases.

On one inhalation, he made a loud and inadvertent snorting sound. She sat beside him and said softly, "Hey. Hey, now."

"I can't . . . can't. . . ." Voice gritty and strangled.

Strong grasp pulled the nearest hand away. Warm hand against his far cheek, turning his face toward her.

"Poor sad sorry bastard," she whispered, her face soft. Hand still on his cheek, she ran the ball of her thumb across the wetness under his eye. "Is it for real?" she asked.

"That's . . . the worst part, Ruth. I don't know . . . how much I mean it . . . or if I mean it at all."

"I know. So later on, you can tell yourself that when it happened, you cried."

"How do you know so much?"

"When I was fifteen, I was the voice of seventeen or eighteen rotten little animals in cheap commercials, deary. It kept me from ever having anything of my own to say." She leaned close and put her mouth on his, her lips soft, clever, unendingly sweet.

After he had his arms around her, tilting her back, she pushed him away. She mocked herself with her smile. "OK, so I have this Earth Mother kick. The



sky fell on your head and you are pretty rotten. Go yank those draperies across, honey."

Then after they were in the bed, her exhalations explosive at each readying caress, her body lifting and wanting, she stopped him as he moved to enter her, her face sweaty in the half-light, seen through the tumble of her hair.

Breathing like a runner, she said, "The worst part. Sure. Not knowing how much I mean this. Or. Or if I mean . . . if I mean it at all, deary. Or. Or ever can."

"Shut up. Shut up."

"I don't like. Don't like either one of us, love. Is that why I'm so ready? Is that how? How I know I'm going to make it?"

"Shut up."

"All right. Come on, then, chief executive officer of everything."

. . .

Four months and four days later, he awoke from a Sunday-afternoon nap in the beach-front cabana at the new hotel in Puerto Rico. The dream had sweated him, soured his mouth. In the dream, he stood small before a judicial bench so high that he could not see the face of the sentencing judge. Hollow, solemn, echoing voice. "Wyatt Rutherford Ross, this court finds you guilty of hannenframmiss in the first, second and third degrees."

Terror. "Your Honor! Your Honor! I don't understand the charge."

"And sentences you to three consecutive terms of life imprisonment. May God have mercy on the soul you should have had."

"Your Honor! I can't even see you."

He got up and padded into the bath-

room and rinsed his mouth. He looked at his sun-browned holiday face in the mirror and said, "I plead guilty to hannenframmiss in all the degrees you got, baby."

He went back into the bedroom and found his damp swim trunks and pulled them on. Tuck the dream away. Hide it behind the well-remembered newspaper features. Ross cleared on stock-manipulation charges. Executive's wife implicated in information leak. Surprise tapes played in closed committee session. Mrs. Wyatt Ross denies love affair, says evidence is faked. Surprise witness heard in closed session. Hotel registrations subpoenaed. Wife refuses to reveal identity of mystery man, denies his existence.

SEC clears officers of Wyro International Services. Trading in Wyro resumed. Divorce action filed. Kallen acquisition plans dropped by Wyro, due to drop in price of Wyro common after release of earnings report. Wyatt Ross announces spin-off of three earlier acquisitions, concentration on the most profitable product lines and services, improved future earnings through internal growth instead of acquisition route.

Done. For \$500,000 fed cautiously into the channel that ran from New York to Miami to Nassau to Zurich and into the proper account, the number furnished by a small, quiet, dead-faced man named Willy Russo. So he'd moved his own through the same pipeline, what he had left after Russo's bite, into the numbered account he'd set up three years ago, along with orders to keep the money working, make it grow. The Swiss have a talent for it.

All done. And the old strike force had 157



R. TAYLOR

"I think it's a great idea—it eliminates all the guesswork."

dropped away, one at a time. Stanley Silverstaff first, taking the best of the outstanding offers. Then Stannard, going back into private practice. Then Haines, leaving to go into that think-tank mystique in California at a fifth of what he was worth in industry.

Just as well. That team had been geared to acquisition, to making the careful stalk, the daring pounce. Different ball game now. Chop away at all the costs, direct and overhead. Expand existing markets. Improve the products and services. Need a different type. Dogged, methodical men. No noisy celebrations in the private jet on the way home from victory. In fact, no company jets at all. Dwindling need. Cut the costs.

No need for the hearty devices that create the kind of team spirit that used to be so useful. Stay remote. It is too difficult to fire your friends. Easy to fire uneasy strangers. Set the goals. Promote the men who can meet them, fire those who can't. And keep upping the goals.

Heard the stealthy key in the lock. Door opened. Geri Housner came in. Dark-blue bikini with white ruffles. Canvas beach bag. Last one left. Incomparably loyal and efficient executive secretary. Incomparably elegant lady, slender and cool and unconsciously provocative. Four years of her executive-secretarial services had left him at times in such a rage of desire, it had taken the last fragment of self-control to keep it all on the polite, affable, impersonal basis that guaranteed her continuing efforts.

She was one of the rare ones, so good at any task he gave her that he knew he would never find another as useful. And he was all too aware of the implacable rules of the game. The day you tumbled a good one into bed was the day you started to lose her. The office marriage was a transient arrangement. It might take a year, or two, or possibly three at the most. Then she would leave or you would crowd her out.

"Oh," she said. "You're awake, darling."

"Just about to go beach-walking, looking for you. Have a good swim?"

"Lovely. Absolutely lovely. Have a nice nap?"

"Not so lovely."

She patted her dark hair and came toward him with a look of concern. "What do you mean? What's wrong, Wyatt?"

"A dream. A dumb dream. Woke me up tired."

"Poor darling."

He caught her wrist and tugged, sat on the bed and stood her in front of him, between his knees, hands on her slender tanned waist. He grinned up at her, watched with clinical interest the way her mouth softened and sagged open, the way her head seemed to become too heavy for the slender neck. She had

been so constrained, so stiff and awkward and shy for the first week, he had begun to think that her look of sensuality held under control had been ironic illusion. And then, all in a rush, she had come on, found it all, relished it all, living on that edge of readiness that needed only his touch to start the flowering.

"I should take my shower," she said in a small blurred voice.

He pulled her across him, onto the bed, and in the lazy light of the late afternoon, peeled her out of the bikini and slowly, indolently, knowingly made love to her. In one slow, sweet, cantering pace, the time when a ubiquitous commercial song about manly cigarettes would sometimes come into his head, instead there came the Ruth-Mary Lou voice, saying, "Maria gets so all gloomy and dramatic when there's any kind of family trouble, especially financial problems. Especially fye-nance-you-wull. Fye-nance-you-wull. Fye-nance-you-wull." Timed to thrust and riposte.

Grab at some other nonsense phrase to drive the first one away. Like singing a song to get rid of a song.

"Guilty of hannenframmiss," he said.

"What? What, darling?" she asked, speaking up out of motion and lostness.

"Nothing."

"Guilty of something."

"Hush, darling. Come on, now."

He had sensed that she was close, but his idiot phrase had shifted her concentration. She was working but not making it back to where she had been. He knew that he could not wait and did not want to stop, so he rocked to the side and gave her a great ringing stinging slap on her sea-salty, sweat-salty elegant haunch. So she yelped, leaped like a racing mare, clung and came thundering home.

So later, dazed face frowning down at him, propped up on her elbow. "What was it you said about guilty?"

"Guilty of hannenframmiss."

"What did they used to call that? Double talk. Yes. Why did you say it then?"

"It came into my mind, I guess."

"Why would it come into your mind?"

"For God's sake, Geri! Nobody knows what makes things come into your mind."

"There's always a reason, they say."

"OK. I don't know the reason. It was something in the dream I had."

"You dreamed I was guilty of . . . whatever that is?"

"I was guilty. I was in court. They gave me three life sentences."

"Darling, I don't want you to be troubled. I don't want you to have bad dreams. I don't want you to think about anything but us. There's only three more days."

"I'm *not* troubled!"

"You wouldn't be cross to me if you weren't." She got up with quiet dignity and went into the bathroom and closed the door. Soon he heard the shower.

"Fye-nance-you-wull. Fye-nance-you-wull. Fye-nance-you-wull." Get over it, baby. Marry well. Take good care of the boys.

He sighed and got up and went into the bathroom and made jokes and scrubbed her narrow lovely back, and she was in a good mood and wearing a pretty dress when they went up to the hotel, had rum drinks, watched the sunset, ate steaks, danced.

They walked on the beach and then went back to the cabana. He had brought a newspaper back from the hotel. While she got ready for bed, he looked at the stock-market reports. Kallen was in the high 40s, up a point and a half for the day on high volume. She came over in sheer shorty nightgown, spicy aroma of perfume, dark eyes shining, kissed him meaningfully, told him to come to bed, kind sir. Right away, ma'am.

The lights were bright in the bathroom. He could smell her soap and lotions and the lingering steamy-sweet odor of her body. He tried to summon desire, but there was none. None at all.

Finished brushing teeth. Examined teeth in mirror. Turned toilet lid down. Sat on it. Had feeling he was looking for something and would not know what it was unless he happened to see it. Or see something that reminded him of what it was he was looking for.

He saw his dark-red robe on the hook on the back of the door. The belt was a thick white cotton rope. He got up and pulled the white rope out of the loops. He turned and looked up over the tub at the brace that held the high window open. A very sturdy brace. Well made.

So two nonsense things could be fitted together into double nonsense. "Fye-nance-you-wull hannenframmiss." It did not sound well said aloud, but he discovered he could say it inside his head effectively. Fast or slow. High or low. Loud or soft.

Slipknot. Stand on edge of tub. Wedge knot firmly into narrow end of brace. Give tug. Now keep saying it all inside your head, fellow, because big Ruthie McGann is standing back there somewhere, shouting, trying to get through. And she is yelling something about meaning it or not meaning it and not knowing if anything means anything. Crap like that you can do without. So fye-nance-you-wull-hannenframmiss the hell out of her. Throw up a cloud of it. Wet the rope. Makes the knot harder. Good thought. Edge of tub. Erection? Why erection, when the elegant lady doesn't do a thing for it tonight? Keep that old double nonsense coming, fellow. Loud and fast and all inside the head. Yank tight. Take step. And keep it loud and fa—

STAR-SPANGLED JIVE

Nothing's too good for you wonderful GIs.

MC CALLISTER: Wow! The Hollywood Canteen!

PORTER: Wait'll you see Hedy Lamarr waiting on tables and Betty Grable washing dishes.

CLARK: Hedy Lamarr! Betty Grable! Hubba-hubba!

MC CALLISTER: Lead us to it.

PORTER (picking up the three duffel bags): This way to the Hollywood Canteen.

MC CALLISTER: Golly, what a swell town.

PORTER: Soldier, there's *nothing* us folks in Hollywood wouldn't do for you great guys.

CLARK: We'll never forget you, Pop. What's your name?

PORTER (struggling with the duffel bags): De Mille. But you boys can call me Cecil.

CUT TO a war plant a few miles outside of Los Angeles. As we COME IN, we see scores of workers hammering, riveting and welding. The noise is deafening, but the workers go at it with a will. As we PAN the walls, we can see signs such as SH . . . THE ENEMY MAY BE LISTENING, A SLIP OF THE LIP MAY SINK A SHIP, etc. We CLOSE-UP on three figures riveting the fuselage of a plane. They are wearing face shields. Suddenly, they stop and remove their shields. They are all women. More than that, they are BETTY HUTTON, ANN MILLER and MARTHA RAYE.

(continued from page 108)

They burst into the song "Rachel the Riveter," which describes how the gals behind the guys behind the guns are giving their all to help keep this nation free. From the song, MILLER segues into a rhythmic tap routine across various wing and tail assemblies, after which the entire factory joins the girls in chorus and all go into intricate marching and dancing steps. The number ends with all the workers forming a V for Victory, with the heads of HUTTON, RAYE and MILLER each forming a dot beneath it, alongside a huge six-girl dash.

DISSOLVE TO a scene of renewed activity. COME IN ON our gals freshening their make-up before donning their face shields once again.

RAYE (to HUTTON): What are you doing tonight, Sally?

HUTTON: I thought I'd do some knittin' for Britain, Irene.

RAYE (to MILLER): What about you, Mary?

MILLER: I was going to work on my Victory garden, then help my father buy a Victory suit, and then send off a V-mail letter and a V disc to my brother overseas.

HUTTON: Say, girls, I have a keen idea. Why don't we all go over to the Red Cross and give blood again?

MILLER: I think it's a little too soon.

RAYE: Yeah, we just gave six pints this morning.

HUTTON: I guess you're right. It was just a thought.

MILLER: Say, Sally, aren't you seeing Freddie tonight?

HUTTON: He's working on the swing shift. But he said he'd pick me up at midnight.

MILLER: Sally, could I ask you a personal question?

HUTTON: Shoot.

MILLER: Are you in love with that big lug?

HUTTON (hesitating): Well, he's very kind to me and he's . . . decent . . . and he—

MILLER: That's not what I asked you. Are you in love with him?

HUTTON (defensively): Look, Mary, sometimes there are things more important than . . . well, love. You know, companionship . . . understanding. . .

MILLER: Nertz!

HUTTON (hotly): Well, what's wrong with Freddie? I suppose it's a crime to be four-F!

RAYE: Easy, honey. Look, kids, let's drop the subject. Listen, I just got a great idea. Why don't we all go over to the Hollywood Canteen tonight?

HUTTON: The Hollywood Canteen?

MILLER: Don't you have to be in show business to do that? Or at least get a special invitation?

RAYE: Natch. And we *got* an invitation. This morning at the blood bank, I met somebody in show business. Well, he's *sort* of in show business. . . . He's Arthur Lake's second cousin.

MILLER: Wow!

HUTTON: What's he like?

RAYE: Very nice. And he invited us. What do you say? Are you kids game?

MILLER: Count me in.

HUTTON: Well, I suppose I could go for a little while.

RAYE: Then it's settled. Tonight it's the Hollywood Canteen.

A whistle blows and the foreman (LYLE TALBOT) comes walking up to them. TALBOT: All right, girls, fun is fun, but we've got a job to do. Our boys over there are counting on each one of us to do his share. Remember, freedom is a twenty-four-hour job!

The three girls give a thumbs-up sign.

GIRLS (in unison): Keep 'em flying!

They put on their shields and go back to work with a will.

CUT TO the Canteen. Hundreds of Servicemen are milling around, drinking coffee and munching on doughnuts. As we PAN the huge room, we can see some soldiers and hostesses dancing. On the bandstand, JIMMY DORSEY and his band are playing, while HELEN O'CONNELL is singing "Jivin' to Berlin."

CUT TO the entrance of the Canteen. MC CALLISTER, CLARK and WAYNE are walking in. Greeting them at the door is BETTE DAVIS.

DAVIS: Hi, fellows. Welcome to the Hollywood Canteen.

MC CALLISTER (doing a take): Hey, wait a



MARTY MURPHY

minute . . . aren't you. . . . No, it couldn't be. . . . Why, you're . . . Bette Davis!

DAVIS (*modestly*): That's what they call me.

CLARK (*incredulously*): Well, I'll be darned . . . Bette Davis!

MC CALLISTER: Golly, Miss Davis, imagine a big star like you taking time off to spend time with nobodies like us.

DAVIS: What do you mean, nobodies like you? Soldier, it's men like you who stand between all of us and the most unspeakable tyranny of all time. Besides, I'm not the only one who's helping out here. You see that fellow over there.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF JAMES CAGNEY carrying dishes. CUT BACK TO MC CALLISTER.

MC CALLISTER: I don't believe it. Why, that's . . . that's James Cagney! And he's bussing tables!

DAVIS: And proud of it, soldier. And there's Lana Turner sweeping the floor.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF LANA TURNER doing just that. CUT BACK TO DAVIS.

DAVIS: Oh, there's someone you might know.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF MC CALLISTER.

MC CALLISTER: No, don't tell me. It couldn't be. Why, it's . . . Rita . . . Hayworth!

CUT TO RITA HAYWORTH coming toward them, carrying a huge receptacle. CUT BACK TO MC CALLISTER.

MC CALLISTER: And she's carrying garbage! HAYWORTH (*struggling by with the can*): And loving every minute of it, soldier. God bless all of you boys.

CUT BACK TO the bandstand, where SPIKE JONES and his band are playing the hilarious "Der Führer Shtinks." The song ends, the bandstand revolves and onstage now are WOODY HERMAN and his band, giving out with the jive "Hackensack Bounce."

CUT TO MC CALLISTER, CLARK and WAYNE pushing their way through the crowd.

CLARK: Wow, that music! I can't keep my dogs still. I just gotta cut a rug!

They are passing a table at which are seated HUTTON, MILLER and RAYE. CLARK goes over to RAYE.

CLARK: Hey, little de-icer, what do you say you and me have a jam session?

RAYE: Well, aw reat. I'm hep to this jive.

They head for the dance floor.

MC CALLISTER (*to HUTTON and MILLER*): Do you girls mind if my buddy and I sit down?

MILLER: Be our guests.

They sit down.

MC CALLISTER: I'm Bob and this is Texas. The other fellow is Brooklyn.

HUTTON: I'm Sally . . . that's Irene (*indicates RAYE walking off with CLARK*) . . . and this is Mary.

CUT TO the dance floor. CLARK and RAYE are jitterbugging wildly.

CLARK: Wow, are you a solid sender!

RAYE: I hear you talking, gate!

CUT BACK TO the table. CLOSE-UP OF MC CALLISTER and HUTTON.

MC CALLISTER: Golly, there are so many celebrities around here, it sorta makes you all goose-bumpy. There's Alexis Smith waiting on tables and Joan Crawford checking hats and Deanna Durbin passing out cigarettes.

HUTTON: They're all so pretty, it kind of puts us mere mortals to shame.

MC CALLISTER (*looking at her earnestly*): Oh, no, Miss Sally, I think you're prettier than all of them.

HUTTON: Gee, I could kiss you for saying that.

MC CALLISTER: Gosh, no one's ever kissed me before . . . 'ceptin' Mom.

HUTTON (*something inside her stirring*): Your mom is a . . . (*lowering her eyes*) lucky gal.

She steals a quick glance at him, then looks down again.

CUT TO WAYNE and MILLER at the other end of the table.

MILLER: You don't talk too much, do you, Texas?

WAYNE: It's hard to talk, ma'am, when your buddies are getting it on Tarawa, Guam and Iwo from a bunch of yaller, bucktoothed, slanty-eyed gooks.

MILLER: You poor kid. You've got a lot of hate in you. . . . (*She sighs*) But I guess I can't blame you. Look, Texas,

can't you forget the War for a minute and think of something else?

WAYNE: Like what, ma'am?

MILLER (*shyly*): I don't know. Me, maybe. . . . (*Catching herself for being so bold*) I mean—

WAYNE: Maybe you're right, ma'am. Maybe there are other things besides war and killin'. Maybe, with all the dyin' goin' on, there should also be time for livin'. You know somethin'? . . . For the rest of this evenin', I'd like to think of nothin' but good and decent things . . . like democracy and brotherhood . . . and you. (*Rising from his chair*) But first, I got a little job to do.

MILLER: What kind of job, Texas?

WAYNE (*indicating a man standing nearby*): I'm gonna get that dirty Nip over there.

MILLER (*grabbing his arm*): Texas, that's Keye Luke! He's Chinese!

WAYNE (*sitting down reluctantly*): All them gooks look alike to me!

CUT TO CLARK and RAYE on the dance floor. They have just stopped jitterbugging and have joined a large circle of people who are watching a NEGRO SOLDIER and a NEGRO WAC doing a wild lindy. They dance with lightning speed. He lifts her into the air, throws her over his back, pulls her down, shoots her



"Well, why do you come to parties, if you don't want to ball?"

under his legs and lifts her up again. They spin around and dance at an incredible pace, then finally stop to tumultuous applause.

CLARK (to the NEGRO SOLDIER): Solid, Jackson!

NEGRO SOLDIER: Thanks, boss.
He shuffles off slowly to a table in the rear of the hall.

CUT TO MILLER and WAYNE at the table. A burly sailor (MIKE MAZURKI) taps MILLER on the shoulder.

MAZURKI: Hey, hot patootie, let's you and me take a little spin on the dance floor.

MILLER (looking at WAYNE): Well, I—
WAYNE (to MAZURKI): Back off, swab jockey. . . . The lady's with me.

MAZURKI: Says who, gyrene?
WAYNE: Says me, that's who.

MILLER: Texas, please don't fight . . . not on my account.

WAYNE rises. He and MAZURKI square off, then proceed to take turns punching each other in the mouth.

CUT TO a group of MARINES in the rear of the Canteen.

MARINE ONE: Hey, leathernecks . . . trouble with the swabbies.

MARINE TWO: Where?

MARINE ONE: Two fidgets left of the bandstand.

MARINE TWO: Lead us to it.

CUT TO a group of SAILORS in another part of the Canteen.

SAILOR ONE: Let's go, mates. The Marines have landed.

SAILOR TWO: Let's land on the Marines.

CUT TO WAYNE and MAZURKI knocking each other down. Other SAILORS and MARINES arrive and they begin punching one another, stopping only long enough to sock a bunch of SOLDIERS who throw themselves into the fray. A mad, wild inter-Service brawl goes into full swing with liberal socking, kicking and smashing over heads of chairs and tables. By this time, WAYNE has MAZURKI pretty much at his mercy and is knocking him down, picking him up and knocking him down again.

WAYNE (punching MAZURKI): Here's one from the halls of Montezuma. . . . (Drags him up by the collar) And here's one from the shores of Tripoli. . . . (Knocks him down again)

CUT TO BETTE DAVIS on the bandstand, trying to make herself heard over the battle.

DAVIS: FELLOWS, PLEASE! . . . PLEASE STOP, FELLOWS!

Slowly, the battle subsides and all is quiet again.

DAVIS: Listen to me, you wonderful bunch of GIs. . . . I realize you have a lot of tension inside you that has to come out. But why waste it on each other? Let's save some of that for the Ratzis and the sneaky sons of Nippon. Come on, let's shake hands and make up. What do you say?

CUT TO WAYNE holding the helpless MAZURKI by the collar, with his fist drawn

back. MAZURKI, who has absorbed at least 15 punches to the mouth, is amazingly devoid of battle scars, save for a slight scratch over his right eye.

WAYNE (grudgingly putting down his fist and propping MAZURKI up against the wall): Well, maybe she's right. . . . (Extending his right hand) Put 'er there, swabbie.

MAZURKI (taking WAYNE's hand): Well, I guess we're all in this together, gyrene.

Suddenly, all the combatants begin shaking hands and throwing their arms around each other's shoulders. They then break into the rousing, patriotic number "We're All Yanks Together."

After the song, CUT TO the bandstand. CHARLIE SPIVAK and his band start playing a soft, dreamy fox trot. CUT TO the dance floor, where couples are gliding by. Keep PANNING until we STOP and CLOSE IN ON MC CALLISTER and HUTTON. They are dancing cheek to cheek.

MC CALLISTER: Golly, Sally, just think, here we are, dancing and having fun, and in only a few minutes, all us GIs here will be shoving off for overseas.

HUTTON (stunned): In a few minutes? All of you? Where did you hear that?

MC CALLISTER: From the attendant back there in the latrine.

HUTTON: But how can you believe an attendant in the latrine?

MC CALLISTER (fatalistically): Sally, would Walter Pidgeon lie?

She looks at him sadly and they dance silently for a while.

MC CALLISTER: Gee, Sally, I never danced with anyone like this before. I mean, Mom and I used to do-si-do together sometimes, but—

HUTTON: You're doing just fine, Bob.

MC CALLISTER (looking at her intently): You know what I wish, Sally? I wish this mess was over and . . . well, us two . . . I mean, you and me . . . I mean, what I'm trying to say is . . . I mean, certain things have to be said and I'd like to say what I have to say, because—

HUTTON: Bob, believe me. I know what you're trying to say. And there's nobody I want more to say what he has to say than I want you to say what you have to say.

MC CALLISTER: I'm glad, because, Sally, what I'm trying to say is—
SALLY: Don't say it.

She breaks into the poignant strains of "Give Me Your Khaki Heart." The entire Canteen joins in as the lights are lowered. PAN TO couples swaying, dancing, singing and blinking away tears, overcome by the meaningful words. CUT TO the bandstand. The song ends and the lights go up. KAY KYSER and his band break into the stirring patriotic song "We'll Knock the Axis Right on Their Backs." As GINNY SIMMS, HARRY BABBITT and ISH KABIBBLE sing out the rousing lyrics, all the Servicemen in the Canteen fall into line, each man with a girl on

his arm. Rhythmically, they march out the back door onto Cahuenga Boulevard.

CUT TO the long line of guys and gals swinging onto Sunset Boulevard and heading for Union Station. We see WAYNE and MILLER, CLARK and RAYE. Then we STOP and HOLD ON MC CALLISTER and HUTTON, gazing tenderly at each other as they march. Suddenly, we hear a horn honking.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of a civilian (EDDIE BRACKEN) in a car. He is honking his horn and waving.

BRACKEN (calling): Sally! I'm over here!

CUT BACK TO HUTTON. She spies BRACKEN.

HUTTON: Golly, it's Freddie. I forgot all about our date tonight.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of MC CALLISTER. He is visibly shaken.

MC CALLISTER: Sally, what date? Who is that?

HUTTON (breaking away from him): Bob, I must straighten something out, but I'll be right back. I'll meet you at the station.

MC CALLISTER: But, Sally—

HUTTON: Bob, I can't talk now. I promise I'll explain later. . . . Trust me.

MC CALLISTER: Sally, you can't—

HUTTON (rushing off, stops and looks back): Bob, remember what you were trying to say to me before?

MC CALLISTER: I remember.

HUTTON: Well, what you were trying to say to me, I've been trying to say to you. (She runs over to the car and jumps in)

MC CALLISTER (calling): Sally, what were you trying to say to me?

HUTTON (calling back): It goes without saying. (The car zooms off)

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of MC CALLISTER. He waves once, sadly, then, straightening his shoulders, he continues marching . . . the only Serviceman on Sunset Boulevard without a gal.

CUT TO Union Station. A train is waiting to pull out. All around, we can see Servicemen saying goodbye to civilians.

We COME UP ON MC CALLISTER, CLARK, WAYNE, MILLER and RAYE.

MC CALLISTER (looking off into the distance): She's not coming.

RAYE: Stop worrying, ya big lug. She'll be here.

CUT TO BRACKEN and HUTTON pushing BRACKEN's car into a gas station. On the pump we see a sign, SORRY, NO GAS TODAY. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

CUT BACK TO Union Station.

MC CALLISTER: I tell you, she's not coming.

RAYE: Listen to me, soldier. That lousy fou-F means nothing to her.

MC CALLISTER (bitterly): Nothing, hah!

CUT TO HUTTON running down Sunset Boulevard, alone, trying to hitch a ride.

CUT BACK TO Union Station.

MC CALLISTER: She doesn't want to see me anymore.

RAYE: Doesn't want to see you? . . . (She punches him affectionately on the

A. Crispin



"Just swim out and symbolically offer yourself to Looa-Looa, the ancient Polynesian sea god. Otherwise, we'll get crummy surf."

shoulder) You big palooka! Don't you know the gal loves you?

CUT TO HUTTON fighting through the crowds outside Union Station.

CUT BACK TO the station.
TRAINMAN: All aboard!

The men pick up their duffel bags. CLARK kisses RAYE and WAYNE kisses MILLER. The GIs hop onto the rear platform of the train. MC CALLISTER continues to look off into the distance, in vain, for HUTTON. As the train begins to pull out, RAYE and MILLER run for it.

WAYNE (to MILLER): So long, gal. I'll send you a V-mail letter.

MILLER (through tears): Texas, when you get over there, give 'em . . . heck!

RAYE (running and calling after CLARK): Don't forget to write!

CLARK: I won't.

RAYE (dabbing her eyes): And, Brooklyn, will you give those tyrants a message from all of us on the home front?

CLARK: I sure will, Irene. What is it?

RAYE (choked up with patriotic fervor): Tell all those Japs that . . . that we Yanks are no saps!

CLARK gives her a thumbs-up sign.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of MC CALLISTER. He takes one final look, sighs, then vanishes inside the train, followed by the others. PULL BACK to the station. LONG SHOT of train disappearing.

CUT BACK TO the girls. Suddenly, we see HUTTON running up to them breathlessly. HUTTON (gasping): Oh, golly, I got here as fast as I could. . . . The car . . . gasp . . . broke down . . . puff-puff. . . . Oh, don't tell me I missed him? . . . Gee, now he'll never know how much I . . .

how much I . . . (She breaks down in sobs)

RAYE: I'm sure he knows, kiddo.

MILLER (consoling her): Don't be so hard on yourself, honey.

HUTTON (looking up through glassy eyes): Kids, I've got to do something for Bob . . . for all the Bobs and all the Brooklyns and all the Texases. Will you help me?

RAYE: We're doing all we can. What else can we do?

HUTTON: Let's go over to the Red Cross right now and give blood again.

RAYE: But we just gave this morning.

HUTTON: We won't tell.

PULL BACK. HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT of the three girls walking through the station.

QUICK CUT TO STOCK SHOTS of bombs falling, shells bursting, ships firing.

CUT TO CLARK on the deck of a destroyer in the Pacific, firing away at Japanese planes.

CUT TO a beach at Okinawa. We see WAYNE charging a Japanese position, pulling grenade pins with his teeth.

CUT TO a command-post bunker in France. The commanding officer (VAN HEFLIN) is standing at a blackboard, erasing names.

HEFLIN: O'Hara . . . Wiznowski . . . Greenstein . . . Meglioli . . . the cream of my company . . . gone, all gone!

Suddenly, MC CALLISTER comes staggering into the bunker. His combat clothes are torn, his face grimy with battlefield mud.

MC CALLISTER (saluting weakly): Sir, Private Kinkaid reporting and requesting permission to go on patrol.

HEFLIN: Patrol? Are you insane, man?

You just came off patrol. You've been on sixteen patrols in the past two days. . . . (Looking at him carefully) I could be mistaken, soldier, but I get the feeling you don't care if you come out of this War alive or not. (Tenderly) Is something bothering you, son? Care to talk about it? (MC CALLISTER shakes his head dumbly) Trouble at home? (Again, he shakes his head) A girl? (MC CALLISTER stiffens, then shakes his head once more) MC CALLISTER (almost by rote): Sir, Private Kinkaid requesting permission to go on patrol.

HEFLIN (sighing): Very well, soldier.

MC CALLISTER salutes feebly and staggers out. HEFLIN flops down wearily at his desk.

HEFLIN: Who am I, God or somebody? Sending those green kids out into that . . . that hell! (He pours himself four fingers of bourbon, swallows it, then slumps forward, burying his head in his hands)

CUT TO an American patrol running across a field. Shells are bursting all around. A soldier throws up his hands and falls to the ground. CUT TO CLOSE-UP of the soldier. It is MC CALLISTER.

DISSOLVE TO MC CALLISTER's face. His eyes are wide open and he is looking up blankly. PULL BACK and we see that he is lying on a cot in a hospital tent. Two doctors (H. B. WARNER and LEWIS STONE) are standing over him.

WARNER: Strangest case I've ever seen. Mild concussion. But all medical evidence indicates he should have recovered.

STONE: And yet he just lies there day and night, responding to nothing.

WARNER: I seem to get the feeling that he doesn't want to get better . . . and yet, I know he's not gold-bricking.

STONE (looking upward, meaningfully): I guess it's out of our hands now. (They walk out of the tent)

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of MC CALLISTER's face. He is still staring at the ceiling blankly, his eyes unblinking. It is deathly silent in the hospital tent. We HOLD for a moment. Suddenly, we hear a soft, sweet, feminine voice singing the poignant lyrics of "Give Me Your Khaki Heart." MC CALLISTER's eyes waver a bit; then they blink; emotion begins to creep back across his face. With a faltering voice, he joins in the chorus. Then he suddenly turns his head.

CUT TO the entrance of the tent. Standing there is HUTTON, immaculately attired in a Special Services uniform.

CUT BACK TO MC CALLISTER. He sits up in his cot. HUTTON comes running to him. They embrace on the cot (over the covers, with their feet firmly touching the floor).

MC CALLISTER: Oh, Sally, Sally, Sally, is it really you?

HUTTON: Bob, I wanted so much to see you again, to explain what happened in Hollywood. But I never thought it



"I bet old lady Wardell was really something in her younger days."

would happen. And then Sam Goldwyn, who heard me singing to you at the Canteen, gave me a screen test and Al Jolson saw the test and he happened to have this opening in his U.S.O. troupe and he asked me to join him and our first stop just happened to be here in France and I happened to have this headache and I happened to stop off here at this hospital to get an aspirin and I happened to come into your tent by mistake and—

MC CALLISTER (*putting his finger on her lips*): Please, no explanations. You're here, that's all that counts. (*He kisses her and then he gets up, goes behind a screen and emerges fully dressed*)

HUTTON: Bob, where are you going?

MC CALLISTER: Thanks to you, Sally, I'm fully recovered. And now I've got to rejoin my company. From here, my outfit pushes out for Bastogne. And from there, we go to Remagen. And then on to Berlin. So I guess it's goodbye again.

HUTTON: Wait a minute. Did you say Bastogne, Remagen and Berlin?

MC CALLISTER: That's right.

HUTTON: Why, darling, what a fantastic coincidence. That's exactly where our U.S.O. troupe is headed.

MC CALLISTER: You mean . . . ?

HUTTON: Darling, we'll be in this thing together. True, you'll be fighting and I'll be singing. But we won't be that far apart.

MC CALLISTER (*with great emotion*): Sally, I consider myself the luckiest Yank alive. . . . (*He pulls away from her*) But now, it's time to go. The job is not finished yet.

CUT TO MC CALLISTER and HUTTON, both in uniform, marching arm in arm across a large field. The two are suddenly superimposed over STOCK SHOTS of war plants. We see workers turning out ships, guns, shells.

VOICE-OVER (WESTBROOK VAN VOORHIS): No. Bob and Sally, the job is not finished yet. There are still planes and ships to build and more guns and more shells.

The stirring strains of "We'll Knock the Axis Right on Their Backs" begin to build slowly in the background. Linking arms with HUTTON and MC CALLISTER now are CLARK and RAYE (*in a wave's uniform*). CUT TO STOCK SHOTS of men marching into induction centers.

VOICE-OVER: From the factories, from the hills, from the teeming slums, from the farms across the breadbasket of a great nation, they come to feed the fires of victory.

CUT BACK TO the field. Linking arms with the foursome now are WAYNE and MILLER (*in a nurse's uniform*). The song builds in intensity. We keep pulling back and we see our six friends linked arm in arm with BETTE DAVIS, JAMES CAG-

NEY, RITA HAYWORTH, ALEXIS SMITH, all the stars and all the bands from the Canteen; also IDA LUPINO, DENNIS MORGAN and just about everyone else under contract to Warner Bros. As we keep PULLING FARTHER BACK, we see one long, almost unending line of people marching arm in arm. As the song gets louder, we see falling in behind our cast soldiers, sailors and Marines—not only from this nation but from France, Britain, Russia, Canada and other Allied countries. The song continues to crescendo.

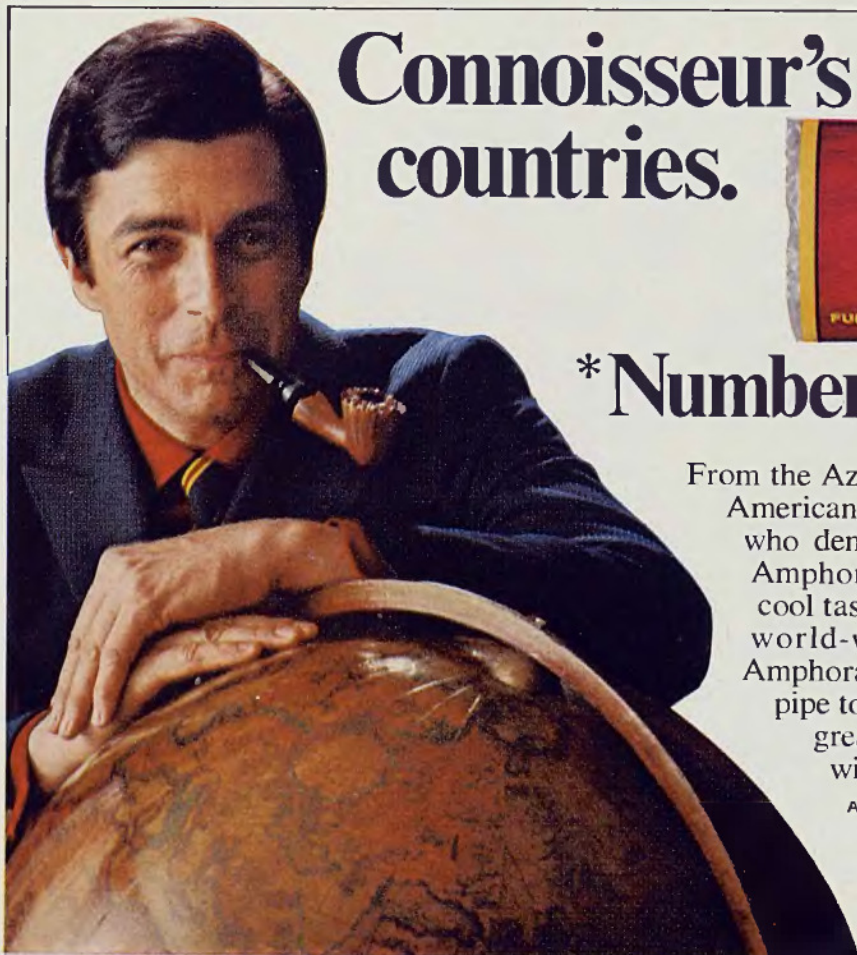
VOICE-OVER (*shouting above the music*): While the price of freedom is high, it is a price we are all willing to pay. Are you listening, Messrs. Hirohito and Tojo? And, as for that man with the funny mustache, here's a message shouted loud and clear by the entire free world: WE WILL NEVER HEIL A HEEL!

CUT TO a gigantic mass of planes flying overhead in V formation. QUICK SHOTS of guns roaring. Then CUT TO huge STOCK SHOTS of FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, WINSTON CHURCHILL, CHARLES DE GAULLE, JOSEPH STALIN and CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

CUT TO HIGH OVERHEAD SHOT, looking down at the hundreds of marching people as the music gets still louder. Suddenly, all bring their hands up in a salute.

VOICE-OVER: Bye-bye! . . . BUY BONDS!

SLOW FADE to black.



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LEVIATHAN!

(continued from page 122)

minutes off. That took considerable research, Svetz. The treasury raised our budget for this year, so that we could get that whale."

Svetz nodded.

"Just be sure you've got a whale before you call for the big extension cage."

Now, 1200 years earlier, Svetz followed an underwater source of nervous impulse. The signal was intensely powerful. It could not be anything smaller than an adult bull sperm whale.

A shadow formed in the air to his right. Svetz watched it take shape: a great gray-blue sphere floating beside him. Around the rim of the door were anti-gravity beamers and heavy-duty stun guns. The opposite side of the sphere wasn't there; it simply faded away.

To Svetz, that was the most frightening thing about any time machine: the way it seemed to turn a corner that wasn't there.

Svetz was almost over the signal. Now he used the remote controls to swing the anti-gravity beamers around and down.

He had them locked on the source. He switched them on and dials surged.

Leviathan was *heavy*. More massive than Svetz had expected. He upped the power and watched the NAI needle swing as Leviathan rose invisibly through the water.

Where the surface of the water bulged upward under the attack of the anti-gravity beams, a shadow formed. Leviathan rising. . . .

Was there something wrong with the shape?

Then a trembling spherical bubble of water rose, shivering, from the ocean, and Leviathan was within it.

Partly within it. He was too big to fit, though he should not have been.

He was four times as massive as a sperm whale should have been and a dozen times as long. He looked nothing like the crystal Steuben sculpture. Leviathan was a kind of serpent, armored with red-bronze scales as big as a viking's shield, armed with teeth like ivory spears. His triangular jaws gaped wide. As he floated toward Svetz, he writhed, seeking with his bulging yellow eyes for whatever strange enemy had subjected him to this indignity.

Svetz was paralyzed with fear and indecision. Neither then nor later did he doubt that what he saw was the Biblical Leviathan. This had to be the largest beast that had ever roamed the sea; a beast large enough and fierce enough to be synonymous with anything big and destructive. Yet—if the crystal sculpture was anything like representational, this was not a sperm whale at all.

In any case, he was far too big for the extension cage.

Indecision stayed his hand—and then

Svetz stopped thinking entirely, as the great slitted irises found him.

The beast was floating past him. Around its waist was a sphere of weightless water that shrank steadily as gobbets dripped away and rained back to the sea. The beast's nostrils flared—it was obviously an air breather, though not a cetacean.

It stretched, reaching for Svetz with gaping jaws.

Teeth like scores of elephant's tusks all in a row. Polished and needle-sharp. Svetz saw them close about him from above and below, while he sat frozen in fear.

At the last moment, he shut his eyes tight.

When death did not come, Svetz opened his eyes.

The jaws had not entirely closed on Svetz and his armchair. He heard them grinding faintly against—against the invisible surface of the extension cage, whose existence Svetz had forgotten entirely.

Svetz resumed breathing. He would return home with an empty extension cage, to face the wrath of Ra Chen—a fate better than death. He moved his fingers to cut the anti-gravity beams from the big extension cage.

Metal whined against metal. Svetz whiffed hot oil, while red lights blinked on all over his lunch-tray control board. He hastily turned the beams on again.

The red lights blinked out, one by reluctant one.

Through the transparent shell, Svetz could hear the grinding of teeth. Leviathan was trying to chew his way into the extension cage.

His released weight had nearly torn the cage loose from the rest of the time machine. Svetz would have been stranded in the past, 100 miles out to sea, in a broken extension cage that probably wouldn't float, with an angry sea monster waiting to snap him up. No, he couldn't turn off the anti-gravity beamers.

But the beamers were on the big extension cage, and he couldn't hold it more than about 15 minutes longer. When the big cage was gone, what would prevent Leviathan from pulling him to his doom?

"I'll stun him off," said Svetz.

There was dark-red palate above him and red gums and forking tongue beneath, and the long curved fangs all around. But between the two rows of teeth, Svetz could see the big extension cage and the battery of stunners around the door. By eye, he rotated the stunners until they pointed straight toward Leviathan.

"I must be out of my mind," said Svetz, and he spun the stunners away from him. He couldn't fire them at Leviathan without hitting himself.

And Leviathan wouldn't let go.

Trapped.

No, he thought with a burst of relief. He could escape with his life. The go-home lever would send his small extension cage out from between the jaws of Leviathan, back into the time stream, back to the institute. His mission had failed, but that was hardly his fault. Why had Ra Chen been unable to uncover mention of a sea serpent bigger than a sperm whale?

"It's all his fault," said Svetz. And he reached for the go-home lever. But he stayed his hand.

"I can't just tell him so," he said. For Ra Chen terrified him.

The grinding of teeth came through the extension cage.

"Hate to just quit," said Svetz. "Think I'll try something. . . ."

He could see the anti-gravity beamers by looking between the teeth. He could feel their influence, so nearly were they focused on the extension cage itself. If he focused them just on himself. . . .

He felt the change; he felt both strong and lightheaded, like a drunken ballet master. And if he now narrowed the focus. . . .

The monster's teeth seemed to grind harder. Svetz looked between them, as best he could.

Leviathan was no longer floating. He was hanging straight down from the extension cage, hanging by his teeth. The anti-gravity beamers still balanced the pull of his mass, but now they did so by pulling straight up on the extension cage.

The monster was in obvious distress. Naturally. A water beast, he was supporting his own mass for the first time in his life. And by his teeth! His yellow eyes rolled frantically. His tail twitched slightly at the very tip. And still he clung.

"Let go," said Svetz. "Let go, you . . . monster."

The monster's teeth slid, screeching, down the transparent surface, and he fell.

Svetz cut the anti-gravity a fraction of a second late. He smelled burnt oil and there were tiny red lights blinking off one by one on his lunch-tray control board.

Leviathan hit the water with a sound of thunder. His long, sinuous body rolled over and floated to the surface and lay as if dead. But his tail flicked once and Svetz knew that he was alive.

"I could kill you," said Svetz. "Hold the stunners on you until you're dead. There's time."

But he still had ten minutes to search for a sperm whale. It wasn't time enough. It didn't begin to be time enough, but if he used it all. . . .

The sea serpent flicked its tail and began to swim away. Once, he rolled to look at Svetz and his jaws opened wide

in fury. He finished his roll and was fleeing again.

"Just a minute," Svetz said thickly. "Just a science-perverting minute, there." And he swung the stunners to focus.

Gravity behaved strangely inside an extension cage. While the cage was moving forward in time, down was all directions outward from the center of the cage. Svetz was plastered against the curved wall. He waited for the trip to end.

Seasickness was nothing compared with the motion sickness of time travel.

Free fall, then normal gravity. Svetz moved unsteadily to the door.

Ra Chen was waiting to help him out. "Did you get it?"

"Leviathan? No, sir." Svetz looked past his boss. "Where's the big extension cage?"

"We're bringing it back slowly, to minimize the gravitational side effects. But if you don't have the whale—"

"I said I don't have Leviathan."

"Well, just what do you have?" Ra Chen demanded.

Somewhat later, he said, "It wasn't?"

Later yet, he said, "You killed him? Why, Svetz? Pure spite?"

"No, sir. It was the most intelligent thing I did during the entire trip."

"But why? Never mind, Svetz, here's the big extension cage." A gray-blue shadow congealed in the hollow cradle of the time machine. "And there does seem to be something in it. Hi, you idiots, throw an anti-gravity beam inside the cage! Do you want the beast crushed?"

The cage had arrived. Ra Chen waved an arm in signal. The door opened.

Something tremendous hovered within the big extension cage. It looked like a malevolent white mountain in there, peering back at its captors with a single tiny, angry eye. It was trying to get at Ra Chen, but it couldn't swim in air.

Its other eye was only a torn socket. One of its flippers was ripped along the trailing edge. Rips and ridges and puckers of scar tissue, and a forest of broken wood and broken steel, marked its tremendous expanse of albino skin. Lines trailed from many of the broken harpoons. High up on one flank, bound to the beast by broken and tangled lines, was the corpse of a bearded man with one leg.

"Hardly in mint condition, is he?" Ra Chen observed.

"Be careful, sir. He's a killer. I saw him ram a sailing ship and sink it clean before I could focus the stunners on him."

"What amazes me is that you found him at all in the time you had left. Svetz, I do not understand your luck. Or am I missing something?"

"It wasn't luck, sir. It was the most intelligent thing I did the entire trip."

"You said that before. About killing Leviathan."

Svetz hurried to explain. "The sea serpent was just leaving the vicinity. I wanted to kill him, but I knew I didn't have the time. I was about to leave myself, when he turned back and bared his teeth.

"He was an obvious carnivore. Those teeth were built strictly for killing, sir. I should have noticed earlier. And I could think of only one animal big enough to feed a carnivore that size."

"Ahhh. Brilliant, Svetz."

"There was corroborative evidence. Our research never found any mention of giant sea serpents. The great geological surveys of the First Century Post-Atomic should have turned up something. Why didn't they?"

"Because the sea serpent quietly died out two centuries earlier, after whalers killed off his food supply."

Svetz colored. "Exactly. So I turned the stunners on Leviathan before he could swim away and I kept the stunners

on him until the NAI said he was dead. I reasoned that if Leviathan was there, there must be whales in the vicinity."

"And Leviathan's nervous output was masking the signal."

"Sure enough, it was. The moment he was dead, the NAI registered another signal. I followed it to"—Svetz jerked his head. They were floating the whale out of the extension cage—"to him."

Days later, two men stood on one side of a thick glass wall.

"We took some clones from him, then passed him on to the secretary-general's vivarium," said Ra Chen. "Pity you had to settle for an albino." He waved aside Svetz's protest: "I know, I know, you were pressed for time."

Beyond the glass, the one-eyed whale glared at Svetz through murky sea water. Surgeons had removed most of the harpoons, but scars remained along his flanks; and Svetz, awed, wondered how long the beast had been at war with man. Centuries? How long did sperm whales live?

Ra Chen lowered his voice. "We'd all be in trouble if the secretary-general found out that there was once a bigger animal than this. You understand that, don't you, Svetz?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good." Ra Chen's gaze swept across another glass wall and a fire-breathing Gila monster. Farther down, a horse looked back at him along the dangerous spiral horn in its forehead.

"Always we find the unexpected," said Ra Chen. "Sometimes I wonder. . . ."

If you'd do your research better, Svetz thought. . . .

"Did you know that time travel wasn't even a concept until the First Century Ante-Atomic? A writer invented it. From then until the Fourth Century Post-Atomic, time travel was pure fantasy. It violates everything the scientists thought were natural laws. Logic. Conservation of matter and energy. Momentum, reaction, any law of motion that makes time a part of the statement. Relativity.

"It strikes me," said Ra Chen, "that every time we push an extension cage past that particular five-century period, we shove it into a world that isn't really natural. That's why you keep finding giant sea serpents and fire-breathing—"

"That's nonsense," said Svetz. He was afraid of his boss, yes; but there were limits.

"You're right," Ra Chen said instantly. Almost with relief. "Take a month's vacation, Svetz, then back to work. The secretary-general wants a bird."

"A bird?" Svetz smiled. A bird sounded harmless enough. "I suppose he found it in another children's book?"

"That's right. Ever hear of a roc?"



"One of you was great, two were soso and one was lousy."

LAST MAGICIAN (continued from page 138)

fold, and one shepherd. . . My sheep hear my voice . . . and they follow me."

These words, spoken by the carpenter from Nazareth, are those of a world changer. They passed boundaries, whispered in the ears of galley slaves: "One fold, one shepherd. Follow me." These are no longer the wrathful words of a jealous city ravager, a local potentate god. They mark, instead, a rejection of purely material goals, a turning toward some inner light. As these ideas diffused, they were, of course, subject to the wear of time and superstition; but the human ethic of the individual prophets and thinkers has outlasted empires. These men speak to us across the ages. In their various approaches to life, they encouraged the common man toward charity and humility. They did not come with weapons; instead, they bespoke man's purpose to subdue his animal nature and, in so doing, to create a radiantly new and noble being. These were the dreams of the first millennium B.C., and tormented man still pursues these dreams today.

Earlier, I mentioned Plato's path into the light that blinds the man who has lived in darkness. Out of just such darkness arose the first humanizing influence. It was genuinely the time of the good shepherds. No one can say why these different prophets had such profound effects within the time at their disposal. Nor can we solve the mystery of how they came into existence across the Euro-Asiatic land mass in diverse cultures at roughly the same time. As Jaspers observes, he who can solve this mystery will know something common to all mankind.

In this difficult era, we are still living in the inspirational light of a tremendous historical event, one that opened up the human soul. But if the neophytes were blinded by the light, so, perhaps, the prophets were in turn confused by the human darkness they encountered. The scientific age replaced them. The common man, after brief days of enlightenment, turned once again to escape, propelled outward first by the world voyagers and then by the atom breakers. We have called up vast powers that loom menacingly over us and we turn to outer space as though the sole answer to the unspoken query must be flight, such flight as ancient man engaged in across ice ages and vanished game trails—the flight from nowhere. The good shepherds, meantime, have all faded into the darkness of history. One of them, Jesus, left a cryptic message: "My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me." Even in a time of unbelieving, this carries a warning. For the sender may still be

couched in the body of man, awaiting the end of the story.

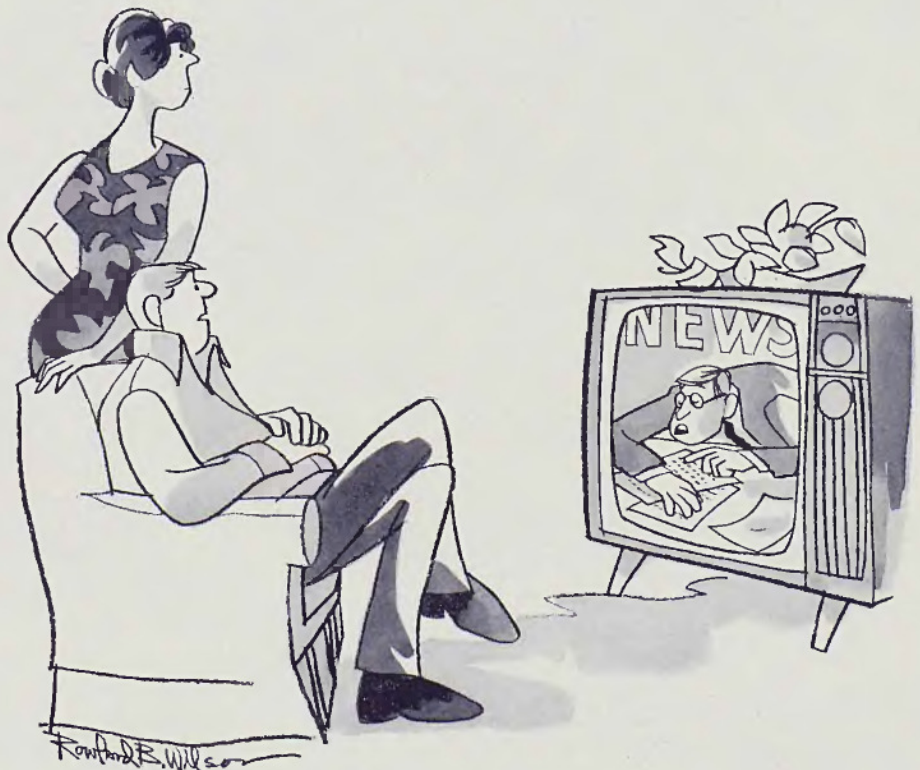
When I was a small boy, I once lived near a brackish stream that wandered over the interminable salt flats south of our town. Between occasional floods, the area became a giant sunflower forest taller than the head of a man. Child gangs roved this wilderness, and guerrilla combats with sunflower spears sometimes took place when boys from the other side of the marsh ambushed the hidden trails. Now and then, when a raiding party sought a new path, one could see from high ground the sunflower heads shaking and closing over the passage of the life below. In some such manner, nature's green barriers must have trembled and subsided in silence behind the footsteps of the first man apes who stumbled out of the vine-strewn morass of centuries into the full sunlight of human consciousness.

The sunflower forest of personal and racial childhood is relived in every human generation. One reaches the high ground and all is quiet in the shaken reeds. The nodding golden flowers spring up indifferently behind us and the way backward is lost when finally we turn to look. There is something unutterably secretive involved in man's intrusion into his second world, into the mutable

domain of thought. Perhaps he questions still his right to be there. Some act unknown, some propitiation of unseen forces is demanded of him. For this purpose he has raised pyramids and temples, but all in vain. A greater sacrifice is demanded, the act of a truly great magician, the man capable of transforming himself. For what increasingly is required of man is that he pursue the paradox of *return*. So desperate has been the human emergence from fen and thicket, so great has seemed the virtue of a single magical act carried beyond nature that man hesitates, as long ago I shuddered to confront a phantom on a stair.

Written deep in the human subconscious is a simple terror of what has come with us from the forest and that sometimes haunts our dreams. Man does not wish to retrace his steps down to the margin of the reeds and peer within, lest by some magic he be permanently recaptured. Instead, men prefer to hide in cities of their own devising. I know a New Yorker who, when she visits the country, complains that the crickets keep her awake. I knew another who had to be awakened screaming from a nightmare of whose nature he would never speak. As for me, a longtime student of the past, I, too, have my visitants.

The dreams are true. By no slight effort have we made our way through the marshes. Something unseen has come



"You should have heard him before he took the speed-reading course."

along with each of us. The reeds sway shut, but not as definitively as we would wish. It is the price one pays for bringing almost the same body through two worlds. The animal's needs are very old; it must sometimes be *coaxed* into staying in its new discordant realm. As a consequence, all advanced religions have realized that the soul must not be allowed to linger, yearning, at the edge of the sunflower forest.

The curious sorcery of sound symbols and written hieroglyphs in man's new brain have lured him farther and farther from the swaying reeds. Temples would better contain his thought and fix his dreams upon the stars in the night sky. A creature who has once passed from visible nature into the ghostly insubstantial world evolved and projected from his own mind will never cease to pursue thereafter the worlds beyond this world. Nevertheless, the paradox remains: Man's crossing into the realm of space has forced him to turn and contemplate with renewed intensity the world of the sunflower forest—the ancient world of the body that he is doomed to inhabit, the body that completes his cosmic prison.

Not long ago, I chanced to fly over a forested section of country that, in my youth, was still an unfrequented wilderness. Across it now, suburbia was spreading. Below, like the fungus upon a fruit, I could see the radiating lines of transport gouged through the naked earth. From far up in the wandering air, one could see the lines stretching over the horizon. They led to cities clothed in a blue, unmoving haze of smog. From my remote position in the clouds, I could gaze upon all below and watch the illness as it spread its slimy tendrils through the watershed.

Farther out, I knew, on the astronauts' track, the earth would hang in silver light and the seas hold their ancient blue. Man would be invisible, the creeping white rootlets of his urban growth equally unseen. The cloud-covered planet would appear the same as when the first men stole warily along a trail in the forest. Of one thing, however, the scientists of the space age have informed us: Earth is an inexpressibly unique possession. In the entire solar system, it alone possesses water and oxygen sufficient to nourish higher life. It alone contains the seeds of mind. Mercury bakes in an inferno of heat beside the sun; something strange has twisted the destiny of Venus; Mars is a chill desert; Pluto is a cold wisp of reflected light over three billion miles away on the edge of the black void. Only on earth does life's green engine fuel the oxygen-devouring brain.

For centuries, we have dreamed of intelligent beings throughout this solar system. We have been wrong; the earth

we have taken for granted and treated so casually—the sunflower-shaded forest of man's infancy—is an incredibly precious planetary jewel. We are, all of us—man, beast and growing plant—aboard a spaceship of limited dimensions whose journey began so long ago that we have abandoned one set of gods and are in the process of substituting another in the shape of science. The axial religions had sought to persuade man to transcend his own nature; they had pictured to him limitless perspectives of self-mastery. But science in our time has opened to man the prospect of limitless power over exterior nature. Its technicians sometimes seem, in fact, to have proffered us the power of the void as though flight were the most important value on earth.

"We've got to spend everything we have, if necessary, to get off this planet," one representative of the aerospace industry remarked to me recently.

"Why?" I asked, not averse to flight but a little bewildered by his seeming desperation.

"Because," he insisted, his face turning red, as though from some deep inner struggle, "because," then he flung at me what I suspect he thought my kind of science would take seriously, "because of the ice—the ice is coming back, that's why."

Finally, as though to make everything official, one of the space-agency administrators was quoted in *Newsweek* shortly after the astronauts had returned from the moon: "Should man," this official said, "fall back from his destiny . . . the confines of this planet will destroy him."

It was a strange way to consider our planet, I thought, closing the magazine and brooding over this sudden distaste for life at home. Why was there this hidden anger, this longing for flight, these threats for those who remained on earth? Some powerful and not entirely scientific impulse seemed to be tugging at the heart of man. Was it fear of his own mounting numbers, the creeping of the fungus threads? But where, then, did these men intend to flee? The solar system stretched bleak and cold and crater-strewn before my mind. The nearest star was four light-years and many human generations away. I held up the magazine once more. Here and here alone, photographed so beautifully from outer space, was that blue jewel—compounded of water and of living green—that gave us birth. Yet, upon the page, the words repeated themselves: "This planet will destroy him."

No, I thought, this planet *nourished* man. It took 4,000,000 years to find our way through the sunflower forest and, after that, but a few millenniums to reach the moon. It is not fair to say this planet will destroy us. Space flight is a brave venture, but upon the soaring rockets are projected all the fears and

evasions of man. He has fled across two worlds, from the windy corridors of wild savannas to the sunlit world of the mind, and still he flees. Earth will not destroy him. It is he who threatens to destroy the earth. In sober terms, we are forced to reflect that by enormous expenditure and effort, we have ventured a small way out into the solar system, but we have scarcely begun to penetrate the distances, no less real, that separate man from man.

Creatures who evolve as man has done bear the scar tissue of their evolutionary travels in their bodies. The human cortex, the center of high thought, has come to dominate, but not completely to suppress, the more ancient portions of the animal brain. Perhaps it was from this last wound that my engineer friend was unconsciously fleeing. We know that within our heads there still exists an irrational, restive ghost that can whisper disastrous messages into the ear of reason.

Today, man's increasing numbers and his technological power to pollute his environment reveal a single demanding necessity: the necessity for him consciously to re-enter and preserve, for his own safety, the old first world from which he originally emerged. His second world, drawn from his own brain, has brought him far, but it cannot take him out of nature, nor can he live by escaping into his second world alone. He must now incorporate from the wisdom of the axial thinkers an ethic directed not alone toward his fellows but extended to the living world around him. By way of his cultural world, he must re-enter the sunflower forest he had thought merely to exploit or abandon. He must do this in order to survive. If he succeeds, he will, perhaps, have created a third world that combines elements of the original two and that should bring closer the responsibilities and nobility of character envisioned by those thinkers who may be acclaimed as the creators, if not of man, then of his soul. They expressed, in a pre-scientific era, man's hunger to transcend his own image, a hunger not entirely submerged even beneath the formidable weaponry and technology of the present.

The story of the great saviors, whether Chinese, Indian, Greek or Judaic, is the story of man in the process of enlightening himself, not simply by tools but through the slow inward growth of the mind that made them and may yet master them through knowledge of itself. "The poet, like the lightning rod," Emerson once stated, "must reach from a point nearer the sky than all surrounding objects down to the earth, and into the dark wet soil, or neither is of use." Today, that effort is demanded not only of the poet. In the age of space, it is demanded of all of us. Without it, there can be no survival of mankind, for man himself must be his last magician. He must find his own way home.





"Oh, stop bitching about it, will you? It's all been over and done with for years!"

BUNNIES OF 1970

(continued from page 125)

the Year—Baltimore's lovely Gina Byrams. The difficulty of selecting one reigning beauty out of 800 boggles the mind, but Playboy, ever game, is preparing for another go-round. The finals for the next Bunny Beauty Contest are planned for November at the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Herewith, therefore, we present a readers' and keyholders' guide to Playboy's finest—a selective sampling of the 800 girls from whose ranks the next Bunny of the Year will be chosen. Balloting in individual Clubs began July first and will continue through Labor Day, with top vote getters in each Club being judged by local panels of experts. The 19 winners of these semi-final contests will appear in the November pageant at Lake Geneva.

You may have read statistics on the typical Playboy Bunny. She's five feet, five inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, measures 34-24-34 and is just over 20 years old. Like all generalizations, that one's misleading. There is no assembly-line, standard-model cottontail. Playboy's Bunnies come in all shapes—as long as they're well proportioned—all sizes, colors and national origins.

Take blue-eyed blonde Inga Whealton, who packed her bags two years ago and left her home town of Tampa, Florida, for the lure of Manhattan. "I wanted to prove to myself that I have what it takes to make it on my own in the big city," she says. It took a while, working up through such jobs as salesgirl at Bloomingdale's; but now she's happily combining a career as a Bunny in the New York hutch with another as a fashion model.

En route North, Inga may well have

crossed paths with Carol Vitale, who moved South from Elizabeth, New Jersey, to become a Bunny in Miami. But Cincinnati's Elisa Simone, Chicago's Carol Imhof and Lyn Love, London's Jeannie Dorman and Ella Garland are strictly stay-at-home girls. Mickey Hersch of Boston is a former schoolteacher; Cynthia Hall of Lake Geneva was a dental assistant; Jet Bunny Avis Miller, a bank loan officer; and New York's Ava Faulkner, a medical aide; but becoming a Bunny in St. Louis was the very first job for Barbie Crawford. Both Atlanta's Nicole Cisar and New York's Nikki Minick were Army brats; Miami's Joyce Bennett-Odlum is the daughter of a dairy farmer.

Several current Bunnies have also been featured as PLAYBOY Playmates of the Month and others are being considered for gatefold appearances—for reasons that will appear obvious in the accompanying photographs. Readers will recognize Playmate-Bunny Jean Bell, the transplanted Texan who has been making a hit both in the Los Angeles Club and as a semiregular on CBS-TV's *The Beverly Hillbillies*, and Playmate-Bunny Helena Antonaccio, who had just become a New York cottontail when she appeared in our June 1969 gatefold. And Jet Bunny Linda Donnelly may be seen in double exposure this month—on our cover and on page 129.

The next time you're in one of the Playboy Clubs or Club-Hotels, look around and see whom you'd choose as the winner of your own personal Bunny Beauty Contest. It might be one of the girls shown in this pulchritudinous pictorial. Then again, it might not; after all, there are 769 others, each just as eye-appealing. Since beauty is in the eye of the keyholder, visit the Clubs and judge for yourself. You could be a prize winner!



"Actually, his grip's not too good, but look at that follow-through!!"

ALL SHE NEEDS

(continued from page 118)

good burghers of New York felt this way about her, what must it have been like in Port Arthur, Texas?

In Ann Arbor, they bring her back tumultuously for an encore. She takes a dazed, groping stroll to the organ for a sip or two of B & B from a Styrofoam cup. She feels a need to spit and does so behind the organ. "You're beautiful, Janis!" a short fat youth yells. The encore is *Piece of My Heart*, an old favorite from Big Brother days, and the rubbery-legged dancer to the left of the stage is now peculiarly on his back, with arms and legs flying in the air. The applause is so strong it seems an extension of the amplified music, and Janis is ready to perform till she drops. But inadvertently, the switch is thrown for the house lights and another gig has ended. "We could have kept going, going!" she wails. "They loved us! What dumb asshole is on the lights?"

I move through the huge audience, getting reactions to her performance. A cheerleader-type blonde, with dimples in her cheeks: "There's absolutely no one like her. When she sang that *Summertime*, I cried, it got me so. She reveals herself and it makes you so less ashamed of your own minor hang-ups."

A stocky, finger-snapping girl: "Dynamite, man, dynamite."

They love her so much in Ann Arbor that someone steals her black pants less than five minutes after she changes into purple ones. It is still early in the evening for a musician, and Janis—armed with a bottle of gin against a late-night drought and wondering where her black pants went—goes to Detroit to hear a close white friend play in a small club in the Negro district. It is almost pitch-black inside—some customers using flashlights—and it is far from full. Jeff Karp is Janis' friend, and he plays the harmonica and directs a small group. He has a slight, wiry body, a great bush of hair and a polite, very friendly manner. In a wild, uninhibited set, he makes great sweeping motions, almost touching the floor with his instrument. His head goes back and forth, his elbows in and out, and when he finishes, he can hardly move his lips. It is a marvelous, quite unexpected performance.

"Man, he's good," Janis says. "And you know how much he's getting here? Twenty-five dollars. *Twenty-five!* I'm never going to bitch again when Albert says talk to somebody or I have to ride in the front seat of a limo. No, sir!"

A Negro group comes on to play *Shotgun* and you know the stops are out. Only one mistake is made. Janis is asked to do a number; the applause is moderate; but when she ambles up to the

mike, the Negro band does not know her numbers. She nods thanks to the people and goes back to her seat. At 4:30 in the morning, when she stands to leave, the white manager steps up and says, "It was a pleasure having you here tonight, Janis. Please come back and see us."

"Listen, man, that was a low-class thing you pulled, so don't think you're getting away with it. You knew those guys didn't know my music. Just getting me up there was all you cared about. Low-class-ass thing to do, man, and you can go to hell."

In the car, her anger passes as swiftly as her smile appears. One thing that cheers her up is being able to play a tape of her Ann Arbor performance on the Sony. "Hey, listen to that, man," she says to Jeff, who is with us on the drive back to the motel. "I blew this note here. Listen to it."

Jeff listens but wants to rap about how he came into town yesterday morning with only pocket change. "One of these days, I'm going to be discovered," he says, half mockingly. He is 20. "Man, I am ready."

Janis runs the tape back, puts her ear near the speaker. She thinks she has heard something new. "Hey, listen, listen to what some guy is yelling in the audience. *Man, too much!*" And, sure enough, quite clearly in the background, a fresh adolescent voice comes faintly over the music: "Oh, fuck me, Janis, fuck me!"

At the motel, John Cooke has left a tray with a half-eaten meal outside his door. Janis squats and goes after bits and pieces with her fingers—a crust of hard bread here, a limp green vegetable there. She is trying to keep her weight down and skips as many regular meals as possible. But it's hard for her to pass up food that's just lying there, begging. It is minutes from dawn and a jet passes over so close that the building vibrates. Janis is pinning her hair atop her head, making her look like one of those strong women from pioneer, covered-wagon days. She has placed a scarf over the motel lamp to give a slight illusion of home. A travel clock rests by her bed.

At 8:15 on the nose, John Cooke rouses all hands in no uncertain terms. Then the motel hallway is like a George Price cartoon: heads out of doorways, an arm going down, a leg going up, girls, musical instruments, a thin dazed frame in only Jockey shorts appearing and disappearing. Everyone assures me that they never get up this early in the usual gig, but Janis and the band are to appear on the Ed Sullivan show this Sabbath and rehearsals start in New York at 11. In the front seat of the second car streaking toward the airport, Janis says, "I wanted to look as funky as I could for Ed Sullivan tonight, but damned if I don't think I may be too funky now."

At Newark airport, which looks almost identical to the Detroit airport, there is



*"Do you really want me to brush my hair back?
I have an obscenity painted on my forehead."*

no limousine waiting at the curb. They sit on luggage, instruments snuggled between their legs, watching businessmen and West Point cadets clip by. Finally, their regular limousine driver, a young man who looks terribly hung over, appears from the waiting room. He had been standing inside and failed to see any of them pass by. "Jesus, how could that happen?" he says, and then discovers that he has locked the keys to the limousine inside, the motor running. "I don't believe it. How can this happen to me?" After an hour, it is Snooky Flowers who uses a bent coat hanger to open the door.

"I knew my past training would come in handy someday. Shee-it!"

"Reminds me of how I used to bust into cars down in Texas," Janis says.

The boatlike car glides toward the sunny Manhattan skyline and the driver puts on an Aretha Franklin tape. It is at a moderate volume, but everybody tells him to turn it down—particularly Snooky. It seems peculiar that people who play such earsplitting music themselves in public cannot bear it loud in

their off-hours, but this is the case. Janis herself does not really like to listen to other people's music when she's free—except, on rare occasions, to friends like Jeff Karp. When she is relaxing, she prefers it quiet.

In downtown Manhattan, the driver stops at a delicatessen to get Janis some orange juice as a peace offering for fouling up earlier. (Her friends bring her orange juice as some girls are brought flowers and candy.) At the Ed Sullivan Theater on Broadway, she is given a private dressing room high above the street, but she can't stay in it long. She prefers to jump around backstage; and, as the hours pass, her color comes back and the tiredness seems to leave her face. By eight that night, showtime, she is blowing hair away from her face, getting the motor going. She goes on, taking the black stub of a mike as if it belonged to a human body and wildly letting go. A cluster of freaks in the balcony goes mad, while a graying man in the orchestra shades his eyes and screws up his face, as if pierced by heartburn.

Ed Sullivan shakes her hand after her 173

two numbers but does not ask her to say a few words, as he does some of the acts. Janis' face shows a little hurt. She feels she has given a tremendous performance—knows she has—and she doesn't want to be brought down. With an entourage that includes members of the New York City Ballet, which also appeared on the show this night, Janis rushes down to Max's Kansas City to celebrate and "juice." In the past 48 hours, she has had one and a half hours' sleep. Tomorrow at 11, she flies to San Francisco, where a most important test awaits her.

The city where it all began has changed. Haight-Ashbury—even on a clear, perfect day—has a mean, used-up look, like the littered ground after a rock festival has ended. People who used to walk freely through it at midnight, handing out flowers, now say you have a 50-50 chance of living if you appear there after dark. The hippies—now called freaks or crazies—have spread out into the far reaches of this unique city. Dead-eyed young girls in love beads say, "Got any spare change, mister?" along Market and through North Beach. Long-haired youths in Mackinaws and Indian headbands stride along with their olive-drab sleeping bags, as if a fresh resting place might be just around the corner. And music that used to be special and underground is heard continuously over the popular radio stations.

I climb the steps to Janis' apartment in the Mission district. (She has since moved to a home of her own near Sausalito—equipped with pool table and a bank of glass walls that look out over a forest of redwoods.) Linda, one of her two roommates, greets me. She is tall, dark-haired and built with many outstanding curves. She came to San Francisco eight years ago, put up with one day of officework and then fled. She modeled for cheesecake and lost interest; she married and that didn't work. She grew up an orphan. The front door flies open and Janis falls in, with groceries in both arms. "Hey, grab this, man. Take this here." Behind her is Sunshine, the second roommate. Sunshine is a blonde with a very loose, hip-swinging stride. She is a quarter Indian and for a while lived on a reservation in Wisconsin. Her childhood left much to be desired and high school, while it lasted, was miserable. She has known Janis since the days when both were "on the street" but has been a member of the household only a few weeks. Liberated is not exactly the word for the two roommates. They are ballsy, down to earth—but beneath are a vulnerability and hurt that go unarticulated, except sometimes through their eyes. All three girls are Capricorns.

"Man, what a *bummer* today!" Janis says, and then tells how she and Sunshine couldn't get service in the Buena Vista, a fashionable bar near Fisherman's

Wharf. The waitress had giggled at their outfits and wouldn't serve them. Finally, Janis had to call the manager and tell him who she was. They got free drinks then.

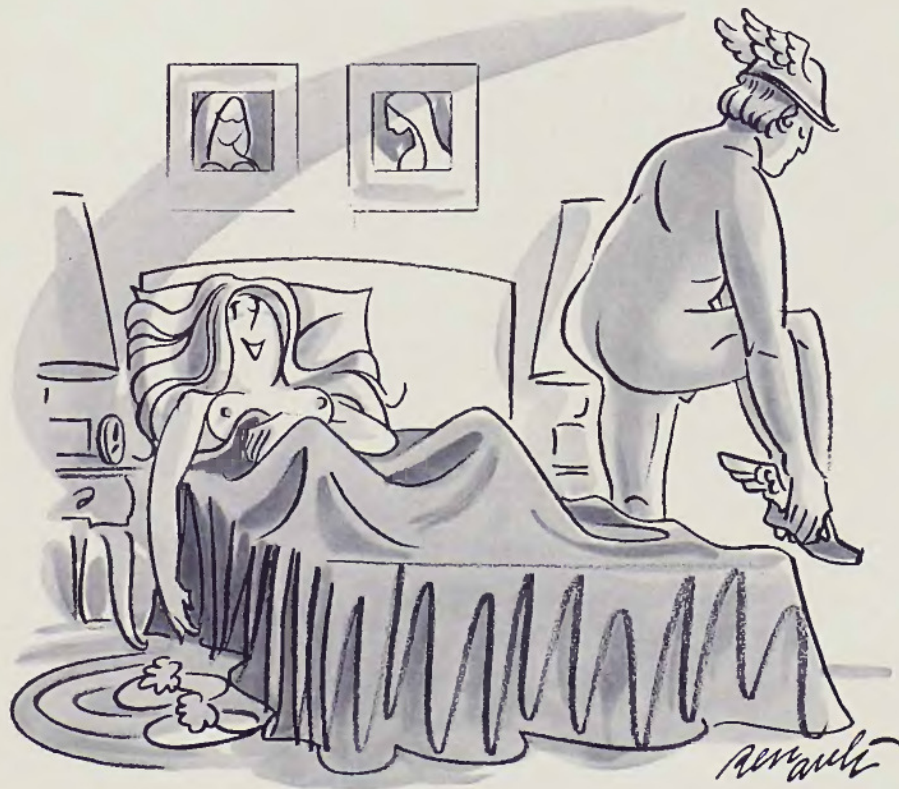
The girls have their own rooms in the apartment. Linda has a long table in hers for sewing. Sunshine sleeps in what doubles as the living room and in which stands a mammoth ivory-colored phallus, a piece of artwork Janis picked up and is proud of. Her own room has a large low bed with a sultan's canopy. All her windows are covered, no light piercing from the outside, and pink-satin sheets adorn her bed.

This is the evening before Janis' first opening in San Francisco without Big Brother, and the girls decide to go out on the town. Janis drives her Porsche, which is painted blue, yellow and red, with a landscape painted on one side and mushrooms and butterflies on the other. Linda sits beside her, while Sunshine and I perch on the back ledge. The car roars off, and then there are leaps over the tops of hills, flashes of intersections and the passing of everything moving in a grinding of gears. It reminds me of the chase scene in *Bullitt*. At a red light, I see a black lift up his fist. God, he's after us—but, no, it's the revolutionary sign. He recognizes Janis. We all give him back a peace sign and barrel away. We eat a turkey dinner in a bar-restaurant where they all know Janis, and then she finds the only parking space in North Beach.

We shoot pool in a place that has a poster of Janis on the back wall. She bridges the cue in her curled forefinger and shoots like a man. While the jukebox plays *Piece of My Heart* and *Down on Me*, a line of people come up to hug either Janis or Sunshine or both. It seems Sunshine is as well-known in North Beach as Janis. Finally, at a late hour, Linda walks off down a North Beach street to look in on friends, while I stagger off for a hotel bed. Janis and Sunshine continue on into further reaches of the night.

The following night is raw and wet and the crowd that mills around outside the Winterland arena in the Fillmore district resembles the rabble on fight nights at the Cow Palace or Madison Square Garden—except for their dress. They move through the dark high tiers inside in ponchos, floppy hats and leather vests. One youth has taken off his shirt and strolls bare-chested. Joints are passed at nearly every knot of people and gray smoke climbs like steam through the spotlights focused on the far-off stage. The voices are muted, as if in anticipation of something spectacular, and the expressions are blank and unjoyful.

"Look at 'em out there," Janis says in the dressing room backstage, hitching up



"And I thought Western Union just telegraphed flowers!"

her slacks, not able to sit still. "They're out there like crows, just ready . . . to pounce on something!"

It is a communal dressing room again and band members are flopped down, saving their energy. A mirror covers one wall and the ceiling slants, as in an attic. It is lit by candles. Janis swigs from a bottle of B & B while a procession enters. They embrace and kiss her, and then try to find squatting room. There is James Gurley, an original member of Big Brother. He wears buckskin, recently having spent a month in a cave in a national park, and he embraces Janis much longer than most. Here is Susie, a good friend from the early days. She is an ex-ballerina and is outfitted in a beret and peek-a-boo blouse without brassiere that makes it a joy to watch her lean over. She likes to ride Harley-Davidsons and can take a car engine apart as well as the average mechanic. She, too, hated high school—and ran away from home in the Midwest as soon as she could pack a bag.

"I met Janis the night she tried out for Big Brother," Susie says. "It was in an old firehouse one of the guys was living in. She didn't know anyone there—and she seemed so, I don't know, scared . . . trying to please . . . wanting so much to belong. . . . I felt so sorry for her."

Janis goes on this night and her voice has never been better. A changing light show flashes on a huge screen behind her. The strobes blink. A red balloon bounces up and down over heads. The huge black amplifiers, looking like left-over air-raid sirens from World War Two, send out shock waves of music, so loud that the whole body reels. The liver vibrates, as well as the eardrums.

Everything is there—but the audience does not respond and does not call her back for an encore. Some say she should have sung some of her old songs (every selection was new to San Francisco). Others say the band didn't back her up well. A few say she was too tense, although admitting that her voice was superb. In the dressing room, she is pale, as if in shock, saying, "San Francisco's changed, man. Where are my people? They used to be so wild. I know I sang well. I know I did!"

"Bad set," says John Cooke.

The next morning, Bill Graham, the rock impresario who owns Fillmore East and West and who is staging the Joplin concerts at Winterland, sits at a cluttered desk in his office overlooking Market Street. There is a weathered rug on the floor and a red-velvet couch for visitors. Graham does not resemble Sol Hurok or David Merrick, looking a shade on the order of a freak, except that his hair is not quite long enough. He usually speaks in a series of explosions, but now

he says softly, pausing frequently and gazing out onto Market Street, "When she was an amateur was when it was real. All this traveling she does and all this attention she's getting from the media is inevitable, perhaps. But it rubs off—no matter how honest and real she is—it rubs off. Last night was not like the old days. She should have at least sung one of the old songs. . . ."

The second night, Janis loosens up a bit, sings *Summertime* and has toned down one or two of the musicians. The audience is much better but still is not as excited as those at Fillmore East or in Ann Arbor. Yet it is an improvement, and Janis jumps around backstage, jabbering happily about going off with a married man who has broken free for a few late-night hours.

The next day—a sun-drenched Saturday—I drop by her apartment at noon. It is an imposition, I know, calling on a musician at such an early hour, and I bring two quarts of orange juice. She is terribly pale, quiet at first, clutching a long wine-colored robe around her. Then swiftly, something strikes her funny and she goes, "Wooowww," throwing back her head. I ask her if she thinks she represents a movement, if that is why

unbelievable mobs of young people flock to see her.

"I don't stand for any movement, man. I'm just myself. But I'll tell you what I believe in. I believe you should treat yourself good. Get stoned, get laid. Unless it kills you, do it. Every minute is your own. You should be happy." The phone rings and it is a news photographer wanting to shoot pictures of her in the afternoon. "Look, man, this is my only free day in a month! I have it off! For once, I want to do some of my own things. . . . OK, OK . . . shit . . . come on over, then."

She looks sour for a moment but begins to relax slowly under the inevitable. She is on top now and everyone wants a piece of her time, if not her heart. It has taken a lot of struggles to reach where she is, too. But it is never quite enough, is it?

A shaft of clear San Francisco light floods her pale skin and she squinches up her eyes as she did long ago in the photo of herself holding the Sunday-school certificate. There is still much of that same little girl in her face. She is still looking up for approval.



"Yes, things are really easing up."

slip this into her drink...

(continued from page 86)

separation and a lot of unhappiness. If this could be solved, then most of the problems between husband and wife that psychiatrists see could be solved in bed. One of the best tools we have had in breaking down the barriers between marriage partners is, when an argument occurs, for the wife to take off her clothes immediately. My experience has been that this ends most arguments successfully."

Thus, while PCPA may someday help doctors cure marital sex problems, it holds little promise for the unmarried lover seeking a handy chemical to assist him in his or her wooing. There is, however, one substance that can offer substantial aid and, in fact, has been used for centuries for precisely this purpose. Ethyl alcohol—booze—when used in moderation, lowers sexual inhibitions. Since it is quantitatively much less pow-

erful than even the mild narcotics, it can be used effectively in lowering defenses without clobbering the central nervous system. Used in excess, of course, it has just the opposite effect. In fact, in their new book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, the St. Louis sex researchers Masters and Johnson cite immoderate use of alcohol—getting zonked—as one of the major causes of impotence in the United States. As in other drugs, dosage is critical and the effects, of course, vary from individual to individual.

"The best aphrodisiac," says one doctor, "and all that is really needed, is a normal healthy couple with a normal physical attraction for each other, pleasant surroundings and perhaps a martini or so to relax them. Ogden Nash boiled it down to the essentials when he wrote his classic line 'Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker.'"



fore play

(continued from page 140)

draw Danny Thomas for a partner. Thomas is a clown and doesn't know when to quit. "Ladies and gentlemen, the most beautiful golfer in the world," he announces himself and proceeds to swat an orange into smithereens. You wonder how Dave Hill will put up with him, if at all. Hill, who looks like a recent high school dropout, has a famous temper. Once, during a tournament, he put a club behind his neck and bent it double. Bad, though not quite as bad as Tommy Bolt, who once threw all of his clubs—along with his caddie—into a water trap.

The first day remains determinedly cold and gray. I wander from hole to hole at Indian Wells. Chi Chi Rodriguez is deadly with his irons but can't putt; Ray Floyd must have been partying, because he can't find any part of his game; Palmer blows hot and cold and has drawn an amateur named Tom Jones, a boyish-looking Navy pilot who can drive the ball just as far as Arnie can; Trevino's putts are rimming, but with a little luck he could win it all; Boros is so steady he's sure to pick up a sizable chunk of the money; and Casper is just a little off. The clearest image I retain is that of Palmer, trying for a birdie on the eighth, watching his drive carom off a tree to the left of the fairway and bounce back on and ahead toward the green. He takes advantage of his luck, chooses to pitch and run to within three feet of the pin and, sure enough, birdies the par-four hole. He ends the day with a 68, one stroke back of the five leaders.

It has been a quiet, pleasant day, full of color and golf—good and bad. All four courses are within a few miles of one another, but the crowd has concentrated itself at Indian Wells. Some people have gone to Eldorado to watch Donald O'Connor and Glen Campbell cut up; and at La Quinta, golfers like Ken Venturi, Gene Littler and Gay Brewer have drawn small, personal galleries. At Bermuda Dunes, where most of the rabbits (young, winless pros) are playing, the outlying holes are deserted except for the players. "Of course, there's an A and a B list," a pro tells me off the record, "and that holds true for the amateurs, too. The celebrities and big wheels get to play with the A's; the rabbits draw Joe Blow from Kokomo and nobody sees or hears them right from the start." I find myself beginning to root a little for the rabbits, and the first day's results, posted in the press tent at La Quinta, the host course, are heartening. Somebody named Labron Harris and somebody else named Charles Coody have shot 67s at



"You've built a better mousetrap, all right, but I can't help wondering at the practicality of the nuclear warhead."

La Quinta and Eldorado, respectively, to share the lead with Larry Ziegler, Bruce Devlin and Bob Rosburg; and Rod Funseth, Bobby Greenwood, Wayne Vollmer, Mike Reasor, Don Bies, Bill Johnston and Dave Eichelberger are all right up there. Will we ever hear their names again during these five days?

Palm Springs bills itself as the winter golf capital of the world, with a couple of dozen courses already in action and others being built. From the air, they look like rambling green lakes scattered about in a wasteland of white dunes and vast housing tracts peppered with bright-blue swimming pools. At night, in the center of town, a few passers-by cluster about a huge scoreboard carrying the day's tournament results. The big weekend crowds have yet to arrive.

There's plenty of off-the-course action, however, even now. Restaurants like Jilly's and Ruby Dunes and night spots like the Howard Manor and Ethel's Hideaway are bulging with celebrants, and private parties are being thrown everywhere. The amateurs come to these functions, but most of the pros are safely home in bed, tucked in long before midnight, either as guests in private homes or in one of the dozens of motels that line the highway. Some of the pros will be seen partying later in the week, especially after it has become clear who will make the cut and who won't. Until then, everyone is concentrating on the money. Especially the rabbits, who, year after year, never haul down a big pay check but hope at least to survive till the last day and pick up a small piece of the money—enough to pay their motel bills and put gas into the car for the long drive to the next tournament on the tour. The rabbits are also called trunk slammers by the more successful pros, because, after they fail to make the cut, you can see them walk out of the clubhouse to the parking lot, open up the backs of their cars, fling their clubs in and angrily slam the trunk lids down. It's not a good idea, by the way, to call a rabbit that to his face, unless you've developed a fondness for fat lips.

The A list on the second day is playing at Eldorado, the most beautiful of the tournament courses, cradled on three sides by the dark-brown, barren mountains that hem the desert in. At Eldorado, four of the holes—the fourth, ninth, thirteenth and eighteenth—finish against the clubhouse's terraces and it's possible to catch a glimpse, at least, of almost every foursome in action without having to do much walking. Even from there, I am struck, as I always am, by how little of any tournament you can actually see. The fact is that no one can claim ever to have seen a whole tournament; the best

you can hope for is to pick your spots, to watch a series of golfers play one particular hole or to follow one golfer through several holes. The faithful year-round members of Arnie's army never watch anyone but him, which means that they see nothing of a tournament but what their man does in it. A curious way to follow a sport, not unlike watching a one-horse race.

On the second day, the pressure begins to tell. Dave Hill, looking even surlier than yesterday, is having another bad day on top of the one Danny Thomas handed him at Indian Wells—a 73. Ray Floyd, trying to get onto the green of the ninth in two, hooks his drive into the water and spends a gloomy two minutes peering at the ball lying just under the surface. Appropriately, he is dressed entirely in black, while his caddie, a cheerful gnome, sports a pith helmet. Chi Chi Rodriguez hits a beautiful wood straight down to the dog-leg of the fairway on the fifth, drops his club and applauds himself. "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy," he says. Later, while tramping after his ball and keeping up a constant, deadpan chatter with a covey of pretty golf groupies who are obviously delighted with him, he observes, "You know, I used to be the funny man of the tour, till Lee Trevino came along. Now you ladies ought to join Trevino's golf school. He'll start you with the irons and work you right into the woods." Lots of laughs, but by the end of the day, Chi Chi will be spouting fewer funny lines. After missing another in a series of short putts, he mutters, "I play golf like a gorilla." What is it the pros say? The man who putts wins.

Trevino is having a fine day, but his luck is still out. On the par-four 11th, for example, he hits a tremendous drive that cuts the corner of the sharp dog-leg right and sets himself up for a birdie, but he finds that the ball has rolled into a deep divot. "I don't mind," he tells his Fleas. "I used to mind, but I don't anymore." After hitting his iron beyond the green, he explains how, when Palmer overhits, someone in his army will stop the ball with his chest. "When I do it," Trevino says, "my Fleas shout ¡Olé! and flag it through." But he's playing well today and has confidence in himself. He comes in with a 67 and somebody tells him what Chi Chi's been saying about him. "That little Puerto Rican can walk on water," Trevino says, grinning.

Palmer isn't having a good day. His army has grown noticeably and flows along both sides of the fairway ahead of him like a pair of huge, multicolored snakes. Arnie talks to himself on the tee, urges himself to "find the hole." His drives do just that, but his putting is off and I remember seeing him early that

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morning, practicing four-foot putts and missing some of them. He's still missing them, long and short, and he says—after coming in with a 71—"My putter has blood on it."

Most of the crowd at Eldorado remains clustered around the clubhouse, and the knowledgeable types keep an eye on the 18th, a 511-yard par five whose green is protected by water on the west side. The choice is to go for it in two and risk a dunking or lay up short and take no chances. A lot of blood flows very freely around that green, but not when Doug Sanders shows up. He had a 75 opening day and is doing no better today, but you get the impression he doesn't care. He has a cigarette dangling from his lips and he's dressed all in lavender. He looks, Trevino tells him, like a frozen daiquiri. Someone to my right says the man obviously plays golf just to show off his clothes. There are a lot of girls following his foursome, and it

isn't because Danny Thomas is in it. Thomas is up to his usual stunts, screaming for his momma, and he putts with a trick club bent cutely out of shape.

By the end of the second day, most of the rabbits have disappeared. I find out that Larry Ziegler has blazed around Indian Wells in 65 and taken a three-shot lead, with Bruce Devlin shadowing him. Moon Mullins, a local pro in his second year as the resident at Indian Wells, is two strokes back of Devlin. Of the A-list players, only Trevino is within quick striking distance, five strokes back, and I begin to get the idea that maybe the A-list players, forced to compete in a near-carnival atmosphere, are not going to make NBC happy on Saturday, the day before all the leaders come together in front of the cameras.

If you don't care much about golf, the peripheral action is worth catching—toward the end of the afternoon in the clubhouse at Indian Wells. I discover

this after having tried both the Eldorado and the Bermuda Dunes, where a couple of small dance combos begin Welking sprightly fox trots around 5:30. Here, the average age of the guests is 110 and the lindy is considered a daring innovation. At Indian Wells, however, the scene is pure carnage. Murray Arnold, a bandleader from Las Vegas, has set up shop in the main clubroom, long tables have been jammed together from wall to wall, the bartenders pour whiskey into glasses as if it were iced tea and everyone with a little nonsense in his soul—maybe a couple of thousand people—has swarmed into the joint. Never have I seen so many available girls of all ages, from teeny-boppers with bare midriffs and bell-bottoms to swinging grannies in minis. Nobody knows how they've gotten there or where they acquired the passes to get in, but security, thank God, is lax. The adorables are sprinkled along the bar, lined up against the walls, packed together into booths and clustered chirpingly around the tables and, naturally, there are a lot of Don Juans hustling them. The last thing anybody wants to talk about is golf.

The first familiar face I see, however, belongs to Arnold Palmer. Looking slightly bemused, baton in hand, he is leading the band through a medley from *Hair*. Later, Donald O'Connor takes the floor to do a little mugging and some improvisational dance steps with a variety of volunteers from the audience. Alice Faye (yes, friends, Alice Faye!), looking half her age in form-fitting slacks, has a few songs to sing and some jokes to crack. Other *espontaneos* come and go and, in between, everyone dances, frugging and jerking in a dense, bobbing mass awash in enough noise to drown out a battery of cement mixers.

I get into conversation with a trim little blonde who, it turns out, is a year-round resident. It so happens she has rented her house for two months and is currently living in her car, and where am I staying? she wants to know. A couple of lovelies in see-through frills tell me that they are secretaries and part-time models and they have a slightly blue look around their eyes, because, they confess, they haven't been to bed—to sleep, at least—since the tournament began. I rescue a miniskirted number from a rickety chair she has been standing on to watch the proceedings, and it turns out she is a child psychologist from Long Beach. Her friend, a pixy with a mop of curls and a tiny waist, is a piano teacher from Redondo who's just dying to dance.

One of the lady officials, a handsome redhead in white slacks and blue blazer, laughs at everything I say and tells me,



"The catch is so difficult to undo that it's not only causing a great deal of embarrassment but losing me my friends."

apropos nothing at all, that she has no dinner plans. A tall, beautiful blonde with sleepless red eyes informs me that she's a television producer from Los Angeles who showed up to follow the fortunes of her favorite rabbit, who, it turns out, has played so badly on his first three rounds that he's already slammed his trunk lid and departed for Tucson to warm up for his next try. In other words, the lady has been stranded and hasn't been able to find a room, but she thinks she can bunk with some pals at the Racquet Club, unless, she says with a smile, I have some other suggestion. The evening becomes a long, bubbly, pink blur of laughs, drinks, music, camaraderie and other pleasures. I can't remember now exactly where our large, unwieldy group of celebrants went, though I do recall other places, other bars, other dance floors and the sunken living room of some oil billionaire's pad out of which we spilled, shrieking like banshees, into the dawn.

There is one other major form of extracurricular activity associated with golf tournaments, and that is gambling—though nobody likes to talk much about it. The pros don't bet—not in tournaments, anyway—but nearly all of the amateurs, as well as most of the spectators, do; and the bets range from a friendly dollar or two to well up in the thousands. The bettors can play parlay cards or bid for a favorite pro in a Calcutta-type pool; but to get in on the big action, you have to have the right underground connections, since, needless to say, betting is not legal and the transfer of large amounts of cash from one pair of hands to another has been known to arouse the curiosity of the Internal Revenue Service. Yet every clubhouse during these major tournaments seems to have its quota of hard-eyed speculators, most of whom look distinctly out of place in the sunshine.

Nor is golf itself the only form of gambling that goes on every day at tournaments and in country clubs. Backgammon and gin rummy are extremely popular. "There's more money won and lost after golf than during," an expert once confided. "You can blow a grand on the course and win five times that amount back in the clubhouse." The pros, however, when they do gamble, stick pretty much to golf, where they know what they're doing and what the traffic will bear. "When I play a guy for \$50 or \$100," one of them has said, "I'll let the bum hold his own. After a while, of course, he'll want to raise the ante. Usually, he'll find he can't make a shot." Lee Trevino was once asked during a tournament if he minded the pressure, and he is reported to have answered that no one knows anything about pressure who hasn't come up, as he has, from the



*"I know it's become something of a cliché,
but you really do."*

hustling world of municipal golf courses, where you can find yourself having to sink a 20-foot putt to win \$100 and don't have enough money in your jeans to pay off if you don't make it. That, my friends, is pressure.

The mob at La Quinta on Saturday morning is huge and a lot of the people crowded around the tees and greens have rented little stands that look like inverted wastebaskets so that they can see over the heads of the early arrivals in the front rows. It's hard to believe that this crowd has come to see the golf, because, of the A-list players, only Trevino and Casper are still in contention and they are six and seven strokes back, respectively. The leaders continue to be Larry Ziegler and Bruce Devlin, with three strokes separating them, and you would think that the real fans would get over to Bermuda Dunes to watch them play. Arnold Palmer is nine strokes off the pace, but maybe his army expects him to make another of his spectacular late charges—though, of course, it won't desert him even if he doesn't.

Temporary stands have been set up around the greens of the ninth and eighteenth holes and already some view-

ers, armed with picnic baskets, Thermos bottles and six-packs of beer, are encamped there to wait out the long day. Nearly everybody else, however, is surging around the first tee, where the big celebrities and the game's glamorous figures are scheduled to show up. When I get there, Ray Bolger, who is playing in Boros' foursome, is cutting up. After executing a series of little dance steps, he whirls on Boros and waves a club at him. "I'm not going to play with *him*," Bolger quips. "He cheats." The people love it. They laugh, applaud, banter with the celebrities. Chuck Connors, looking like an emaciated King Kong, is another favorite. "How about a hand?" he exhorts the crowd and gets it. But through all the clowning, there is an undercurrent of anticipation, of excitement, a feeling of something spectacular about to happen. The place is jammed with photographers and reporters, officials in blue blazers, pretty girls in light-blue miniskirts, dignitaries with big round badges stuck on their lapels and, overhead, from a tower platform, television cameras are focused on the scene.

Everyone is waiting for Doug Sanders' foursome, which today will include

Vice-President Agnew, Senator George Murphy and Mr. America himself, Bob Hope. Agnew's arrival is greeted with a big hand. I glance at the faces around me, which look as if they've been posed for Kodak commercials, and I understand why golf is the silent majority's favorite game—no effete snobs nor supercilious sophisticates here. Sanders, ablaze in orange today, greets the V.P. and tells him he's looking forward to the match, then introduces him to his wife, a perky little brunette. "I'm looking forward to it with great trepidation," says Agnew, who admits he doesn't get to play golf more than once a month. Senator Murphy, a little gray man in a little gray golfing outfit, is hustled up to be posed for the cameras with Sanders and the V.P. A Boy Scout festooned with merit badges is tossed in. Bob Hope, driving a custom-built golf cart hand-sculpted to reproduce his famous profile, suddenly arrives and upstages everybody. A Miss Lorraine Zabowski, one of three so-called Bob Hope Classic Girls whose job it is to wander around in nearly nothing, is now propped up beside the V.P. as cameras click. Miss Zabowski has a round, innocent face, a great cascade of blonde hair and she confesses, blushing prettily, that she'd never even seen a golf club before.

Agnew's trepidation, it turns out, isn't misplaced. The V.P. hooks his drive into the crowd lining the fairway just as an admirer shouts, "You're the greatest!" Murphy slices and Hope ding-a-lings one practically straight up in the air. Agnew's second shot is mildly historic. It's the one that hit Doug Sanders on the head, drawing blood. Who's going to follow this act? I wonder.

Arnold Palmer, that's who. It turns out that the crowd cares less for celebrities and politicians than for the Athlete of the Decade. Arnie's appearance on the tee brings a full-throated roar and a five-minute ovation. Watching him standing there, waving and smiling and nodding, you understand how he succeeded in making golf as popular as it is; clearly, he is to his sport what Babe Ruth, Johnny Unitas, Bill Russell and Bobby Hull have been to theirs, only more so. Other golfers may now outshoot him—a Casper or a Nicklaus—but no one outranks him. With his go-for-broke style, with that reckless, lunging grace that hammers golf balls into the blue and batters courses into submission, Palmer is it—the man himself.

But following the play at La Quinta today is impossible. Fifteen thousand people are swarming all over the course. The sun is bright and hot and so many fans have brought cameras that the clicking of shutters succeeds in destroying even the normally supercool Casper's game; eight times he is interrupted in

mid-swing and finally, he drops out of contention with a 74. And play is so slow that Palmer, who comes in with a more than respectable 69, says wearily, "I felt like I was born and raised on that course today." The final day, when the low-70 pros will compete only against one another, promises to be even more of a serious-viewer's nightmare.

The real drama of the day is taking place at Bermuda Dunes, the most remote of the four courses, with broad, gently rolling fairways set down smack in a lunar wilderness of sand dunes and rock formations. When I get there, Ziegler, who started off early that morning from the tenth tee, is just coming in on his last few holes—the seventh, a tough three; the eighth, a 540-yard par five with four traps around the green; and the ninth, a 390-yard par four that will yield a birdie to anyone who can really blast his drive. The gallery, I'm amazed to discover, consists of about 50 people, true *aficionados* all.

Ziegler is a big, blond 30-year-old from St. Louis, who looks like an elongated Mickey Mantle and hits monster drives. So far, he has also been putting well; but now, as the fourth day draws to a close, he shows signs of faltering, especially on the greens. He comes in with a 71 and I find myself wondering how he'll respond to the pressure of the final day at La Quinta. Ziegler won \$59,000 on the tour last year, but he has yet to nail down any one of the major tournaments.

Seven or eight holes behind him, Bruce Devlin, playing to an even smaller gallery, turns out to be a cool customer. A tall, slender, ruddy-faced Australian, he plays a slow, deliberate, carefully studied game. He spends a lot of time replacing divots, patting the greens into shape and, all concentration, he stays well apart from his amateur companions. He misses a long putt on the par-four third and mutters, "If I want to make money, I'll make one of those." But he goes on to bogey the fourth by failing to sink another putt, a three-footer this time. Yet not much seems to rattle him. With three birdies, he picks up a stroke on Ziegler and you get the feeling the pressure won't bother him as much as it will the American, who, after all, has had to set the pace for two full days now. At the end of the afternoon, in the comparative stillness of the Bermuda Dunes locker room, Devlin says calmly that he'd gladly settle for a 67 the last day and take his chances. You get the feeling he doesn't believe Ziegler can recapture his Friday form, when he climaxed a great round by eagling the par-five 13th at Eldorado, reaching the green with a driver and a three wood and then sinking a 50-foot putt. Devlin is clearly playing tortoise to Ziegler's hare.

The last day, the crowd numbers roughly 15,000 and Devlin's chase after Ziegler provides the excitement. Devlin, with three birdies on the front nine, catches Ziegler at the turn, and then picks up another birdie on the 15th, a good par-three hole. Then, on the 16th, he wins all the marbles by dropping a 35-foot putt for still another birdie. "I thought we were tied," he explained later, "and I decided to go for broke." I don't think anyone realized until later what a fantastic round of golf the Australian had shot—a six-under-par 66 on the toughest of the tournament courses. He wins by four strokes, with an astonishing total of 339, 21 under par and only one stroke away from Palmer's tournament record.

I have two vivid impressions of the award ceremony. The first is of Arnold Palmer, hands on hips and grinning at Devlin, barking into the television cameras, "Just how in the hell did you do it, Bruce?" The man still is and always will be the champion as long as he's around. The second impression is of Ziegler standing off by himself and staring for a moment at his check for second place, estimating, perhaps, the difference between this and first place symbolized by the \$10,000 less he is receiving for being runner-up.

Agnew is also there, as are the celebrities and the girls, but it's all over now. Long shadows are falling across the fairways, and the stands, littered with refuse, are quickly emptying. Bits of paper blow over the greens and, in the distance, a long line of cars is crawling slowly out toward the highway. From the clubhouse comes the thump-thump of the dance band playing and, over it, the laughter. In the press tent, a few typewriters are still banging and the NBC technicians are clambering down from their tower like arthritic monkeys. Behind the clubhouse, the caddies are packing up their gear; and from the parking lot, you can hear the trunk lids coming down. It's a long drive to Tucson.

I remember Lee Trevino, who tied for fourth, watching his putts rim that first day and whirling to tell his Fleas, "I'm going to become a Mormon, because I ain't sinking any putts as a Catholic!" But where are all the jokes for those who don't come in as high as fourth or even fortieth?

On my way out, I catch up with Chi Chi Rodriguez, still as natty and imperturbable as ever, despite his finish somewhere toward the middle of the pack. "What do I like about all this besides the money?" he asks. He waves a hand around at the empty greens and endlessly rolling fairways, at the trees and the mountains and the sky. "This is my office," he says, "and I love my office."

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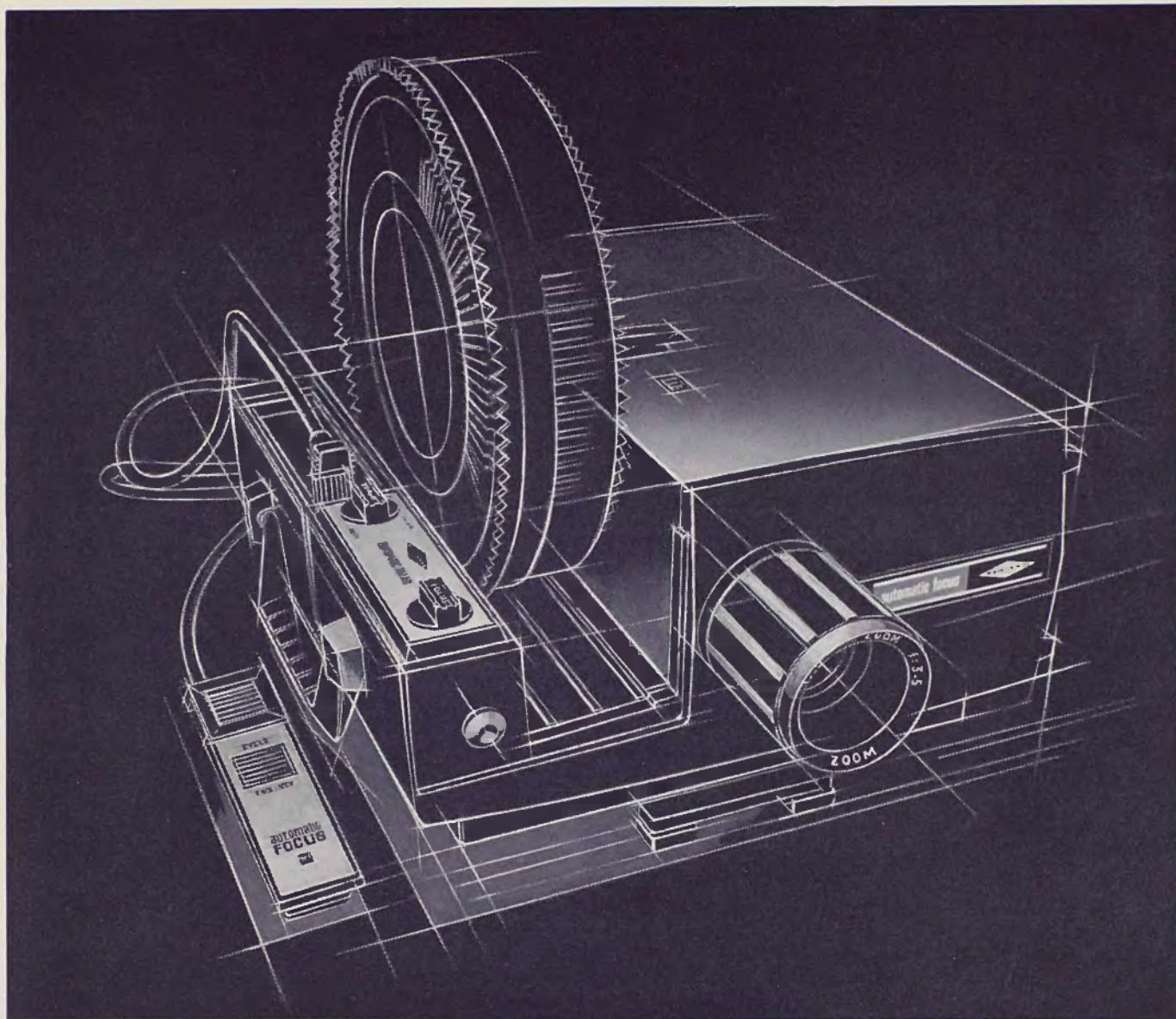
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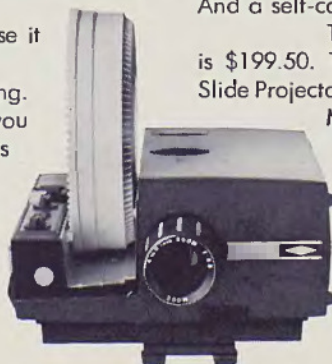
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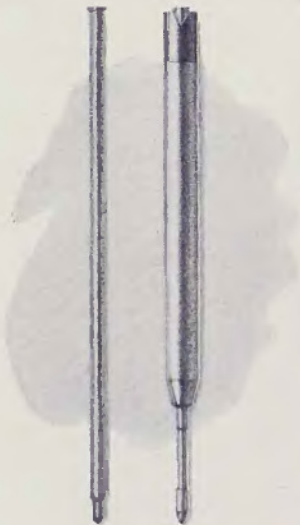
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The Swiss Inquisition.

There are seven outposts of the Inquisition currently operating in Switzerland: at Bienne, La Chaux-de-Fonds, Geneva, St. Imier, Le Locle, Le Sentier, and at Soleure.

They are carefully disguised under the name of The *Official* Swiss Institutes for Chronometer Tests.

And, at each of them, men are employed to do things to watches which you wouldn't do to your worst enemy.

You see, before any watch can officially be called a 'Chronometer,' its movement has to undergo 15 days and nights of torture at the hands of these complete strangers.

They put each one into an oven, lock it away in a refrigerator, hang it on iron racks in various wrist positions, checking its accuracy each day.

Only when the movement comes through with *fractional* variations in accuracy do they award it their carefully-guarded title of 'Chronometer.'

And an interesting fact is that one watch manufacturer - Rolex - has won nearly *half* the chronometer certificates ever awarded, even though we make only a tiny fraction of the annual production of Swiss watches.

This becomes a little easier to understand when you realise that each one of our watches takes us over a year to make.

Firstly, we carve its Oyster case out of one solid block of either hardened Swedish stainless steel, or 18 ct. gold.



Then we perform *162* separate operations on it before we consider it ready to be fitted with its hand-tuned *rotor* self-winding Perpetual movement.

Screwed down *onto* each Oyster case, just like a submarine hatch, is a Rolex-patented Twinlock Winding Crown, which alone takes 21 minutely precise operations to complete.

This combination of seamless Oyster case and Twinlock crown allows us to guarantee each Rolex waterproof to vast depths, and has kept the Perpetual movement safe during some hair-raising experiences.

We have, for example, a letter from an American who dropped his watch in the road, having taken it off to clean his car: "It was some

20 hours later when we finally found my wrist watch on the road where I had backed out of my driveway the night before. There is no way of telling how many vehicles had run over it. I picked up the watch and placed it to my ear. It was still running. Neither my wife nor myself could believe this."

We wrote back telling him there was really no need for him to have taken it off in the first place.

Like most of the work that goes into the watch itself, each Rolex bracelet is also made almost

entirely by hand.

You'll recognise the Rolex Crown on the clasp.

So will other people.

They'll probably also recognise the distinctive shape of the Oyster case itself.

So now you may begin to understand just how much trouble we go to in making each Rolex.

Which is probably why a man like Haroun Tazieff feels safe to wear a Rolex both inside and outside of volcanoes.

And why portraits of so many of the world's leading Heads of State line a corridor in our Geneva headquarters, each one testifying that he wears a Rolex watch, too.

And why we feel justified in saying that every Rolex *earns* the recognition it enjoys.



Each Rolex earns the recognition it enjoys. You know the feeling.



ROLEX

of Geneva

Pictured: the Rolex Datejust. Also available in stainless steel, with matching bracelet.



"Today, Miss Simpson, in an effort to help you overcome your fear of men, I'm going to give you my shock treatment."

A REAL GAS! (continued from page 96)

water; remove skins and stem ends. Cut into sixths, press lightly and remove seeds; cut into dice. Cut cucumber in half lengthwise; remove seeds with spoon and cut into dice without peeling. Soak bread in water. Put all ingredients except salt and pepper into blender. Blend at high speed 1 minute or until thoroughly puréed. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill.

COLD BREAST OF CHICKEN WITH ALMONDS
(Serves four)

- 4 boneless and skinless chicken-breast halves with shoulder bone, if possible
- 6-oz. package sliced almonds
- Salt, pepper
- Flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Salad oil

Place almonds in shallow pan in oven preheated at 350°. Bake 15 minutes, stirring occasionally, until almonds are just beginning to turn light brown. Remove from oven and allow almonds to reach room temperature. Place almonds in blender and blend at high speed until pulverized. Sprinkle chicken breasts with salt and pepper; dip in flour, shake off excess; then dip in eggs, coating thor-

oughly. Pat almonds onto chicken with palm of hand to coat completely. Melt butter with 2 tablespoons oil in large skillet. Brown chicken on both sides, turning carefully to keep coating intact. Add more oil to pan, if necessary, to brown uniformly. Transfer chicken to shallow baking pan and bake 15 minutes in oven preheated at 375°. Remove from oven. Chill.

Allow 1 cup raw rice for four portions of rice salad. Cook, following directions on package. While rice is still warm, combine with chopped fresh tomatoes, very finely minced onion, sliced pitted black olives, chopped roasted sweet red pepper, olive oil and wine vinegar. Be generous with the oil; use a restrained hand with the vinegar. Toss thoroughly, adding salt and pepper to taste.

Pickled French string beans are available in jars at gourmet counters. Chill well. Rolls should be small size, cut horizontally and spread generously with sweet butter at room temperature mixed with finely chopped water cress. If strawberries are mammoth size, leave stems on for dipping into cold melba sauce, available in jars.

Later in the day, you'll want to start the evening dinner with a big relish dish

piled with assorted black, stuffed and green olives, celery hearts and imported small artichoke hearts in oil. For pre-dinner drinks, offer a choice of Southwest One, a bitter aperitif cocktail named after the London district in which it originated, or a tart apricot sour. A Southwest One is made by shaking vigorously with ice $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. vodka, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. orange juice and $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Campari and straining into a cocktail glass. For an apricot sour, pour over ice in cocktail shaker 1 oz. blended U. S. or Canadian whiskey, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. apricot-flavored brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. orange juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar. Shake well and strain into whiskey-sour glass. Both cocktails may be assembled in quantity beforehand and shaken with ice just before serving.

The main course that follows may be made in a large *paella* pan or heavy saucepan of equivalent size or may be made in two batches, if necessary, over an outdoor charcoal fire. Onions and mushrooms for the main dish, as well as the noodle casserole, should be cooked at home as part of the movable feast.

BEEF TENDERLOIN SAUTÉ WITH
MUSHROOMS
(Serves 12)

- 9 lbs. (trimmed weight) whole beef tenderloin, stripped of all fat
- 2 lbs. small silver onions
- Butter
- Salt, pepper, sugar
- 2 lbs. fresh mushrooms
- 1 cup finely minced onion
- 1 tablespoon finely minced garlic
- 4 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. cans beef gravy
- 1 cup dry red wine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy

At home: Cut tenderloin into $\frac{1}{4}$ -in.-thick slices; cut into 1-in. squares or as close to that size as possible. Chill. Peel and boil silver onions in salted water just until tender; drain. In large saucepan, melt 3 tablespoons butter. Add cooked silver onions; sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar and sauté until onions are lightly browned. Remove from fire and chill. Cut mushrooms into $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. slices. Sauté in 3 tablespoons butter with minced onion and garlic, stirring frequently, until liquid has evaporated from pan. Chill.

At outdoor fire: Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter in large *paella* pan or saucepan over charcoal fire. When butter melts, add sliced tenderloin. Sauté close to brisk fire, stirring almost constantly, until meat loses red color. Add mushroom mixture, silver onions, beef gravy, wine and brandy. Bring to a boil and simmer about 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.



"Sorry, sir, first class only!"

NOODLE CASSEROLE WITH SCALLIONS
AND PEPPERS

(Serves 12)

- 1¼ lbs. fine-size noodles
- 1 cup sliced scallions
- 7½-oz. jar roasted sweet peppers
- ¼ lb. butter
- 1½ cups light cream
- Salt, white pepper
- ½ cup parmesan cheese

At home: Using white part of scallions and light-green part that is firm, cut them lengthwise in half, then crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Drain peppers and cut into thinnest possible julienne strips. Cook noodles in salted water, following directions on package. When tender, drain and wash them thoroughly in cold water; drain again. Melt butter in pan; add cream and bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil. In a large shallow casserole (don't use a deep casserole or reheating noodles will be troublesome), combine noodles, scallions, peppers and cream mixture. Toss well, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. Cover with tight lid and chill.

At outdoor fire: Reheat casserole over moderate heat or Vavafame burner, stirring almost constantly and adding milk or cream, if necessary, to keep noodles from scorching. Mix cheese with noodles just before serving.

CREPES WITH COGNAC AND IRISH MIST
(Serves 12)

- 9 eggs
- 1½ cups milk
- ¾ cup cold water
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- ¾ cup clarified butter or salad oil
- ½ cup butter
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 5 ozs. cognac
- 5 ozs. Irish Mist liqueur

At home: Pour eggs, milk, water, salt, flour, lemon juice, vanilla extract and lemon rind into blender. Blend at high speed until batter is smooth. Heat 1 teaspoon clarified butter in heavy cast-iron pan or crepe pan 6 ins. across bottom. Use a moderate flame and adjust from time to time, if necessary, to brown crepes uniformly. Pour 3 tablespoons crepe batter into pan (a jigger may be used as a batter measure) and tilt pan quickly to cover bottom completely. When the crepe is mottled brown on bottom, turn and brown lightly on other side. Remove crepe from pan, set aside and continue in this manner until all batter is used. Fold each crepe in half, then in half again. Store, covered, in refrigerator.

At outdoor fire: Heat ½ cup butter in a very wide shallow pan or in two pans, tilting pan to cover bottom completely with butter. At once, place crepes in pan in a single layer, if possible. Sprinkle with sugar. Turn crepes to coat thoroughly with butter. Add cognac and Irish Mist. When liquors are hot, set ablaze. Serve crepes when flames subside.

A tart red wine cup may be assembled and prechilled at home and mixed with ice and soda just before pouring. Three pitchers of the recipe below will yield two rounds for 12 balloonists.

BEAUJOLAIS CUP

- 1 quart (32 oz.) beaujolais or similar dry fruity red wine
- 4 ozs. cherry heering
- 4 ozs. lemon juice
- 1½ ozs. grenadine
- 8 to 10 1-in. pieces cucumber peel
- 12 ozs. iced club soda

Combine and chill beaujolais, cherry heering, lemon juice and grenadine. Just before serving, pour into 2-quart tall pitcher. Add cucumber peel and stir well. Add club soda and enough ice to fill pitcher to rim. Stir lightly.

The preceding recipes will add the final flourish to the myriad pleasures of a highflying balloon outing. *Bon voyage* and happy landings.



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A SMALL DEATH (continued from page 112)

were aware that there *was* such a thing as the Constitution. It came to Peter that he and Makowski, having watched the whole disgusting business from the side lines, could *do* something about it. They could write a letter to *Le Monde*, as *témoins oculaires*, and if *Le Monde* would not publish it, they could take it to the *Herald Tribune*. Or they could go to court and testify in the students' defense, assuming there was a trial or some sort of hearing; he was ready to swear that the demonstration had been completely peaceful until the police had used violence to break it up and he could swear, too, that several of the kids now in custody had not been among the marchers—the police had just arbitrarily seized them and roughed them up when they resisted. His heart thumping with excitement, he carefully memorized the features of two of the most vicious cops, so as to be able to make a positive identification. At the same time, his shyness made him hesitant of approaching the group in the Black Maria, to promise his support, as though a wall of glass separated him on the sidewalk from them, a few feet away, as though he would be *intruding*. A weird kind of politeness was gluing him to the spot. He put the question to Makowski. "Maybe we should give these guys our names and addresses."

But Makowski did not agree. He thought it was a lot of shit that he and Peter had a duty to offer themselves as witnesses. "Of course, the *flics* are sadists. *C'est leur métier*. The French take that for granted. You can't squeal about 'police brutality' in a court here. Everybody would think you were a funk." His voice took on a note of whining, offended logic, as though Peter's proposal caused him physical pain. "Besides, you're a 'guest of France.' Remember? You don't interfere in a family quarrel unless you want your head busted. These French kids would spit on us if we stuck our noses in. They know how the system works: If they behave themselves and keep their mouths shut, chances are the cops will hold them a few hours and then let them go. It's *entendu* that they don't start yelling for a lawyer or claiming that the cops have hurt them." Naturally, foreign students got a different treatment. "Those dumb Swedes and Germans in the *panier à salade* don't dig it, but they're about to be deported."

"Deported?" Peter gulped. Of course, said Makowski; it happened all the time. The foreigners in the lettuce basket were just unlucky. If you were a foreigner and got picked up in one of these *bagarres*, you were automatically thrown out of the country.

Peter was incredulous. "Thrown out of the country?" he scoffed. "Without a

hearing or anything? But these guys from the Alliance Française have an alibi. They can *prove* they were in class when the march was going on. You're nuts!"

But Makowski only laughed. He indicated two blond bespectacled giants whose heavy boots and white wool socks were protruding from the Black Maria. "Twenty-four hours to leave the country!" "Just like that?" cried Peter, who was starting to be convinced. A craven fear for his own tenure on the Rue Monsieur le Prince entered his bones; in his mind, he slowly tore up the letter he had been writing to *Le Monde* and consigned it to the ash can of history.

"Just like that," said Makowski. "They relieve you of your passport and you get it back at the airport. I tell you, it happens all the time. That's why I kept my cool just now. It gives me kicks to bait the police, but France has other things to offer me and I want to stay a while longer. You know?"

Peter supposed he meant women. Feebly, he continued to argue, unwilling to submit to the dictatorship of Makowski's view of things, which, Peter clearly saw, would deprive him of his freedom of action: If you want to be your own master, his father used to say, always be surprised by evil; never anticipate it. Then he thought of his Norwegian friend, Dag. "I couldn't figure out what had become of him. We had a date to watch the election on TV and he never turned up. His landlady claimed he'd gone back to Norway. Finally, I heard a rumor he'd been deported. He was great on attending rallies at the *Mutualité*. I guess that's what got him. Poor guy."

Makowski was unsympathetic. He knew Dag's type—a law-abiding Scandinavian. They made the big mistake of always carrying their passport and their *carte de séjour*. Involuntarily, Peter's hand flew to his jacket pocket to make sure his were still there. "Mistake?"

"That only makes it easier for the police to deport you," Makowski pointed out. He had a whole theory based on his discovery that the French were a lazy people. "If a *flic* asks me for my passport and I hand it over, I simplify his job. He passes it on to his boss and they rubber-stamp me out of the country like a piece of second-class mail. But if I tell them my passport's at home, they have to figure out what to do next. Send me to get it and trust me to come back? They're not that dumb. Or send an *agent* with me to where I live, which is probably six flights up in some crummy *mansarde*? Nine times out of ten, they'll weigh the headaches involved against the relative ease of just letting me go, with a warning to watch it in the future. And in the tenth case, when the gambit

doesn't work, I still gain time to make a phone call to some connections I have."

Peter listened with amazement to the wily Pole's exposition, which sounded irrefutable, like so many statements coming from the East. This was quite different stuff from what they told you at the embassy, where they advised you to stay glued to your documents and to carry a card in your wallet, saying, I AM PETER LEVI, IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, NOTIFY . . . etc.—a creepy self-advertisement that Peter up to now had been incapable of penning, even as an exercise in calligraphy. Yet he wondered how his companion, whose age he estimated at 20, could know so much more than seasoned American officials. A tendency to boastfulness was becoming more and more evident in Makowski, as Peter, his foil, became meeker and meeker; it was an effect, he noticed, that he seemed to have on people. He was ashamed to think of the molelike life he had been leading: Since he had left his hotel, nobody ever asked *him* for his passport, except when he was cashing a traveler's check at American Express—something Makowski, he supposed, would not be caught dead doing. "Number one, they're lazy," his mentor continued. "Number two, they're interested only in their next meal. If you put those two facts together, you've got this country in the hollow of your hand." He scowled at the distant clock on the Montparnasse station. "Have you noticed—there are hardly any clocks in this town? They hate to give away the time, free." Peter laughed. He had made the same observation himself. "Ten past twelve," said Makowski. "The fun here is over. In five minutes, the *flics* will be knocking off for lunch and Allee-Allee-Out's-in-Free."

Appearances bore him out. The Black Marias at either end of the block were still waiting, with open doors, and Peter could still hear an occasional far-off police whistle shrill all by itself like Roland's horn, but the householders on the Rue de Rennes had retired from their balconies, shutting their French windows. On the street, the traffic was running normally again, the curious crowds had dispersed and noontime lines were forming at the bakeries. The two cops on the corner were stamping their feet and looking at their watches. Peter's own feet were cold. "You want to have a beer in the café here?" he suggested.

But Makowski was late already for a date with a girl at the Flore. "Why not join us? We can pick up another chick."

Peter was strongly tempted, but he had his plant to take home; he could almost feel it shivering in the autumn wind. Besides, in some crazy way, he felt he *owed* it to the group in the Black Maria not to leave the scene while they remained in duress, able to watch him depart. *Somebody* had to hang around,



"If there's anything you'd like to know that isn't in that book, Miss Abbott. . . ."

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just as a matter of courtesy. "Maybe later," he said. "If you're still there."

Makowski loped off to the bus stop. Too late, Peter realized that he had forgotten to ask him for his address, which meant, he guessed, that he was gone beyond recall. He was not sure how much he really liked the Pole, but obviously, they had something in common as hyphenated Americans of an uncommon kind. A 95 was coming. He watched Makowski get on, not waiting his turn, of course, but charging past a line of people that had been standing there patiently. Peter was spared the pain of grimly noting their reactions, for just then, a small dark student came darting out of a building, chased by a concierge with a broom. Peter recognized one of the leaders of the march. His pursuer, an aged nemesis, was screaming for the police to apprehend him: He had been hiding in the service stairway, she panted, and he had done peepee—"Oui, il a fait pipi dans mon escalier de service!" Immediately, a new throng materialized, laughing and passing the word along, as the boy dodged into a doorway. What floor? a joker demanded. "Le sixième, monsieur," she answered with dignity, resting on her broom and regaining her breath; the gendarmes advanced.

"Il n'était pas pressé," an old man in a tweed overcoat said, winking, to Peter. "Il n'était pas pressé, hein?" the old man repeated, to a workman in coveralls. More people came, pushing and shoving, and the criminal profited from the confusion to race out, zigzag adroitly between them and spring with a bound onto the bus, which had started to move as the traffic light turned green; the ticket taker, like a trained confederate, had quickly released the chain barring entrance to the platform. The boy ducked into the interior of the bus.

The police were slow in reacting; they stood as if mystified on the sidewalk, evidently not grasping where their quarry had got to. Then whistles blew. The cop on the next corner waved to the bus to halt. Peter ground his teeth. It was a tricky intersection, where three streets met—what the Romans called a *trivium*—an ill-omened juncture. And there were cops, all of a sudden, on every corner. From where he stood, he was unable to see exactly what happened next; but in a minute, the forces of order were dragging the tall Pole to the lettuce basket.

For a moment, Peter was simply stunned. It seemed plain to him that everyone except the stupid police must see that they had got the wrong boy. Yet no one moved to interfere. The concierge of the violated building stood nodding with satisfaction as Makowski was tossed into the paddy wagon. A wild conjecture passed through Peter's head: Could Makowski be doing a Sydney Car-

ton? The Poles were alleged to be quixotic. In any case, he decided to wait till the bus had crossed the Boulevard Raspail, bearing the small demonstrator to safety. Then he counted 20 and sallied up to a gendarme. To his surprise, he did not feel his customary worry about making mistakes in French; the words came out as though memorized ahead of time from a phrase book for this emergency; and in the back of his mind, he recalled with interest the saying of Kant: The moral will operates in man with the force of a natural law.

"Pardon, monsieur l'agent; je peux témoigner pour mon compatriote. Il n'a pris aucune part dans la manifestation. Il ne s'est pas caché dans l'immeuble de madame. Il était à côté de moi, tout le temps, sur la chaussée, en simple spectateur. Et il ne ressemble en aucun détail au jeune homme que vous cherchiez."

The gendarme he was addressing had been joined by two others. Silence. They seemed to be waiting for Peter to continue. But he had stated the facts: Makowski had been standing next to him on the sidewalk during the entire demonstration; he did not bear the slightest resemblance to the suspect they were after. "C'est tout," he added hoarsely. "Croyez-moi." The kids in the Black Maria had slid forward to listen. Makowski was smiling strangely. Peter became aware that he had said pavement when he meant sidewalk. "Je veux dire le trottoir." Without warning, he had started to tremble violently; he saw the Fatshedera quaking in his hand and realized that he was having an attack of stage fright.

It was like the time he had played Jacques in school and had had to lean against a tree in the Forest of Arden and all the scenery shook. He had not grasped at first why the audience of boys and parents was laughing—"Sembrava un bosco di pioppi tremoli," was his father's comment; "A Forest of Aspens." It came to him now that all these people were staring at him dumb-struck because he looked weird with his tall companion plant; the cops probably thought he was a "case."

"Demandez aux autres si vous ne me croyez pas!" he cried, getting angry. "Tout le monde ici peut confirmer que je dis la vérité!" He was not the sole witness to the fact that Makowski had not budged from the curb; there were the flower seller on the corner and the newspaper vendor in her tarpaulin shelter—courtesy *France-Soir*—and the butchers in their bloody aprons. They had all been standing there like stage extras or a speechless chorus, contributing local color.

"Qu'il parle bien le français!" a voice murmured behind him. Peter disregarded the flattery. He was going to insist that the cops take his testimony.

"Voici mon passeport et ma carte de séjour!"

A shower of membership cards, guarantees and certificates fell to the pavement as he searched wildly in his wallet for his *carte de séjour*, which to his chagrin was not in his passport; he hugged his plant awkwardly to his body to free a hand. Bystanders picked them up and restored them to him; a young lame girl offered to hold the *Fatshedera*: "Quelle belle plante!"

The senior gendarme, who seemed to be a sergeant, took the documents and slowly looked them over, frowning at the membership in the *Jeunes Ornithologistes de France*. "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" He found the *carte de séjour* folded into the yellow health certificate. He studied it. Then he tapped all the documents into a neat pile and handed them back, together with Peter's passport. "Bon. Merci, monsieur. Tout est en règle," he said. "Allons-y!" he shouted to the driver of the *Black Maria*. The motor started. Peter gulped. They were not going to release Makowski! Apparently, he was supposed to count himself lucky that they were letting him go free. He gave an inarticulate howl of despair.

In back of him, someone coughed imperatively. He heard a hoarse, deep female voice. "Il a raison, messieurs. L'américain vous dit la vérité. L'autre n'en était pour rien. Qu'est-ce que vous faites là? C'est une honte." It was *les Journaux* in her leather apron and thick sweaters. Peter had always bought the *Times* and *Tribune* from her when he lived in the hotel on the Rue Littré; *ô juste ciel*, she recognized him! He felt a lump in his throat. He had made it; he was finally "accepted" by old Marianne, *la fiancee*.

And now other "popular" voices were joining in, muttering and grumbling—*les Fleurs*, a window washer, an old lady with a cane. "Soyez raisonnables! Qu'est-ce que cela vous fout? Après tout! Un peu de calme! Ce sont des enfants!"

The police sergeant appeared to reflect. His subordinates were watching him. "Vos papiers!" he said to Makowski. And, of course, Makowski did not have any. "Et alors?" said the policeman sharply. That settled it. This was France, after all (the embassy was right), and, regardless of any specific charge, not having your papers was *prima-facie* evidence that you were up to no good.

The attitude of the bystanders confirmed this. "Il n'a pas ses papiers. Zut!" A collective shrug disposed of the Pole, whose broad face had assumed a plaintive, aggrieved, innocent expression, as though he could not dig what this fuss was all about. You would think he was some hayseed who had never heard of a travel document. Peter himself experienced an appreciable drop in sympathy. What a clown!

The doors of the *Black Maria* were



"I'm afraid what you have here, Sir Gerald, is not a Seventy-four mint aigle d'or but a bit of simulated gold foil wrapped round a disk of stale chocolate."

shutting on the heap of sprawling kids. Peter's conscience jabbed him. "Makowski!" he yelled. "Jan! Don't worry! I'll go tell the embassy. Right away, I promise."

"Stay out of this, Peter Pan!" the Pole's voice answered rudely, adding an obscenity that made Peter hope that these French did not understand English. He fell back a step, feeling his neck turn red. It came to him that, insanely, Makowski held him *responsible*. Doubtless, he had counted on the *vérification d'identité* taking place later, in relative privacy, at the station house or wherever, when the cops had had their lunch and were in a good humor. But now it was *public knowledge* that he had been picked up without any papers.

Peter declined to swallow Makowski's tales of mass deportations; that could not happen to American citizens, he felt sure. But in the face of those closed black doors, his confidence was eroding. The tumbrel's engine started. He realized that he did not even know where they were taking Makowski now. The spectators on the corner would not commit themselves. "Sais pas." "Ah, non, monsieur, je ne saurais pas vous le dire." "Peut-être à Beaujon?" "C'est pas mon affaire. Demandez aux gendarmes." But Peter—the old story, he guessed—felt a horrible diffidence about asking the *flics* outright.

The window washer came to his rescue. "C'est pas la peine, mon gars. Ils ne

le disent jamais. La police, vous savez. . ."

The *Black Maria's* motor was still idling. Once it bore Makowski off. Peter might never be able to find him in the maze of French bureaucracy. With sudden resolution, he banged on the door. A policeman stuck his head out. Peter asked if he could accompany his friend, as a witness. "C'est pas un taxi, monsieur," the policeman retorted, slamming the doors. In the interior, Peter could hear raucous laughter.

"Alors, arrêtez-moi!" he shouted.

"Foutez-moi la paix," came the grumbling reply.

It was typical of the French that if you asked them to arrest you, they would not help you out. In his fury, he thought of a ruse. All he had to do was open his mouth and say "Nazi!" and every *flic* in the *quartier* would spring on him. He would not even have to say it very loud. He swallowed several times in preparation. At home, among his peer group, he could speak lightly of the cops as fascists; but now, to his astonishment, his vocal cords felt paralyzed. As in a nightmare, his mouth opened and closed. No sound came out. Yet it was not from fear, as far as he could determine, but from a profound lack of inclination.

His father was always giving people the drill if they used the term *fascist* when, according to him, they should have used *conservative* or *repressive* or just *brutal*: If you kept throwing that term around, like the boy crying wolf,

as an expression of simple dislike, you would be unable to recognize real fascism when and if it came. Peter could not recall all the "objective criteria" that the *babbo* said had to be present to justify a diagnosis of fascism, but he felt certain the French police would not qualify.

Yet there was more to it than that—some squirming aversion in *him*, related maybe to delicacy. Actually, he was unable to imagine circumstances in which he would find it easy to call *anybody* a Nazi, including Hitler, probably. If you called Hitler a Nazi, he would not mind, obviously, so what would be the use?

A *flic* in a blue cape had emerged from the corner café, where presumably he had been telephoning or answering a call of nature. He barked out an order to the driver. Peter heard the clash of gears. It would be hopeless to chase after the police wagon. Even if it had to stop for the traffic light at the next corner, he would be incapable of keeping up for more than a block, hampered as he was by his plant. Then in the distance, he sighted a taxi coming up the Rue de Rennes. He dashed into the street to flag it down, foreseeing, as he waved, that the driver might decline to follow the *panier à salade*; they loved telling you no. Closing his eyes, he recited one of his magic formulas: "Perseverance, dear my Lord, keeps honor bright."

"Attention!" someone called.

The police wagon shot backward. Peter jumped out of the way. His heel struck the curb behind him; his ankle turned and his long bony foot got caught in an opening in the gutter. He lost his balance, tried to right himself, throwing out his arms. The Fatshedera was sliding from the crook of his elbow. Endeavoring to catch it, he fell. As he did, a ringing, explosive sound reached his ears, seeming far away; it was the clay pot shattering on the pavement. Somebody was helping him up. They were asking if he was hurt. He stole a glance around. Moist black dirt and reddish shards and slivers of the pot were scattered all over the street and sidewalk; the plant was lying in the gutter with its whitish root system exposed. *Les Fleurs* carefully picked it up and wrapped it in a newspaper. "*Tenez, monsieur.*" She handed it to him. He thanked her. She meant well, he assumed. But he had seen the crown of pale new leaves lying a yard away, like a severed head, near the Métro entrance. Some passer-by had already stepped on it, leaving a green smear on the sidewalk.

The Black Maria, naturally, had made its getaway, after putting him *hors de combat*. If Peter had not leaped aside, would the hit-and-run driver at the wheel have jammed on the brakes in time? According to Dag, a lot of "traffic accidents" were really engineered by the

Deuxième Bureau. And if the cops killed a person while giving him the third degree, they just stretched the body out on the *autoroute* on Sunday and called it a highway death. Shaking, Peter sat down on the top step of the Métro entrance and buried his head in his hands. His ankle hurt and, pulling down his sock, he found blood where he had scraped it. Maybe he would get blood poisoning and croak. He ought to find a pharmacy and buy some Mercurochrome, but at this hour they would all be closed, probably. The butchers had taken in the meat, and the fruit-and-vegetable merchants along the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs were covering their produce. *Les Journaux* was bending over him, wondering if he was all right. He got to his feet. "*Votre plante,*" she reminded him.

He picked it up. In his mind, he mimicked his mother's consoling voice: "Never mind. We'll get another, Peter." Aloud, he cried out, "No!"

While he was sitting there, nursing his ankle, a vile temptation had visited him, whose source was that artful Eve, his parent. There was an amusing plant he had read about in his manual, known as dumb cane, a member of the *Dieffenbachia* species; when chewed, it paralyzed the tongue. If he were to whip over to Les Halles this afternoon and look for one . . . ? Today, as it chanced, was Friday. He thrust the thought from him. He would have no more plants in his Stygian kingdom, no substitutes, successors or duplicates; and, as for the Fatshedera, he would not take it home for decent burial: He would junk old Fats here at the scene of its decapitation—good riddance. Yet a last trace of humanity remained, he was sorry to perceive, in his hardened heart. He could not perform the committal in plain view of *les Fleurs*, whose stubby chilblained hands had wrapped the grisly trunk in *France Dimanche*: She would be sorry for her trouble. He would have to wait till he found another trash basket.

. . .

Actually, he disposed of it on American soil, in a wastebasket at the embassy, where he went to report Makowski's arrest to a bureaucrat in the consular section who could not have cared less. "If you students take part in street demonstrations, there's nothing we can do to help you. It's strictly against regulations for American citizens to meddle in French politics."

"He *wasn't* taking part in a demonstration," Peter protested. "You just wrote that down yourself in your notes. He was standing on the curb, next to me."

The official frowned over his notes. "Ah, yes, so you said. I see it here. Well, all I can tell you is the next time you see a march or a demonstration, walk rapidly in the opposite direction. Don't linger

there to gaup. For one thing, you may get hurt. A few years ago, during one of their protest rallies, some bystanders were crushed to death in a Métro entrance. Luckily, there were no Americans among them."

Silence followed. The man fiddled with some papers on his desk. "You mean you won't do *anything*?" Peter said finally. "Is that the embassy's policy?"

"Consular policy," the man corrected, "is opposed to taking unnecessary action. Your friend's case isn't as unfamiliar to us as you appear to think. Ordinarily, the French police hold these people a few hours, to teach them a lesson, and then let them go."

"Yeah," said Peter, "I've heard that, too. But I've also heard that they deport foreign students they pick up, just like that, without a trial or investigation or anything. Actually, it happened to a friend of mine."

"An American?"

"Well, no."

"Just as I thought. It's rare," he went on in a musing tone, "that they deport an American unless he's been up to some mischief. Odd as it seems, they discriminate, if anything, in our favor. One of those little diplomatic mysteries. It may have something to do with the balance of payments. Every one of you students, you realize, who stays here getting money from home and spending it is hurting the balance of payments."

From the wall, the photo of Lyndon B. Johnson looked at Peter with eyes of reproach. The official leaned across the desk. "And are you sure that this Makowski is a naturalized citizen of the United States?"

"I'm not *sure*. I only met him this morning. But he talked like an American."

"Didn't you see his passport?"

"That was the whole trouble! I *explained* to you. They were just going to let him go, when it turned out he'd left his passport at home."

"He didn't describe it specifically as an American passport?"

Peter sighed. "No. Why would he? Imagine anybody saying, 'I left my U. S. passport at home this morning.' I mean, that would imply you had several passports."

"I'm not here to engage in semantics with you. And under the circumstances, I don't see how we can help you. We can't intervene without more information than you've been able to furnish. You have no idea of the number of inquiries we get about you students. Usually from parents, wanting us to find out why Bobby hasn't written. If we called the police and the hospitals about every Tom, Dick and Harry, we'd have no time left for normal consular business." He got up. "Run along, now. If your friend doesn't turn up in a day or two,



"Notice how they seem to follow you around the room?"

come back and see me. That's the best I can offer."

"Great!" said Peter bitterly. "You haven't understood the point. I don't know his address. So how can I tell if he turns up or not?"

"You can find him at the Sorbonne, I suppose."

"He's not at the Sorbonne. He's at the Institute of Oriental Languages. And tomorrow is *Saturday*. The embassy will be closed. By Monday he might have been deported. They give you twenty-four hours to leave the country."

His hoarse voice broke. Some secretaries looked up. In a minute, he supposed, they would call the Marine guard to remove him from the chair to which he remained glued, feeling too weak and dejected to dislodge himself. He remembered that he had not eaten since morning. Then the man reached in his pocket and spoke in a kindlier tone. "I tell you what you do. Here's a *jeton*. There's a pay phone in the corridor, by the cash-

ier's window. Call the commissariat of the *arrondissement* where this *bagarre* took place and ask if they're holding your friend. The commissariats are listed in the front matter of the telephone book. Then come back and tell me the result."

"There won't be any result," said Peter, getting reluctantly to his feet. "You don't know the French, sir, the way a student does. It'll just be a waste of a *jeton*. Can you figure me trying to spell Makowski to some half-crooked police sergeant? 'MarieAnatolKléberOscarWashingtonSuzanneKléberIrma?'" He gave a hollow laugh. "If you'd call, it would be different. They *listen* to somebody with authority."

"On your way," said the man. "Right through those doors."

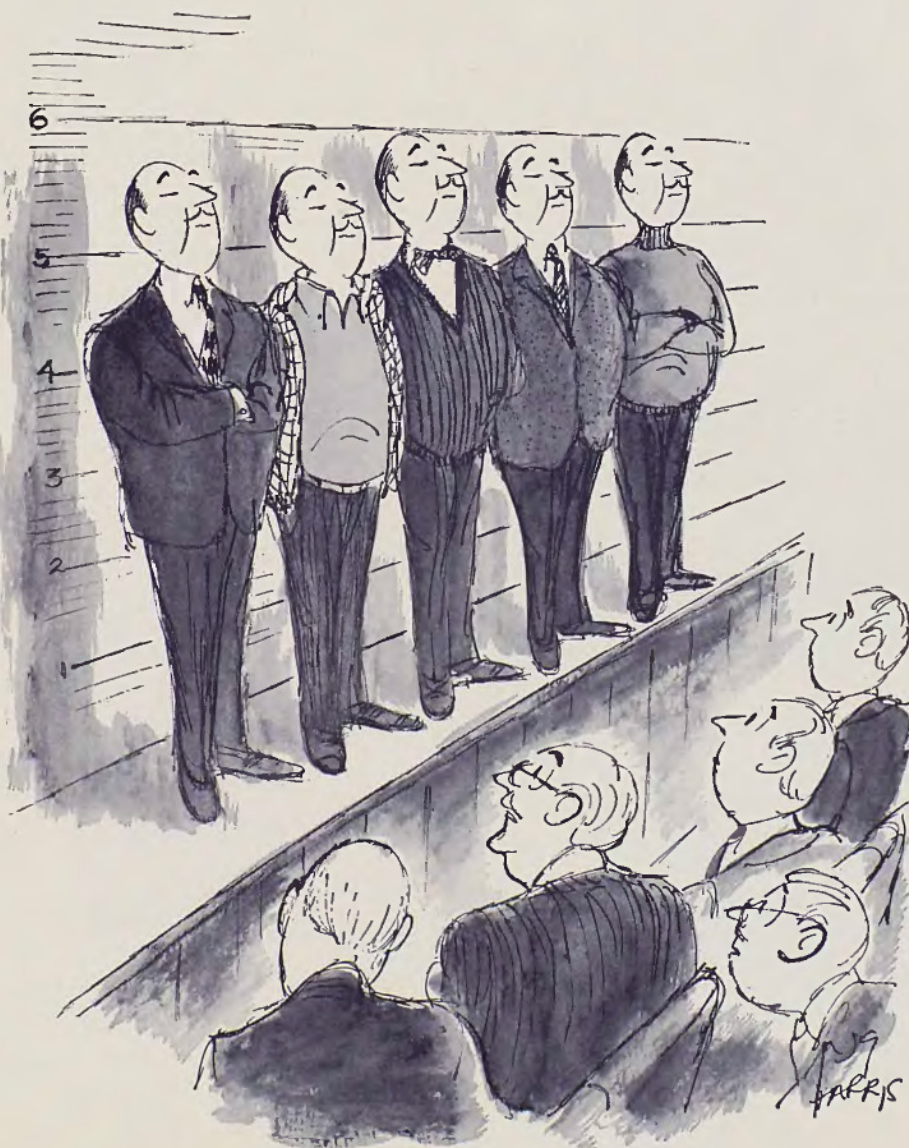
It was just as Peter had prophesied. "They hung up on me," he reported back. "I think they recognized my voice."

For the first time, the official cracked a smile. He chuckled. "Oh, Jesus!" he

said. Still overcome by merriment, he pointed to the chair and Peter obediently sank down. He failed to get the joke, but it did not matter. He knew he had crossed the Rubicon. He watched the man pick up the telephone. "*Monsieur Dupuy, s'il vous plait. . . . Bon, j'attends. . . . Allô, Jacques? C'est nous encore. Pas mal. Et vous-même? Oui, c'est ça. Une petite bagarre. Comme d'habitude. Vous êtes au courant? Un certain Makowski, étudiant. . . .*" He doodled on a pad. "*Ah, bon, bon. Merci. À la prochaine fois, Jacques.*" Jan Makowski, naturalized U. S. citizen, born in Poland, had been released at 3:50 p.m., after verification of his papers.

Peter guessed Makowski had scored, after all. He left the embassy in a good mood. In the end, the vice-consul (he had given Peter his card) had seemed glad that somebody had prodded him into being somewhat better than he customarily was. It was funny how people never remembered the well-known fact that virtue was its own reward but had to keep discovering it as a novelty. In the garden, he paused to pay homage to the seated statue of Ben Franklin in his wide bronze ruffled coat. He liked the patron saint of inventors sitting mildly amid the ornamental shrubbery. He looked homemade, like the funny Stars and Stripes still waving over the embassy's portal. Some English ivy was climbing up his pedestal.

Peter took the lay of the land. Outside the gate, two gendarmes were walking up and down. In the driveway, a chauffeur sat at the wheel of a big black embassy car. But nobody was paying attention to him in the gathering winter dusk. He advanced stealthily toward the statue, taking his time. With his trusty pocketknife, he cut some long shoots of ivy. When one of the gendarmes glanced his way, he had already stored the booty in his sheepskin-lined jacket; the heart-shaped leaves of the Fatshedera's creeping cousin were nestling in his bosom. *Hedera helix* rooted easily in water, and then you could plant it in earth. Satisfied by this act of vandalism committed on U. S. property, he sped toward the Métro station. The idea that a new denizen of his apartment had been acquired free of charge and at some slight personal risk compensated him for the passing of the old one. Life had to go on. Actually, in the place of one sickly specimen, he could have a whole lusty tribe, in pots, trained on strings to climb up his walls—assuming his landlady's consent. Offering his second-class ticket to be punched by the ticket taker, he felt like Prometheus, with a gift of green fire. The punishment, he expected, would come later, in the guise of a *crise de foie* induced by the unhealthy French diet.



BOND MARKET (continued from page 113)

at this point, the owner of the Seaboard bond could conceivably sell for \$1500. By a peculiar form of arithmetical alchemy, a three-percentage-point increase in the general interest rate gives the bondholder (in this instance) a loss of \$230, while a decrease of three points gives him a profit of \$500.

In capsule form, this is how all bonds work. Because they represent a fixed stream of income, their market value will fall when the general interest rate rises and rise when the interest rate falls. Thus, while all bonds are worth \$1000 on the day they're born and on the day they die, their market value wanders considerably in the interim. For the past 25 years, the direction has been downward. Until early this year, the cost of money had been rising steadily, so that the market value of virtually all bonds issued in the past 20 years declined to well below their \$1000 face value. Depending on which figures you read, you may have to go all the way back to the closing years of the 18th Century, when the U. S. was fighting an undeclared naval war with France, to find comparably high interest rates—and comparably low bond prices. Top-grade corporate bonds are now yielding over nine percent and a few months ago paid as much as ten; even Government bonds have been offering over eight percent. Older bonds, bearing the lower interest rates, generally sell at the biggest discounts. On the other hand, the older a bond is, the closer it is to its maturity date; and as maturity draws near, a bond's market price will begin to approach maturity value, so that on maturity day—when the bond is redeemed—the two prices are identical. But up to maturity, the basic rule still governs: Bond prices move inversely with the general interest rate. This concept is basic to an understanding of the bond market, yet many small investors have trouble grasping it.

The investor who wants to understand bonds would do well to clear his mind of anything he might know about the stock market, because little of that knowledge will apply and much of it will confuse. Years ago, amateur investors thought that bonds were like stocks, only safer; more recently, the thinking was that bonds were like stocks, only squarer. Both comparisons mislead.

Stocks pay dividends that rise and fall with the fortunes of the firms they represent. Bonds pay interest, at a fixed and invariable rate. Stocks represent fractional ownership, so their market value fluctuates with the prospects of the firm owned. Bonds represent simple debt obligation; short of the issuer's being unable to meet its payments (a rare occurrence), a bond's market value bears little relationship to the prosperity or

poverty of its issuer. Stocks, like the corporations they represent, are immortal, unless, of course, the company is caught up in a merger or goes out of business. Bonds have to be cashed in sooner or later. Because of the built-in maturity date, almost every bond in the country is sure to be worth \$1000 (or whatever its maturity value might be) on some known day in the future. No stock can make that statement.

The stock market is emphatically a market of individual values. Even in the steepest crash, well-selected stocks will buck the trend, sometimes astonishingly. While listings on the New York Stock Exchange were recently losing a large percentage of their value, one stock, Telex, increased 700 percent. Bonds just don't act that way. With very few exceptions, they move en masse, so that the bond buyer needn't be as choosy as his stock-market counterpart. While the stock speculator has to cope with dozens or even hundreds of variables affecting each security he buys, the bond investor has to be right on only one bet—that the general interest rate will fall. Of course, he might also want to choose a bond backed by a firm that seems likely to avoid bankruptcy; he might want to pick a bond that provides special tax benefits; and, if he plans to hold it until it expires, he might want to select a maturity date that best suits his personal needs. But within these broad strictures, there are hundreds of bonds that will suit him. All are essentially similar. And, assuming he is correct in his

assessment of how the general interest rate will move, all will prove similarly rewarding.

Like all Gaul, bonds are divided into three parts: Governments, municipals and corporates. Each of the three has its distinguishing features; but, as they are discussed in turn, bear in mind that bonds, again like all Gaul, share more similarities than differences. There are three ways to make money in the bond market, though most bond investments will involve them in combination.

The traditional route to bond profits is through income. Paying \$1000 for a bond that yields ten percent a year will obviously result in an annual profit of \$100. In these days of inflation and high taxes, many investors have come to regard income profits as suspect. The big money today is supposedly in growth, and growth is more likely to be found in the stock market. But growth is a relative term. When bonds were paying three percent a year, a computer study showed that stocks, on the average, returned over nine percent. Surely, this was a persuasive case for buying stocks. But now that some bonds themselves are paying over nine percent, the superiority of a common-stock investment—even in the face of inflation—is less clear. A dominant theme in many Victorian novels is that ladies and gentlemen can fare quite well, thank you, by keeping their money working at nine or ten percent a year. In fact, ten percent is all that's needed to make a man wealthy in less than a lifetime; it will turn \$10,000 into \$1,000,000 in just under five decades. The problem is that



"But he's buying."

today's high interest rates will probably not persist—though it is possible to buy long-term bonds that guarantee present rates for several decades. Sad to say, this sort of interest profit, from all bonds except municipals, is fully taxable; the bond investor adds it to his salary and pays his income tax on the lot.

He can also profit from capital gains, which are the bond-market equivalent of stock growth. If the interest rate drops to six percent, his \$1000 bond paying ten percent might bring as much as \$1667 if he sells it. Capital-gains profits such as this are a lot more interesting than a fixed income, and they're even taxed at a more favorable rate: half the investor's regular income-tax rate or 25 percent, whichever is less. (The new tax laws add a minor additional tax for high-bracket investors with capital gains over \$50,000 a year; but such people don't often get their tax advice from magazine articles, so we needn't worry too much about them.)

The bond investor can also make what, for want of a better term, might be called speculative profits—by resorting to

such tricks as buying bonds on borrowed money. Unlike stocks, bonds are regarded as gilt-edged collateral. No matter that bond prices have deteriorated for a generation while stock prices during the same period increased perhaps fourfold. Banks, assuming they have the money, are still quite willing to lend up to 90 percent of market value on bonds posted with them as security. (The maximum allowable loan on stocks is currently 35 percent.) For the bond investor interested in capital gains, this favorable loan advantage means he can get a nine-to-one lever working for him.

Of the three types of bonds, investors tend to know least about Government bonds. This is unfortunate, because they boast some interesting attractions. They are easy to buy, sell or borrow against; they pay surprisingly high returns; and, in some cases, they can be purchased directly from the Government without any brokerage fees. While fully subject to Federal income tax, the interest from U. S. Government bonds is exempt from state and local income taxes. The reason most investors know so little about

Government bonds probably grows from unfavorable experiences with the one variety almost everyone knows: U. S. savings bonds. Savings bonds are small-denomination instruments with the size and feel of an IBM card, designed to lure money out of the pockets of small investors and into the coffers of the Federal Treasury. They have virtually nothing in common with ordinary Government bonds. Savings bonds are registered in the owner's name and are nonnegotiable; this means they can only be sold back to the Treasury. The Government promotes this as a safety feature, which, in a way, it is. But it's also a colossal liability, because the bonds' nonnegotiability means they cannot be posted as collateral against a loan. Between the bank and the pawnshop, anything of value can be borrowed against—except savings bonds. In addition to this drawback, they offer a lower return than any comparable investment. Not surprisingly, the Government loves to sell them, especially in times of inflation. (Savings bonds are the only Government borrowing device that directly reduces individual purchasing power on a mass scale; thus, they are an ideal means of damping inflationary fires.) Unfortunately, when inflation is severe, the Government can become overenthusiastic. The current savings-bond campaign, built around the phrase "Take stock in America," is a monument to deceptive advertising. If a private borrower tried to use those words to sell bonds, he would very quickly find himself in court. There is nothing stocklike about a savings bond. In selling a low-yield, nonnegotiable debt instrument, the use of the word stock—with its implications of equity and growth—borders on fraud.

To the extent that investors have had firsthand experience with savings bonds, they would probably agree that they are poor investments. Inflation has seen to that. Of course, inflation hurts all fixed incomes and, thus, all bonds. But because buyers of savings bonds have to hold on to them till maturity to receive the advertised interest rate, inflation seems to hit them hardest. As an extreme example: \$18.75 invested in a savings bond in 1941 would have yielded \$25 a decade later. But in 1951, that \$25 had a purchasing power, in terms of 1941 dollars, of only \$13.75. The net loss over ten long years was 27 percent—plus taxes owed on the \$6.25 interest profit, if profit can be used in this context. The current return on savings bonds, up to five percent, compares almost as unfavorably with today's six-percent rate of inflation.

A concomitant drawback was first brought to this writer's attention by economist Eliot Janeway. Besides being uncannily correct in his bond-market predictions over the past few years, Janeway



"I'm taking a sex survey. . . . How about it?"

has been one of the few financial advisors with the courage to speak loudly and publicly against savings bonds. He points out that virtually all savings-bond investors pay taxes on their interest not as it accrues, which is every year, but in one lump sum, when the bonds are finally cashed in. In this case, increasing affluence and the graduated income tax conspire to penalize the investor even further. He is forced to pay taxes on his savings-bond interest at his current tax rate, which, especially for a young investor, is probably the highest he's ever paid in his life and is almost certainly higher than the rate to which he was subject when the bulk of the interest was actually earned. As Janeway puts it: "The Treasury is getting a double windfall on savings bonds—chiseling on the interest rate it pays and cleaning up on the tax rate it collects."

As usual, the people most victimized by savings bonds are those who can least afford it. When a rich man buys them, you can be sure he's not doing it to get richer. He might be currying tax favors, setting himself up for an Administration appointment or heading a local bond-buying drive that will presumably trickle down to the grass roots. But down among the grass roots are millions of Americans who can't afford to be so charitable. These people might plunk

down a hard-earned \$18.75—a significant fraction of the average weekly pay check—in the mistaken belief that they are buying some kind of stock certificate that will grow as fast as the U. S. Government. Sooner or later, they'll probably get back less value than they gave and still owe taxes on the difference. It's enough to make a buyer suspect not only the bonds but the integrity of the issuer.

All the deceptive transit ads and the free newspaper space could be liberated for more constructive purposes if the Government would simply approach amateur investors the same way it approaches the pros: offering an interest rate competitive with the prevailing cost of money. Because sophisticated investors, by and large, don't buy savings bonds, the Government *does* have to pay the going rate for most of its borrowings, which are represented by Government bonds. The most difficult barrier here is nomenclature. The three types of Government bonds are distinguishable only by their maturities. *Treasury bills* (sometimes called certificates) are bonds with the shortest maturities: no more than one year. *Treasury notes* are bonds issued with maturities varying from one to seven years. Bonds with maturities over seven years are called what they all should be called: *Treasury bonds*. The perplexing terminology grows from a

Congressional edict forbidding any Government bonds (except savings bonds) from paying over 4¼ percent interest. No such restrictions apply to notes, so, in good Orwellian tradition, the Treasury has simply declared that any bond maturing in less than seven years isn't a bond at all but a note. Unfortunately, even new-speak can't solve all the Treasury's problems. Maturities over seven years are out of the question, because these would be bonds and the 4¼ percent maximum hasn't been competitive since 1967. Notes are a possibility, but the Treasury is extremely reluctant to issue them, presumably because the high interest rate needed to sell them would constitute a tacit admission that costly money (and inflation) will be with us for years.

The confusing result is that the Treasury, probably against its better instincts, has been forced by the battle against inflation to raise its cash in the short-term money market, by selling Treasury bills. This can be an expensive way to raise money. In the good old days, when the Treasury's main customers were big businesses that gobbled up Treasury bills in \$1,000,000 lots, at least the paperwork was minimal. But early this year, when a large portion of T-bill offerings was being picked up by small investors at \$1000 a shot, the Treasury was suddenly faced with a back-office bookkeeping



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problem. Incredibly, the Treasury was spending more to process a \$1000 T bill than a \$1,000,000 one; and T-men estimated that the additional clerical expense attributable to small-investor bill buying rocketed the Government's actual borrowing cost from 8 to 16 percent.

As usual, the cure was worse than the disease. In late February, the Treasury raised its lowest-denomination bill from \$1000 to \$10,000. At that point, the United States Government found itself in the morally difficult position of offering a risk-free eight-percent return to relatively wealthy investors, with the less affluent being pushed into savings bonds, much less liquid and paying half the T-bill interest rate. This was really an astonishing move, one of those policy decisions that no amount of efficiency explanation can rationalize away. If justice is to be served, the poor should get the bargains, as the rich have a long and glorious tradition of getting by on their own.

The new Treasury policy provoked such a storm of protest from so many quarters that it may have been repealed by the time these words are read. (In early May, the Treasury did offer a series of notes, maturing in 18 months, paying 7.79 percent interest and available in \$1000 denominations.) But even if the \$10,000 minimum persists, T bills are still an attractive purchase for anyone blessed with ten Gs—or with friends who might want to join him in raising that sum. Treasury bills currently offer just about the highest returns of all Government bonds and they are the only ones that individual investors can purchase without going through a middleman and paying the appropriate fees.

The prospective purchaser has his choice of four maturities: three months, six months, nine months and twelve months. All T bills are bearer obligations: The only names on them are those of Uncle Sam and the issuing Federal Reserve Bank. As with currency, whoever has the bill in his pocket is assumed to be the rightful owner, so the buyer of T bills will obviously want to take care not to lose them. A safe-deposit box is the usual precaution and the expense is tax deductible. Being bearer bonds, T bills make fine collateral; in fact, they are just about as negotiable as cash, with the important distinction that they bear interest. As with all bonds, the interest rate on T bills is fixed for life, with the rate on new ones set at issuance according to the vagaries of the money market. Earlier this year, the yield on three-month T bills crept over eight percent; but more recently, it dropped back below seven.

The standard method of quoting Treasury-bill returns understates their yield. Like savings bonds, T bills are sold at a discount and redeemed at face value. A seven-percent, \$10,000, one-year Treasury bill will cost its purchaser

\$9300 and a year later will be worth \$10,000. The \$700 interest represents seven percent of \$10,000; but, in the investor's terms, the yield is actually higher—in this case, around 7½ percent—since he's really investing only \$9300. The huddled masses who queued up to purchase Treasury bills in person presumably were unaware that the bills could be bought quite effortlessly through the mails. All that's needed is a certified personal check (or a cashier's check) in whatever multiple of \$10,000 the investor chooses, made out to the nearest Federal Reserve Bank, which he can locate by examining the folding money in his wallet. After the discount rate is established, the bank refunds whatever excess was paid when it sends the investor his certificate. (T bills in virtually any maturity can also be purchased through a banker or a broker, but this involves extra fees.)

The three- and six-month bills are sold every Monday at 1:30 P.M., E. S. T., simultaneously at all 12 Federal Reserve Banks. The nine- and twelve-month bills are sold only once a month; the date varies, but the same procedures apply. Most individual purchasers seem to prefer the three-month bills. These give maximum flexibility (after all, they turn into cash every 91 days) and permit the purchaser to keep rolling them over. Once he gets going, he can send a matured bill instead of a check, receiving in turn, a new bill, plus the bank's check for the discount difference. For investors who are unwilling or unable to meet the \$10,000 minimum, at least one organization has begun pooling T-bill purchases as small as \$1000, for fees no higher than \$5 per \$1000. Details are available from the American Board of Trade, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001.

One precaution: Short-term debt instruments, be they Treasury bills or any of the other notes that can be purchased through a banker or a broker, are *not* a long-term investment medium. This writer is always reluctant to foretell the future, but sure as sunrise, T bills and other short-term paper will not yield today's high interest rates forever. Sooner or later, they will drop back to five, four or even three percent; and at that point, they will be no more attractive (and considerably less convenient) than an ordinary passbook savings account. Short-term instruments such as Treasury bills are simply a temporary shelter wherein the investor can sit on ready cash and knock down a decent interest rate until the storm clears in stocks, bonds or whatever other investment medium he might be drawn to.

He might be drawn to Treasury bonds or notes—the ones that mature in more than a year. As already mentioned, they *do* exist and most are available in

\$1000 denominations. But since the Government hasn't sold many to the public in recent years, the usual way to purchase them is through a private dealer. The market for seasoned Government bonds—which is what these older issues are called—is similar to that for over-the-counter stocks. Individual dealers make the market and their profit usually comes from the spread between their buying price and their selling price. Since they don't like to truck with the public, the prospective buyer usually has to go through a stockbroker or a banker—and pay a fee. The going rate for a single bond purchase is \$20, no matter what the price, but the investor ought to shop around, because the figure can vary wildly from one institution to another. On large transactions, the commissions diminish to one fourth of one percent.

As with most bonds, each Government bond or note is available in either bearer or registered form. Bearer bonds, like Treasury bills, don't have the owner's name on them. But, unlike Treasury bills, they pay semi-annual interest. Each bond will have one or more coupon sheets attached to it and, every six months, the owner clips off a coupon and deposits it at his bank, just like a check. Registered bonds, like savings bonds, have the owner's name on them. Here, there are no coupons to clip; interest arrives through the mail. Either way, it's paid twice a year. Since most bond transactions won't be made on the precise day on which interest is due, the new buyer must pay the seller his proper share of the accrued interest; this is automatically added to the sale price.

A preference for bearer or registered bonds is largely personal. Bearer bonds are marginally more negotiable; juice men, bookies and even pushers have been known to accept them. But they are also riskier and, because of the coupons attached, more of a nuisance. Banks and trust funds strongly prefer the convenience of registered bonds: There's no record keeping, the certificates are much easier to stack and they don't have to be shuffled through and clipped periodically. The big buyer of bonds might share this preference, but the small purchaser has more important things to worry about. However, he would be wise to insist that his certificates, whatever their form, be issued and delivered to him. Brokers offer to provide safekeeping for customers' securities, but their offices are so disorganized these days that the safety factor is debatable.

Government-bond prices are quoted daily in *The Wall Street Journal* and in the financial pages of most other major newspapers. (The best source of Government-bond information—in fact, the best source of facts on most aspects of the bond market—is *The Weekly Bond Buyer*, published every Monday at 67 Pearl



"Her? Oh, she warms up the relief pitcher."

Street, New York, New York 10004. At \$96 a year, it can hardly be called a bargain, but for serious investors, it's probably worth the expense; for big-timers, there's even a daily edition.) Currently, about 50 different Government-bond series are available, with maturities ranging from 1970 to 1998. Prices are quoted per \$100 face value, even though there's no such beast as a \$100 Treasury bond. The reader has to multiply by ten to produce the real-life figure. Worse, quotes are in dollars and 32nds of a dollar. In other words, 67.16 means $67\frac{16}{32}$, which really means $67\frac{1}{2}$, which really means \$67.5. This system supposedly saves newspaper ink.

Government bonds are identified by coupon rate and maturity date: $4\frac{1}{4}$ s 74 describes the $4\frac{1}{4}$ -percent bonds maturing in 1974, as distinguished from the $4\frac{1}{8}$ -percent bonds or the $3\frac{7}{8}$ -percent bonds that come due that same year. A hyphenated date, such as $3\frac{1}{4}$ s 83-78, describes $3\frac{1}{4}$ -percent bonds that mature in 1983 but are *callable* as early as 1978. This just means that if the Government cares to, it can redeem the bonds early (call them in)—an unlikely possibility nowadays, since this would have the Treasury borrowing money at over seven percent to retire a series of bonds paying less than half that. Government-bond

quotations are usually accompanied by a percentage figure that describes the bond's yield to maturity, a computation reflecting the fact, already noted, that a bond selling for less than its \$1000 face value will not only bear interest but will also give the owner a capital-gains profit if he holds it until it matures. A recent quotation for the Government's four-percent bonds of August 1972, for instance, showed them selling at 93.10—about \$933 apiece—with a yield-to-maturity figure of 7.88 percent. This indicates that the \$40-a-year interest until August 1972, plus the \$67 profit when the bond pays off, would equal a net return of 7.88 percent a year on the \$933 invested. Yield-to-maturity figures are a convenient means of comparing bond values, but they are mildly misleading because they combine interest profit and capital-gains profit without reflecting the different tax consequences of each. A deep-discount bond yielding the equivalent of eight percent to maturity is obviously a better buy, in tax terms, than a bond selling at a lesser discount but offering the same equivalent yield. In the case of the discount bond, much of the investor's ultimate profit will be taxable at the more favorable capital-gains rate.

Would-be suicides might take note of the fact that many Government bonds are

acceptable at face value in payment of Federal estate taxes. Some of these "flower bonds" are currently available for \$700 per \$1000 bond, which means the wily decedent can pluck a posthumous profit of around 40 percent if he plays his hand properly. Not worth dying for, presumably, but something to think about when advising a dowager aunt.

Bonds issued by the U.S. Government—including ordinary bonds, notes, Treasury bills and even savings bonds—are properly regarded as the safest of all investments, since it's the Government that pays both interest and principal whenever they are due—and, you'll recall, the Government prints the money.

Most of the safety of Government bonds, plus slightly higher returns, is available in what are known as Government-agency bonds. These are issued by the dozen or so organizations—such as the Federal Home Loan Banks or the Federal National Mortgage Association—that are somehow related to the Federal Government. Much discussion centers around whether the Government would bail out bondholders if any of these quasi-official bodies were to default on their I.O.U.s. During the Depression, when so many farm mortgages were forced into foreclosure, the Treasury *did* step in to help the Federal Land Banks. Presumably, it would do so again. But because the Government doesn't have to, bonds issued by these organizations pay a slightly higher return (perhaps one-half percent more) than their cousins issued by the Treasury. As with Government bonds, the interest on agency securities is exempt from state and local income taxes.

In terms of tax exemption, nothing beats municipal bonds. These are issued by local governments. The name implies only cities, but states, villages, mosquito-abatement districts or any non-Federal governing unit can use them. They offer lower returns than Government bonds—the current rate is around seven percent—but they provide a unique appeal: The interest they pay is totally exempt from Federal income tax. If the bondholder lives in the state where the bond was issued, the interest is also exempt from state income tax. And, for some unfathomable reason, municipal bonds issued in Alaska and Hawaii before they became states are exempt from all income taxes—Federal, state and local—no matter who owns them. The speculative potential of municipal bonds is somewhat circumscribed, because there's no tax advantage to purchasing them on borrowed money. The Internal Revenue Service, with reasonable justification, feels that individuals shouldn't be allowed to deduct interest costs on loans financing the purchase of a tax-free income.

Obviously, the attractiveness of this



"This color goes very well with your panties!"

sort of income increases with one's tax bracket. For the man who pays only 15 or 20 cents in taxes on each additional dollar he makes, tax-free income has little value; but when he begins giving up 50 or even 60 cents on the dollar, then the prospect of tax-free money becomes more alluring. Yet all that glitters isn't gold—perhaps for the best, since gold ownership is illegal for Americans. Municipal bonds are fraught with difficulties that aren't encountered in other bonds. First, while most municipal bonds offer similar interest rates, there's such a bewildering array of them, in varying denominations and maturities, that it's often difficult for buyers and sellers to get together. Municipal-bond prices are not quoted in any of the financial papers, because if such quotes were published, there would be no room for anything else. At last count, 92,000 government units had municipal bonds outstanding. Typically, each series of bonds might have from 10 to 30 maturity dates, so that if municipal-bond prices were quoted like those of stocks, there would be something in the order of 2,000,000 items to account for. The real reason municipal bonds aren't quoted is not their vast number but the fact that the bonds themselves seldom come to market. Investors tend to buy them as they are issued and hold them until maturity. Those that *do* come to market are handled like seasoned Government bonds, by private dealers who make their profit the same way grocers do: selling at a higher price than they've paid. As with the grocery store, the profit margin on slow-moving items has to be substantial. One of the current problems with municipal bonds is that prices have been plummeting so drastically that few dealers are willing to sit on big inventories; in this sort of environment, municipal bonds begin to resemble exotic pets: easy to buy but difficult to sell. However, when the general interest rate begins to fall, dealers will stand to profit from their inventory; they'll be more willing to expand and, therefore, more willing to buy.

The municipal bonds that dealers offer to buy or sell are listed and priced daily in a thick azure document called the blue list. Stockbrokers usually have access to a copy and it is through a stockbroker that the small investor usually purchases municipal bonds. The typical broker's fee is \$5 to \$20 per \$1000 bond, regardless of the price the bond is selling for; as usual, the rates diminish on larger purchases. The broker contacts the appropriate dealer and buys at the dealer's asking price. The same procedure and fee apply for sales, except that these are made at the dealer's buying price, which (on small transactions such as this) might be five percent lower. While virtually all municipal bonds exist in \$1000 increments, such certificates are difficult



*"Well, that's great! Now what?
It so happens I'm a virgin, too."*

to buy or sell individually; \$5000 denominations are more common and \$10,000, or even \$25,000, is the preferred unit. Most brokers who are concerned with more than just getting their commissions will rightly advise that purchases under \$10,000 a shot are a mistake.

The perfect investor in municipal bonds would be someone like Mrs. Horace E. Dodge. This amiable lady, now deceased, sank her entire auto inheritance, some \$59,000,000, into municipals, assuring her a tax-free income of several million dollars a year and liberating her from the annoyance of having to fill out a tax form every spring. The new tax laws have slightly diminished the attractiveness of such an investment for the select few who might be able to afford it (today, you have to fill out the forms), but the point is the same: It usually takes an enormous fortune to justify an investment in municipal bonds. A youthful investor, even if he has this kind of money, would probably want to do something more exciting with it.

He might investigate corporate bonds. These are issued by established (sometimes not so established) companies to finance new plants and equipment. Like butterflies, corporate bonds have been classified into all sorts of confusing sub-categories; but from the investor's point of view, there are only two types: straight bonds and convertible bonds. With a few important distinctions, straight bonds are similar to Governments or municipals: They pay semi-annual interest to maturity, whereupon the owner retrieves the principal. Convertible bonds have all the same features, with one important extra: They can be exchanged, at any time the bondholder wishes, for a fixed number of shares of the issuing company's common stock.

Straight corporate bonds offer most of

the advantages of long-term Government bonds and generally attract the same sort of clientele. Because no corporation is deemed as creditworthy as the Federal Government, corporate bonds generally pay a slightly higher return—usually one-half to two percent higher—than comparable Government bonds. This makes them that much better an investment for income seekers who are willing to assume the concomitant risks, which are slight. Obviously, some corporations are riskier than others, and these have to pay more to borrow money. Two New York firms make a living grading corporate bonds (municipals, too) in accordance with the creditworthiness of the issuer. Like grades in a college for draft dodgers, the ratings range from triple A to C; all the ratings are highly conservative and much more useful to bond issuers than to investors. Most brokerage houses subscribe to one or both rating services, so the grades are available to anyone who cares to seek them out.

Corporate bonds are bought and sold just like common stocks, through a broker. The legal minimum commission is \$2.50 per \$1000 bond and the diligent investor might still be able to find a firm willing to do business at that low rate. (A comparable transaction in stocks might cost \$20-\$40.) But just as hospital fees rise during an epidemic, so have brokerage costs risen with public participation in the bond market. No brokerage house *has* to charge the minimum and, despite the lip service they like to pay to the cause of people's capitalism, brokers seem ever less willing to do business with small investors on the same terms they offer big ones. Typical fees on small transactions now range from five dollars to ten dollars per bond.

The biggest problem facing the individual who's interested in corporate

bonds is not the fee he has to pay (even ten dollars per bond is only one percent) but the arm twisting and arguments he has to endure before he can convince his broker to accept an order. Most brokers loathe bonds. The bond experience of many is confined to the knowledge that the sales commission is tiny. Worse, bond investing tends to discourage the in-and-out trading that used to send stockbrokers to Europe every summer. When a customer buys a deep-discount corporate bond, selling at \$640 and yielding the equivalent of nine percent until it matures 20 years later, chances are that he'll hold it until maturity. After all, his profit is guaranteed. Had he sunk the same money into stocks, he would surely trade more frequently, probably generating a minor jet stream of sales commissions in the process. As one brokerage-house official lamented candidly in *The Wall Street Journal*: "Bonds tend to tie up the customers' money."

Many bonds permit the issuing corporation to redeem them early, for a price slightly higher than the maturity value. As noted earlier, this call privilege is hardly a privilege, as long as the general interest rate remains higher than the rate prevailing when the bond was issued. In days when the interest rate was more stable, the call privilege gave the borrower an element of protection. If the interest rate were to decline significantly, he could call in his bonds and issue new ones at a lower rate. But at today's high rates, any drastic decline in interest costs would mean huge profits for investors who have purchased discounted bonds. The prospect of having their bonds called away at prices much higher than they paid shouldn't prove too disturbing. Bonds issued prior to the early 1960s are generally more likely to have less desirable call provisions than bonds issued since then, but these older bonds are generally the ones selling at the greatest discounts, because they were issued when interest rates were low. The net effect is that the investor who buys bonds for less than their face value shouldn't be overly concerned about call provisions. Only when the interest rate drops back substantially, to a point at which he might find himself buying bonds at or above their face value, should he be more careful, lest he find himself paying \$1100 for a bond that the issuer can retire early for \$1000. Newspaper bond quotations provide no information about the callability of corporate bonds, so the best source is a brokerage-house reference library or one of the two rating services previously mentioned.

Newspaper quotations of corporate bonds generally leave a lot to be desired. Fewer than 1000 of the great multitude of corporate bonds are traded on the big New York exchanges and only these are

quoted daily in the press. Here's a typical quotation, from a recent issue of *The Wall Street Journal*:

67½ 54 Am T&T 2½s87 46 56½ 56 56 -2½

The format and symbology are similar to those for stock quotations, and the imaginative reader ought to be able to deduce that this bond was issued by American Telephone and Telegraph, that it pays interest at a rate of 2½ percent per \$1000 bond and that it matures in 1987. As usual, the price figures have to be multiplied by ten before they make sense. The two figures before the name represent the high and low prices for the year—in this case, \$673.75 and \$540. The 46 after the maturity date is the number of bonds (in \$1000 units) sold that day. The next three figures are the day's high price (\$568.75), low price (\$560) and closing price (also \$560). The final fraction is the change from the previous closing price, showing, in this case, that the bonds lost \$25 each, which is quite a lot for any bond to give up in one day. The interest-rate figure of 2½ percent doesn't sound like much. It means that the bond returns \$28.75 a year; and investors who are mathematically inclined can compute that, since the bond could be purchased for just \$560, the return, in the purchaser's terms, would be around 5.12 percent. This, of course, doesn't include the \$440 profit the investor is sure to make if he holds the bond the 17 years to maturity. The \$440 spread evenly over 17 years means an extra \$26 annually. Added to the \$28.75 interest, this gives an annual return of \$54.75, which means this bond is actually offering 9.9 percent a year, a respectable return by almost anyone's standards.

On the day the telephone bond just mentioned was selling to yield 9.9 percent, most other comparable bonds were offering less than 9 percent. An interesting aspect of the listed bond market is that the sharp-eyed reader of the financial pages, if he is blessed with a calculating machine or a penchant for long division, can often discover solid, high-rated bonds yielding perhaps a full percentage point above the prevailing rates. If his broker is quick enough, he might then buy an authentic bargain, of a sort that is rarely available in the stock market. Bernard Baruch owed much of his early fortune to a sharp eye for such price disparities. They exist because the listed market for bonds is gossamer thin. A day's turnover in a typical bond on the New York Stock Exchange might involve 10, 20 or perhaps 35 \$1000 units. Institutions still dominate the bond market and, in institutional terms, 35 bonds is an insignificant number. You can bet your life insurance that Prudential (or any other big bond buyer) is not about to dump 5000 bonds into a market that can handle 35 a day. Institutional

transactions are conducted through big, private bond dealers—the same ones who handle municipal and Government bonds. Surprisingly enough, many small-investor transactions are handled this way, too, because a good broker will know where the bargains are and often he can get a better price by avoiding the exchanges. This works well for the investor, but it makes the listed bond market somewhat mythical. Sure, the newspaper quotations represent real transactions, but real transactions made at a time when the same bond might have been selling elsewhere for \$20 higher or lower than the listed price.

The one breed of corporate bonds that trades widely and well on the New York exchanges is the convertible bond. As noted, convertible bonds pay fixed interest to maturity, just like straight bonds; but they can also be exchanged, at the holder's option, for a predetermined number of shares of the issuing company's common stock. This means that "converts" (veterans accent the second syllable) can act like stocks as well as like bonds.

The use of convertible bonds as a corporate money-raising device increased twentyfold during the 1960s. At the beginning of the decade, converts were being issued at a rate of only a few hundred million dollars a year, and some of this was privately placed (sold direct to insurance companies or mutual funds), so that the public couldn't get at it. By 1969, convertibles were appearing to the tune of five billion dollars a year and the public was very definitely involved. Corporations like to issue convertible bonds, because investors like to buy them—so much so that they're usually willing to settle for a lower interest rate (perhaps one or even two percent lower, depending on the specifics of the deal) in return for the conversion privilege and the vision of limitless riches that usually accompanies it. So far, the corporations have got the better of the deal. From their point of view, convertible bonds are a cheap way of selling stock at high prices without hurting anyone's feelings. A corporation might sell \$50,000,000 worth of convertible bonds and, as long as its stock keeps rising, investors will gradually exchange the converts for stock. When the maturity date finally rolls around, all the bonds will have been converted and, presto, the corporation won't have to repay the \$50,000,000. More typically, when a company's common stock has risen to such an extent that its convertible bonds are selling far above maturity value, it will call the bonds, in effect forcing the bondholders to exchange them for common shares. In either case, the net result is simply that the company has sold more stock, thereby diluting the holdings of the prebond stockholders.

But this assumes that stock prices are



Duck Brown

"Yes, ma'am, I am fighting over you. But don't misunderstand, I just love to fight!"

rising. For anyone who hasn't noticed, they have been dropping lately, and so (with a handful of exceptions) have convertible bonds. In the past two years, the speculative public has taken a saturating bath in the convertible-bond market, mostly from buying converts on the assumption that they are just like stocks, only safer. The logic goes something like this: If the value of the related common stock were to rise, then the bond, being convertible into a fixed number of common shares, would rise, too. If the value of the underlying common were to fall, then the value of the convertible bond would stay the same—or at least not fall as much—because the convertible bond also pays fixed interest, which means it has value as a straight bond. Convertible bonds, as a popular observation had it, are like stocks, with a theoretical floor underneath them. But safety in the bond market is a relative term. When stock prices and bond prices began falling simultaneously, that theoretical floor looked like an open elevator shaft. Losses of 30 or even 40 percent in less than a year were all too typical.

An understanding of the intricacies of converts is best achieved through a real-life example. In the summer of 1967, RCA sold \$160,000,000 worth of convertible bonds, yielding $4\frac{1}{2}$ percent interest and maturing in 1992. When the bonds were first sold, the prevailing interest rate was somewhat over 5 percent, but RCA got by with $4\frac{1}{2}$; investors were willing to accept a lower return in exchange for the conversion privilege. In this case, each \$1000 bond can be exchanged, at the bondholder's option, for

17 shares of RCA common stock. RCA common was then selling for around \$52 a share, so conversion wasn't profitable (17 times \$52 is only \$884). Yet the bonds began changing hands at \$1050 each. The year 1992 was a long way off and, since stocks were rising, buyers valued the conversion factor considerably. For a while, their optimism seemed justified. RCA stock rose and so did the market value of the convertible bonds. For each dollar increase in the common, the bond, representing 17 shares, rose \$17. Just a few months after it was issued, the bond was selling for \$1235.

But that was as high as it got. Investors began to realize that inflation is as bad for companies (and thus for stocks) as it is for people. The stock market—RCA included—entered a long decline. Inflation also worked on the bond market. Interest rates rose, so bonds declined, too. As these words are written, RCA common is selling for \$20 a share and RCA converts for around \$650. Anyone who bought in at the peak price of \$1235 is now out almost 50 percent of his investment and has good reason to question the carpentry of that theoretical floor.

The convertible-bond debacle may have been abetted by an obsolete cliché: that bonds and stocks tend to move in opposite directions. In the Twenties and Thirties, this was certainly true: When stocks were going up, bonds were falling, and vice versa. Even into the Forties, knowledgeable investors with a well-developed sense of timing used this simple rule of thumb as a painless and elegant means of making money. But, like many

devices, it became obsolete during World War Two. Since then, stocks and bonds have sometimes moved in concert and sometimes at odds, but they have always declined together. Every major bond-market decline in the past 25 years has been accompanied by an equally major sell-off in stocks. Convertible bonds partake of the more volatile elements of both stocks and bonds, so investors shouldn't be surprised that converts can fall as quickly as they can rise. Economists and market analysts these days don't agree on very much, but there's surprising unanimity in the belief that the stock market won't rise significantly until inflation is brought under control and the interest rate begins to fall. Whenever that happens, bond prices will already be rising—and convertible-bond prices, representing the worst and the best of both worlds, might rise even faster. Obviously, the best time to buy converts is when all hope has been abandoned and both stocks and bonds are selling at their lows. This time, if it's not already at hand, it can't be too far off. As long as the convert is selling at its straight-bond value, the risk is no more than that entailed in an ordinary bond purchase and the prospective rewards seem considerably greater. Almost 1000 corporations—from AMK to Zapata Norness—have convertible bonds (or their close cousins, convertible preferred stock) outstanding; and, with stock prices as low as they are at presstime, a surprising number are selling close to their value as straight bonds. (Younger, less-seasoned companies—at least a few of which will surely take off when the stock market recovers—are more likely to issue convertible bonds than straight ones, because it's easier for them to raise money that way.) Details on all convertible bonds, including estimates of straight-bond value and computations of how much each would be worth if converted into common stock, are published monthly in *Moody's Bond Survey*, which can usually be found within maroon loose-leaf binders on a stockbroker's bookshelf. From this information, the interested investor might want to evolve a check list of converts selling at or close to straight-bond value, and then determine which of these offer the most attractive common stock and which are closest to conversion value. (The nearer a convert is to its conversion value, the sooner will it rise in sympathy with its underlying stock.)

It should be obvious by now that bonds can fulfill different goals for different investors. Convertible bonds, when selling at their conversion value, are as risky and potentially as rewarding as any common stock—even more so if purchased on full margin. Converts selling near their straight-bond value are as



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**ICE BLUE
AQUA
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sound as a regular bond investment, with the added possibility of distant profit if the underlying stock should revive. Straight bonds themselves, with their current high yields, offer guaranteed returns unparalleled in anyone's memory, plus the prospect of handsome capital gains whenever interest rates return to lower levels. When bonds are offering eight, nine or even ten percent—returns that compare favorably with the average performance of common stocks over the past 44 years—they are certainly no longer the sole province of widows, orphans or insurance companies. Bonds should be part of the portfolio of every investor, even the gutsiest.

Strangely, the bonds that appear to be the stodgiest are probably the most interesting for the nifty bond speculator who is willing to assume large risks for the prospect of proportionately large profits. The borrowed-money leveraging technique, already mentioned briefly, works only for straight bonds: corporates, Governments and the higher-paying Government-agency bonds. Here, the investor gets no tax preferences and no convertibility, just the chance to make (or lose) a real pile. During the current tight-money seizure, the necessary cash is difficult to come by, but this is actually a disguised blessing. The money will become available when the interest rate starts going down and, at this point, bond prices will be rising—just what the speculator wants.

Rather hypothetically, here's how the leveraging transaction would work. With the general interest rate heading downward, a speculator with \$5000 concludes the cost of money will go lower yet, which means bond prices will rise. His first step is to set up a credit line with a bank willing to accept bonds against a collateral loan. Most banks will oblige, but the speculator would do well to shop around for the best rate. His first instinct—to approach a tried-and-true local banker—ought to be repressed. Like conventioners, banks do things out of town that they'd never dare at home. To reduce lending rates at home would mean discriminating among favored customers. Better to charge a uniform high rate at home and then lend idle funds at a discount to trustworthy strangers. The peculiar result is that Manhattanites can often find better loan accommodations in Los Angeles, while at the same time, Angelenos are discovering they have a friend at the Chase. Interestingly enough, the best out-of-town banking connections nowadays are rural banks; they have more money to lend than their city cousins.

Assume that our speculator finds a bank willing to lend him \$45,000, at nine percent a year, against \$50,000 bonds posted as collateral. Here, the bank is financing 90 percent of the transaction; even 95 percent would not be

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"I got her on a picnic once. I thought she was the most passionate girl in the world, then I realized we were lying on an anthill."

unusual for Government bonds. His credit line secured, the speculator purchases \$50,000 worth of eight-percent bonds. Commissions on a transaction this size would be minimal—\$100 to \$200, depending on the number of bonds involved. The speculator pays his broker \$5000 (plus commissions) and the bank pays the remaining \$45,000 when the brokerage house delivers the certificates. In effect, the speculator has bought all the action from \$50,000 worth of bonds for a little over \$5000. The interest cost on the collateral loan will amount to \$4050 a year, but the bonds themselves pay eight percent—\$4000 a year. So the net cost of carrying the loan is a lordly \$50 per annum, tax deductible. This is very close to being what speculators happily call a free carry, difficult but not impossible to achieve these days. And note that even if the borrower had to pay ten percent on the bank loan, the cost to him would still be a manageable \$500 a year, also deductible.

Having bought his bonds, the investor need only wait. If the interest rate remains constant, he can maintain his position indefinitely, at a cost of \$50 annually. Of course, if the interest rate rises, he'll soon be in very serious trouble: His collateral will diminish in value and he'll have to post more cash or sell out at a loss. In fact, if the interest rate rises as much as one percentage point, he'll be wiped out. However, he has projected that the interest rate will decline; and if this occurs, he will profit handsomely. A two-percent decline in the general interest rate—from eight to six percent—will give his bonds a market value well over

\$60,000. He could sell out, pay his brokerage fees, repay the \$45,000 bank loan and emerge with around \$20,000. Not bad on an investment of just one fourth that.

Not too many people will be willing to assume the risks implicit in this sort of transaction, and for good reason: Money can be lost this way just as quickly as gained. But it should have a special appeal to risk takers who are familiar with the workings of the stock market, because it follows one of the fundamental rules of stock speculation: betting *with* the trend, rather than against it. In stocks, the successful speculator soon learns never to "call the turns." He won't buy into a declining market in the hope that it will reverse direction tomorrow, because he knows that stocks reverse themselves infrequently, so to bet on a turnaround is to bet against the odds. Leveraged transactions in bonds nowadays will almost certainly go with the trend, because there simply won't be much money to borrow until the interest rate—and the bond market—is headed in the right direction.

The more cautious investor, drawn to bonds because of their high yields, finds himself in a less justifiable position. Everyone desirous of a fixed income seems to have his own price. Some will be lured in at seven percent, some at eight, more yet at nine and ten. But all of them, once they become bond owners, find themselves in just the role they should avoid in the stock market. As new bondholders, they are unanimous in their expectation that the interest rate will turn down tomorrow. If they didn't

expect the interest rate to reverse itself immediately, they would do better not to buy—to sit on their cash and await higher returns. So, to the extent that they are attracted to bonds solely by their high yields, individual bond buyers are trying to call the turns.

But, to repeat: Stocks and bonds are different. The most fascinating aspect of the bond market, from the small investor's point of view, is that there he *can* call the turns, with astonishing regularity. Those who know the stock market have heard the old saw that the small investor is always wrong. Professional stock players scrutinize what are known as the odd-lot statistics, measuring the activity of investors (invariably amateurs) who buy and sell fewer than 100 shares at a time. When the odd-lot figures show small investors buying heavily, the pros take it as a time to sell; and when the odd-lot figures start selling heavily, the pros begin to buy. Over the years, this simple technique has produced many more profits than losses. The rationale for its success is that when small investors go on a stock-buying bender, the market is intoxicated with speculative excess and likely to stumble; and when small investors are so disenchanted that all they want is to sell out and go elsewhere, then the bottom is close at hand.

The bond market turns this upside down. In the words of Sidney Homer, partner of the nation's biggest bond house and éminence grise of the Wall Street bond fraternity, "The public is extremely well heeled and extremely interest-conscious." Small-investor money is drawn to bonds only when interest rates are rising. The public still brings its remarkable ability to buy at the top and sell at the bottom; but in the bond market, the result is not disaster but distinction. High interest rates mean low bond prices and the small investor's instinct for the top gets him into bonds at the very bottom. In fact, when interest rates are in the doldrums, the market belongs entirely to professionals—big institutional investors who, like stamp collectors, spend much time exchanging esoteric scraps of paper among themselves. But when interest rates approach peak levels, amateurs get interested. This was true three times during the Fifties, it was true in the "credit crunch" of 1966 and it seems true today. As one bond analyst hypothesized to a *Wall Street Journal* reporter: "The figures suggest that the little guy is the final reservoir of money reserves and that when he comes into the bond market, it's because prices are about to bottom out." If prices *do* bottom out, of course, the little guy will profit handsomely.



THE GOURMET

(continued from page 88)

However, during the rescue, two of the bodies were recovered from the deep, having drifted into the shallows; they were fearfully mangled, presumably for the pleasure of passing sharks.

"It was a grim and lamentable story and it brought the colonel world-wide attention. But the attention swiftly turned into something else, something unspoken at the time of the rescue, a question none of the newsmen voiced aloud but a question that permeated every account of the tale when it appeared in the public press. To put it bluntly: They were curious about the colonel's weight, which was five pounds more than the weight on the official air-force record, a measure taken only one day prior to the flight. Eight men died of starvation, but Colonel Miguel Fernandez Malagaras was overweight, pink-cheeked and, according to army physicians, in excellent health."

Pachman took the chance of looking directly into the colonel's eyes. But on both sides of the great nose, the pupils were dark, empty and devoid of revelation.

"You can imagine how the rumor mills began to grind, Colonel," Pachman said. "You can imagine the speculation. How was it possible for eight men to starve and one to grow fat? The colonel credited his healthy constitution. He claimed that the weighing machine had been in error. He spoke of having gotten grossly overweight prior to the flight and even attempted to laugh about his indulgences in food and drink. But his fellow officers reduced this story to ashes. They said the colonel was always a lean man. The scale used to weigh the colonel was stolen by an enterprising newspaperman and tested in a laboratory. It was found to be accurate. There was no military tribunal, no private investigation, no public charges; nowhere in any official document did the word appear; the word that was unspoken in public statements and unwritten in printed accounts; the word that every man and woman in the world was whispering, Cannibalism. That was the word, Colonel."

The old man deadened his cigarette and made a gesture for more wine. In the movement, light struck his eyes and Pachman saw their glassy surfaces.

"The answer seemed terribly obvious to everyone. Colonel Malagaras had been in charge of the expedition. He had been in command after the crash. He had formulated the rules for survival, including the 'sanitary' rules for disposing of the dead. He had gotten rid of the bodies himself. But the world guessed that the method had been more than honorable burial at sea. It had been burial, but only after the colonel's dinner."

The wine arrived. The colonel sipped it, put down the glass and rose.

"Good night, señor," he said. "Thank you for the entertaining story. Now is the hour I retire. I hope to see you again."

Pachman was impressed by the dignity of his exit. But that dignity faltered at the door. The colonel stumbled and might have fallen, but Pachman hurried over and seized the wishbone of his arm. The colonel tried to pull away, but Pachman persisted and helped him to his car. In the open plaza, the colonel allowed his eyes to blaze. "You must not tell that filthy story again!" he said. "It is all a lie and I am not that man! Why can't you let me live in peace?" Then he clouted Rodrigo's shoulder and woke the mute. When the Renault drove away, a noose of smoke escaped the window as the colonel lit a cigarette.

The next morning, Rodrigo delivered a note to Pachman's pension, asking him

to call at the colonel's home early that evening. The note was left with the manager, who made no pretense of not having read it. He was astonished that the recluse would extend any invitation, especially to a foreigner. It was a miracle; he predicted that the fish would jump out of the sea that day and hook the people.

Pachman obeyed the summons. There were 115 steps to be climbed to reach the old man's house. It was smaller than it appeared from the beach, with only four rooms: one for dining, one for cooking, one for sleeping and one for talking. He entered the last, admired its few pieces of Moorish furniture and waited for the colonel to make his statement. He was grateful that the colonel, too, was not one for preambles.

"What will you do, Señor Pachman?" he asked. "You say you are a journalist by profession. A journalist has no morality about such things. Will you go back to your country and write of this?"

Pachman hesitated, then said: "Yes,



"Know which part I liked best? I liked the coming attractions of 'I Am Curious (Yellow).'"

I've been considering it. However, I wasn't going to reveal where I met you, Colonel Malagaras, nor the name you are choosing to use. I wouldn't expose you to such publicity. You needn't worry."

"But I do worry," the colonel said bitterly. "I worry from the force of a thirty-five-year habit, *señor*. Expecting momentarily to hear that *word* whispered behind me on the street. To hear that word in the café or from a passing tourist on the beach or from some new friend with old memories, such as you. I am not a recluse by nature or temperament, *Señor* Pachman, only by necessity; I crave human company, I enjoy my *tertulias*, I would prefer to travel; all these things are denied me."

"You never leave the island?" Pachman said. "I've heard you own a boat."

"The boat is mine, but Rodrigo is its captain; he uses it to bring supplies and provisions from the mainland. No, *señor*, I am a prisoner of myself, a prisoner of my own fear, the fear of recognition that has been fading slowly for three dozen years, until you came like a curse to this island."

"Colonel Malagaras," Pachman said, "I'll be honest with you. As a journalist, I can't ignore what is in front of my own eyes. I can't pretend you don't exist and I can't feel so much compassion for you that I can keep silent for the sake of it. But I'll tell you this. There's something here even more important to me than my job."

"What is that?"

Pachman said: "Right here in front of me is the answer to a mystery I've wondered about since I was a child."

"So?"

"So I'd like to make a bargain. I'll offer to keep my silence, but I want something in return."

"Not money? I have none."

"Not money. It's an answer I want, Colonel. The truth about what happened on that expedition; what happened to those eight men on the island; what accounted for your rosy cheeks and avoirdupois while they starved. Not the answer you gave the press thirty-five years ago, Colonel; an answer I can accept and believe. And I give you my solemn oath that nothing you tell me will be published through my doing."

Pachman expected one of two replies: an outright refusal to speak or, more likely, a reiteration of what the colonel had doggedly told the world in the year of his crisis. But after the colonel had risen, paced and smoked through a cigarette, the old man said:

"Very well, *señor*. It may prove to be a relief to speak the truth to someone."

Then he said:

"I am not a cannibal. I am something worse."

Pachman felt a sharp thrill.

"And because I am something worse, I was unable to be honest with the press at the time of my rescue. The inference they made was unexpected. Abominable! And yet, I was unwilling to retract my story, unwilling to speak the truth, unwilling to reveal the true shame of what I had done."

His pause was so long that Pachman prompted him.

"And what did you do wrong, Colonel? What *were* you that was worse than a cannibal?"

"A coward," the colonel said.

"You see, *señor*, there was a detail that was never mentioned in the news stories. It was the fact that the aircraft that crashed on the island carried more than twelve passengers. It also contained provisions. Yes, *Señor* Pachman, food; a supply meant to sustain twelve hungry soldiers on a long flight. Not a supply for two months, it's true, but quite enough to keep . . . one man alive."

Pachman leaned back, feeling a small warm flush on his face.

"After the plane crash, and before I set the wreckage adrift in the hope of attracting attention, I removed that box of provisions and hid it on the other side of the island. I had every intention of rationing the food by some system that would keep us alive until help came. But then, as the painful truth dawned, that the odds against rescue were enormous, I realized that the pitiful supply of tinned meat and biscuits would merely be a final banquet. Then we would all surely starve to death on that lonely, miserable rock that had been thrust out of the bottom of the earth. And, besides—I was their leader, the commander of the expedition; I needed whatever strength that food could provide, so I could maintain discipline. And I knew that once they were aware of the presence of those meager rations, they would fight one another for them and die, anyway.

"I did what I thought was right, *señor*. But perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps, as the days passed and it was clear that death was coming for all of us, my fear overwhelmed my reason and my stratagem for saving all their lives became only a device for saving my own. . . ."

The colonel stiffened in his rattan chair and reached for his glass of sherry. He lifted it slowly, as if it were a great weight. Pachman cleared his throat and said:

"Thank you, Colonel. Thank you for telling me. I know how difficult it must have been."

"Yes," the colonel said. "I would have preferred to say nothing. You have forced me to speak of something I wish to forget. I hope you will keep your promise to forget it as well."

Pachman said: "That was my bargain, Colonel."

He left immediately after and returned to his pension. He wasn't sure if he was elated or depressed. He was happy to have the mystery solved, unhappy to have it forbidden to him as a subject for his typewriter. He found himself composing titles for the article. He began to think of outlets for the story. He began to wonder if it wasn't worthy of an entire book; he could visualize it stacked in the bookstore windows; he was almost ready to compose the imaginary reviews. It seemed to him that such a story might well be a watershed in his career. Pachman began to feel the stirring of excitement, the first real excitement about his work he had experienced since the last three years of his unfortunate marriage.

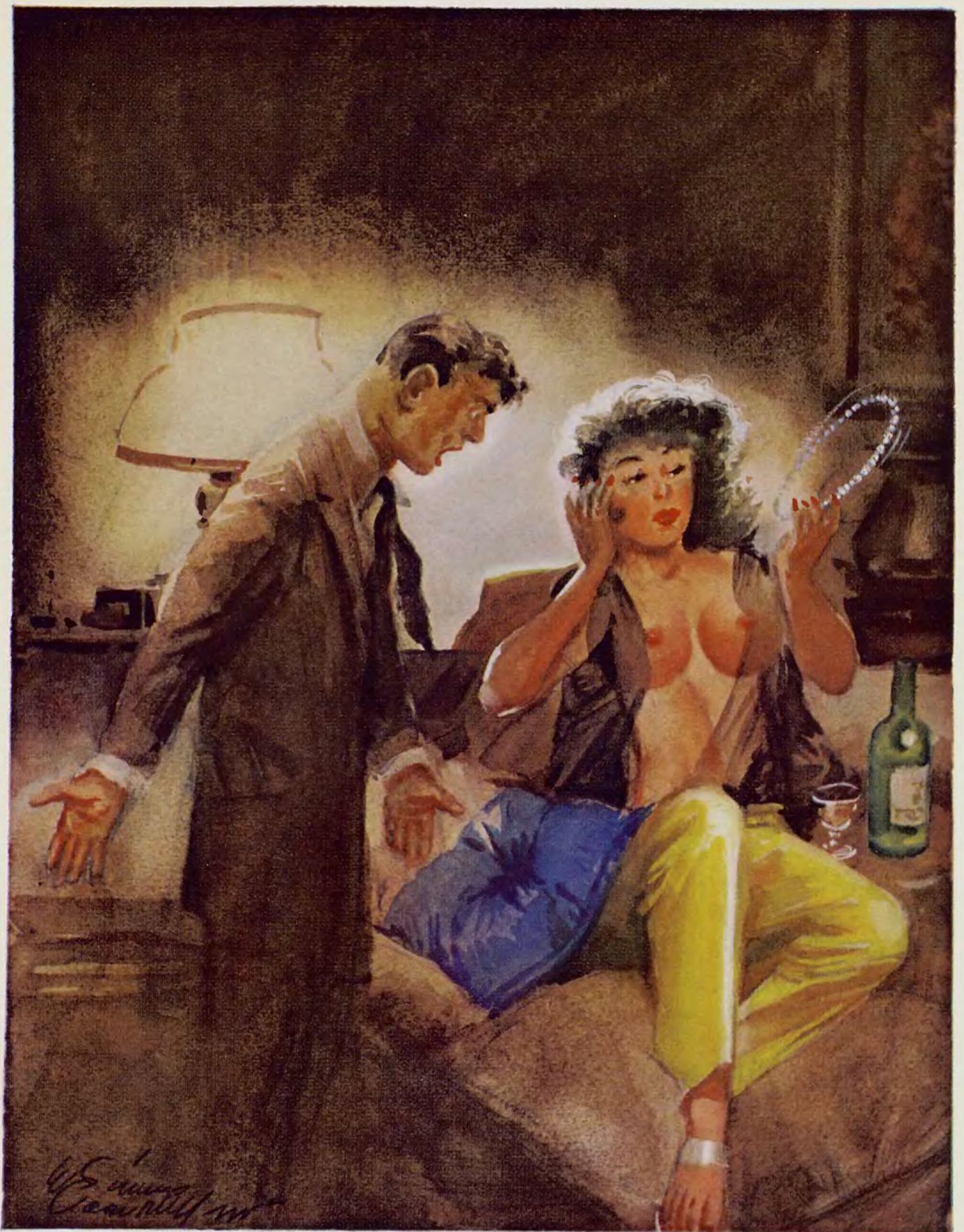
Suddenly, he knew he had to have a rationale for publishing the colonel's story. He wouldn't present it as a rationale, not even to himself. But it was so obvious, so clear, so convincing. He would go to the colonel at once and say:

"Colonel Malagaras, please hear me out before you refuse me permission to write your story. For thirty-five years, you've lived the life of a recluse, your face so repugnant that you hid it from the world, your name so dishonored that you abandoned it. And for what? For an ugly and untrue suspicion that you might have erased with a few words to the press. Perhaps it's thirty-five years too late for you to make that correction. But if someone else did it, Colonel, if someone else discovered the truth—the fact that you acted as you did only from a sense of duty, only from an honest conviction, whether right or wrong—what a difference that would make! You would be understood; you would be exonerated; you would be forgiven; you would be free to be yourself again, to be Colonel Miguel Fernandez Malagaras, to live your own life in your own way. . . ."

Pachman found himself rehearsing the argument aloud as he climbed the 115 steps to the colonel's house and knocked on the door. The thick oak absorbed the puny sound his knuckles made, so he pushed it open and entered. He found the colonel in his dining room, with Rodrigo beside him, pouring wine into a goblet. He cleared his throat and the colonel turned so swiftly that his chair almost toppled.

Pachman began to apologize for the intrusion. But then he saw what was on the colonel's plate. When he realized what it was, and recognized the lie he had been told, there was no more voice in his throat. The colonel followed his gaze, and then his eyes began to beg.

"Please, *señor*, please," he said. "You must understand. Once you develop the taste. . . ."



"I jump across two roofs, run down three fire escapes, dodge two police cars—and you say it's a lousy little necklace!"

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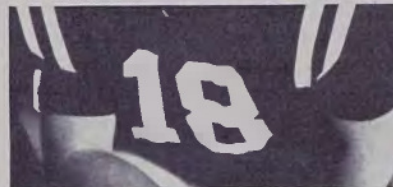
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