

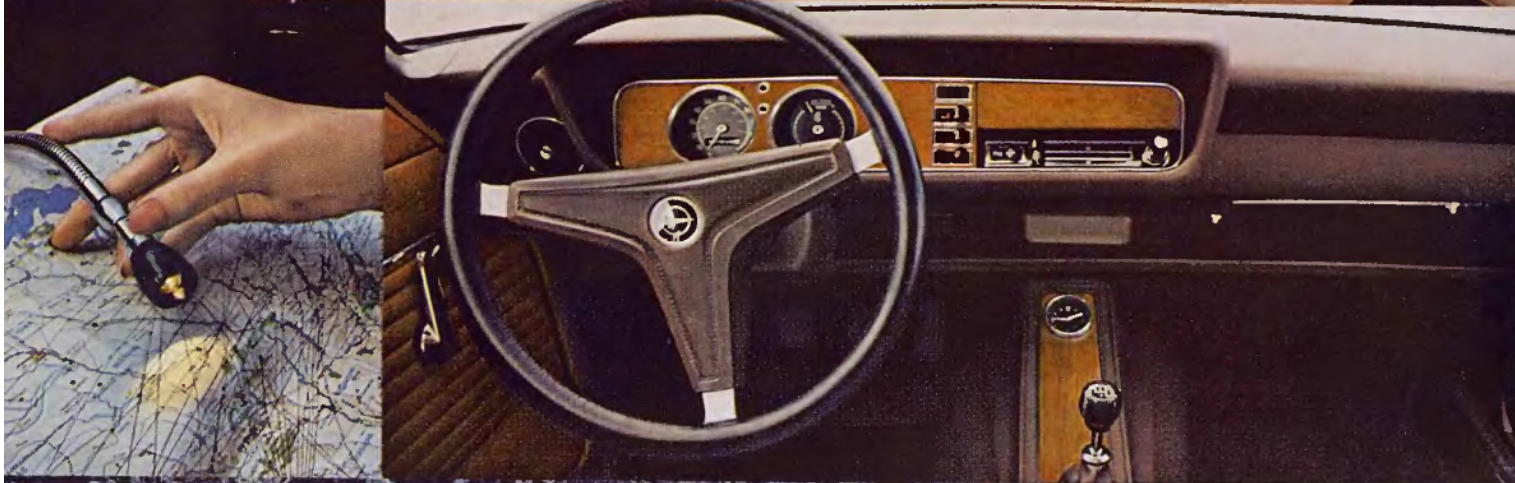
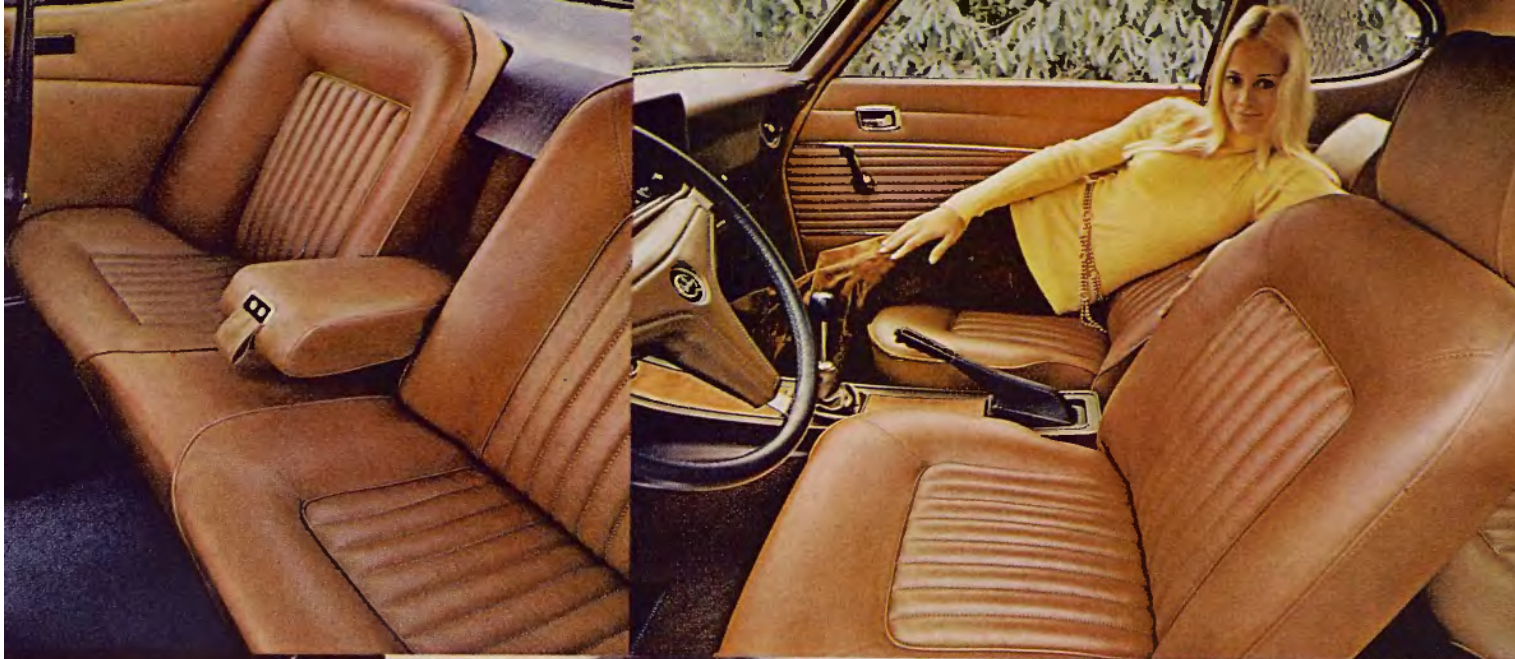
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1971 • ONE DOLLAR

★★★ ★★★ ★★★ PLAYBOY



BUTKUS: MR. MEAN
THE PORNO GIRLS
YOUR JAZZ AND
POP POLL BALLOT
FOUR POEMS BY
YEVTUSHENKO
FALL AND WINTER
FASHION FORECAST



Capri Sport Coupe

CAPRI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



Capri sold more cars in its first year than any import in history.

Here's why:

Capri's sexy looks had plenty to do with it.

But a lot of other things helped.

For openers, radial tires. They're standard on Capri.

So are power front disc brakes. Styled steel wheels. Superbly sensitive rack-and-pinion steering (the type *expensive* sexy European cars have). And a silky smooth floor shift.

To which Capri adds — still without adding to the price — front bucket seats in soft, soft vinyl that looks and feels like real leather. A very European instrument panel — handsome woodgrain effect. Full carpeting underfoot. Flow-thru ventilation. Room for four adults.

Easy maintenance. And small-car gas economy.

All standard.

You *can* spend extra if you want to, and get automatic transmission, sun roof, vinyl top, decor group interior (shown) or — still another Capri option — a gutsy new engine (2000cc, overhead cam four).

But that's about it for options.

It's what is included in Capri's shamefully low price tag that's important.

No wonder Capri started breaking records its first year here.

No wonder Capri was promptly named "import car of the year."

Capri. The sexy European.

Soft Whiskey à la mode.



The hardest thing about it is the rocks.

PLAYBILL SO-CALLED civilized man, unswervingly self-righteous in the conviction that his way of life is superior to all others, has both wittingly and unwittingly visited tragedy upon the resident natives of the Americas for nearly five centuries. It amounts to genocide in the name of progress—and it's not over yet. Veteran explorer Lewis Cotlow, who has been conducting scientific expeditions to the Amazon since 1940, finds in *Twilight of the Primitive* that the tribesman's plight there is worsening—and makes some disturbing observations on what this may mean for more advanced cultures. In his article—which will appear in the book of the same name, to be published this month by Macmillan—Cotlow sees little hope for modern man, less for his tribal brothers. Science-fiction prophet Poul Anderson takes a more optimistic view in *More Futures than One*, which forecasts the evolution, after a time of troubles, of a world in which everyone can do his own thing—instead of someone else's.

That was basically the idea of the framers of the Bill of Rights: that individuals should be able to exercise whatever freedoms didn't interfere with others'. Today, the Constitution's first ten amendments are often under fire—but they're being staunchly defended by the American Civil Liberties Union, whose work is described by Peter Andrews in *A. C. L. U.—Let There Be Law*. Says Andrews: "It's impossible to spend even a couple of days with the A. C. L. U. and not get angry at the fairly casual way people can get pushed around, often by zealous bureaucrats. If it weren't for the Union, they'd have no recourse." Illustrator of Andrews' article is *Chicago Sun-Times* cartoonist Bill Mauldin, a longtime A. C. L. U. supporter and winner of two Pulitzer Prizes. Mauldin's second Pulitzer, in 1958, was awarded for his satiric comment on the plight of Soviet author Boris Pasternak, persecuted for protesting his country's oppressive regime. Another Russian rebel, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, seems to be getting away with it, perhaps because his criticism is more cautious. Four of Yevtushenko's new poems, which will appear in the forthcoming book *Stolen Apples* (to be published in the U. S. by Doubleday and in England by W. H. Allen & Company Ltd.), appear in this issue. Anthony Kahn, who did one of the translations, assisted with those done by James Dickey, John Updike and Richard Wilbur.

Although Yevtushenko chafes openly at the restrictions of Soviet society, he believes in working within the system. So does a compelling new American political figure, Charles Evers—mayor of Fayette and Mississippi's first black candidate for governor. Writer Eric Norden crisscrossed the state with Evers by car, private plane and rattly pickup truck to get the story behind



HUNTER



MAULDIN



ANDREWS



ANDERSON



YEVTUSHENKO



SMITH



KRETCHMER

the campaigner in this month's *Playboy Interview*.

It was another magazine interview, with Beatle John Lennon and Yoko Ono, that gave author Evan Hunter the idea for the question-and-answer format of his fictional *The Sardinian Incident*, a subtly mysterious story with a movie-industry background. Shooting is scheduled to begin in New York this month on Hunter's screenplay, *Fuzz*, based on the novel from the "87th Precinct" series he writes under the name Ed McBain. Hunter's latest literary effort is a departure: He's doing the book for a mystery-musical, *Caper*, to be produced by Stuart Ostrow (who did *1776*). Warner Law is back this month with another of his deviously shady plots in *Payoff on Double Zero*. Law rationalizes his devotion to fictional felony: "I have a criminal mind, but I'm too much of a coward to become a criminal myself."

Making his PLAYBOY fiction debut with *The Test* is Graham Petrie, a Canadian university professor who also writes poetry and film criticism. Craig Karpel, whose article *Immortality Is Fully Deductible* examines the price tags society attaches to life and death, teaches, too: a countereconomy course at the Free University of Berkeley.

A variety of recreational pastimes is

explored in this issue. With *Butkus*, Articles Editor Arthur Kretchmer takes us inside the king-sized helmet of one of pro football's best. Kretchmer says: "There's a tendency among writers and editors to look for the story behind the athlete—to uncover either an adulterer or a boy scout. But the fascination of Butkus is the man at his work, on the field—that's where he reveals who he is. I suppose I could be accused of having written a jockstrap-sniffer's story, but I wanted to do Butkus because he's the biggest man in the biggest game." An altogether different type of contact sport is practiced by the stars of stag movies, profiled and pictured in *The Porno Girls*. If your idea of entertainment is more conventional, we offer *A Snob's Guide to TV*, by Larry Tritten.

Rounding out this October package are *Everybody's Doing It*, fun and games with three emotionally charged letters of the alphabet—S, E, X—by cartoonist Claude Smith; *Souped-Up Soups*, by Emanuel Greenberg, who specializes in cooking with spirits; Robert L. Green's 11th *Playboy's Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast*; *The 1972 Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll*; and, of course, our Playmate, Claire Rambeau, the 32nd shot by Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar—a man who obviously enjoys his work. So, we think, will you.



LAW



TRITTEN



GREEN



KARPEL



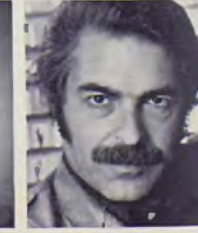
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Futures P. 97



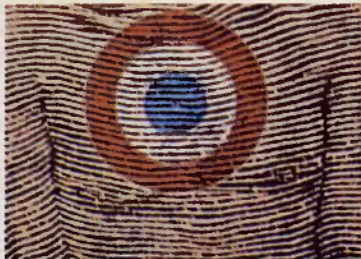
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Harvey Wallbanger is taking Bloody Mary's place at brunch.

Even the best of drinks cloy after a time. So more people are switching from Bloody Marys to Harvey Wallbangers at brunch.

Simple to make. Take 6 ounces of orange juice, add 1 ounce of vodka, and then splash ½ ounce of Galliano over the top.

The o.j. gives it the freshness of morning. The Galliano lends the intrigue of night.

Next time, why not let Harvey Wallbanger fill in for Bloody Mary.

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Try a drink with Galliano.**



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Now for every football fanatic
who's suffered through season after
season of black-and-white TV



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NEW BALL GAME →**

RCA ANNOUNC



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XL-100 IS MADE TO LAST.
All chassis tubes are out. We've replaced them with solid state circuitry designed to perform longer with fewer repairs.

Here's color you can count on season after season. Each set is built with 12 exclusive plug-in AccuCircuit modules—including 3 ceramic modules—another major advance



from the leader in color TV. We've eliminated all chassis tubes—prime reasons for service calls—and added solid state devices, the

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XL-100 is the easiest-to-service color set we've ever built. The plug-in AccuCircuits control most set functions. So most repairs can be done in your home, more quickly and easily.

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You can use any service shop in which you have confidence—you don't have to pick from some special authorized list. If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For larger sets, your serviceman will come to your home. Just present your warranty registration card and RCA pays his repair bill.

If your picture tube becomes defective during the first two years we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.)

In short, the warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.



RCA

XL-100
100% Solid State AccuColor





Sometimes, everything about your world seems right. The day. The people. And even the whiskey: Seagram's 7 Crown.

Its clean, comfortable taste belongs with the good things of life.

Your world can be quite a world. But then, 7 Crown is quite a whiskey.

Taste the best of America. Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

Seagram's 7 Crown. It fits right into your world.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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DREAM LOVERS

As an anthropologist married to a marvelous Welsh American descended from the Gwathmeys of Anglesey and Virginia, I was captivated by Alexander Dumbarton's short story *Ellen's Dreams* (PLAYBOY, July). It is as powerful as the finest of the Japanese noh dramas: lean, every gesture and word counting. The author seems to have hit my target with such force because of his own certain possession by witchcraft. How else would he have known my wife's maiden name is Harris, that she is fascinated by dreams and that I should be listening to them more carefully?

Wilton S. Dillon, Ph.D.
Smithsonian Institution
Washington, D. C.

Ellen's Dreams seems to me an exceptionally clever and shrewd piece of fiction. In a tiny space, it has a huge impact. Above all, it handles an old and trite theme with fine originality. The fiction in PLAYBOY is steadily interesting, fictional in the meaning of a literary art beyond mere entertainment. Of course, that is the highest form of entertainment.

Paul Engle, Director
International Writing Program
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

As a practitioner of the same craft, may I say how much I enjoyed *Ellen's Dreams* by Alexander Dumbarton? The general tendency to ignore character and story line and turn short stories into dreary exercises in half-baked psychology and stream of consciousness is difficult to defy—but the tide seems to be turning, thanks partly to PLAYBOY, and I, for one, am happy about it. Dumbarton has produced a beautiful variation of the biter-bit technique.

Paul Tabori
London, England

I want to let you know that I liked *Ellen's Dreams* a great deal. The style is pleasing, casual but compact and the characters are very skillfully portrayed. One begins to doubt Rich's credibility at just the right time, so that the ending, while still jarring, is an inevita-

ble and peculiarly satisfying resolution. I'm sure many readers shared my enjoyment of the story.

Christopher S. Jennison
Senior Editor
Xerox College Publishing
Waltham, Massachusetts

Alexander Dumbarton deserves to be complimented for *Ellen's Dreams*. It's a charming and delightful little tale that, when you consider its profounder implications, is really not so little after all.

Warner Law
Los Angeles, California
See Warner Law's story "Payoff on Double Zero" on page 109 of this issue.

Thank you for Alexander Dumbarton's brief, witty and frightening excursion into witchcraft. I enjoyed it immensely.

Evan Hunter
Pound Ridge, New York
Another fiction contributor in this issue, Evan Hunter writes of "The Sardinian Incident," on page 92.

GRIM SALVATION

I read James Kavanaugh's July article, *The New Salvationists*, with considerable interest. His analysis of the desperate lengths to which some people will go in their search for meaning in life is well made. And, like all desperate people, they easily become fanatics when they have an experience that moves them. How tragic that a life has to be built upon such a narrow base! And since humor is the only antidote to tragedy, it is right for Kavanaugh to point out the ridiculous aspects of this mad quest for salvation.

Unfortunately, confronting the grimness of life that surrounds us, Kavanaugh can only offer the alternative of fun. This is the same pitch that the publicists make when they call New York City, one of the grimmest in the world, "Fun City." To have fun, one must be lighthearted; but who can be lighthearted in these desperate times, when misery abounds and the question of man's survival is an unsettled one?

It is naive of Kavanaugh to believe in the New Man—as if everything that is new is better and everything that

Because
an active
man doesn't
perspire
just under
the arms.



Pub
Below
the Belt
Masculine Hygiene
Deodorant

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is old is inferior. Let us not so easily dismiss the past and the old-timers. I have seen more twinkles in the eyes of New England octogenarians and more joy in their bodies than I found in the people at Esalen. Perhaps we need a little more of the old zest for living that is so absent in today's mechanical world. We need more pleasure, but that is only possible when one is at peace with oneself, and so few people are. Nothing we can offer people can take the place of inner peace.

Alexander Lowen, M. D.
Executive Director
The Institute for
Bio-Energetic Analysis
New York, New York

James Kavanaugh's article was a delight. He is right. We take our organizations, beliefs, ourselves, life too seriously. In joy. Joy. Join. Joysus.

Bernard Gunther
Esalen Institute
Big Sur, California

I have just finished rereading *The New Salvationists*. I was not only fascinated that Kavanaugh struck so many responsive chords in my own being but grateful that he didn't lose his sense of lightheartedness while developing his thoughts. After four years on a semihate trip as a college revolutionary, it took me a year and some really together people to realize the same things about my own way of life. The greatest threat to the American establishment is not bombs but gently derisive laughter.

John Clark
Union, Maine

Hurrah for James Kavanaugh's Gaelic gambol through the shrines of multisensuous ritual, from the Esalen Institute at Big Sur, "the Lourdes of the encounter phenomenon" (where they "soak in ecumenical nakedness"), to the Evergreen Institute in Denver. However, it is Esalen that he found to be "the Vatican of communication and inner feeling, the Latter-day Church of telling it like it is."

Why didn't somebody tell him that since talkies and TV we have made a quantum leap from the visual world of rational detachment into the audile-tactile world of "the resonant interval"? Anyhow, that's what Linus Pauling and Werner Heisenberg call the "chemical bond" of the electric age.

Didn't anybody ever mention to Kavanaugh that new environmental services scrap old services and retrieve even older ones? Electric circuits scrap wheels and industrial hardware but retrieve the occult. Instant information translates whole populations into discarnate intelligences, transporting people everywhere in the world in an instant. The wheel centralized populations and the circuit

broadcasts them in all directions at once. Print and literacy gave the individual a keen sense of private identity that TV dulls and scrubs and soaks.

The Roman Church was once a massive visual monument to the bureaucratic organization chart of specialist and interconnected functions. That was after Gutenberg. Before Gutenberg, the Roman Church had been much more oral and auditory and musically ordered. Print, and the Council of Trent, scrapped the old music in favor of firm connections. The advent of electric technology suddenly ended the connections in the visible Roman Church, rendering its systematic patterns quaint and arbitrary. At the same time the new electric environment junked Roman legal and juridic modes, it retrieved the antique forms of decentralized Puritan enthusiasm and impromptu piety. These psychological patterns agree very well with the total commitments of the new electric time. The TV experience is both inner and addictive, and deeply participative. The audience is actor on TV.

The Kavanaugh report on *The New Salvationists* is cool and modest and perceptive.

Marshall McLuhan, Director
Center for Culture and Technology
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

CASING CASSAVETES

Lawrence Linderman's incisive interview with John Cassavetes in your July issue was right on. I have known John since our Army Reserve days in the early Fifties and, while I have watched his progress from afar in recent years, I am gratified that Linderman captured the many sides of John's personality and genius. Cassavetes is a warm, witty, serious and funny man—a picture few writers have painted. In addition, he is married to Gena Rowlands, one of the most gorgeous, friendly and talented ladies in the business. And probably the biggest single contributor to John's success.

Ken Langley, Director
Public Relations Division
Tuberculosis and Respiratory
Disease Association of California
Oakland, California

I started your interview with John Cassavetes but must admit that after reading his bile about Bob Evans, I had to stop to write this letter. I had the privilege and pleasure of working with Evans when I produced *Goodbye, Columbus* for Paramount and later when I assumed the presidency of that company. I can assure you, were it not for Evans' artistic input into *Goodbye, Columbus*, it wouldn't have been the critical and financial success it was. As for his artistic input into pictures such as *Love Story*, *A New Leaf* and *Plaza*

Suite, it was, to say the least, enormous. Evans is one of the brightest and most dedicated men in this industry. For Cassavetes to knock him is, to me, an indication not of Evans' abilities but of Cassavetes' ignorance. He never worked with the man, he never met the man, yet he talks about him as though he were an expert. I strongly urge Cassavetes to spend less time shooting off his mouth about things of which he is ignorant and more time trying to master his craft.

Stanley R. Jaffe
New York, New York

I love the guy and your interview. I fight with him all the time, but that's because I want as much of his attention as I can get. I've worked with him in *Faces* and *Minnie and Moscowitz*. John has a Saroyanesque cherishing of all human endeavor—noble and ignoble—and I believe audiences recognize that in his films. They like his involvement with tough, persecuted humanity and his embracing tenderness for all life. To me, John's talent lies in his ability to take the spontaneous qualities of life and trap them on the screen. The best of any actor's talent is what Cassavetes searches for—and the best in himself.

Val Avery
New York, New York

It is very difficult to unemotionally evaluate your interview with John Cassavetes, since he was so complimentary about our working relationship. But, to be perfectly frank, Cassavetes actually chiseled his own epitaph when he said, "Most directors are full of shit. They are concerned with nothing more than their own ambitions and pleasing a studio and an audience."

If this is the depth of Cassavetes' understanding of what directors are supposed to be and do, then, in my opinion, it is only Cassavetes who is full of shit. John's phony histrionics and juvenile pseudo-intellectual remarks fit perfectly with the mentality of middle-aged credit-card carriers who ogle ass-swinging chicks, and college kids who maintain an egghead attitude of disdain toward Hollywood film makers who have enough sense not to use a hand-held camera for love scenes.

From the moment he opens his *What-Makes-Sammy-Run* eyes in the morning until he closes them at night, Cassavetes is maneuvering, conniving and acting the role that he has so ably written for himself and that makes him such laughs to know. Beneath it all lurks one of the great buck chasers of all time. He has a small unwashed cult in Paris that adores him as a director. I guess we must be a little forgiving, because in cult-ridden Paris, Jerry Lewis is also praised as a director. Need I say more? It is



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unfortunate that Cassavetes, who is a great joy in an office and at a party, could never have had the experience of being an apprentice for directors like John Ford, Billy Wilder, Frank Capra, George Stevens, Freddy Zinnemann, David Lean, Henry King and, perhaps, a dozen more of that genre. Cassavetes has been playing an actor's role to the hilt for years, acting the role of the mystical director that he really ain't.

Martin Rackin
Martin Rackin Productions
Hollywood, California

ON THE HIGH ROAD

As a native Scot involved in promoting tourism to Scotland, I was delighted to read Reg Potterton's article, *Take the High Road*, in your July issue. This part of the world is becoming increasingly popular with those American travelers whose sense of adventure takes them off the well-trod tourist path, and Potterton's article truly reflects it. May I also commend the author for including a wealth of practical information. It provides readers with a most useful guide to Scotland.

James T. Turbayne
General Manager, U. S. A.
British Tourist Authority
New York, New York

I was overwhelmed by Reg Potterton's Scotland piece, but I think he missed a bet by not using the lyrics of that rare old Scottish madrigal *The Gatherin' o' the Clans* to accompany the theme. How better to capture the bucolic grandeur of that stoic land than with this last stanza:

*Some was in the barley and some
was in the oats,
Some was doin' lassies, but the most
was doin' goats.*

William I. Smith
Denver, Colorado

ACID TEST

Your July article *Leary in Limbo*, by Donn Pearce, exploded with the brilliance of a couple of hits of purple acid. It was an extremely informative look at the messiah's life in Algeria, his new-found penal institution. Tim Leary's brain might be semicrisp, but I don't think it's as well done as everyone seems to think. He is still smarter than the average crispy critter and probably a lot more dangerous.

Mitch Clark
Westminster College
Salt Lake City, Utah

Leary is the greatest politician who ever lived—if we measure political genius by the social impact a man has upon the world. But his opinions are just so much hot air and always have been.

Pearce's confusion and disappointment actually made me nostalgic for the good old days at Millbrook. No day was complete without a devout follower of Leary's tearing his hair out in bafflement over some outrage perpetrated on the master's sacred image by the master himself.

Pearce, in his effort to understand Leary as a philosopher, should have paid more attention to his remark about how we "make up everything as we go along." He means that literally—it's not a psychological observation. True monists do not believe in things the way nominalists do. We go on various trips, that's all. The more liberated you are, the easier you move from one role, or ego, to another. From one world to another, actually.

Based on long personal association and the analysis of a few entrails, let me make a prediction: Leary will leave Algeria very soon and will go to Scandinavia or Switzerland, where he will adopt what are generally known as middle-class values and a life style to match—except for psychedelic-drug use. His present set of admirers will shrug their shoulders and conclude that they were had by another phony; a few will have learned something. His new set of admirers, who will appear as if by magic, will decide that *they* know where he is really at and will try to exploit him. A few will learn something. And so it goeth, folks. Step right up!

Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo
The Neo-American Church
San Cristobal, New Mexico

As predicted by Boo Hoo Kleps, Timothy Leary did, indeed, leave Algeria and go to Switzerland, where he was apprehended by the police. At presstime, he is being held for extradition to the United States for breaking out of jail.

SAILERS, HO!

Bill Robinson's July article, *Pick of the Day Sailers*, presented small-boat sailing extremely well. Until people have tried this sport, they have no idea of the fun, excitement and challenge it offers. We very much appreciate your endorsement of small sailboats and hope that your article encourages more people to give the sport a try.

Robert Saltonstall, Jr., President
O'Day Company
Fall River, Massachusetts

COMING ATTRACTIONS

It is unfortunate that *An End to All This* (PLAYBOY, July) by Richard M. Koff cannot be placed on the required-reading list for all high school, college and university students. Koff has performed an excellent service in calling attention to what we are doing to our environment; many of us have for years tried to educate people to what has happened and what is occurring in our

rape of the earth. We must now appeal to our young people, because any hopes for a future—not merely a brighter future—rest with those who will come to grips with existing problems and salvage what is left of our environment.

H. J. Bissell, Ph.D.
Professor of Geology
Brigham Young University
Provo, Utah

Since I am one of the heirs Koff is talking to in *An End to All This*, I was relieved to read an article that had so much to say. We have a lot to look forward to—not joyfully but with a stark realization that something must be done. Never before have I seen such a well-done speculation into the future problems our earth faces. Hats off to Koff and to MIT professor Jay W. Forrester.

M. J. Johanson
Hamline University
St. Paul, Minnesota

I am not impressed by the findings of the Club of Rome. To begin with, most of the underlying statistics are either dubious or downright inaccurate, not to say false. They rely on false analogies such as Paul Ehrlich's celebration of the joyful mating, multiplying and rotting of a couple of fruit flies in a milk bottle. We are told that actions to improve urban conditions simply make matters worse. Analysis, computers and the curves of Jay W. Forrester, who rejoices in a team of "nine clean-cut young MIT researchers" busily confirming his findings, show that shortly after the year 2000, the end of mankind is in sight. Meanwhile, Garrett Hardin of the University of California adumbrates that the 500,000 casualties in East Pakistan were killed not by a cyclone but by overcrowding.

Professor Forrester's projections look like the anfractuons meanderings of worms in cans. The world is turning rapidly into a morgue. Major scientific achievements can only postpone the date of catastrophe. A possible formula to reach equilibrium is to drastically reduce capital investment, industrialization, the birth rate, pollution and the present standard of living and hold back on food production.

Thanks for your jolly little piece. It brightened my day.

Robert Moses
New York, New York

For his meritorious accomplishments in public service, Robert Moses has won countless awards and honors—from the Boy Scouts' Silver Beaver award to New Yorker of the Year.

Koff's article impressively makes the case that if pollution continues to increase at its present pace, "we can anticipate a death rate high enough to make the worst plagues in history seem like



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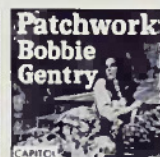
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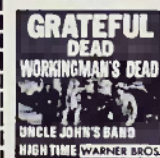
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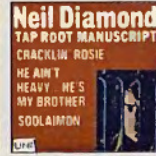
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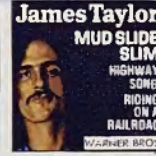
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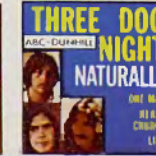
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mild outbreaks of flu." Not long ago, Americans liked to believe that once a problem was identified, something constructive would be done about it. Our Government would protect us; our industries wouldn't deliberately endanger us. This happy illusion becomes less credible by the day. It's well known now what highways do to cities—and yet we continue to carve through poor neighborhoods to build them. It's equally well known what cigarettes do to lung tissue—and yet respectable businessmen continue to promote the hell out of them. We know that DDT causes reproductive failure and cancer in animals—and yet the chemical companies resist all efforts to restrict its use.

Unless citizens provide effective feedback to the colossal organizations that rule our lives, they'll run right over us. Litigation is one way of providing this feedback. When the great bureaucracies, public or private, begin to trample human rights—then sue the bastards. Admittedly, this solution is far from perfect. It takes extraordinary amounts of work, patience and funding. Often it involves going up against the kind of odds faced by the Poles who rode out from Warsaw on horses against the German tanks. But on occasion, it does pay off—as it has for the Environmental Defense Fund—and it beats going down without a fight into the future Koff predicts for us.

John Hellegers, Attorney
Environmental Defense Fund
East Setauket, New York

JAG JAG

Congratulations to Ken W. Purdy on his *The Jaguar Story* in your July issue. It was a lighthearted but thorough history of the Jaguar—a car with which I have been quite closely associated for many years. Some of the early problems with Jaguar cars that Purdy mentions were largely the result of this comparatively small company's trying perhaps too hard to produce outstanding new models from the small resources available to a manufacturer building fewer than 30,000 cars a year. After all, when the Mark VII sedan was introduced to the U.S. market, it had more power than a Cadillac.

John F. Dugdale
British Leyland Motors
Leonia, New Jersey

Purdy is one of the few automotive writers who manage to create top-quality material without cribbing from other writers, as so many seem to do. On behalf of the Jaguar Clubs of North America and the Classic Jaguar Association in particular, thanks to Purdy (and to PLAYBOY) for giving us this fast-moving

story about the old and new models. Those readers unfamiliar with the early days of the SS, SS Jaguar and Jaguar now know that this company has been building cars of exceptional value and performance a lot longer than most people might suspect.

Just one note of clarification: I have in my files a letter from Sir William in which he explains that the letters SS were merely selected as a catchy combination and he assures me that there was never any official meaning to them.

Richard T. Trenk
Chairman and Technical Editor
Classic Jaguar Association
Westchester, Illinois

RATED X

A lot gets written these days about that hot new growth industry, the pornography business, but most of it is either hysterical or leering. John Bowers' survey of the subject, *The Porn Is Green* (PLAYBOY, July), is neither—it's sensitive and sensible. After reading it, one can only agree with him that the porn might be green and liberated, but there's something sad about it as well.

Pete Hillman
Tucson, Arizona

On behalf of the Cockettes, I would like to commend you on *The Porn Is Green*. John Bowers gave an exceptionally real picture of our beloved North Beach. A few corrections are screaming to be brought to your attention, however. First, the fat boy clad only in a feather boa, belting out *Ol' Man River* in a falsetto, was me and, I assure you, I was fully dressed in a huge Southern-belle ball gown, replete with sequins. Not one feather boa was near my body. Second, Hibiscus, who Bowers said was our leader, has not been with the group for eight months, having tired of the fast pace and moved on to something else. Our Charles Addams house in Haight-Ashbury was put up for sale last July and we now have three main houses—on Second Avenue, Oak Street and Market Flat. There are three girls in the group—Dusty Dawn, Marquell and Sweet Pam, who recently married my singing partner, Scrumbly. Our current productions include *Tinsel Tarts in a Hot Coma*, *Smacky & Our Gang* and *Under the Bigtop*, *Elephant Shit*, the *Rudest Show on Earth*. And we have just completed our second movie, *Trish's Wedding*. The Cockettes are moving ahead by leaps and bounds, and we hope that PLAYBOY will try to keep up with us.

Harold Thunderpussy
Executive Director
Cockettes, Inc.
San Francisco, California

We'll try, Harold, we'll try.





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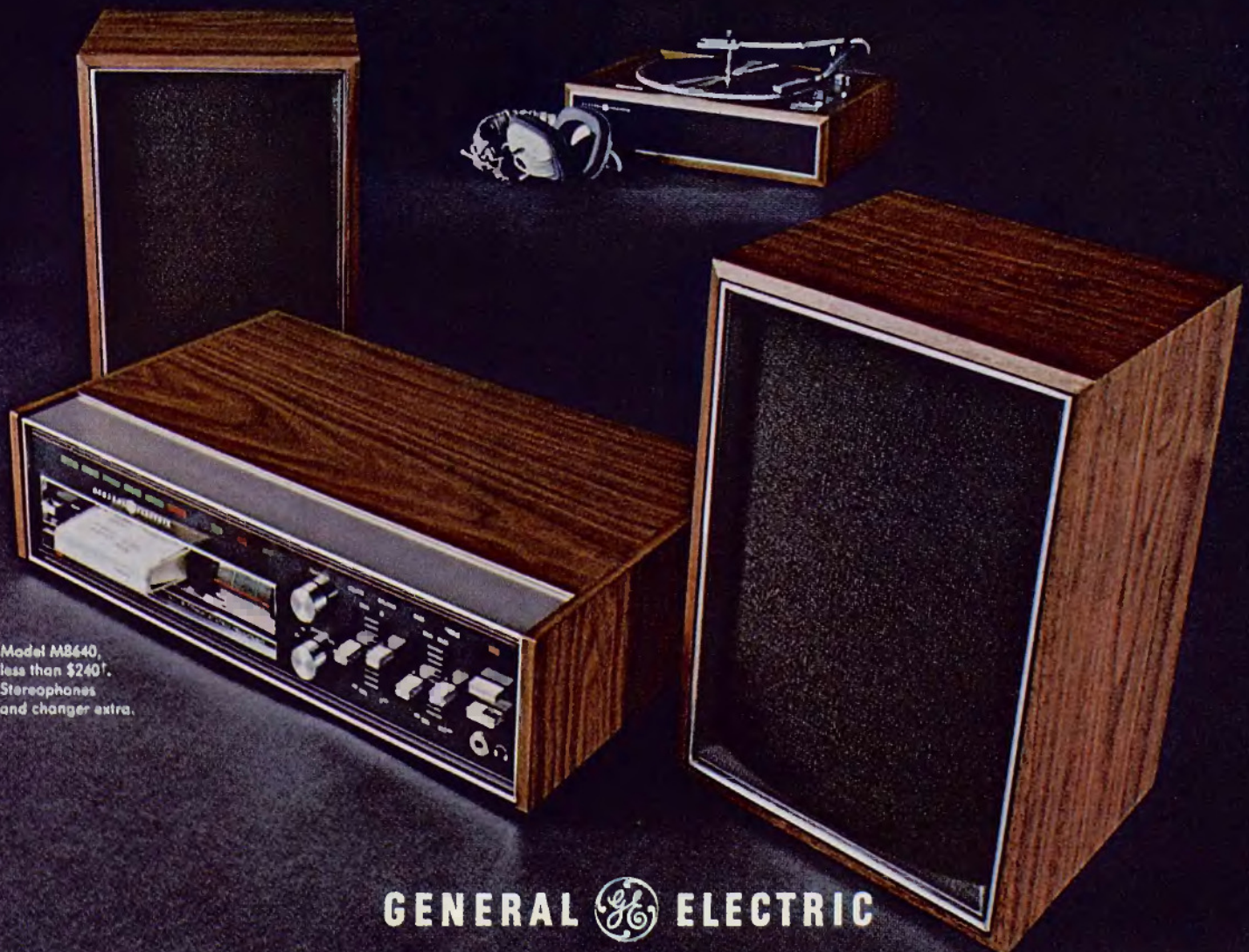


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Now that it's football season again, we're reminded of a wonderful story from Columbus, Ohio. Last year, when "Beat Michigan" was the rallying cry at Ohio State University, someone ran off a batch of bumper stickers replacing the word BEAT with FUCK. The Columbus Police Department said the stickers were obscene and that anyone caught driving around with one would be arrested. A young fellow named Thomas Harrington pasted one on his windshield and, about a month before the OSU-Michigan game, the cops charged him with violating the city's obscene-literature law. So Harrington hired a lawyer and went to court. It took until the end of February, but Judge James A. Pearson finally dismissed the case as absurd. "The city in its brief," wrote the judge, "states that there is no other word in the English language that is more obscene than the word 'Fuck.'" Describing the word as slang, he said if one followed the prosecution's reasoning, the sticker would be interpreted as meaning "to have sexual intercourse with the state of Michigan. This is also absurd." In summation, he said it would be impossible to say the bumper sticker appealed to prurient interests. "To the contrary," he wrote, "knowing the prevailing mood of the citizens of central Ohio prior to the [game], this court feels it expressed the derogatory nature of this mood toward the University of Michigan football team and the state of Michigan as a whole." And with a final flourish, he penned, "It is also the belief of this court that most of the citizens of central Ohio would feel that [the bumper sticker] had some redeeming social value."

Involuntary leisure is becoming an American problem. It has become even more of one this year, thanks to Federal legislation that provides for three-day weekends for Government employees on five national holidays. In the not-too-distant future, we may even have 52 three-day weekends a year. So, at least, predicts a labor-management consultant in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who says that 80 percent of U. S. industry will switch to a

four-day week within five years. Already, some 18,000 workers for more than 100 companies are putting in four-day weeks, and at two major insurance firms, computer personnel are working *three* days a week—12 hours a day.

Faced with the challenge of filling all this free time, the new leisure class will be forced to take up new hobbies and sports, and many of its members will wind up on stretchers. A lot more will sink into incurable tube addiction and become mental basket cases. Not a few unregenerate worshipers of the puritan work ethic may even feel so guilty that they'll be compelled to take a secret second job. But don't despair. The Maximization of Involuntary Leisure League (MILL) has come up with some proposals that will enrich your off-hours, deepen your spiritual resources and qualify you for even shorter work weeks. Among them:

Sign up for a motel-management course. You'll probably never want to run a motel, but at least you'll find out everything those beady-eyed front-desk types know about foiling the sneaky Pete who tries to smuggle a bird into a single.

Take a charter flight to the Republic of Togo on the cheapest possible unscheduled airline. You'll have a good chance to visit Cuba, write a Ph.D. thesis and learn all about sharks and/or cannibals.

Become a famed film critic in your spare time. If you can come up with a sentence like "*Wanda*, despite its technical primitivism, represents an 'artistic' kind of nihilistic neo-realism" (*The New Yorker*), you'll be up there on the marquees in no time.

Prepare your income-tax returns through 1976. It's simple if you figure Uncle Sam will sock you exactly ten percent more each year.

Take a foreign-language course. You may never get beyond Croatian irregular verbs, but you're pretty sure to meet a young lady who thinks English is a Romance language.

Make a movie about alienated youth

and the counterculture. The film should wind up with the long-haired hero persuading Ma, Pa and Grandma that society is sick, and who needs materialism? (Pa, of course, shells out the money for the *deus ex machina*, a camper truck.) The establishment is dying to finance anti-establishment movies.

Run for office and become a TV star. The important thing is to choose a major race—for Congress, a governorship or your local mayoralty. You will then, by law, be assured of equal time on TV with your big-name opponent. (You may even make Cavett.) The law doesn't say you have to talk politics; play the bassoon or recite from the *Kama Sutra*. Even if you don't get signed up as an act, you may get elected. What better way to kill all that spare time?

It figures: Hotpants have been barred from a college in Maidenhead, England.

Business Week recently pointed out some of the problems encountered in foreign advertising. "A few American promotions," it notes, "move easily into any language—most notably, Esso's 'Put a Tiger in Your Tank.' Others lose in translation. . . . In Japanese, 3M's slogan 'Sticks like Crazy' comes out 'Sticks Foolishly' and General Motors' 'Body by Fisher' emerges as 'Corpse by Fisher.'"

A cologne with a fragrance described as "essence of pot" is being marketed by the De Land Company—aimed, of course, at the youth market.

Unfortunately, we don't know if she is, but there's a Miami stripper calling herself Hellin Bed.

Communications Gap Department: The general rule for writing Armyese is to use as many words as possible to convey the smallest possible thought. This eloquent example solemnly appeared in *Echo*, an Armed Forces paper published in Europe: "Principal systems configuration and engineering planning objectives

will address achievement of optimized commonality, compatibility and standardization with available resources." Translation: "Use the equipment you already have."

With the world series upon us, it's time to make excuses for the teams that didn't make it. One explanation for the Houston Astros' showing might be suggested by a story that appeared last summer in the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*. Questioned by persistent sports-writers about his strengths and weaknesses, Houston third baseman Doug Rader replied: "I think smoking is the thing I do good and most consistently. I just hardly ever have an off day smoking. I smoke good and I smoke consistent. I can't think of anything else I am as consistently good at."

Catchy sign in the window of The Feline Inn on Chicago's Wells Street: SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL CAT HOUSE.

A Dallas singing group calls itself the Four Closures. When not performing, the members all work for a bank.

Blood on the cutting-room floor: In a story on the West Berlin Film Festival, *The Washington Post* reported, "It is said that *The Decameron* was originally scheduled for Cannes but was refused a showing because of an overabundance of erect members, and was almost barred from Berlin for the same reason. Finally, Pasolini [the director], who has a small role as the painter Giotto in the film, gave up and circumcised the film himself."

Significantly and symptomatically, the U. S. S. R. has just redefined advertising in *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia*. The latest edition describes it as "the popularization of goods with the aim of selling them, the creation of demand for these goods, the acquaintance of consumers with their quality, particular features and the location of their sales, and explanation of the methods of their use." In earlier editions, advertising was less charitably defined as "hullabaloo, a means of swindling the people and foisting upon them goods frequently useless or of dubious quality."

Just the news, please: *Rolling Stone* headlined its cover story on Tricia Nixon's wedding "THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER."

A 25-year-old South Philadelphia woman was arrested and charged with making 2029 obscene phone calls—to the police station. Permitted the customary one phone call after her arrest, she promptly

dialled the station-house number and rounded out her score at 2030.

The Globe and Mail in Toronto tells of a grab bag of propaganda paraphernalia produced by women's lib organizers for distribution to various militant "freedom-for-our-sex" groups. Their name for this bundle of goodies: The Feminists' Box.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The Chicago Opera House, a vaulted baroque cavern with ornate gilded balconies reaching up like cyclopean steps, is not the likeliest place to hear rock 'n' roll. But a concert featuring *The Stooges* and *Alice Cooper* was scheduled there recently, so we went—partly to hear their music, partly to see if they lived up (or down) to their images. The Stooges, we had read, were led by Iggy Stooze, a singer with a habit of wearing black leather and lacerating his flesh while performing. Alice Cooper, on the other hand, we knew to be a ladylike group of guys whom even Frank Zappa once called "very strange" and who are currently mincing toward rock's Queen of the Hop Award. Together, we thought, they should make for an unforgettable evening of pervo-rock.

While we sat among the several thousand long-haired faithful—an engagingly motley assortment—waiting for the presumably depraved appearance of Iggy, someone in the balcony struck up a spirited kazoo chorus of *Battle Hymn of the Republic*; it turned out to be the best music of the evening. While the sweet smell of nearby pot teased our noses, from down in front came "Gimme an I, Gimme a G. . . . Whaddya-got? Iggy!" And in a few minutes we got him, along with the four other Stooges. The group is not misnamed. Iggy marched out on stage wearing no leather, only washed-out Levis, with silver spray on his longish hair and another silver blast ornamenting his bare chest like psychedelic war paint.

After giving his crotch a couple of test shakes to make sure it was in proper working order, he launched the group into 50 minutes of the most earnestly awful Rolling Stones imitation we have ever heard. By the third number, we noticed that the pot smokers near us were toking down a little desperately, apparently in the vain hope of improving what they were hearing. The band, which knows at least three chords, was careful to use no more than two in any given song—and Iggy cooked along in the same spirit, rolling on the stage, crawling down into the audience, flapping his legs and arms like a duck possessed. We were happy to see that his

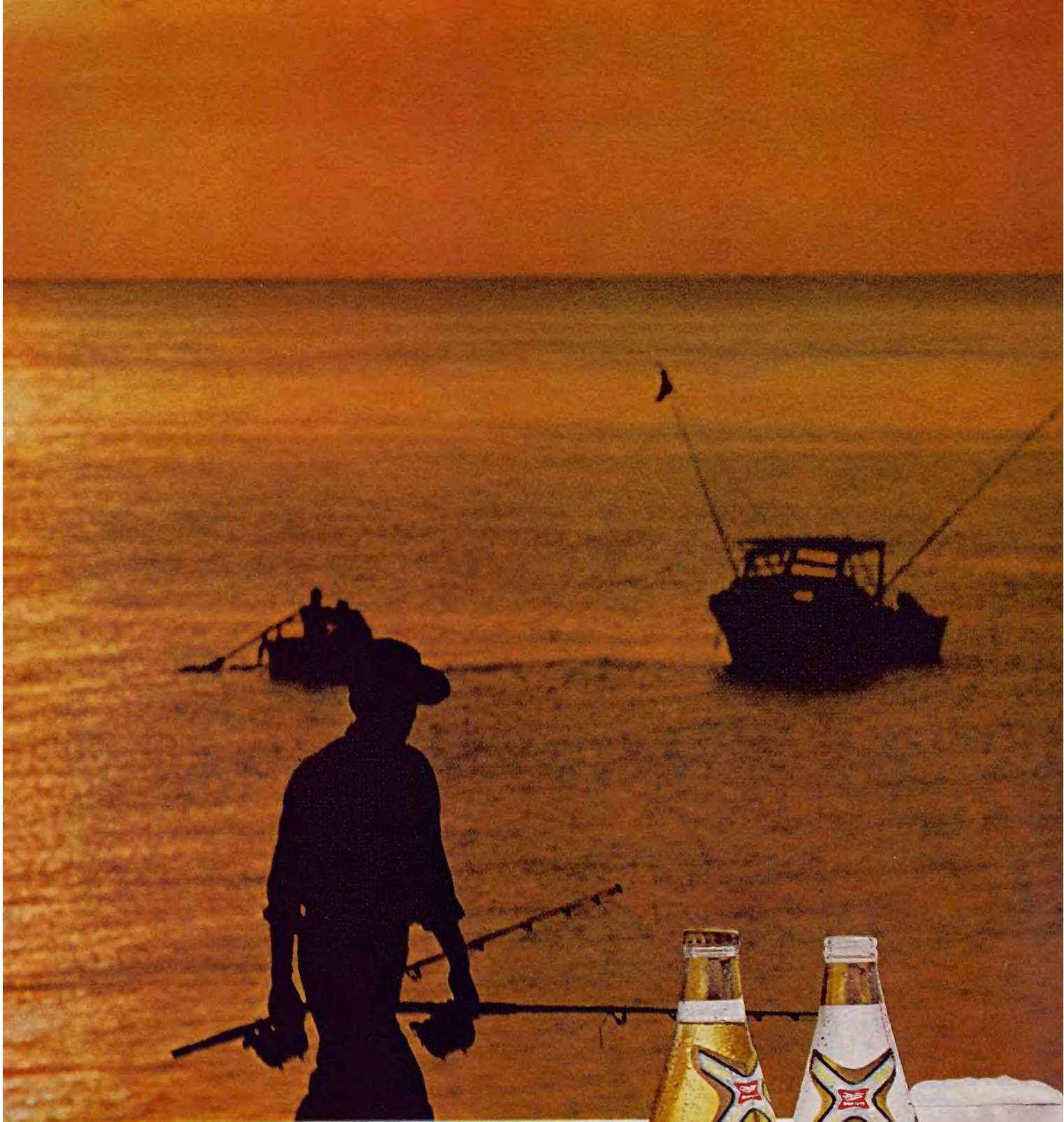
work permitted him to get so much exercise, but as the lady who was with us put it, "He's just like Mick Jagger—except he doesn't have any moves and he can't sing." We had to agree—and to be grateful that the audience didn't cheer hard enough to encourage an encore.

Intermission lasted 40 minutes, and then Alice Cooper—announced as "the most glamorous group in the world"—finally came out. The group—three guitarists, a drummer and Alice—wore gleaming silver-lamé jump suits and looked rather like 42nd Street rough trade in *Vogue*-model drag. As they worked through most of the cuts on their *Love It to Death* album—including *I'm Eighteen*, their solid hit single—it surprised us to notice that even in person, their music lacks the slightest hint of mint. It's perfectly competent—if not always memorable—hard rock, and we could hear in it traces of the old Animals, the Doors and, at their best, the Stones.

But Alice knew that the real point of the evening was bizarre spectacle, not music, and he worked hard not to disappoint anyone. Donning a tall K. K. K./magician/dunce cap for *Hallowed Be My Name*, he shed his jump suit (revealing black leotards with a V-neck that plunged below his navel) to begin *Is It My Body* and finished the song with a little help from a live snake, which coiled around his neck. The next bit ended with a genuine-looking nurse in starched white leading him off the stage. Alice returned seconds later sporting a strait jacket, which he wore to sing the *Ballad of Dwight Fry*, a psychotic little ditty about a mental institution.

Then came the big finale, a sort of voodoo production number called *Black Juju*. Someone wheeled in a large lump covered with a white sheet—which Alice quickly whipped off to reveal a dummy seated on a throne festooned with lights. While singing, Alice dethroned the dummy, stabbing it with a spear, and then took its seat. Lights flashed around his head as the drummer went into a ticktock beat and Alice produced a large watch—with which he tried to hypnotize the audience by swinging it back and forth in the glare of a baby spot. We almost fell asleep from boredom, but that's as close to a trance as we got. Alice finally broke the spell by turning a bright spotlight on the audience; and then, building toward a big finish, the band and the stage exploded—the band with music, the stage with colored smoke, huge clouds of feathers and mounds of fire-extinguisher foam—while Alice dismembered the dummy, tossing its parts in all directions.

There was an encore, but we knew it would be anticlimactic, so we ducked out before the crowd, wondering what this all meant, if anything. It was tempting



At the end of every day there ought to be a time when a man can truly relax.

**If you've got the time,
we've got the beer.**



to ponder ominously on the jaded sensibilities of kids in a culture glutted with kinky violence and sexuality. But as we walked for a taxi, it struck us how *tame* it all was. County-fair side shows have been serving up far weirder fare to far straighter audiences for 100 years, and Alice Cooper isn't much more than a sanitized medicine show in drag. The Stooges aren't even that. Ultimately, their cheap theatrics and second- to fifth-rate talent make them not harbingers of cultural or even musical doom but headliners for some Ed Sullivan show of the long-hair generation.

BOOKS

In his latest novel, *The Tenants* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Bernard Malamud goes out on a literary limb and attempts to saw himself off. He doesn't succeed. He is too searching and original a writer to fail even when he handicaps his work with suicidal odds. In the first place, this is a novel about novelists—practically autodestruct material in the publishing field. In the second place, he probes black-white issues at their rawest points, daring a full-length portrait of a black-militant, anti-Semitic writer, with added exacerbations of sexual and creative competition. There are two protagonists: Harry Lesser, white novelist; William Spear (Bill Spear), black would-be novelist. They occupy two flats in a vacated Manhattan apartment house, whose landlord knows only of Lesser's presence. He begs and offers bribes to Lesser to be gone, so that demolition can begin. For apartment house, read the city, the country, the world. Everything is at the point of demolition. The only thing that will save the house of the world is the love of the inhabitants for one another. That's what Lesser's decade-long work is about: love. Bill Spear's agonized pages are about hate, a hate that stands in the way of his being an artist. In a transport of rage because Lesser has taken away his white "bitch," Bill Spear reduces ten years of Lesser's work to ashes. His rage destroys his own work, too. Bill would like to pretend that that's all right, since he is committed to destruction, but finally he returns to that vacated halfway house: He cannot burn out of himself his desire to create. Bill Spear remains more a projection of a white man's fear than the symbol of a black man's torment. Yet in *The Tenants*, Malamud has fashioned a starkly compelling symbol to define our terrible times.

The Groupsex Tapes (McKay), by Herbert F. Margolis and Paul M. Rubenstein, is a stacked deck. Ostensibly, it's a factual report based on the testimony of almost 100 men and women, married and single, who engage in sex on a

group basis. The book's swingers were selected from a total of 628 who were interviewed. The authors avoid specifying on what basis the selection was made, but some clues can be spotted. They include only one couple for whom swinging failed to lead to sexual paradise; the others, with semireligious fervor, sing hosannas. These cheerful advocates place sexual intercourse somewhere between a game and a physical-fitness exercise. A number of bizarre questions are discussed. Do you want your children to grow up as swingers? (The authors report on the fun a mother and daughter have together at swinging parties.) What do you do at an orgy when your wife is being simultaneously worked on by several members of both sexes and you're played out? How does it feel to make love in a plane that's flying on automatic pilot? One question the authors don't seem to have asked themselves: If the FTC regulated books as it does many forms of advertising, might not *The Groupsex Tapes* be charged with making fraudulent claims for a product with potentially harmful side effects?

In *One Morning in the War: The Tragedy at Son My*, Richard Hammer proved to be one of those rare journalists who not only get the whole story but also write with a depth of perspective that transmutes reporting into history. Hammer is just as impressive in *The Court-Martial of Lt. Calley* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan)—a sequel to that same bloody morning in Vietnam. An index of Hammer's skill is that his account of the trial itself, even though we know the outcome, is taut with suspense. By intercutting astute appraisals of the participants, the conflicting nature of the evidence, the laws at issue and the psychohistory of the war itself in America's consciousness, Hammer has made the Calley court-martial a moral mine field for the nation. Utterly persuasive as to the justice of the verdict against Calley, Hammer is bitter about those who will go unpunished—"the Lyndon Johnsons and Richard Nixons, the Robert McNamaras and Melvin Lairds." Bitter but not despairing, for a persistent motif of this book is the refusal of a number of Calley's men to kill at Son My. And that, Hammer emphasizes, is all the more reason for Calley to be punished: "We cannot stop with Calley, but neither can we ignore Calley." By contrast, there is the defendant's own *Lieutenant Calley: His Own Story as Told to John Sack* (Viking). Calley's account of the massacre ("combat assault," he calls it) and the court-martial shows us a self-justifying murderer who has been suddenly converted to a devout antiwar position. On the one hand: "Personally, I didn't kill any Vietnamese that day; I mean personally. I represented the United States of America. My country." On the other hand: "We just were stomping com-

munism into Vietnam, and it kept sprouting again with a thousand branches. . . . The Vietnamese all were screaming, 'Leave us alone!'" A dull-witted man, Calley committed a horror of which he has only the dimmest comprehension. For additional details about his grim odyssey, there are several reasonably conscientious journalistic surveys: Tom Tiede's *Calley: Soldier or Killer?* (Pinnacle), *The Making of a Hero* (Touchstone) by Wayne Greenhaw and *Calley* (Dell) by Associated Press staffers Arthur Everett, Kathryn Johnson and Harry Rosenthal. *Destroy or Die* (Arlington House), by Martin Gershen, is a *defense* of Charlie Company. None is in the same league as Richard Hammer's book, but together they fill in the story. *The Making of a Hero* gets closest to the man: "If the networks dropped his case for a day, he'd be disappointed." Or, as Lieutenant Calley puts it in his own book, he doesn't want to be hanged, because "I have prospects now."

William Burroughs' latest novel, *The Wild Boys: A Book of the Dead* (Grove), is a long-winded rerun of his last four books, with nothing that will surprise even the most dedicated fan. There may, of course, be a few befuddled highbrows around who will fall for this mishmash of buggery and mayhem, but any reader who doesn't have a vested interest in Burroughs' status as a so-called avant-garde writer can give this latest "cutup" the go-by. Cutup refers to Mr. B.'s method of composition—which seems to consist of sitting down with scissors and paste, hacking up his old books, rearranging them at random, tacking on a few new names and places and selling the resultant product to his publishers, who, for some reason, cannot turn it down. We all have our hang-ups, but few of us think that they have cosmic significance. Burroughs does, so he isn't at all bothered by such trivial matters as holding the reader's interest. If Western civilization is dead, as he claims, he may be the prime exhibit.

When two men named—no kidding—Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox conspire to write a book called *The Imperial Animal* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), the reader is entitled to suspect a put-on. But no, these two anthropologists are making a serious effort to come to grips with man's basic nature. Their theory is that whatever behavior is common to primates is generally true of man, too. For example, in all primates, without exception, the males establish among themselves a clear and consistent hierarchy, in which bolder, braver or bigger animals take over leadership of the group and demand in return the usual perks—the sunniest spot by the watering hole, first crack at the food and, most important,

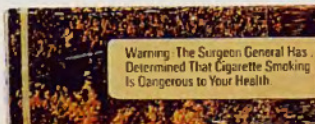


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Left to Right: The PRESIDENT, 31198, brown Madrid High Lace Zip Boot. The EDEN, 30281, bloodstain strap boot. The EDEN, 30284, brown plain toe high boot. The EDEN, 30286, brown plain toe high loop boot. The PATRICIAN, 93030, hand-rubbed brown Dolton. The PATRICIAN, 93652, brown

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seigniorial rights over the females. This pattern, the authors maintain, can no more be "trained out" of us than our skin pigmentation. They maintain that adultery is a programmed primate norm, only barely held in check among humans by stringent social controls; that "we are a naturally aggressive species easily aroused to violence" who will avoid war only by working extremely hard at doing so; and that we are also altruistic beasts with a deep-seated need to give and take and to love one another. Men, they say, "will make love and war." The authors do not deny the crucial role of learning in human development; yet they insist that though you can train a tiger in many ways, you cannot teach him to be a fox or, at any rate, a nontiger. Most of these ideas have been in the air for 10 or 20 years. Nonetheless, Tiger and Fox here offer a consistent, coherent system—a "biogrammar" of human nature, to use their term—and they are going to catch hell from orthodox psychologists, women's libbers, behaviorists and all those who like to believe that the human being can be tinkered into perfection.

Homage to Theodore Dreiser (Random House) is a lovely, moving, brilliantly intelligent book on the great American novelist by Robert Penn Warren, himself a novelist of great power (*All the King's Men*). Much has been written in praise of Dreiser—and in derogation of him—yet rarely has a cultivated and sensitive critic appraised his books and their themes with quite the incisiveness that Warren displays here. A poor-boy-from-the-wrong-side-of-the-tracks who had sisters with "hot crotches and round heels," Dreiser lived his entire life dogged by the great American theme—success and its attendant glories and miseries—and forged a series of great novels out of his only-too-real heartache and anguish. Warren rates *An American Tragedy* as Dreiser's masterpiece because it rises to the truly tragic level that is not fully achieved even in such fine books as *Sister Carrie* and *The Titan*. Essentially a product of his times—he had absorbed both Spencer and Darwin and believed man to be the victim of harsh, blind circumstance—Dreiser became greater than his picked-up, pieced-together opinions by expressing, as Warren writes in a poem prefacing his book, "the secret worth of all our human worthlessness." There is no better way to celebrate a writer's centenary than to get his own people to read his books—Dreiser's are much more widely read in Russia than here—and Robert Penn Warren's tribute is likely to accomplish just that.

The hero of Seymour Epstein's fine new novel, *The Dream Museum* (Doubleday), is a good burgher in his 40s who is every bit as lost as the bohe-

mian friends of his only son. Protected by the dulling blinders of routine, however, he is signally unaware of his displacement until he almost telepathically discovers that his wife is having an affair. This intelligence shocks him into moving out of his suburban Long Island home, selling his share of an educational-film business and holing up in a borrowed West Side apartment with a Maillol-limbed, sensually bronzed, sexually adept young thing. Then he proceeds to smack his wife's lover and be knocked down in turn by his lover's boyfriend. But simply sounding the theme of a Seymour Epstein novel is rather like describing an opera solely in terms of its libretto—for none of Epstein's special writerly qualities are thus conveyed, qualities that make him one of our important post-World War Two novelists. Epstein, author of the memorable *Leah*, is a prose stylist in the grand tradition: No detail escapes his observant eye and subtle insight. (For example: "I'm waiting for my father who wants to talk to me. He phoned me during the day. 'David?' he said, after hearing my voice. Everything is a question to Sam Lang, even paternity.") *The Dream Museum* is a fitting addition to the Epstein gallery of fine fiction.

It is taking civilization a long time to acknowledge that there is something monstrously immoral in murdering one human being because he murdered another. In his oddly titled novel, *A Peep into the 20th Century* (Harper & Row), Christopher Davis takes as his plot the first electrical execution in the U. S. The convict is Rupert Weber, a nondescript who brained his paramour with an ax. Davis is scrupulous about making his man an unspecial murderer. He killed because the woman for whom he had deserted his wife taunted him about his lack of potency. If a man has it in him to kill, this is, perhaps, as good a reason as any. The only thing that distinguishes this sad-sack killer is that he is the first man to be legally put to death by Westinghouse's alternating current. There's an ironic controversy between Thomas Edison and the Westinghouse people as to the efficacy of currents, but neither is particularly desirous of being connected with the first state fry-in. The heart of the matter, however, is neither currents nor competition, but the man, Weber, and the chaplain, Snow, and the warden, Buxton, and several of the guards. Snow tries to justify man's way to Weber, and maybe to God, but fails miserably. All are haunted by what must be done: A man must be killed by an electrical machine—deliberately, coldly, officially—and there is the irreducible horror. To kill in passion, in lunacy, in patriotism, or even for pay, is one thing; to kill in the name of the people, on the

other hand, involves us all in the crime of Cain. What Davis demonstrates in his tough, elliptical style is that decency has not yet found, and probably never will, a way to live with the wretched dehumanization of official murder.

Graham Greene's autobiographical essay, *A Sort of Life* (Simon & Schuster), relates in typically lucid and ironic fashion the personal prayers that sustained, or very nearly didn't sustain, the author for more than six decades. They were desperate prayers much of the time: he swallowed 20 aspirins at a crack, drank photographer's hypo and played Russian roulette in earnest more than once. The despair was inborn, no doubt, but that nightmare of sensitive English boys, the public school, helped. The fact that his own father was headmaster seemed not to counteract the poison. Male heartiness in sports and military training and open water closets drove young Graham up and over the wall. He cut out, was found and brought back and underwent a healing period of professional analysis. Greene's Catholicism has been a dense, lush part of the forest for many a doctoral dissertation, but those who have looked forward to the author's own clearing of the underbrush—a Greening of theology—will be disappointed. He states, rather wearily, that he is tired of religious talk. In his mid-60s as he wrote these reminiscences, he points out that he has not long to wait before he discovers whether there is revelation or darkness at the end.

With *The Politics of the Family and Other Essays* (Pantheon), British psychiatrist R. D. Laing tightens his guru's grip on situational psychiatry, the Mod road to mental health. Each person is locked into a "family scenario," claims Laing, and the way to free him is to change the script. Laing's style is freighted with mystery, often based on rather simplistic paradoxes. For example: "We all must continually learn to unlearn much that we have learned, and learn to learn that we have not been taught." Laing finds that his patients, like his sentences, are tied up in knots, and his book about *Knots* (Pantheon) consists of blank, Spartan verse, a kind of psychiatric poetry. "They are not having fun. / I can't have fun if they don't. / If I get them to have fun, then I can have fun with them. / Getting them to have fun, is not fun. It is hard work." Like op art, on which it appears to be modeled, these psychotropes have much motion and little meaning. A more difficult but more instructive book is *Reason and Violence* (Pantheon), an analysis of some of Jean-Paul Sartre's works, which Laing co-authored with David Cooper. Many adults, Laing has written, are "in a hypnotic trance, induced in early infancy;

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we remain in this state until—when we dead awaken, as Ibsen makes one of his characters say—we shall find that we have never lived." The theme of awakening the living dead is just the sort of thing Sartre likes to ponder. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that he has contributed a laudatory foreword to the Laing-Cooper book. The authors take the position that Sartre's existential approach to biography—as in his book on Genet—is superior to that of the psychoanalyst. "It is only through the discovery of a freedom, a choice of self functioning in the face of all determinations, conditioning, fatedness, that we can attain the comprehension of a person in his full reality." To put it less turgidly, Sartre would say that Genet was free because he decided to be a thief, whereas the orthodox psychoanalyst would say Genet was a prisoner of his thievery. A crucial difference, with implications well beyond the psychoanalytic.

A book titled *The Total Film-Maker* (Random House) by Jerry Lewis, of all people, is the sort of publishing event that automatically elicits raised eyebrows. Well, movie fans, lower them slowly. Lewis may be an egomaniacal clown and a practicing Philistine—and there is plenty of evidence here to support his severest critics—yet this distillation of his lectures to graduate students at USC is concise, readable and admirably single-minded. Any would-be *cinéaste* who wants to learn a little about the tough business of making movies could do worse than lay hands on *The Total Film-Maker*. Lewis polishes off Shakespeare, Molière and art films in general with the shrug of one who unabashedly aligns himself with "the old school . . . no debate about inner meanings." All the same, his professional savvy comes through on every page. A good short course for young folks making it in moviedom's world of production, postproduction, distribution, exploitation, publicity plugs and those "wonderful happy endings" unequivocally endorsed by the author.

In no previous American war has there been such determined resistance to authority from within the Armed Forces as has taken place in recent years. *Turning the Guns Around / Notes on the GI Movement* (Praeger) is an account of this development, climaxed by last April's actions in Washington by Vietnam Veterans Against the War. The writers, both former SDS organizers, are Mariann Wizard and Larry Waterhouse. (The latter was himself an organizer of resistance on the inside until the Army asked him to leave.) The authors' enthusiasm for the hardiness of the GI movement is not without oversell. It is far from proved, for instance, that "the



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GI movement represents a grave threat to American policy makers and their plans for continued U.S. domination of a vast portion of the world." But aside from the tendency to inflate what has, indeed, been an influential movement, *Turning the Guns Around* is a useful survey of the goings on inside our Armed Forces. Most vivid—and more absorbing than the rather solemn style of the authors—are the excerpts from underground GI papers. Among them is this distillation of mordant defiance: "Dear Congressman, I take pen in hand to complain about my piece. After months of assiduous care and maintenance of the weapon (M-16) it failed to function at a critical moment, endangering my life and the lives of other men in this company. Last night, at 0300 hours I had a clear, unobstructed shot at the captain. To my chagrin, the weapon misfired. It may be weeks before I get another crack at the bastard and in the meantime, I am subjected to the ridicule of my associates and can kiss goodbye the \$2000 in the company pool." What makes *Turning the Guns Around* worth your attention is the spirit it conveys of the rebel soldiers themselves.

Nicholas Mosley's latest novel, *Natalie Natalia* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), is a stunner—an explosive mix of metaphysics and surrealism wherein reflection, action, love, dream and hallucination zip in and out like swallows on the wing, creating an effect of tense and eerie menace. Mosley takes his cue from a passage in Goethe describing life's demonic element, some power that delights in opposites, crosses the moral order, contradicts time and expands space. Contradicting time and expanding space are precisely what Mosley is about. His demonic hero is Anthony Greville, an English politician on the verge of nervous breakdown. His demonic heroine, and Greville's mistress, is Natalie Natalia (names, respectively, for the ravenous and angelic aspects of her nature) Jones. Greville goes to Africa to report on a revolt brewing against a white government—and rides a bicycle into an empty swimming pool at a government party, the climactic expression of his breakdown. In illness he fires off inspired, unbalanced letters to his wife and mistress, laying bare the paradoxes that underlie his conception of life and art, a principal one being that good can come from evil, creation from destruction, and vice versa, so that the will to act is always under threat of paralysis (he himself is about to quit politics). But under the sway of Mosley's mythopoeic mind, everything here both is and is not what it seems: Africa has the ring of Eden (Greville's son Adam finally goes there); Greville's breakdown is a nervous and spiritual explosion richer,

in some respects even saner, than humdrum sanity. Brilliantly imaginative, technically breath-taking, gnomic, perplexing and for many, no doubt, too much, *Natalie Natalia* is a remarkable accomplishment.

Arno Karlen believes that any study of homosexuality presupposes a knowledge of human sexual nature, since the deviant can be understood only by contrast with the normal. Such is the approach he takes in *Sexuality and Homosexuality* (Norton)—juxtaposing homosexual and heterosexual behavior patterns, each illuminating the other. Karlen spent five years examining documents that range from the Hebrew and Greek to the work of contemporary American researchers. Then he left the library to interview homosexuals, Lesbians, transvestites, transsexuals—and the scientists who are studying them. And he has produced a book that is as comprehensible as it is comprehensive. In the face of a bewildering diversity of report and opinion, with scientist against scientist, homosexual against homosexual, Karlen refuses to set himself up as judge and jury. Clarifying and evaluating what he can, expressing his opinion where he feels justified, he leaves much to the reader to puzzle out for himself. All the answers are not yet in—and may never be. Human sexual nature, both normal and abnormal, may well include unpredictable dimensions that will continue to change the ways in which men and women relate to one another sexually. Meanwhile, Karlen argues, the least we can do is to put an end to laws based on ignorance and on irrational fear of the deviant. "And perhaps if we stop seeing the sexual deviant as such a threat," he concludes, "we can afford to see him as a unique human being, in many cases little different from others except in his sexual preference."

DINING-DRINKING

Autopub, which cost a gear-stripping \$1,000,000 and covers 17,000 square feet of floor space off the sunken plaza of the new General Motors Building (where else?) at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street in Manhattan, is a symposium of six separate restaurant areas and one huge bar, all designed and decorated *ad majorem Detroit gloriam*. The lights above the Pit Stop bar are built into real crash helmets; the seats at the tables in the bar are sports-car buckets (no safety belts); above the bar hang a 1911 Model T Ford Torpedo Roadster, a 1929 Brooklands Riley and a 550 Halibrand Shrike; the bar attendants wear pit coveralls with Getty Oil Company patches. The only thing *Autopub* hasn't done, it would seem, is hire Andy Granatelli as the maitre de. *Boutiques* run interference in the halls between the various restaurant areas,

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and auto decor follows you around mercilessly. Road signs show the way to the dining areas and *boutiques*—as well as the johns. Racing flags and door handles shaped like steering wheels compete for your attention. The Sandwich Shop has wall coverings done in a tire-tread design. The Grand Stand is a large dining area styled after the stands at Le Mans. Lover's Lane, located behind an incredible *art nouveau* door with a heart motif, is a single row of car seats parked amid mock make-out vegetation. The star attraction of Autopub is the Drive-In Movie, where you sit on car seats and perhaps munch a huge Autopub hamburger while watching Charlie Chaplin flicks or Road Runner cartoons. The Eldorado Grill is a line of little dining rooms, *chambres séparées*, with limousine-type tufted-leather ceilings and enfolding doors. Autopub food is wholesome and uncomplicated. Steak is broiled with the bone in, for greater flavor. Shrimps stuffed with crab meat are a specialty. Salads come with a delicious herb dressing, if you're tired of French and bleu cheese. Every table is graced with a loaf of sesame-seed bread. Desserts, too, are a simple affair. The famous Miss Grimble, purveyor of pecan pie and cheesecake to some of Manhattan's top restaurants, is responsible for the sweetmeats. Prices of all entrees and extras are moderate. (The Pub Lunch includes a very dry martini, beefsteak slices or a hamburger, French fried potatoes and coffee—all for \$3.95.) Autopub's hours are noon to one A.M. daily. Reservations are not necessary.

MOVIES

The cinematic blood bath has been shaping up as a national sport since *Bonnie and Clyde* set the tone of American-style violence by pumping slugs into people's faces—but the current vogue for sanguinary shockers dates back to 1957 or thereabouts, when England's Hammer Films launched its gory *The Curse of Frankenstein*, paving the way for an even gorier *The Horror of Dracula*, a spin-off *Count Yorga*, a flood of brutal Italian Westerns and such pretentious excuses for mayhem as *Soldier Blue*, *The Sporting Club* and *The Hunting Party*.

In the American hinterland, drive-in theaters mop up with double- and triple-bill scream shows at a dollar per carload. A typical duo might be *I Drink Your Blood* and *I Eat Your Skin*, billed as 2 GREAT BLOOD-HORRORS TO RIP OUT YOUR GUTS. In Manhattan's Greenwich Village, one neighborhood theater launched a summer festival of fear with midnight showings of *The Night of the Living Dead*, a crude but spine-tingling

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sci-fi thriller that was slapped together in 1968 in Pittsburgh for \$150,000 and has become a campy semiclassic. Graphic dismemberment, cannibalism and uninhibited bloodletting make *Living Dead* a must for viewers who come to shiver, and remain to squirm, at scenes in which a demon-possessed child carves up her momma with a trowel, then gobbles most of her poppa's right arm.

While violence may well be the true-blue pornography of our time, the shock merchants have gradually been adding sex to their line as well. The distressed damsels of yesteryear, who retired to their chambers clutching a crucifix or a sprig of wolfsbane to ward off evil, have been replaced by a bevy of bosomy wenches right out of *Tom Jones*. Before they catch Frankenstein's eye, these lusty ghouls diggers go tumbling into bed with any lout who might be sufficiently grateful to lead a rescue party in the last reel. Comely Ingrid Pitt, German-born star of *The House That Dripped Blood* and *The Vampire Lovers* ("an erotic nightmare of tormented lusts . . . where even the lifeless can love . . . even the dead can desire"), introduced a new kink to the latter by sapping the lifeblood from her acquiescent female victims while pretending to kiss their breasts just above the nipple, a brand-new place for those telltale puncture marks.

Blood money turns out to be a sound investment for film companies such as American International Pictures, a firm that seldom spends more than \$500,000 to turn out a handsomely horrific feature that stands to earn up to several million, with reissues ad infinitum. A few are first-rate, despite the gratuitous gout of gore, and serve as showcases for horror stars such as Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing and the ubiquitous Vincent Price, as well as for ambitious young directors. Roger Corman (*The Masque of the Red Death*) inspired a cult while directing classic tales of terror for A. I. P. and went on to bigger if not better things.

Now, as more and more "straight" films become glutted with sex and violence, the makers of horror flicks are under pressure to find something new. So far, they appear to be settling for relatively costly remakes of the classics and pale imitations of past successes, all garnished with livid flesh and blood. The only faintly visible shadow of a trend is a tendency to play foul deeds for outright laughs, cluing the addicted audience not to take sadism and mass murder too seriously.

If common sense prevails, the spate of such nightmarish entertainments that are rated G or GP may finally lead some sane taste maker to suggest applying letter labels to films in a choice of colors—with bright red, perhaps, for family

shows that eschew explicit lovemaking but offer a full quota of gouged eyes, torn limbs and stakes through the heart.

Director Daniel Mann, whose past efforts include *Butterfield 8* and *Come Back, Little Sheba*, scores a freakish near hit with *Willard*, a shocker starring Bruce Davison, Ernest Borgnine and approximately 500 rats. While young Davison (an alumnus of *Last Summer*) performs capably in the title role as a maltreated orphan lad who avenges injustices by turning rodents loose on his enemies, *Willard's* effectiveness is due mostly to the efforts of Hollywood animal trainer Moe Di Sessa, the man responsible for the rats. A cunning wretch named Ben steals the show—and wraps it up by making a banquet of the hero. Even dependable Elsa Lanchester, whose mother role is canceled out by a heart attack before the patter of little feet begins to swell like thunder, can do little to top that brand of showmanship.

She's nutty as a fruitcake, that's *What's the Matter with Helen?*, a chintzy period piece concocted by screenwriter Henry Farrell, remembered for *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* and *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte*. It's more of the same pseudo-gothic claptrap, with Shelley Winters (as Helen) and Debbie Reynolds (as Adelle) playing two dragon ladies who operated a Hollywood dancing school for professional kids back in the days when every self-respecting American mom wanted her daughter to challenge Shirley Temple. According to the plot, Adelle and Helen are the mothers of two convicted thrill killers and they've come to Tinseltown to re-establish their peace of mind and anonymity after all those ugly headlines. Believe that and you can believe everything: Shelley going stark mad with plenty of help from an offscreen orchestra and Debbie—bleached and painted in reasonable facsimile of a girl who yearns to be like Jean Harlow—nipping through her tap routine, her tango and a bad case of the shudders. In a cast of seasoned troupers, Dennis Weaver, Agnes Moorehead and the Irish theater's Michael Mac Liammoir cannot quite alter the impression that they're all working to revive a stiff.

Made in Belgium with an English-speaking cast, *Daughters of Darkness* is a sickly elegant vampire tale based on the legendary exploits of a 16th Century countess who was said to preserve her beauty by bathing in the blood of slain virgins. *Daughters* is updated to the present and stars exquisite Delphine Seyrig (of *Last Year at Marienbad*), wearing some dazzling *couturier* threads that are fashion throwbacks to the Thirties and courting a couple of tasty young things (Danièle Ouimet and Andrea Rau) at a splendid seaside hotel



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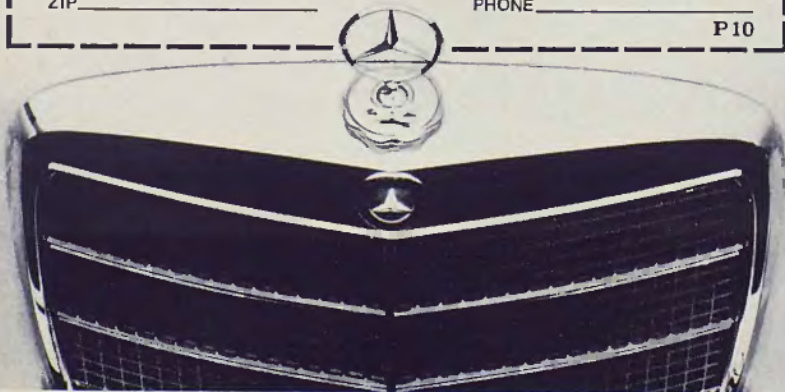
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during the off-season. Among the registered guests there's also a young man (John Karlen, from American TV's *Dark Shadows*) who seems equally naïve about Lesbians and werewolves and believes the countess wants him for himself, until she starts describing the dissection of virgins she's known while she's fondling him. Tearing off their nipples is one of her beauty secrets. Belgian director Harry Kümel spares his audience that particular atrocity, but he does appear partial to red and uses it like catsup to smarten up what he calls "a Gothic fairy tale for full-grown adults."

American International's remake of the Edgar Allan Poe classic *Murders in the Rue Morgue* borrows nothing from Poe save his tingling title. With a slew of celebrated actors, such as Jason Robards, Christine Kaufmann, Michael Dunn, Herbert Lom and Lilli Palmer, director Gordon Hessler went to Spain and obviously lavished a lot of money on sets and costumes to dress up the tale of a crazed killer's bloody revenge on the members of a Grand Guignol-style theatrical troupe. As the company's actor-manager and husband of the leading lady (Miss Kaufmann, whose eyes fill with fear quite fetchingly—and frequently), Robards handles himself as if he enjoyed his work but seems much too crisply contemporary for this turn-of-the-century thriller. Rated GP, *Rue Morgue* offers a heady measure of bestiality, ax murder, torture, decapitation, acid in the face (also poured down the throat) and other GP-rated diversions. Just the ticket for the pure in mind who would forbid youngsters to watch beautiful men and women lolling around with their clothes off.

Proof that the purveyors of routine horror can scarcely keep pace with so-called serious film makers may be found in *The Devils*, Ken Russell's adaptation of a mediocre play based on Aldous Huxley's book *The Devils of Loudun*. It's witch-burning time in 17th Century France, the era of Richelieu and rising Protestantism. But Russell seldom pauses to keep the historical record straight or even coherent; he's too busy dreaming up sick, sicker, sickest shock tactics to illustrate Huxley's account of how a swarm of sexually possessed nuns was manipulated by the authorities of church and state to bring a licentious priest, Father Grandier (Oliver Reed), defending freedom of conscience between orgies, to his death at the stake. Admirers of *Women in Love* must be perplexed at the directions Russell's career has since taken—first his lurid Tchaikovsky biography, *The Music Lovers*, and now this. Playing hostess to the ersatz-Fellini decadence in a white-on-white city that looks oddly Techbuilt.

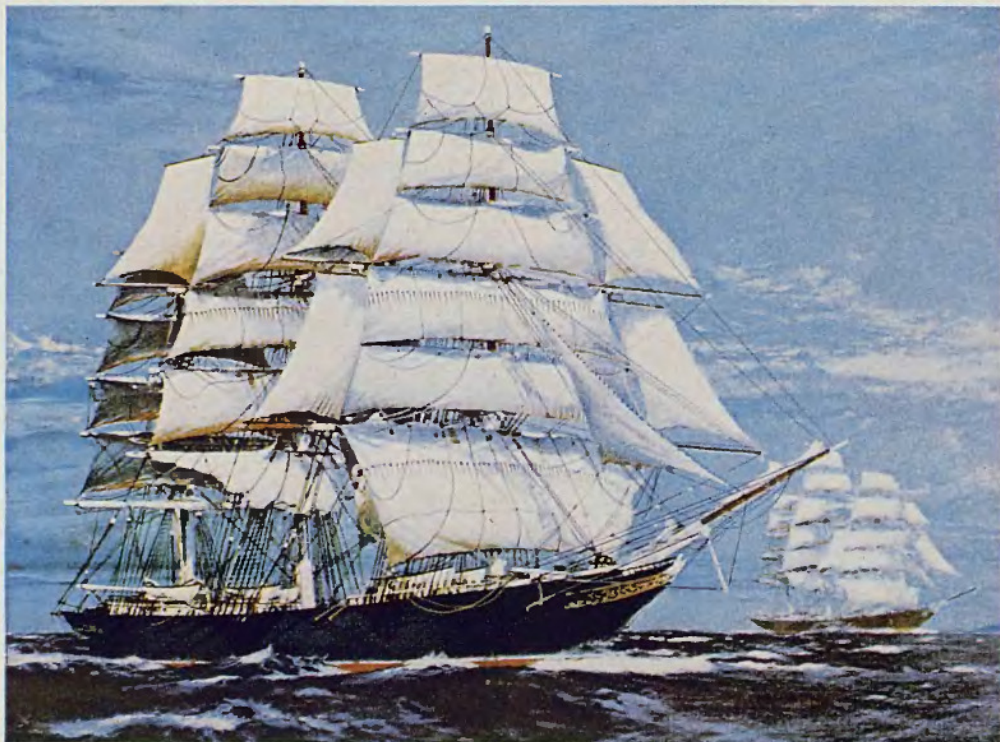
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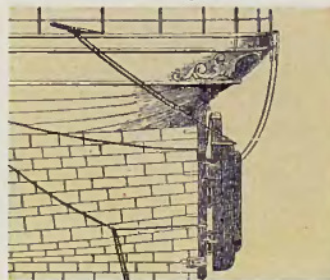


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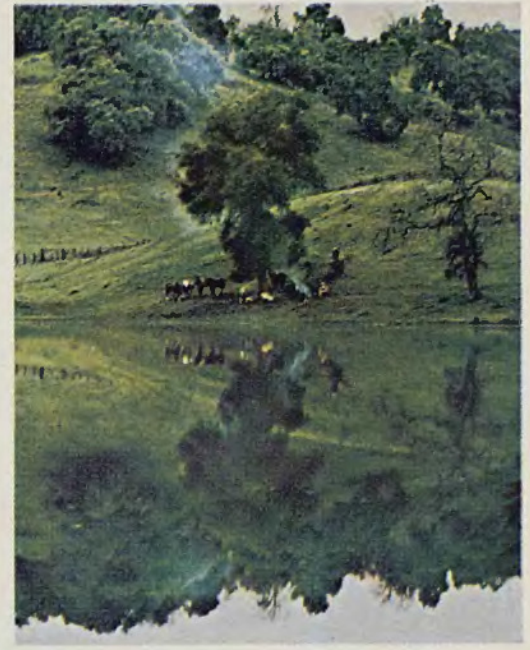


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Vanessa Redgrave assumes a witch's cackle and a hunchback in her role as Sister Jeanne, the overheated mother superior whose sexual fantasies include a wingding in which Father Grandier, as Jesus, climbs down from his cross to molest her on the floor of the chapel (she frenziedly licking the blood off his hands). The grisly scenes of torture show bones being broken, tongues being pierced by needles and nuns being purged of evil with jumbo enemas and douches. One of the most vulgar movies ever made.

The Touch, which initially made news because Elliott Gould was summoned to Sweden to appear in a film by Ingmar Bergman, will be remembered for Bibi Andersson's amazingly perceptive performance as a young matron caught in the throes of infidelity. Gould is merely acceptable in his role as the other man, an arrogant, neurotic American anthropologist. In this company, one of last year's hottest Hollywood properties looks like a kid from Brooklyn playing grown-up games. In all other respects, Bergman's first bilingual drama is as brilliant as the best of his recent films and—superficially, at least—it's one of the easiest to comprehend. *The Touch* will inevitably be called a woman's picture because of its insight into a subtle feminine sensibility. Bibi's unfaithful wife is a woman whose work is done. Her children no longer need her; her husband (perfectly played by Bergman stalwart Max von Sydow) is happy and successful; and her lovely home runs like clockwork. On the day her mother dies, she meets the stranger whose disorderly existence answers her deepest needs. A man-child. "My newborn babe," she calls him later. Bergman charts the progress of their affair with consummate artistry, making a seemingly straightforward story of infidelity strike resonant chords about the eternal birth-love-death cycle.

Collaboration with playwright Harold Pinter (as in *The Servant* and *Accident*) tends to bolster the rather erratic talent of director Joseph Losey, who has a tendency to become arty and pretentious (as in *Boom*). A U.S. expatriate working mostly in England, Losey dotes on aristocratic manners and manors—and he makes the most of his golden opportunities in *The Go-Between*, Pinter's deft adaptation of the L. P. Hartley novel beloved by so many true romantics. Preserving the form of a rueful reminiscence, *The Go-Between* stars Julie Christie and Alan Bates, ideally teamed as the wellborn young lady and the lusty tenant farmer whose passion temporarily triumphs over class distinctions. Michael Redgrave, in a brief pivotal role, plays the adult incarnation

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of a 12-year-old lad named Leo (young Dominic Guard performs the major part of the minor with telling reserve), who spent one crucial summer of his boyhood at the family's country estate and became a secret emissary between the young lady and her lover. Looking back, the man sees the youth he used to be—a corrupted innocent, moved by spite and a certain coldness of heart to spoil the kind of headlong rapture he himself would never know. A bittersweet tale, unfolded at leisure by Pinter and Losey—with such Beautiful People as Margaret Leighton drifting ethereally from the croquet court to the solarium.

It would be easy to dismiss *Johnny Got His Gun* as a primitive and polemical message picture made by a diehard American radical of the Thirties. At the ripe age of 65, Dalton Trumbo—one of the original imprisoned and black-listed Hollywood Ten—has written and directed a movie based on his antiwar novel, because no major company would touch the project. Small wonder, since *Johnny* is a mélange of flashbacks and fantasies flowing through the mind of Joe Bonham, who comes out of World War One with his arms, legs and most of his face missing. Yet he ultimately finds a way to communicate with the warmakers who would rather hide the horrors they have created than grant Joe's request to display his maimed torso in a carnival freak show. Such material holds little appeal as entertainment, particularly when presented in simplistic vignettes reminiscent of old political cartoons and laden with heavily ironic jibes about "a just and lasting peace." Though his theme is grim, Trumbo's reverence for life infuses the film, lending warmth and decency to scenes that meet all the criteria for pure corn. Shooting the gruesome hospital episodes in grainy black and white to contrast with Joe's lyrical recollections of his past is an obvious device, to be sure, but it works for Trumbo. And the same dogged humanism inspires his actors—Jason Roberts and Marsha Hunt as Joe's parents, Diane Varsi as a merciful nurse and Donald Sutherland as Jesus Christ, no less. Playing Joe, movie newcomer Timothy Bottoms is winningly straight and manages to move an audience to anguish while swathed in bandages up to the top of his head.

Crisp editing, clever photography by Gordon Willis and hard-edged dialog by scenarists Andy and Dave Lewis make *Klute* a striking showcase for Jane Fonda, whose presence pulls the movie together almost reel by reel. The story of a bruised Manhattan callgirl with a psychotic killer on her trail, *Klute* reveals the secret of the maniac's identity rather unceremoniously, sacrificing suspense for

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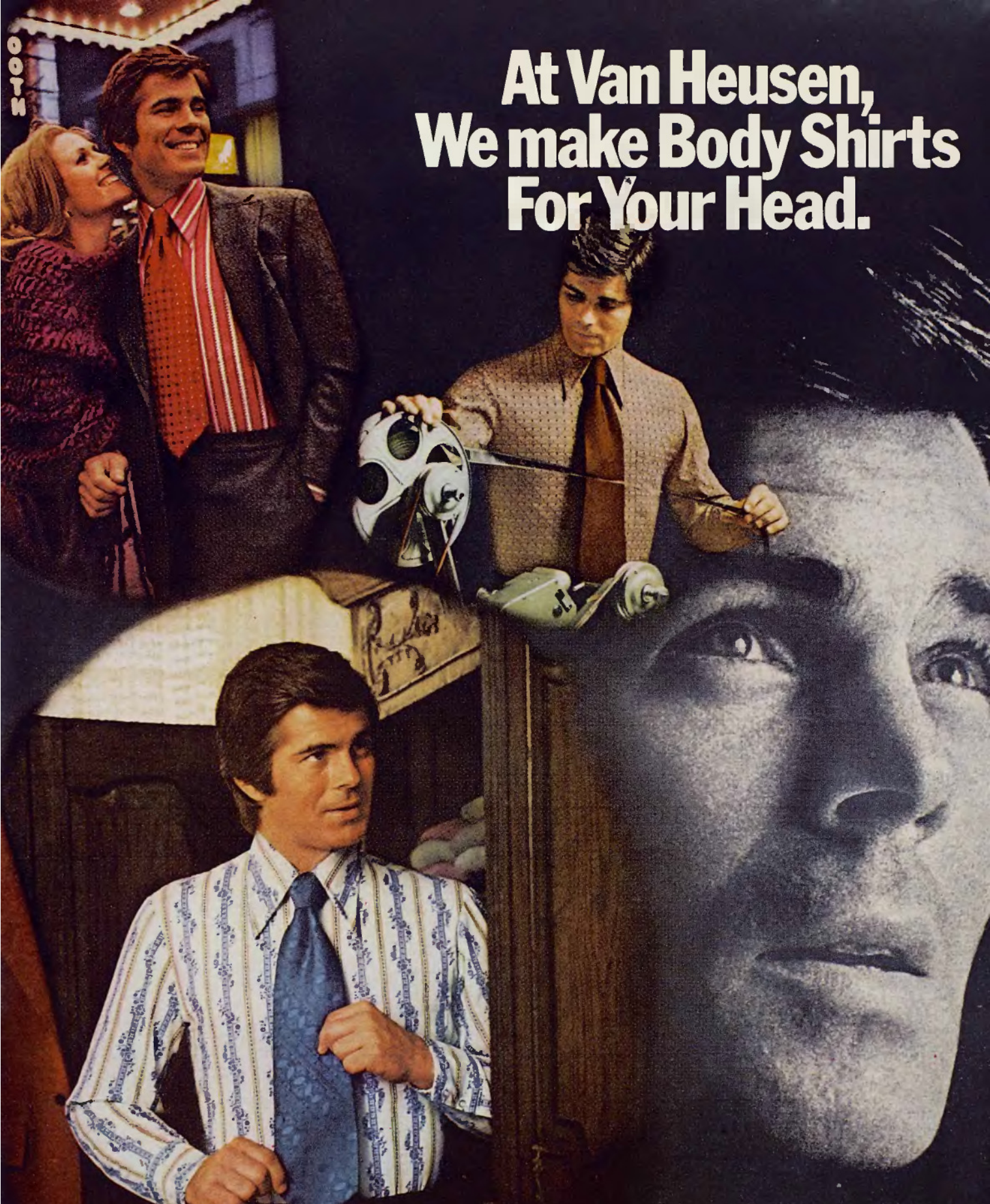
the simple pleasures of analysis. As a character study, the film works chiefly because Jane conquers even the low-key *Dragnet* style established by director Alan Pakula. Her defiant, brittle, touching portrayal of a \$100 trick named Bree Daniel—who may settle for a fast \$50 if she can catch a commuter between trains—arouses sympathy and concern without bidding for the usual whore-with-a-heart-of-gold pathos. This girl is a tough pro who pretends to see love as a game she is good at, faking an orgasm while checking her watch. If the price is right, she insists defensively, anything goes: "What the hell, I'll swing from a shower rod and whistle *Maytime*." Opposite her as Klute, the small-town detective who comes to New York in search of a missing pal who may or may not be the man with murder on his mind, Donald Sutherland seems a mere accompanist. Which can happen, of course, when a good actor teams up with a girl on the rise to authentic stardom.

The third Fonda, Peter, follows up his phenomenally successful *Easy Rider* as director and star of *The Hired Hand*, a distinctly minor Western that evokes images of a Haight-Ashbury hippie wearing boots and buckskins. Alan Sharp's screenplay offers a hymn to the simple life in the experience of two drifting cowpunchers (Fonda and Warren Oates) who come back to try settling down on the homestead where the younger man's abandoned wife and child have had to fend for themselves for quite a few years. Fonda's performance is detached but passable; Oates can always be relied upon to deliver his quota of true grit; Severn Darden contributes a nice bit of villainy; and Verna Bloom is better than any of them as the wronged wife—plain as a sack but a vigorous, sensuous woman who has invited a number of hired hands to bed while her man was away. Though interesting when it deals with homely virtues struggling for a foothold in a world ruled by violence, *Hired Hand* suffers the fate of many an overambitious early work. Director Fonda never knows when to leave the art-film shtick alone. It's been a long time since one small movie about two lonesome cowboys has embraced so many slow dissolves, freeze-action stills, shots of dappled light through branches and Marlboro silhouettes against a crimson sunset.

Another ambitious scenario by Alan Sharp proves detrimental to *The Last Run*, a Hemingwayesque saga about a has-been gangster who comes out of retirement in a Spanish fishing village to tackle one more job. Driving an escaped convict to the border is the assignment, but the rendezvous turns out to be an ambush and the ambush leads to further complications—romance, car trouble and plenty

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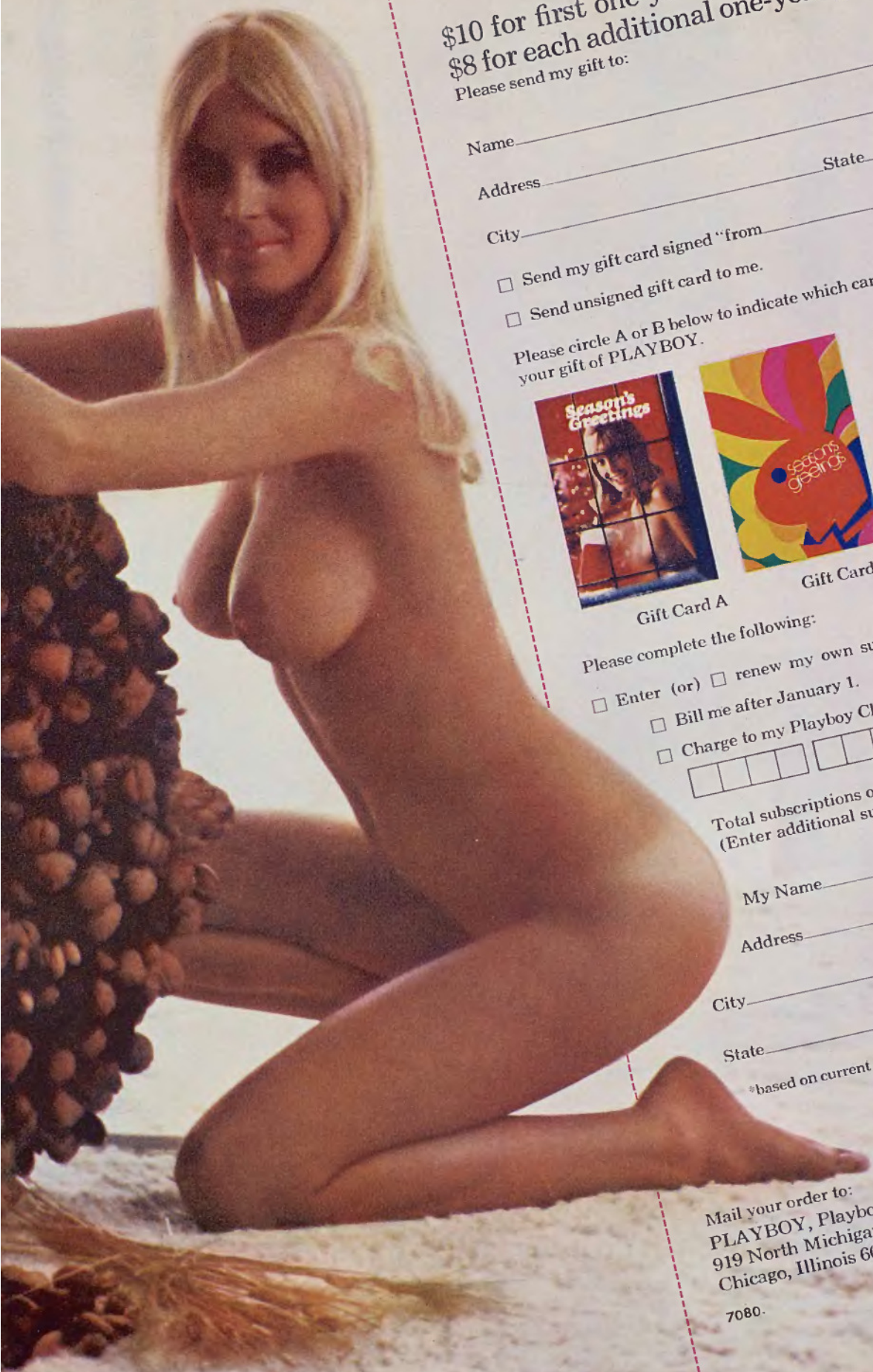
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of long-winded talk, with dusty death as everyone's destination. Reluctant Oscar winner George C. Scott, as the fatalistic retiree, squanders his talent here. The best he can do is cremate an occasional quip that turns to ashes in his mouth, as when he describes how he lost his wife: "She went to Switzerland to have her breasts lifted. I thought she meant by surgery." As the fugitive gangster and the girl who tags along, Tony Musante and Trish Van Devere are adequate, yet there is something contagiously second-rate about *The Last Run*. Colleen Dewhurst (Mrs. Scott offscreen) dignifies her cliché role as a peasant whore but can salvage little from a project in which everyone—from director Richard Fleischer to crack Swedish photographer Sven Nykvist—appears to be working mostly for money, with one eye on the clock.

Astonishing camerawork by producer-director Walon Green and a corps of intrepid cinematographers lends awesome power and beauty to *The Hellstrom Chronicle*. If it must be pigeonholed at all, this extravagant spectacle is simply a documentary about insect life. But what a life have the insects—enduring, frighteningly prolific, immune to radioactivity and most other hazards of our polluted planet, and thus all but indestructible. *Hellstrom Chronicle's* one weak spot is a human narrator, a fictional Dr. Hellstrom (Lawrence Pressman using a doomsday voice), who declares himself a semi-outcast from the scientific establishment and plays devil's advocate, predicting that the bugs may well inherit the earth. *Chronicle's* film crews spent two years roaming four continents and used their microscopic lenses to turn up some unnerving evidence that the horrors of science fiction do exist in fact. The difference is that the villains depicted here are without malice. Just creatures, millions strong, driven by inexorable natural law. Within superstate social structures reminiscent of *1984*, bees work unto death to serve their queen, a plague of locusts consumes 80,000 tons of food a day, one queen termite reproduces at an alarming rate and a hideous army of 20,000,000 driver ants sets out on a search-and-destroy mission that leaves nothing in its wake. Green's inquisitive color cameras catch images of a possible future as bizarre, exciting and unsettling as life itself.

Color him black, but the titular hero of *Shaft* is a soul brother to Sam Spade—no pun intended—and other super-studs who have monopolized the highest adventure, the hardest knocks and the easiest women through several decades of film making. Black audiences especially dig *Shaft*, and the reasons are evident. They have waited a long time for one of their own to make it as a



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mythic American hero; and Shaft, crisply and stylishly played by Richard Roundtree, succeeds on all counts. He is a man who can fend for himself equally well in the white world and in Harlem's lowest depths. He knows what it means to be poor, despite his dude's threads and a sleekly decorated Greenwich Village duplex. The movie deals with blackness only on the run, however, as Roundtree establishes stature primarily as a tough private eye who enlists a gang of Harlem militants to battle the Mafia, which has sought to grab control of drug sales in the ghetto by kidnaping a black mobster's daughter. Cast as the ghetto ganglord, off-Broadway veteran Moses Gunn is Mr. Cool himself, playing a George Raft role better than Raft ever did. *Shaft*, directed by Gordon Parks, is hip, fast, contemporary, wryly humorous and easy-to-take entertainment.

To make a clean, sophomoric, humorless picture about a dirty book seems slightly out of character for producer-director Russ Meyer, onetime king of exploitation films. Shooting under the aegis of 20th Century-Fox, Meyer (who brought us *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*) tries to wring some excitement from Irving Wallace's best seller *The Seven Minutes*. The movie painstakingly records the pornography trial of a novel called *The Seven Minutes*—supposedly, that's the time it takes for an average woman to reach orgasm—and fabricates a literary *cause célèbre* based on utter nonsense. According to the plot, a gang of California political hacks tries to suppress the book by claiming that an impotent teenager raped a girl while under its evil spell. Talky courtroom scenes and sermons against censorship bring out the dullard in Meyer and the stock liberal preachments sound pretty hollow coming from voluptuous Marianne McAndrew, with rebuttal by Edy Williams (Mrs. Russ Meyer) and a team of muscular actors who have evidently been trained chiefly on bar bells. With the exception of Yvonne De Carlo as a key witness for the defense, *Seven Minutes* turns out to be a losing battle of mind over mattress.

The sparks of star power struck between Warren Beatty, as McCabe—a pioneer entrepreneur who promotes gambling and prostitution in the town of Presbyterian Church—and Julie Christie, as the Cockney lady who knows a thing or two about running a whorehouse, ignite *McCabe & Mrs. Miller's* attempt to try something far more sophisticated than the usual Hollywood Western. In a part that's almost beyond his range—he's still a bit young and smoothly handsome to be cast as the kind of weather-beaten maverick played by Bogart in his prime—Beatty establishes a very agreeable

natural rhythm, which makes it easy to believe him when he turns out to be a sadly comic, wary opportunist rather than a real hero. And Julie shows that she's a funny, plucky character actress as well as the owner of an extraordinarily photogenic face (as readers of last month's pictorial uncoverage of the film *Bets & Bawds* will attest). The cinematography (by Vilmos Zsigmond) and art direction are superb, making the movie a feast for the eye in its images of a frontier town that gradually takes shape through a haze of kerosene fumes and cheap whiskey, and the controversial sound track is a revelation in itself—a muffled Western symphony of voices, some of them scarcely heard, though every important patch of dialog comes through as if you were right there in the saloon. All goes well until about halfway through the film, when co-author and director Robert Altman (maker of *M. A. S. H.*) shifts gears and suddenly gets serious about ideas that have held the promise of great fun. Before he's finished, Altman is up to his ears in allegory. When a couple of hard-nosed exploiters show up, determined to buy out McCabe's business interests for a big mining syndicate, there are hints that *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* may be nothing less than a satirical history of capitalism in America. The heavy hand of irony tightens into a fist during the film's climactic shoot-out (marvelously photographed), when Beatty fights for his life with a trio of hired gunmen while whores and fellow townsmen try to extinguish a fire in the church—an unused, empty symbol of values cherished by all, practiced by none. Julie's Mrs. Miller ends up smoking opium over in the Chinese workers' ghetto, which just *may* be meant to show how the American dream has gone to pot.

RECORDINGS

Both *Time* and *Rolling Stone* agree that James Taylor has captured the mood of the Seventies, so it's obviously true. And should you be wondering what your mood is right now, Taylor's latest album, *Mud Slide Slim and the Blue Horizon* (Warner Bros.), will inform you that you're mainly sad and tired. James seems to be, anyway. Musically, he hasn't moved very far on down the road from *Sweet Baby James*; and since he dips into the same well of rhythms and melodies for all his songs, *Mud Slide Slim* sometimes seems like a compound case of aural *déjà vu*. And except for a lively version of Danny Kootch's *Machine Gun Kelly*, melancholy clouds hang over the whole LP, turning even Carole King's reassuring *You've Got a Friend* into a lament of sorts. But the superstar trip is a fast train to jump, and you've got to hang on hard for a while, so maybe Taylor has a right to be slightly beat and bummed out. As

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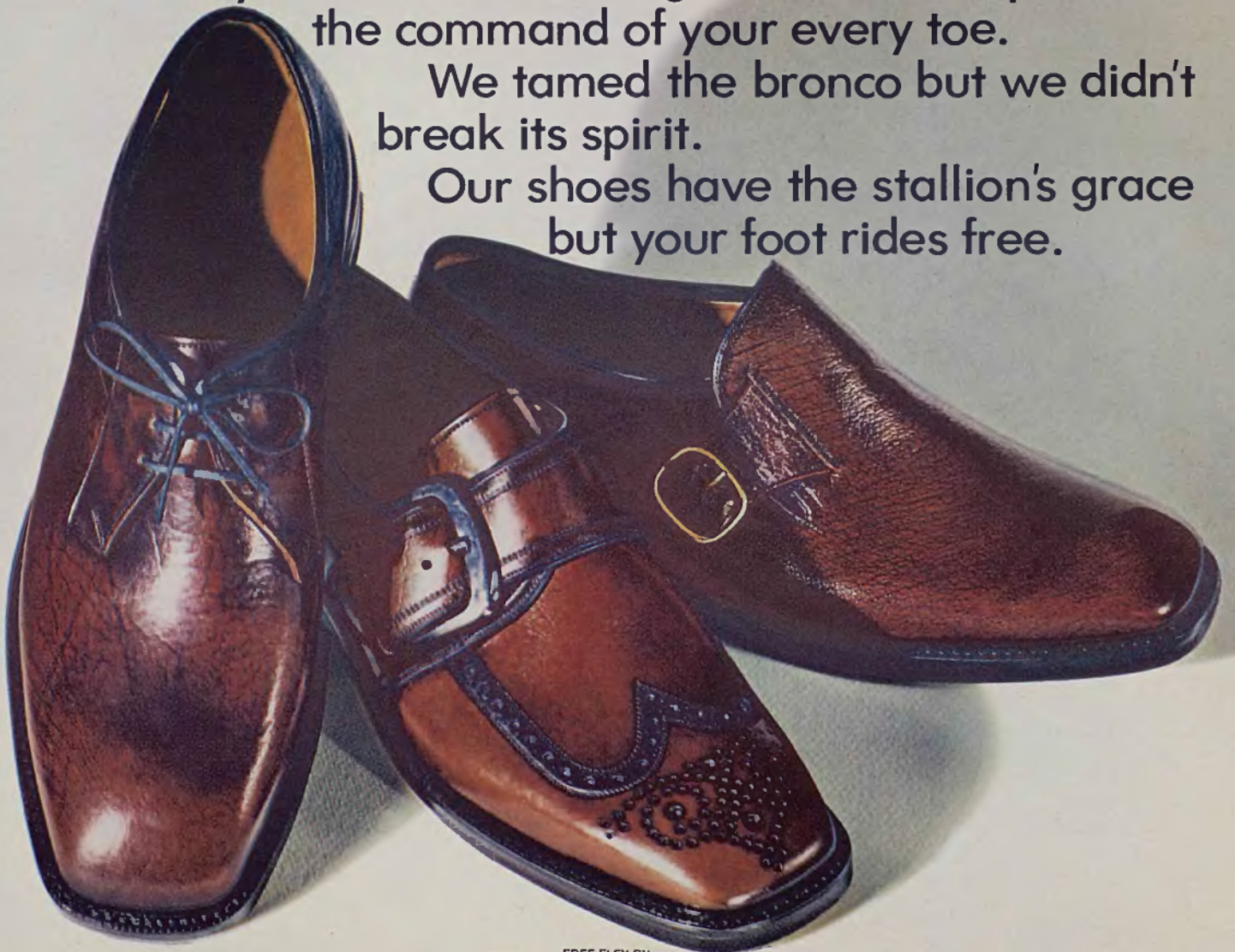
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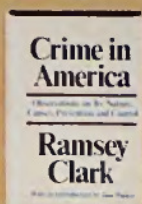
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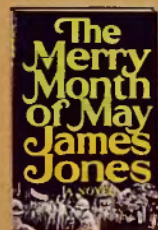
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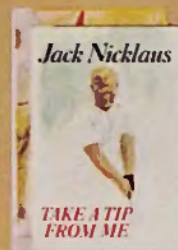


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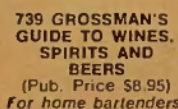


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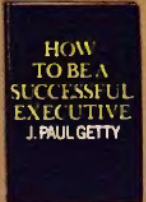
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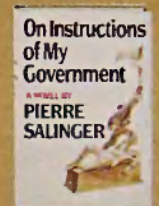
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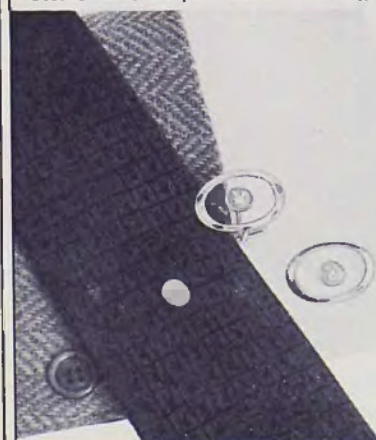
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he says in *Hey, Mister, That's Me up on the Jukebox*, "Can't you see that I'm dry as a bone. . . I've been spreading myself thin these days."

An angry man is Eugene McDaniels, billed as "The Left Rev. McD.," and his *Headless Heroes of the Apocalypse* (Atlantic) spares no segment of the establishment as he flails away verbally at capitalism, racism, militarism, the founding fathers, organized religion, you name it. It would all be unbearably ponderous if composer-vocalist McDaniels weren't such an exciting talent. Backed by pianist Harry Whitaker, bassists Miroslav Vitous and Gary King, guitarist Richie Resnikoff, drummer Alphonse Mouzon, female vocalist Carla Cargill and the Welfare City Choir, The Left Reverend proves a musical spellbinder.

The cover shows Edgar Winter (who looks very much like brother Johnny) and his Texas band on the slushy streets of the Lower East Side. But the music on *Edgar Winter's White Trash* (Epic) is white blues and Gospel, straight out of the South. This fusion of black with white, rip-up frenzy with careful New York production and impeccable performance makes for an album of stunning power. Edgar's superlative singing and writing, aided by Jerry LaCroix, are best evident on *Let's Get It On* and *Save the Planet*, but every cut is the work of a group that has been able to get it amazingly together. Trash collecting, as a movement, begins right here.

Gordon Lightfoot, as his name implies, treads easily through an array of gentle songs, performed in the Nashville manner, on *Summer Side of Life* (Reprise). There are suggestions of his Canadian background, as in the shifting textures and lyrics of *Love & Maple Syrup*; sagas of love and the soil, such as *Cotton Jenny*; and somewhat more arty endeavors, such as *Nous Vivons Ensemble*. Most of it is very pleasant, polished stuff, with backups by Red Shea's guitar, Richard Haynes's bass and a large but unobtrusive supporting cast of musicians.

Half of John Baldry's *It Ain't Easy* (Warner Bros.) was produced by singer Rod Stewart, half by Elton John. Surprisingly, the Stewart side is the better one, but the entire disc should do much to expose Baldry's considerable and varied talents to an American audience. Long a part of the London scene, Baldry led one of the first electric blues bands anywhere in 1961, then went on to a spectacular pop success in 1968. Here, accompanied by musicians of the caliber of Ian Armitt, Caleb Quayle and Elton John, Baldry covers the rock spectrum with tunes such as Leadbelly's *Black Girl*

and Stewart's *Flying*. One of the great treats is the rousing *Don't Try to Lay No Boogie-Woogie on the King of Rock and Roll*, which seems to sum up Baldry's protean career to this point.

"I refuse," Edgar Varèse declared in 1916, "to submit myself only to sounds that have already been heard"—whereupon the French-American composer proceeded to create some astonishing precursors of electronic music long before the apparatus for producing it had been devised. Three of those prophetic pieces are included in *Music of Varèse* (Angel), along with a much later work, *Déserts*, that shows how the 69-year-old pioneer made use of electronic tape when it finally came along. As performed by a crack French ensemble, the collection persuasively demonstrates why Varèse is regarded as a major father figure of contemporary music.

Seemingly ageless, the inimitable Billy Eckstine continues to amaze his auditors by pouring forth his lush, liquid baritone as beautifully as ever. Mr. B.'s *Feel the Warm* (Enterprise), with an able assist from arranger Artie Butler, provides rewarding listening. Eckstine is what jazz singing is all about—his phrasing, tone and attitude toward a lyric are unerringly right. The title tune, *Make It with You, We've Only Just Begun, Love the One You're With* and a half-dozen others are ballads made a little better for having been handled by Mr. B.

Black Oak Arkansas (Atco) has the raunchy, mean feel of the early Rolling Stones, carried to new amphetamine highs. It's an album for those who have been wondering what the hell ever happened to that sour-arnpfit music called rock 'n' roll, and it's a gas. Randy Jim "Dandy" Mangrum's vocal antics on *Singing the Blues* are incredibly funny; his spiritual journey (*Lord Have Mercy on My Soul*) is a kind of ultimate trip; and he outdoes Mick Jagger in celebrating his sexual proclivities (*Hot and Nasty*). Play this one for your mother and board the next bus for Black Oak.

A two-LP package of Charlie Byrd is a lot of guitar, but *For All We Know* (Columbia) never hangs heavy on the ears. It's a well-programmed tour through a wide range of pop, rock, jazz, country and Latin sounds with Charlie and his brother, bassist Joe Byrd, nobly backed by drummers Bill Reichenbach and Bobby Rosengarden and percussionists John Pompeo and Aírto Moreira. There's a little something for everybody in what is, all in all, very tasty Byrd.

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John Denver's latest, *Poems, Prayers & Promises* (RCA). While much of the recording is concerned with getting back to basics, there's a lot of romantic material—some of it pretty, such as *Sunshine on My Shoulders*, some of it banal. Denver's clear, controlled voice sharply etches a tune such as James Taylor's *Fire and Rain*, yet the wistfulness of that lyric seems lost on him. If Denver could lose his Mr. Purity image, his singing would benefit immeasurably. When he reports in the midst of the title song that he's glad to be with his friends, who "sit and pass a pipe around," one is almost shocked.

THEATER

The most exciting theater in Manhattan is located at 425 Lafayette Street, home of the *New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater*. The Public Theater, an invention of free-Shakespeare impresario Joseph Papp, is a rambling theatrical complex housed in the historic former Astor Library. Inside and out, the building is an architectural gem. Papp saved the site from destruction and maintains it modestly with city support. With all his financial problems, Papp keeps prices low—and attracts a lively young audience, very much in tune with the adventurous works he stages.

During his first seasons, Papp had several huge hits (*Hair* and *No Place to Be Somebody*), but only a few plays were staged each year. Last season, however, the Public exploded with theatrical delights—and a couple of flops. Papp seems constantly to be discovering new plays—and new playing areas in his building. At last count, plays have been performed in five places—the high-vaulted Florence Sutro Anspacher Theater; the proscenium stage, the Estelle R. Newman Theater; the gymlike Martinson Hall; the South Hall; and the experimental Other Stage. There's also a modern underground moviehouse.

But it's not the facilities that make the Public the treat it is—it's the works within. This season was marked by depth and diversity. Among the highlights were two ambitious plays by new playwrights: Dennis Reardon's *The Happiness Cage* and Robert Montgomery's *Subject to Fits*, inspired by Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*; a revival of the old comic warhorse, Arthur Wing Pinero's *Trelawney of the Wells*; *Blood*, a modern musical reworking of the Orestes story; two black plays grouped as *Underground*; a new play from England called *Slag*; and a new *Candide* from Chicago. There was an adult puppet show by the socially conscious Bread and Puppet Theater; a superb one-woman show—Siobhan McKenna in works by Irish authors; and a one-man show, Jack MacGowran in the works of Samuel Beckett, a great

actor offering the words of a great playwright.

The Public's season never seems to end. In late spring, with the rest of the theater waning, Papp suddenly produced one of the most provocative works of the year, *The Basic Training of Paolo Hummel*. New playwright David Rabe focused on an untraditional hero, a man who wanted to serve his country, who craved the ritual of the Army, who was, in fact, eager to be dehumanized. A difficult play that probably never would have been seen on Broadway—but instead received the best production imaginable.

In its six years of existence, the **Long Wharf Theater** in New Haven, Connecticut, has become one of the more polished ensembles in the country—because, as artistic director Arvin Brown puts it, "We exploit our geography." The Long Wharf's proximity to Broadway permits the steady import—of New York actors who are happy to commute to the picturesque 441-seat playhouse, located amid a row of meat warehouses just off the Connecticut Turnpike. Brown and his executive director, M. Edgar Rosenblum—each in his 30s—believe that frequent interchange with New York is both practical and beneficial. "Realistically," says Rosenblum, "we can't hang onto top actors, because we can't ask them to forgo lucrative engagements in New York. But we do ask them to consider our theater a second home when they have no other commitments." Siobhan McKenna went to the Long Wharf two years ago to direct Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*; Eva Le Gallienne is scheduled for a guest appearance this winter; and Mildred Dunnock, Morris Carnovsky, Teresa Wright and Stacy Keach are featured performers. With an assist from such visiting stars, the permanent company of eight talented actors led the Long Wharf to two outstanding successes—the American premiere of Marguerite Duras' *A Place Without Doors* (starring Miss Dunnock) and the world premiere of Robert Anderson's one-acts *Solitaire*, *Double Solitaire*. Last month, the Long Wharf took the latter to the Edinburgh Festival, along with a revival of Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's *You Can't Take It with You*. In addition to this vintage American comedy, which will open the season in New Haven on October 22, the new schedule includes O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, *Hamlet* (the theater's first try at Shakespeare), Turgenev's *The Country Woman*, Chekhov's *The Wedding and Swan Song* and Congreve's *The Way of the World*. The season will also include two American premieres, one of them David Storey's *The Contractor*. All in all, an ambitious itinerary for an ambitious group.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I had a date with a girl and came to like her very much. We ended up in my room embracing—a kind of mutual thing, until I went too far—but not all the way, because my roommate interrupted us. She ran off before I had a chance to talk to her. I apologized to her the next day and she nodded mechanically and said she understood, but I could tell she didn't really. Now she avoids me and I'm beginning to hate myself. I followed my instincts as a male but failed as a human being. She was homesick and came to me needing consoling and I tried to screw her. What can I say that won't sound phony and will help her to understand?—T. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

The only thing you ought to feel guilty about is your mindless masochism. Since when is the sex urge exclusively male and not a human quality? The girl could easily have turned you off—if she wanted to. As it happened, circumstances turned you both off. She now feels ashamed of what she almost did and wants to be sure you share her shame. Tell her that, indeed, you do share it, that you're as guilt-ridden as she and that this common characteristic might make you a good pair.

Can you tell me who is responsible for giving movies a G, GP, R or X rating? And just what are their qualifications?—K. H., Des Moines, Iowa.

The voluntary film-rating system is under the jurisdiction of the Code and Rating Administration of the Motion Picture Association of America. The director of the administration is a practicing psychiatrist, Dr. Aaron Stern, who supervises a group of eight to ten full-time reviewers in Los Angeles. They rate most of the films submitted to the administration and usually have extensive backgrounds in film making, psychology, psychiatry or journalism. Two of them are college graduates on one-year administration fellowships and may or may not be film majors. At least five of the reviewers see every movie submitted and all of them screen those films that are questionable. A producer dissatisfied with the rating assigned his movie may appeal to the Code and Rating Appeals Board, comprising producers, distributors and exhibitors within the industry.

I'm a 20-year-old male and still a virgin—a situation I would like to remedy. Apparently willing to help me out is an attractive woman in her late 30s who lives in my apartment building and who has been quite friendly. She always stops to chat when we meet in the hall or on the street and she has occasionally

invited me in for a cup of coffee. Unless I totally misread her intentions, she would like to go to bed with me. She works, is divorced and dates other men, so it's not exactly a desperation move on her part. This seems to be an opportunity I shouldn't pass up, but I'm put off by the fact that she's almost twice my age. What do you think?—R. S., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The sexual initiation of youths by older, experienced women has been practiced formally in various cultures and occurs informally in ours quite frequently. It's been said that much can be learned by studying with a good teacher, and if you wish, you can couple that with Ben Franklin's advice to young men: "In your amours, you should prefer old women to young ones. They are so grateful." But because of your own doubts about personally closing the generation gap, we suspect you would be happier with a woman your own age—and a relationship that might be based on something more substantial than the sexual use of each other.

After taking my automobile to a garage for "minor" repairs, I was presented with a staggering bill—more than triple the estimated cost. In answer to my protest, the mechanic smugly noted that the repair order I had signed authorized him to do whatever work he thought necessary, and the thieving son of a bitch refused to release my car until I had paid him. I finally did—but what can be done in future situations like this?—D. H., Chicago, Illinois.

Not much, once the repairs have been made. But there are several steps you can take in advance to protect yourself against this kind of highway robbery. First, diagnose your vehicle's problems before taking it to a mechanic; if you're too busy or otherwise disinclined to learn to do this yourself, have it done at an electronic diagnostic center. Once you know what has to be done, get at least three written estimates from reputable garages (and ask whether the estimate is based on use of new or rebuilt parts and whether the work will be guaranteed). When you take the car in, insist that you be called to authorize any expensive repairs that aren't included in the estimate. And if you still find yourself taken for a ride, tell the manager of the shop that you plan to lodge a complaint with the Better Business Bureau—and do it.

Incidentally, as for the epithet thieving (we won't argue with the rest), a study undertaken in New York City a few years ago found that unnecessary auto repairs were more often the result

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of incompetence than of dishonesty. Maybe that's even more depressing.

At the time I joined the Army, I was a gung-ho patriot, but a year in Vietnam completely changed my views and, as a veteran, I now actively support the peace movement. My wife can't understand my reversal in outlook, nor why I've let my hair grow, nor why I jump into things I would have condemned two years ago. These changes are now threatening my marriage. I love my wife and our two children and have no desire to be separated from them again; I also love my country and look forward to the day when it will get itself together. I feel that I've got to help the movement—but that I, in turn, need help in handling a marriage that's fast becoming horribly strained.—S. J., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

You went to Vietnam with one outlook and came back with another; it shouldn't surprise you that your wife has difficulty dealing with what to her is an abrupt reversal in views. But even without that, it's not uncommon for returning veterans and their wives to have difficulty readjusting to a "normal" married life. Patiently explain to your wife the experiences you went through that led to your present outlook. Try to help her understand, if not completely accept, the changes within you. Be sure, however, that your new political views aren't masking more personal problems that should be dealt with.

Im stationed overseas and would like to send home some tapes that I've recorded. Friends tell me, however, that the package will be X-rayed somewhere along the line and that this will erase the tapes. Other friends say that erasure by X rays is impossible. What's the scoop?—E. K., APO San Francisco, California.

According to the Ampex Corporation, one of the larger manufacturers of tapes and tape recorders, you can rest easy. X rays are far too high on the frequency spectrum to damage your tapes.

When my husband makes love, he acts like the hero of a sex-thriller paperback—and expects me to act like the heroine of same. This type of loveplay leaves me upset, tense and unhappy; I enjoy a quieter sort of lovemaking. As a consequence, my husband is often disappointed and feels he has failed to arouse me properly. He says there must be something wrong with me, while I feel that each of us should be allowed his or her own way of expressing sexual feelings. Who's right?—Mrs. H. S., Memphis, Tennessee.

You—but don't forget that one of the major motivations for having sex is mutual pleasure. Both you and your

husband should learn how to please each other and, by so doing, increase your own pleasure—which means you'll both have to make some compromises. To play the advocate for his side, we'd like to remind you that motion can be an important aspect of lovemaking but, for too many people, moving day is still traditionally restricted to those days when the lease expires.

I recently decided to invest in a mutual fund, so I set about looking for the largest one, on the theory that the confidence of a vast army of investors must be an indication of past success. I was advised, however, that I would be better off finding a small or medium-sized fund, because beyond a certain size, a fund runs into difficulties. Is this so?—A. K., Toledo, Ohio.

Yes. Federal securities laws force mutual funds to diversify their holdings and, in most cases, won't permit a fund to have more than ten percent of its assets in any single situation. An additional requirement limits the percentage of any firm's stocks that a fund can own. The practical result is that as a fund grows, it is forced to invest in more and more companies, just to keep ahead of the law. The more different stocks it invests in, the more average is its performance. For years, the record of the largest funds has closely paralleled the broad stock-market averages. Analytical studies suggest that the best-performing funds will generally be found in the \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 asset range. Of course, size is only one factor to be considered when it comes to investing in a mutual fund, and small size hardly guarantees large profits. For more on this subject and on many other kinds of investments, see "Playboy's Investment Guide," by Contributing Editor Michael Laurence, to be published this month by Playboy Press.

Im sick and tired of the various laws that infringe on a minor's liberties by restricting where he can go and what he can do when he gets there. Whoever set the age of 21 as the dividing line between minor and adult, anyway?—A. L., Detroit, Michigan.

According to Dr. Ralph E. Minear, Jr., an associate at Harvard's Center for Community Health and Medical Care, recognition of the age of 21 as the beginning of adulthood grew out of British common law. Before the Norman invasion, 13 or 14—roughly, puberty—was considered the magic age, at least among the nobility. During the battles that followed the invasion, however, it became apparent that the 13- and 14-year-old nobles were simply not big enough nor strong enough to bear the weight of heavy armor and a long lance as they rode off to war. The age was changed to 19 and later raised again, because 19-

year-olds who inherited their fathers' estates didn't really come into their own until they were 21, inasmuch as legal processing of the estates normally took two years.

What is the difference between crackling and sparkling wines?—B. G., Mill Valley, California.

Crackling and sparkling wines are both carbonated beverages—with the former being less bubbly than the latter.

A friend tells me that it's possible to freeze sperm for a long period of time, so that men planning to have vasectomies could store their sperm against the possibility of permanent sterilization: In the event they later changed their minds, they could still have children. Is this possible?—T. M., Denver, Colorado.

Yes. The sperm, obtained from the individual by masturbation, is mixed with glycerol and frozen at 324 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Bull sperm, frozen in much the same way, has kept for as long as 20 years, so the procedure is hardly new. Dr. Edward T. Tyler of the Tyler Clinic in Los Angeles has used frozen sperm in artificially inseminating 196 women, 92 of whom became pregnant. The technique can also be used in infertility cases in which the husband's sperm count is low (the semen is collected over a period of time and the sperm concentrated for later impregnation), when the wife desires to become pregnant but the husband may not be available (such as during a war) or when the husband is engaged in a genetically dangerous occupation (such as astronautics, work in a radiation lab or contact sports). Because of the increasing number of vasectomies, Dr. Tyler and other researchers intend to open storage banks in the near future for frozen sperm.

Is it proper for a divorced woman, who is now using her maiden name, to announce her new engagement in the newspaper?—J. P., Norfolk, Virginia.

A widow or a divorcee usually announces her new engagement by writing or phoning friends and relatives a few days before the wedding. But if the lady wishes to use the public prints, this, too, is acceptable. Bear in mind, however, that premieres merit more publicity than reruns.

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



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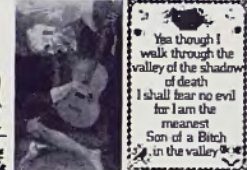
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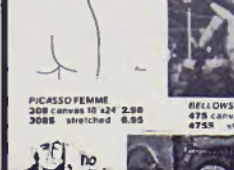
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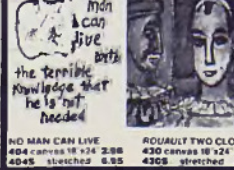
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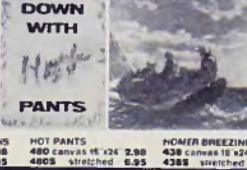
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And our portables have pushbutton controls. Auto-Stop. That stops the machine at the end of the tape. Easy-Matic. So no matter how loudly or softly you speak, it's all put down just right. Plus optional adapters for car and boat. And all work on batteries as well as house current. Including the RQ-224S with an optional AC adapter.



Our RQ-224S has a lot of the features of the more sophisticated Panasonics. But not the price. And its pistol-grip-type handle makes it a cinch to carry around.



If you want a little more Panasonic, the RQ-209DAS gives it to you. Big, beautiful piano-key pushbuttons and a sleek silver

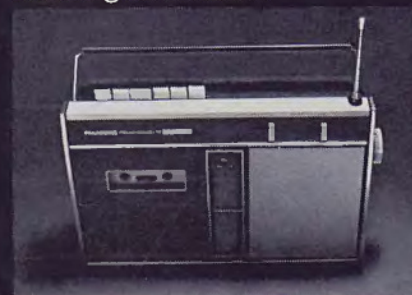
trim. When the cassette is done, push a button and it pops up.



The RQ-226S is our deluxe pistol-grip version. With roll-bar volume and tone control. A meter to tell you just how strong your batteries are. And a big strong 4" dynamic speaker.



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Panasonic's RQ-236S adds another dimension to cassettes.

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And if you want to record or play back cassettes in stereo, you want our Model RQ-254S. With two 5" by 3" side-firing speakers, a VU/battery meter and separate tone and volume controls.



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Take this ad to your Panasonic dealer. And listen to what you've just read. You don't have to get more than you need or less than you want. If you listen to Panasonic.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

NEOPHOBIA

Standards of behavior and appearance vary widely from one culture to another, but one constant seems to be intolerance of novelty. A story I read in the *Los Angeles Times* recounted the sad experience of a tribal chief in Uganda who was denounced and beaten by his people for his newfangled ideas about nudity.

It seems he was against it.

Drew M. Angel
Laguna Beach, California

THE PREVENTION OF KNOWLEDGE

It is popularly believed that today's college students are well informed about sex; actually, many of them are abysmally ignorant in this subject. Here at the University of North Carolina, Dr. Takey Crist, assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology, is attempting to close this gap in knowledge through lectures and informal talks and especially by teaching a course titled Aspects of Human Sexuality.

Unfortunately, many older people still believe that the more you know, the more you do, and an unorganized and diverse group of persons is working to silence Dr. Crist. What this opposition fails to realize is that a vast number of college students are so poorly informed as to increase the likelihood of their encountering such problems as venereal disease and unwanted pregnancy.

To be able to communicate with college students factually and openly about sex is a gift—a gift that Dr. Crist, for one, possesses. I believe that those of us who recognize the problem of sexual ignorance must speak up now, not only for the sake of the young but also to protect the older generation from the consequences of its own folly.

Judythe Torrington
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

CONQUERING THE FLESH

There have been several letters in *The Playboy Forum* recently about the merits of sex with love vs. copulation for its own sake. This is almost as futile as comparing patriotism with watermelon. Love is an invented abstraction. Copulation is a reality. While two individuals may be in utter disagreement about whether a given sex act was an act of love, they can certainly agree that copulation took place.

Man is not biologically monogamous, as are certain other species. If he were,

then adultery would never occur, because it is beyond the power of an animal to act in a direction counter to his genetic disposition. Man's potential for polygamy has been recognized by moralists from earliest time, and this fact is underlined by the many man-made laws forbidding promiscuous sexual activity. These injunctions say, in effect, that since there is no biological reason why you can't copulate, we will make a law to prohibit the expression of undifferentiated sexual drive. This law is thought by the moralists to prove that man is a superior species, demonstrating that, by an effort of spirit, he can subdue his flesh.

The notion that man is superior, however, is possibly unwarranted in view of the history of the human race. Man has shown unequivocally that the sins to which the flesh is heir pale in comparison with the atrocities committed in the name of spiritual superiority. Attempting to impose abstract standards on human behavior—such as that sex without love is bad—has generated far more woe than it has prevented.

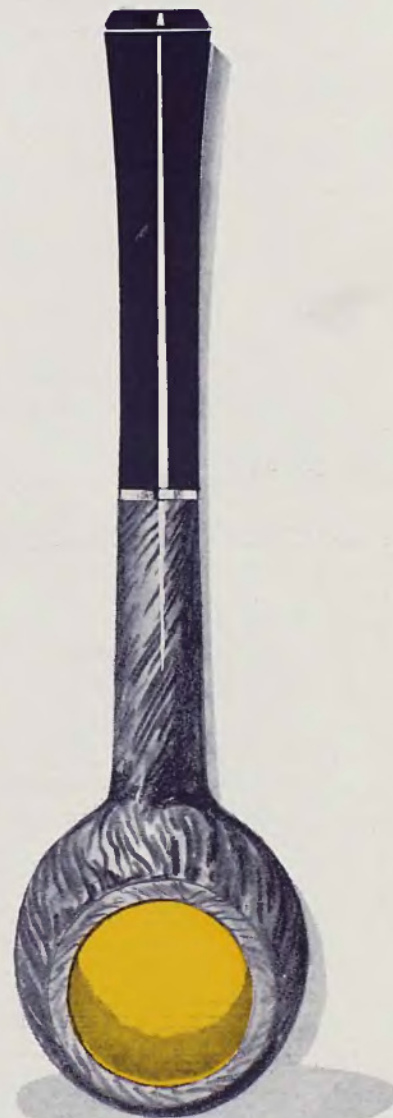
William C. Malton, Jr.
Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

FEMALE SEXUALITY

I read with amusement Dr. Frederick Lemere's quaint view (*The Playboy Forum*, July) that men should resign themselves to impotence with advancing age and that they need not worry about leaving their women unsatisfied since, "Fortunately for men, most women can take sex or leave it alone and are often glad to do the latter." This description of female sexuality is, at best, a half-truth. There's no evidence that women are naturally any less horny than men, and women who fit Dr. Lemere's description may simply be repressing their desires. Furthermore, there are plenty of women who are as acutely aware of the demands of their bodies as most men.

Probably there are many men who would like to think that "most women can take sex or leave it alone," because the male ego is so dependent on his belief in his sexual prowess. As long as the man has the monopoly on initiative, he can imagine that he is sexy all the time. But with today's sexually free climate, women may take the initiative at times when the man isn't quite up to it, and the illusion of the ever-ready

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YELLO-BOLE

male goes out the window. When it becomes generally accepted that femininity does not mean passivity and masculinity does not require perpetual willingness, both sexes will relax and enjoy eroticism more.

Mrs. M. Reynolds
New York, New York

INTERCOURSE DURING MENSTRUATION

In *Dear Playboy* in your March issue, Frank Greenberg suggests a mistaken explanation of why Jewish men and women are forbidden to engage in sexual intercourse during a woman's menstrual period. It is not, as Greenberg seems to think, because the ancient rabbis considered a woman's blood literally poisonous at the time of menstruation but because, as the Talmud states, "a woman is in her uncleanness" throughout menstruation, since she is continually losing blood from her uterus.

Furthermore, as a medical student I must add that a woman's vagina is hot and dry for the duration of menstruation, so that for the man, intercourse is a very unpleasant and distasteful experience, while the woman is inevitably in a state of nervous debilitation at this time. It is not unknown for a woman who allows sexual intercourse while menstruating to become violently hysterical, with shattering effects on the unfortunate man's subsequent potency.

A woman needs affection throughout menstruation, but it should be quiet, undemanding affection, not sexual intercourse, as I hope any right-thinking man will agree.

(Name withheld by request)
Tel Aviv, Israel

It's your right to disapprove the idea of intercourse during menstruation, and it's also your right, if you wish, to raise this disapproval to the level of a religious principle. However, all your statements are unscientific. For instance, your notion that the vagina is hot and dry during menstruation is not generally true. Such a phenomenon might be observed in coitus with a menstruating woman who uses vaginal tampons, which dry the vagina and tend to retard lubrication when the tampon has just been removed. The rest of your "facts" appear to be equally subjective in origin. Innumerable couples have engaged in sexual intercourse while the woman is menstruating without experiencing discomfort or unpleasantness.

IN LOVE WITH A COUSIN

About 40 years ago, I was desperately in love with my first cousin. She never knew how fervently I wished to ask her to marry me. We went out together occasionally. She was not beautiful but was very sensible, well-groomed and a pleasure to be with.

I was convinced that blood relatives frequently have retarded children, and I

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

GRASS: ONWARD AND UPWARD

Despite strict prohibitory laws and strong resistance to its legalization, marijuana continues to climb in popularity in both the United States and Canada.

- UCLA psychologist William McGlothlin, testifying before the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, predicted that by 1976 the number of Americans who have tried pot at least once will have jumped from his estimate of 15,000,000 today to 50,000,000 and that annual dollar sales of the illegal drug could reach 3.7 billion dollars by the same year. He estimated that marijuana dealers, mostly young people, now number 170,000 and will probably reach 500,000 over the next four years.

- A study published by the Canadian Federal Health Department forecasts that at the present rate of increase pot will overtake booze among high school students within four years, and in less than six years virtually all students will be using the drug. Canadian health minister John Munro released statistics showing that convictions for pot possession have risen from an average of 22.5 per year between 1960 and 1965 to 5399 in 1970.

PUSHING POTTED POT

AMSTERDAM—A resourceful Dutchman has been legally peddling pot plants through a loophole in his country's marijuana law. The Netherlands penal code bans possession of the "dried tops of female hemp" plants but says nothing about live ones, so Kees Hoekert turned his houseboat into a floating marijuana plantation—the Lowlands Weed Company—which offers young marijuana plants for about 30 cents apiece. He reported selling 15,000 of the seedlings in a two-week period before the demand exceeded his supply. Hoekert has since advertised in the U.S. underground press asking American pot smokers to mail him their seeds for planting in the public parks and woods of Holland.

ABORTION-LAW PROTEST

MUNICH—Public prosecutors in three West German states have filed charges against more than 100 women, including prominent entertainers, journalists and fashion models, who signed a published statement that they had undergone abortions in violation of Germany's strict, century-old abortion law. A spokesman for one prosecutor's office said it makes no difference where the abortions took place as long as the women are West German citizens and the five-year statute of limitations has not expired. Police in

Munich have since raided the offices of a women's group promoting liberalized abortion laws and seized a list of the names of 160 other women who have also admitted to illegal operations. The German abortion protest was inspired by similar abortion confessions made publicly by some 343 French women, including many film and literary personalities. At last report, French authorities had taken no legal action.

In the United States:

- New York governor Nelson Rockefeller has signed a bill outlawing commercial abortion-referral agencies in the state, ending what had developed into a multimillion-dollar business since the New York law was liberalized last year.

- Encouraged by a recent Supreme Court decision, a growing number of hospitals, clinics and private doctors are reportedly performing abortions in Washington, D.C. Last April, the Court upheld the District of Columbia abortion law but severely limited its enforcement by shifting the burden of proof to the prosecution, which must now convince a jury that a doctor performed an abortion that was not in the best interest of his patient's physical or mental health.

BATTLE AGAINST DIVORCE

ROME—Leaders of Italy's antidivorce movement are predicting victory at the polls. Since the law went into effect last December, legalizing divorce for the first time in the country's modern history, divorce foes have gathered almost three times the number of signatures needed to put the law to a popular vote, which observers predict will be close. Denouncing the existing law, the president of the National Committee for a Referendum on Divorce called for legalized concubinage, so couples who believe in divorce can live together "in registered union" without exchanging marriage vows.

Meanwhile, the Vatican announced revision of the Catholic Church's annulment rules, simplifying procedures and liberalizing certain grounds on which marriages can be ruled invalid.

Elsewhere:

- In a move to stimulate tourism, the Dominican Republic is now granting divorces to foreigners and nonresident citizens on the basis of one week's residency if the action is not contested.

- Florida, New Jersey and Michigan have enacted "no fault" laws that eliminate divorce as such and permit the dissolution of a marriage if a couple, after a waiting period, feel their differences

are irreconcilable. Similar laws have already been passed in California, Texas and Iowa.

DARK DAYS FOR THE A. M. A.

ATLANTIC CITY—The political and financial power of the American Medical Association, probably the country's strongest professional lobby, is being threatened by a continuing decline in membership. Statistics show that for the first time in at least 50 years, fewer than half the nation's doctors are dues-paying members and, in recent months, five state medical associations have dropped the requirement that their members also belong to the A. M. A. At the association's annual convention held in Atlantic City, president Dr. Wesley W. Hall admitted that the 214,000-member organization has been coming under increasingly sharp attacks from physicians as well as others and called on the A. M. A.'s house of delegates to hold a constitutional convention, the first since 1847, to update the association's policies and practices. The board of directors turned the suggestion down.

CONSTITUTIONAL LOITERING

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A Cincinnati loitering law has been struck down by a U. S. Supreme Court decision that could doom similar statutes in most American cities. The Court ruled that loosely worded laws against loitering, assembling or acting in an annoying manner violate the First Amendment right to peaceful assembly, because their vagueness is "an obvious invitation to discriminatory enforcement."

PROHIBITING CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

MADRID—A psychiatrist at the University of Madrid faces a possible six-month jail sentence for trying to conduct a survey of student sex attitudes and practices. No interviews were sought and the 6000 questionnaires were anonymous, but a local newspaper published an angry editorial denouncing the "shameless survey" and police charged Dr. Nicolás Caparros with creating a public scandal.

LEGALIZING F**K

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The most notorious four-letter word in the English language has been carefully scrutinized by the U. S. Supreme Court; the Justices decided, five to four, that public display of the word is not a criminal offense. The ruling overturned the conviction of a California man who, in 1968, appeared in the Los Angeles County Courthouse wearing a jacket bearing the message F**K THE DRAFT. Writing the majority opinion, Justice John M. Harlan noted: "One man's vulgarity is another's lyric." (For details of a similar case, see "Playboy After Hours," page 21.)

TAPPING THE MAILS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mail from foreign countries, including first-class letters, may now be opened by Government agents looking for narcotics, pornography and other contraband. The U. S. Postal Service and the Bureau of Customs jointly announced the new policy of inspecting mail without a warrant or prior consent of the addressee, who previously had the option in most cases of permitting inspection or having the mail returned to the sender.

SIN IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK—In a crash program to drive sin out of the Greenwich Village and Times Square areas, New York authorities have launched a full-scale war against prostitutes, pimps and sex shows. After police raided a stage act at the Club Orgy, six performers were convicted of obscenity, public lewdness and consensual sodomy and five of them sentenced to jail terms ranging from 30 days to six months—reportedly the first time in the city that an obscenity case has resulted in punishment other than fines. Manhattan criminal court judge William E. Ringel, 70, said he handed down the jail terms because "giving them a fine is only a license to continue" and condemned "the current era of licentious permissiveness." Earlier, another criminal court judge took the unusual action of refusing to grant bail for two women charged with prostitution, and court clerks reported that arraignments for prostitution were averaging 80 per day. A special police "pimp squad" has also been cracking down on panderers, confiscating, when possible, their expensive "pimp-mobiles," used to chauffeur their girls to and from work. Authorities promised to continue the clean-up drive, but The New York Times later reported that prostitution was getting back to normal.

SIN IN SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO—After three years of studying the city's system of criminal justice, the San Francisco Committee on Crime has issued a report strongly recommending that legislators attend to the problems of public safety and stop trying to outlaw sin. The panel noted that in 1969 over 50 percent of arrests in the city were for victimless crimes such as prostitution, drunkenness, homosexual acts, pornography, spicy night-club performances and private gambling, while the police solved fewer than 13 percent of crimes against persons and property. The report stated that not all the ills or aberrations of society are the concern of government and that prohibitive laws have little effect on popular vices. City police chief Alfred J. Nelder read the recommendations and announced that he was "flabbergasted."

knew that this belief was quite widespread in our families, who would violently oppose our marrying. She married well and had two fine children, as did I. I've often wondered how things would have been if I'd had the courage to propose to her. I understand that in other cultures, cousins marry with no complications.

I'd like your comment.

(Name and address

withheld by request)

A marriage to a first cousin is likely to bring out many of the traits inherent in the family, both good and bad. If, for example, such genetic defects as hemophilia are present, a marriage is inadvisable. However, if one's genes carry desirable qualities, such as good eyesight, the chances of their being passed on are increased by marrying a close relative with the same qualities.

PARENTAL PRUDERY

Seth E. Many and Carolyn R. Peck, who were persecuted by proper Bostonians for appearing nude in a glassed-in sun porch that was part of their home (*The Playboy Forum*, May), were victims of typical American parental anti-sexuality. According to Many and Peck, their neighbors were concerned about the children "seeing what the parents struggled to hide." What we have here is not a failure to communicate but an unwillingness to communicate. Dealing with any other subject, parents are usually careful to be clear and to make their wishes known. But not when it comes to sex. On that subject, many parents—even well-educated ones—strenuously avoid giving information and express their attitudes by indirection.

Many researchers have noted that very young children feel no embarrassment or inhibition toward the genitalia. By the time they reach school age, however, children don't like to talk about sex with adults. They will exchange sexual information, or misinformation, with one another, but usually in a context of giggles, snickers, secrecy and with a sense of talking about something dirty or bad. When parents are faced with sexuality in their children's conversation or behavior, they will clam up and try to change the subject or distract the children.

Parents who take the opposite approach also run risks. Take the couple in St. Petersburg, Florida, described in the *April Forum Newsfront*, who were arrested for having intercourse in front of their eight-year-old son in their own home. These parents are feeling the wrath of the community because they have violated one of its most powerful taboos: Children should be preserved from any contact with sex. The fact that children are sexual beings—Sigmund Freud was persecuted for pointing that out—is still suppressed in American

culture. As a result, many of our children have no intelligent way of dealing with or rechanneling their sexual feelings. They become frightened of these feelings and grow up to be, in their turn, parents who will impose the taboo of prudery on their children. The obvious way to break this vicious cycle is through sex education in the schools. Conversely, the deeply ingrained refusal of many parents to give up the myth that sex should be kept secret is the basis for their fierce fight against such education.

Raymond Rogers
Chicago, Illinois

CHALLENGE TO SEX LAWS

We wish to express our appreciation for the cash contribution the Playboy Foundation made toward our expenses in the case of *Society for Individual Rights et al. vs. Nelder et al.*, in which we are challenging the constitutionality of California laws prohibiting oral and anal copulation.

The plaintiffs in this suit include a married heterosexual couple, an unmarried heterosexual couple and a pair of homosexual lovers. The complaint alleges that these persons have a "strong predilection and desire" to engage in oral copulation in the privacy of their homes but are inhibited from doing so because of felony statutes proscribing oral copulation that threaten them with arrest and prosecution. The complaint further alleges that the heterosexual couples actually participated in acts of oral copulation; however, for precautionary reasons, we do not allege this fact about the pair of homosexuals.

Our action is based on the precedent established by *Buchanan vs. Batchelor*, when a three-judge Federal court in Texas held that the state's sodomy statute, which prohibits both oral and anal copulation, could not be enforced against a consenting adult couple acting in private.

We face problems, however. The solid legal foundation that existed when we filed our action has been eroded because of a Supreme Court ruling limiting the Federal court's jurisdiction over state statutes. Nonetheless, we have filed a motion for a preliminary injunction in the case to be heard by the three-judge Federal court, but do not know now if we will be able to proceed in this court.

Meanwhile, three of the attorneys in the suit against the oral and anal copulation laws are also engaged in a state lawsuit by the Society for Individual Rights against the Pacific Telephone Company and the California Public Utilities Commission. Two years ago, S. I. R. asked the telephone company to publish the following advertisement in the Yellow Pages under "Associations."

Homosexuals, know and protect your rights. If over 21, write to or

visit Society for Individual Rights, 83 Sixth Street, San Francisco, 781-1570.

The telephone company refused to publish this innocuous advertisement on the fatuous ground that it is offensive to good taste. The C. P. U. C. upheld the telephone company after a hearing. Since the Yellow Pages in California are subject to state regulation by the C. P. U. C., we contend that refusal to accept this advertisement constitutes state censorship of unpopular ideas and infringes on the organization's right of free speech and communication and is a denial of equal protection of the law. On June 17, 1971, the California supreme court granted our writ of review and we are now waiting for the case to be placed on the calendar for oral argument.

B. J. Beckwith
Attorney at Law
San Francisco, California

CONGENIAL CONDOMS

An editorial reply to the letter titled "Congenial Contraception" in the July *Playboy Forum* states that people feel less like indulging in sexual intercourse with types of contraception other than the pill and the intra-uterine device. While this may be true in the United States, I would venture to say that it is not necessarily so in other countries. There are countries where the pill is not as popular as it is in the U. S. and where condoms, for example, enjoy greater favor. Americans would find this and other coital-related methods more attractive were we to change some of our laws and attitudes.

The Japanese like condom contraception and consider it conducive to sex because of the colorful variety of condoms available and the attractive way they are packaged and presented. Furthermore, Japanese condoms are 40 percent thinner than American brands and, therefore, are much more enjoyable to use.

The reason for this situation is a stringent FDA regulation that ensures that American condoms are among the most flawless in the world and, consequently, are also among the thickest. In terms of birth-control effectiveness, it has been demonstrated that the increased acceptability of thinner condoms more than outweighs the very slightly increased risk of pinholes. (It is practically impossible for seminal fluid to get through a pinhole anyway.)

An additional factor in determining congeniality of contraception, of course, is the unfortunate American habit of taking contraceptive preparation to the bathroom. In other cultures, diaphragms, foams and condoms are an accepted part of sexual foreplay. Birth control is far

more pleasant when the man helps with the diaphragm or foam, or the woman places the condom.

Philip D. Harvey
Population Planning Associates
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

VENEREAL DISEASE

The term venereal disease does not refer to "syph" and "clap" only, as most people seem to think, but includes a group of infectious diseases transmitted by sexual intercourse or sexual contact: gonorrhea or gonococcal urethritis, venereal syphilis, chancroid, trichomoniasis, *lymphogranuloma venereum* and *granuloma inguinale*. These diseases have complex cycles and consequences of varying severity, including permanent organ damage, sterility, brain damage, blindness, defective offspring and death. Methods of treatment differ in specificity and effectiveness. Thus, though *The Playboy Advisor* (December 1970) was technically correct in stating, "There is no such thing as incurable V. D.," this does not mean that the V. D. problem is not serious. There is plenty of reason for concern.

Epidemiological studies by reputable public-health organizations, as well as by independent researchers, have shown that: (1) We are in the throes of a pandemic (world-wide epidemic) of venereal disease, the U. S. included, and the situation is getting worse at an accelerating rate. (2) Gonorrhea is the second most widespread communicable disease in the U. S., with an estimated 2,000,000 cases annually. (3) V. D. is *not* becoming less of a problem because of the availability of broad-spectrum antibiotics; in reality, the reverse is true. (4) One possible reason for this sharp upsurge may be increased use of oral contraceptives, resulting in decreased use of the condom, which did help prevent infection. (5) Certain stages of several diseases in the V. D. group are indeed incurable. (6) Some strains of gonococcus, which causes gonorrhea, are resistant to any type of medical therapy now in general use. (7) Up to 80 percent of women infected with gonorrhea may not show any symptoms, and diagnosis of their illness is often difficult if not impossible. (8) Syphilis, even after a pronounced cure, may still exist within the lymph glands to cause disease at a later time.

There is a reluctance on the part of the mass media to discuss such matters. As a result of this, the majority of young men and women in this country, including many in the medical professions, really do not know what the early symptoms of V. D. are, how to recognize the various stages of disease, how to differentiate among the diseases, how to prevent infection or where to go for information

31 things

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- 1** Use it as a very large lure for especially loyal and discriminating fish.



- 2** Take it to posh restaurants and the waiters will always know what brand of Scotch you drink.
3 Stick it in a baby carriage to show people how much you love it.
4 Carry it in front of you if your zipper breaks.
5 Place this attractive plastic bottle on top of your TV set so you'll have something good to look at during dull programs.
6 Hide behind it when your mother-in-law comes over.
7 Put a lampshade on it and watch your friends try to turn it on.
8 Give it to your wife as part of the divorce settlement.
9 Makes an ideal wig stand.



- 10** Give it to someone for Christmas.
11 Send it to someone you like very much.
12 Send it to someone you dislike very much.
13 Take it to bed with you if you can't find your teddy bear.



- 14** Invent your own use for it. Send the idea to "21" Brands, 23 W. 52 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019. And we'll mail you a genuine "Loyalist's B.S." (Bachelor of Scotch) diploma free.
15 If you can't think of another use, we'll send you a free diploma anyway. (Same address as above.)
16 Donate it to any museum that has a vacant pedestal.

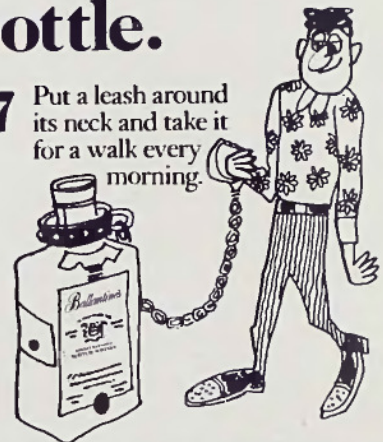


- 17** Stick it in a piano to achieve muted resonance.
18 Be the first on your block to say you have one.
19 Put sunglasses on it and take it to the beach.
20 Stick it in the closet and forget the whole thing.
21 Take it to the bank as collateral.
22 Makes an effective scratching post for your cat. If you have a cat.



- 23** Bang it on the radiator so the Super will send up more heat.
24 Use it to cover a worn spot in the rug.
25 Talk to it. (But don't expect an answer.)
26 Leave it on your desk and pretend you're top management.

- 27** Put a leash around its neck and take it for a walk every morning.



- 28** Claim it as a dependent on April 15th.
29 Use it for a hitching post for a small horse or a very large ant.
30 Wash with a damp cloth once a month.
31 Teach it to ride a bicycle.



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 Loyalist



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and help. Even the kindly family physician may do the patient and the public a disservice by writing up the illness as nonspecific urethritis, not telling the person he has V. D. and not reporting it to the proper health authorities. Venereal disease can be prevented, can be treated and, if caught early enough, can be cured, but only if this so-called delicate subject is brought to public attention.

Arnold R. Saslow, M. P. H.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SICK OF ABORTION

I am sick of reading about abortion in your magazine. Personally, the thought of my lovemaking resulting in an operation on the girl and the destruction of a fetus—no matter how small—is repugnant to me. I would rather keep sex a pleasurable experience, devoid of knives, blood and death.

There have been many improvements in female contraception during this century, but nothing new for the male. This leaves the responsibility largely on the female. I think that development of better male contraceptives and sharing of the responsibility for contraception is imperative. Instead of crusading for legalized abortion, PLAYBOY should help and encourage researchers who can develop a better way to prevent pregnancy.

If a man had a reliable contraceptive in his own hands, it would save both himself and his girl a great deal of worry (and possibly prevent a paternity suit). Also, if we take away some of the pain women go through because of sex, maybe it would be easier for them to take sex less seriously.

Scott Hilliard
Fort Worth, Texas

Many scientists are currently working on better contraceptives for both men and women, and it is to be hoped that they will produce something effective. At present, the couple who find themselves with child unintentionally will find cold comfort in your letter; and the woman is much more likely to confront acute pain and even death if abortion is restricted by so many conflicting laws that she is driven to a quack. Of course, if a given woman shaves your feelings, she should bear the child (day-dreaming meanwhile of a time when better contraceptives are available), but neither you nor she should advocate forcing that choice on other women who think differently.

BAIRD IN WISCONSIN

The June *Playboy Forum* published a letter from Bill Baird, a nationally recognized birth-control and abortion crusader. He mentions his arrest for exhibiting abortion and contraceptive devices at Northland College. I hope none of your readers got the idea that Northland Col-

lege was involved in the arrest. While I wouldn't presume (deans seldom presume these days) to say that everyone at Northland is pro-abortion, we are strongly pro-free speech! There are many paths to truth. Bill Baird has found his path and tried to communicate it to a capacity crowd of Northland students and faculty. Sadly, antiquated Wisconsin laws and a few citizens who evidently believe that their truth is *the* truth converged to effect an arrest. Many Northland students and staff members, myself included, also converged—on the county court house, to support Baird during his preliminary hearing.

Baird's *Playboy Forum* letter indicates that a number of his lecture dates have been canceled because "deans didn't want a jailbird on their campus." That's a shame. Censorship never was a very satisfactory educational tool. I recommend him highly to my fellow deans. He's a stimulating speaker with a significant message for students on *any* campus. I would certainly welcome him to return to ours!

Beaumont R. Hagebak, Ed. D.
Dean of Student Affairs
Northland College
Ashland, Wisconsin

OVERPOPULATION AND SEX

Perhaps the people who worry that man may breed himself to extinction are right. Overpopulation, it seems, has a fatal self-correcting mechanism: When numbers become too great, all individuals lose interest in sex and the population disappears. This, at least, is the implication of an experiment on mice that I read about in an article by Paula Dranov in the *Chicago Daily News*. In 1968, Dr. John C. Calhoun put eight mice in a large cage with plenty of food and water. Three years went by, and then:

Today, there are 1600 mice in the ten-foot-square cage—mice everywhere, huddled together at feeding troughs, peering out of mouse apartments, crammed into tin cans—mice daubed with different colors so Calhoun and his seven fellow scientists can identify their type and personality.

"Those mice," says Calhoun, peering into the squirming mass of animals, "aren't mice. They don't retain a single characteristic of mice. So much of what goes into making a mouse a mouse is no longer there."

What happens, it seems, is that after a certain point, the adult mice stop caring for their young. The young have enough food and water to survive, but they learn nothing about social behavior and simply do not have sex with one another. No new mice are born. The population in Dr. Calhoun's cage peaked at 2200 in 1970. There have been no

pregnancies since then. The article continues:

"The youngest mouse in that cage is comparable to a person of 40," Calhoun says. "The average age is about 55 years if it were compared to human life spans."

He figures the last mouse in the cage will die of old age in July 1972.

A grim picture, and Dr. Calhoun thinks it could apply to the human race if the population keeps growing and society manages to keep up with the pace and provide everyone with the necessities of life. Eventually, the world will be so overcrowded that parents will feel no love for their children, and children will have no interest in one another. Dr. Calhoun figures that we have 70 years from now to turn the population trend around. After that, if we haven't done anything, it could be the end of sex and, subsequently, the end of the human race.

It seems that the command "Increase and multiply" has a built-in limit.

Mary Green
Chicago, Illinois

ABORTION IN THE SERVICE

In an editorial comment in the July *Playboy Forum*, you stated that President Nixon undid most of the good that might have been accomplished by the Department of Defense policy that allowed abortions on bases for Armed Forces personnel and their dependents when he directed that military bases follow the abortion laws of the state in which they are located. For once, I agree with the President, although not for what I believe to be his reason. Generally speaking, state laws are upheld on military bases and other Federal property, and military personnel and Federal employees cannot claim exemption from state laws because of their connection with the Federal Government. To have it any other way would be to create a separate, privileged military caste subject only to its own internal legal system. That the Department of Defense directive was enlightened did not make it any less discriminatory against the general population.

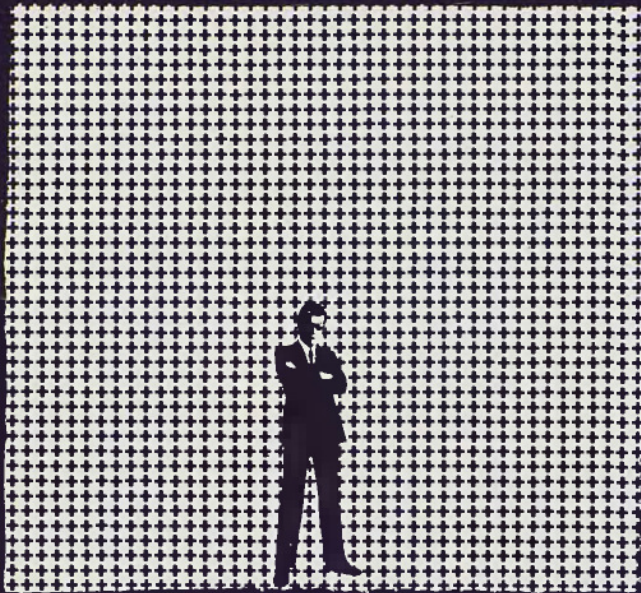
The short-term solution is to send dependents who need abortions to installations in states where it is legal. The long-term solution is to repeal restrictive abortion laws in all the states.

Hugh L. Luiggi
Las Vegas, Nevada

INEXPENSIVE ABORTIONS

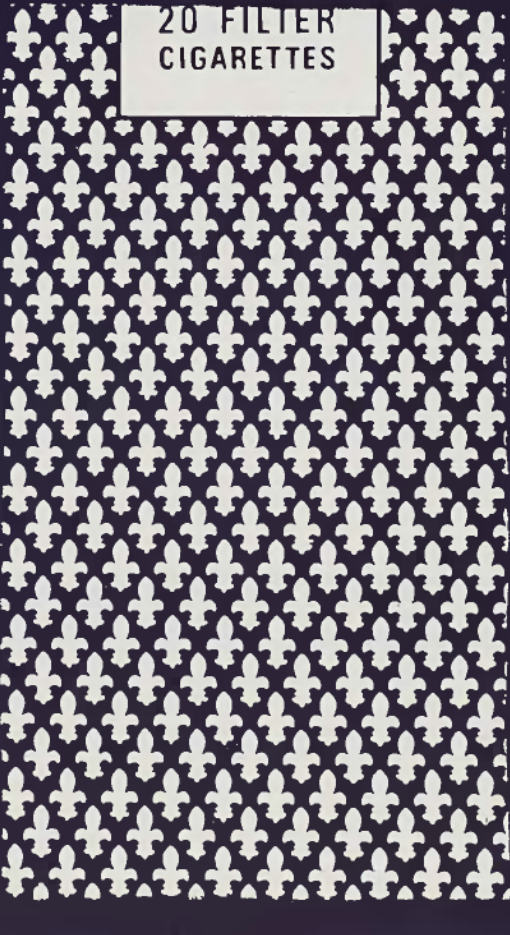
A letter from Houston, Texas, published in the July *Playboy Forum* described a legal abortion obtained in New York State at a cost of \$450. As a registered nurse assisting in an abortion

(continued on page 195)



Silva Thins
100's have
less "tar"
than most
Kings.*

Menthol too.



Silva THINS 100's

Silva
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*ACCORDING TO THE LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT FIGURES.
Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

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WITH NO OBLIGATION

763 5TH DIMENSION
Love's Lines,
Angles & Rhymes
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
Counts as 2 records

60 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
(2 record set)
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS



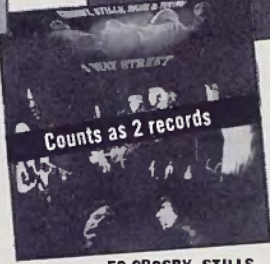
500 ARETHA FRANKLIN
Live At Fillmore West
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



100 THREE DOG NIGHT
Golden Biscuits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



800 ELTON JOHN
11-17-70
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS



50 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG
4 Way Street
(2 record set)
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



760 PARTRIDGE FAMILY
Up To Date
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



400 BEST OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT
Vol. 2
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



765 5TH DIMENSION
Portrait
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



660 MARVIN GAYE
What's Going On
Tamla LP, 8TR, CASS



663 RARE EARTH
One World
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



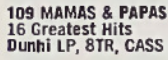
764 MOUNTAIN
Nantucket Sleighride
Windf LP



766 PARTRIDGE FAMILY ALBUM
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



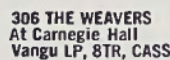
107 HAMILTON, JOE FRANK & REYNOLDS
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



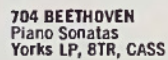
109 MAMAS & PAPAS
16 Greatest Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



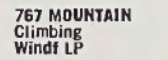
769 LESLIE WEST
—MOUNTAIN
Windf LP



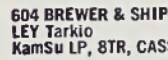
306 THE WEAVERS
At Carnegie Hall
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



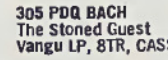
704 BEETHOVEN
Piano Sonatas
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS



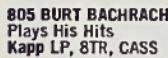
767 MOUNTAIN
Climbing
Windf LP



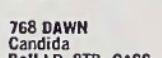
604 BREWER & SHIPLEY
Tarkio
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



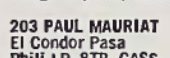
305 PDQ BACH
The Stoned Guest
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



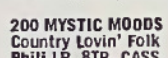
805 BURT BACHARACH
Plays His Hits
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS



768 DAWN
Candida
Bell LP, 8TR, CASS



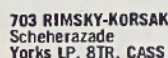
203 PAUL MAURIAT
El Condor Pasa
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



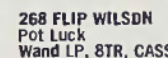
200 MYSTIC MOODS
Country Lovin' Folk
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



603 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



703 RIMSKY-KORSAKOV
Scheherazade
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS



268 FLIP WILSON
Pot Luck
Wand LP, 8TR, CASS

Compare and see!

804 LORETTA LYNN
Coal Miner's Daughter
Decca LP, 8TR, CASS

30 BEST OF BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
(2 record set)
Vangu LP

32 IAN & SYLVIA'S GREATEST HITS Vol. 1
(2 record set)
Vangu LP

307 COUNTRY JOE McDONALD
Hold On It's Coming
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

404 IKE & TINA TURNER
Workin' Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS

269 JOSEPH & THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

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MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	12	12	10	6	NONE! No obligations! No yearly quota! Take as many, as few, or nothing at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	\$59.76 to \$71.75	\$83.76 to \$95.40	\$59.76 to \$71.76	\$49.80 to \$59.80	\$41.78 to \$47.70	ZERO DOLLARS! You don't have to spend a penny—because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record or tape!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF. Guaranteed never less than a third! No exceptions!
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Andy Williams—Love Story	Colum	5.98	2.25	
Anne Murray	Capit	5.98	2.25	
Ed Ames—This Is 2001—A Space Odyssey	RCA	6.98	2.56	
Mary Travers—Mary Crendence Clearwater	MGM	6.98	2.56	
Revival—Pendulum	WarBr	4.98	1.96	
Miles Davis—Bitches Crew	Fanta	4.98	1.96	
Love Story—Soundtrack	Colum	5.98	2.25	
Perry Como—It's Impossible	Param	5.98	2.25	
Bloodrock—3	RCA	5.98	2.25	
Santana—Abraxas	Capit	5.98	2.25	
Worst of Jefferson Airplane	Colum	5.98	2.25	
	RCA	5.98	2.25	

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106 HOWARD ROBERTS
Antelope Valley
Impul LP, 8TR, CASS



370 JAMES TAYLOR
Original Flying Machine
Eupho LP



803 NEIL DIAMOND
Tap Root Manuscript
Uni LP, 8TR, CASS



105 JAMES GANG
Thirds
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



260 DIONNE WARWICKE
Very Dionne
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



264 GUESS WHO
Born In Canada
Wand LP, 8TR, CASS



403 FERRANTE & TEICHER
Music Lovers
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



108 GRASS ROOTS
More Golden Grass
Ounhi LP, 8TR, CASS



104 PATTON
Original Soundtrack
TweCe LP, 8TR, CASS



303 JOAN BAEZ
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



52 WOODSTOCK TWO
(2 record set)
Cotil LP, 8TR, CASS



103 STEPPENWOLF
Gold
Ounhi LP, 8TR, CASS



300 BUFFY SAINTE
MARIE Used To Wanna
Be A Ballerina
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



263 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. 1
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

700 TCHAIKOVSKY
1812 Overture
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

265 B. J. THOMAS
Most Of All
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

304 JOAN BAEZ
One Day At A Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS

267 DIONNE WARWICKE
I'll Never Fall
In Love Again
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

405 BOBBY GOLDSBORD
Watching
Scotty Grow
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS

701 TREASURY OF
GREGORIAN CHANT
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

266 SUSAN SINGS
SESAME STREET
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS

702 RED ARMY
ENSEMBLE
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS

600 OCEAN
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS

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(a small handling and mailing fee for your free LPs or tapes will be sent later). If you can't find 3 LPs or 1 tape here, you can defer your selection and choose from expanded list later. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee. Your savings have already more than made up for the nominal membership fee.

NOW YOU CAN CHARGE IT

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 8 track
 cassette
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1. Position one.

It's a day like any other day. (You know that because of the way your hair looks.)

Only this morning is going to be different. This morning you have *The Hot Comb™*, from Remington, a new hot air dryer/styler that works with a comb or a brush.

Please pause for a moment.

Before you begin there are a few things you should know about *The Hot Comb™*.

The first thing you have to do is master a whole new combing principle. If you use the old plastered-down motion you used with a regular comb, you'll get nothing but a fatter version of the old plastered-down look. (Plus a few stray ends sticking out



2. The wrong way.



3. The right way.

all over your head.)

The right way to use *The Hot Comb™* is just the opposite. You lift your hair up from the *under* side, and turn the comb around and down. (This not only gets rid of stick-out pieces, it also helps shape your hair.)

When you think you've got it (about five minutes later), you're ready to go on

to more sophisticated techniques.

Like reverse-combing.

Reverse combing is designed to give your hair more height. (Especially three days out of the barber shop



4. Now you can be taller than she is.

when it's flat and limp and has lost the only style it ever had.)

To do it, simply comb your hair against the way it wants to go. Then comb it back. What you end up with is a full head of hair.

The Hot Comb™ can do even more. So much so that we've written a small book about it.

If you write Remington, Box 100, Bridgeport, Connecticut, we'll send you the book that tells how to deal with it.

We're not suggesting that *The Hot Comb™* will change your whole life.

But it'll certainly change your mornings.



5. The graduate.



THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON. 20% MORE HOT AIR FOR 1972.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHARLES EVERS

a candid conversation with the mayor of fayette, the first black candidate for governor in mississippi history and the k.k.k.'s latest public enemy number one

"So y'all goin' to write a story on Evers?" asked the lady. "My, my, that nigra sure is comin' up in the world." Her smile was sweet, but it didn't reach the eyes. Her husband, a stout white-haired man in a rumpled seersucker suit with an American-flag pin on the lapel, frowned. "We never had any trouble with our niggers before all this." The conversation could have been overheard anywhere in white Mississippi, but the fact that it took place in Fayette gave it a special relevance. For the target of their criticism, Charles Evers, is not only a black man but their own mayor, the political leader of a town in which black voters outnumber whites more than two to one, and for the first time since Reconstruction, a white minority was confronting dominant black political power.

Evers, 49, has been the undisputed leader of the civil rights movement in Mississippi since the sniper slaying of his younger brother, Medgar, on July 12, 1963. The day before Medgar's interment at Arlington National Cemetery, Charles assumed his mantle as NAACP state field secretary and quickly launched a major voter-registration drive and a series of successful boycotts of segregated business establishments throughout the state. In 1964, he and NAACP state chairman Aaron Henry led the Mississippi

Freedom Democratic Party in its unsuccessful attempt to unseat the all-white delegation to the Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City. Evers was a nuisance to the Democrats in those days, but within four years he had made his political mark on both the state and national scene, and in 1968, the "Mississippi Challenge" succeeded when Evers' biracial delegation of "loyalist" Democrats was seated at the Chicago convention and Evers himself appointed to the 12-man Democratic National Executive Committee, the first black to sit on the party's highest policy-making body.

But the main thrust of his organizational activity—until now—has been the registration of black voters, facilitated by the 1965 Voting Rights Act; and under his leadership, over 200,000 blacks were registered in Mississippi between 1963 and 1970. By 1967, black voters outnumbered whites in six rural counties, and in one of these, Jefferson County, Evers established his personal power base. After an unsuccessful but narrowly contested Congressional race, he announced his candidacy for mayor of Fayette, a racially mixed community of 1754 and the county seat. His opponent, Mayor R. J. ("Turnip Green") Allen—a nickname won by trading vegetables for black votes—had held the office for 18 years. In a campaign reminiscent of the Ken-

nedys'—Evers was a close friend of Robert Kennedy, and Ethel and Ted pledged their support—Evers defeated the septuagenarian incumbent by 128 votes.

Though the outcome sent deep waves of apprehension and resentment through the state, Evers' inauguration was attended by such prominent liberals as Ramsey Clark, Paul O'Dwyer, Theodore Sorensen, Whitney Young, Julian Bond and Shirley MacLaine, and messages of congratulation were sent by President Nixon, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, Eugene McCarthy and many others. But such distinguished acclaim was less meaningful to black Mississippians than the sudden reality of power—and the possibility of extending that power to other communities and eventually to the statehouse itself.

Within a day of the election, a number of whites had shuttered their houses and fled the city, including a restaurant owner who had endeared himself to black customers by posting a sign reading: EVERY CENT SPENT BY A NIGGER TO BE DONATED TO THE KU KLUX KLAN. Nor did the defeated city administration go out of its way to smooth the transition to the new regime. The majority of white city employees resigned after the election, and the outgoing mayor and his aldermen devoted their last days in office to a spending spree calculated to bankrupt



"Sometimes the phone rings and I'll look up and for a second I'll wonder if it's Bobby. Or Martin. Or Medgar. Three times, everybody who was really close to me, everybody who offered hope."

"My life would be safe if I shuffled and tommed and said, 'Yassuh, Mr. Charley, we niggers is real happy.' But then I'd be dead already. I'd rather die on my feet than live on my knees."

"In Chicago, I drifted into the numbers racket. Ran some girls for a while, too. But after Medgar's death, somethin' happened to me. I felt I had to live my life in a way he'd be proud of."

the community. When Evers took office, there weren't enough funds in the town coffers even to maintain municipal services, and he was forced to appeal for public donations on a CBS news feature about Fayette. The response was overwhelming: Within eight days \$100,000 had poured in, most of which has been used to open a public-health center. With the help of political allies in Washington and Eastern financial circles, Evers has brought new industry into a town where 500 of the 1000 black residents were unemployed, and Federal grants have established vocational centers to train unskilled black—and white—youths.

Fayette is still a depressed community, and its economy can hardly be said to be thriving, but dramatic gains have been made and continue to be made. The work force has been substantially increased and, for the first time in years, the welfare rolls have been reduced. Such accomplishments have won Evers support even among some pillars of the white Mississippi business establishment. Tom B. Scott, president of Jackson's First Federal Savings and Loan Association, considers Evers a valuable influence for progress: "Because of his connections, he could make Fayette a show place. I think he is going to be a great help to Fayette and Mississippi." Syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak have written: "Charles Evers is attempting a political balancing act designed to divide power between the Negro numerical majority and the economically dominant white minority. . . . If he can manage it without driving out the whites, it could be the beginning of biracial black-white power in the Deep South."

Evers has moved on to the next stage of his quest for such power. Last April, he was nominated for governor by the Mississippi Loyalist Democrats, the state's nationally recognized Democratic Party, becoming the first black man ever to run for governor of Mississippi. His campaign has aroused new fears and hatred among some Mississippi whites and fresh fervor among his dedicated black supporters—as well as a surprising but still tentative ripple of support among the state's hitherto silent white moderates. As Evers tours the state campaigning before black and white audiences—the positive reception at a number of white meetings has astonished reporters—he has triggered new controversy about both his objectives and his character, which was called into question early this year not by a political rival but by Evers himself. In an extraordinary autobiography, he candidly—and perhaps foolhardily—confessed his affairs with white and black women and his previous careers as an underworld policy runner, bootlegger and head of a prostitution ring.

To his supporters, he is still the "Moses

of Mississippi," about to turn his state into the promised land; but to his enemies, he is a money- and power-hungry demagog prepared to risk a race war to further his own ambitions. To find out which—if either—is the real Evers, PLAYBOY sent journalist Eric Norden to Fayette to interview its mayor at the height of his gubernatorial campaign. Norden reports:

"Two hours out of Jackson, we cut west in our rented car off U.S. 20 along a potholed blacktop road, past pines and sweet gums and copses of oak and dogwood, the shacks growing shabbier as we near Delta country, the buzzards getting bolder, crouched over dead dogs on the roadside and flapping up as we pass. Off the highway the fields are empty; you can go for miles without seeing another car, and Northern paranoia conjures up images of Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman ringed by flashlights, waiting for the first bite of the chain. Finally, a Mississippi highway-patrol car passes, its radio antenna whipping the leaves off overhanging trees, the pink faces of two jowly cops blurring past, and I look at my black driver, but he's watching his speedometer. A few minutes later, I see with relief a sign reading: WELCOME TO FAYETTE, A COMMUNITY OF PROGRESS AND BROTHERHOOD, CHARLES EVERS, MAYOR, and we're safe inside the city limits.

"Fayette is an old town, and the white frame houses with their little patches of garden and tree-shaded lawns carry antebellum echoes. The air shimmers with the summer heat—105 degrees in the shade—and people move slowly, to conserve energy. An ancient black woman, bent and shawled, holds a parasol above her head with both gnarled hands, and young men lounge in doorways, towels wrapped around their necks, like sparring partners between bouts. It's obviously a poor town, but everything is clean and neat, and even the most humble homes and stores display none of the earmarks of despair that mar the urban ghettos. It's Saturday, shopping day, and the streets are crowded, an occasional white face bobbing in the black sea. There are few Afros, no dashikis, and as I get out of the car and approach city hall, a passer-by nods pleasantly to me.

"The atmosphere is relaxed, casual, but there's an undercurrent of tension that I feel even in the anteroom to the mayor's office as busy black and white aides bustle by, making last-minute preparations for a forthcoming festival marking the second anniversary of the Evers administration. Richard Woodard, one of the mayor's security guards, on loan to Fayette from the New York Police Department, tells me that harassment of Evers' supporters is growing: The highway patrol has begun to systematically

arrest black drivers with Evers stickers on their cars. Death threats, he says, have also been increasing.

"And then I'm in the mayor's office, decorated with portraits of Medgar, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, and Evers himself is waving me to a chair. He's a big man, over six feet, pushing 250 pounds, but he moves like an athlete, slow and controlled, with a lazy grace. His face is coarsely powerful, with a fighter's broken nose, slightly flattened, and a mobile mouth that breaks slowly into a broad smile of greeting. It's a warm smile, but his eyes are sad—and guarded. At first I thought it might be because I was white, but after some days with him, I noticed this attitude toward everyone, even those closest to him; no matter how wide the smile, there is a detached, noncommittal reserve. He obviously likes people, but he doesn't seem to fully trust any of them, black or white.

"Over the next ten days, I traveled everywhere with Evers on his campaign tours, skimming across treetops in a three-seater Piper Cherokee, riding along dusty roads in air-conditioned cars and battered pickup trucks, seated in his restaurant at the Evers Motel or in his apartment above the Medgar Evers Shopping Center, a veritable fortress with no windows and a small arsenal of rifles, revolvers and semiautomatic weapons. I came to like him and to respect him, but not to really know him. I think very few people do.

"He has a passion for life, but it derives from an intimacy with death—that of his brother, of so many others who have been close to him; and the possibility of his own. He tries to live every minute as if it were his last—and it very well could be. There is said to be a \$15,000 contract on his life, and the Klan has vowed he won't live till election day, much less have a chance at the statehouse. I began the interview on that grim note."

PLAYBOY: The bodyguards who surround you, and the extensive security precautions on all your campaign trips, indicate that you take very seriously the death threats you've received since you announced your candidacy. Do you believe your life is in danger?

EVERS: In Mississippi, every black man's life is in danger. We go cheap down here: you learn to drink that in with your mamma's milk. My life ain't worth a plugged nickel; I know that. I know they can gun me down in the back any time, jus' like they did Medgar. But that's not gonna stop me. Don't get me wrong; it's not that I'm so brave or nothin' like that, but I seen so much death round me it's jus' stopped scarin' me.

The bodyguards don't really make no difference anyway; if they really want to

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get you, they'll get you. They might be able to scare off some nut with a pistol, but not no professional killer. Look how they got Bobby; he was a few feet away, with all his bodyguards around, and it still didn't do no good. I know that by sayin' what I say and tellin' white folks down here that niggers are good as they are. I've probably signed my death warrant. But I've always believed, and Medgar felt the same way, that what counts isn't how many years you live or the way you die but what you do while you're here. And you can't make no contribution if you live in fear.

PLAYBOY: Have the death threats increased since you entered the gubernatorial race?

EVERS: Oh, yeah, no doubt about it. And funny thing is, a lot of the most vicious threats come from out of state, from places like Florida and New Jersey. Now, what I ever do to rile folks in New Jersey? But there it is. I always used to get some threats when I was field secretary for the NAACP back in the Sixties; some red-neck would warn me, "Nigger, we gon' git you, we gon' git you like we got your goddamned brother." But they wasn't too frequent. Then when I ran for Congress in '68 against old Charley Griffin and came close enough to scare 'em—I won the primary, and they had to round up every cracker vote in the district to beat me in November—the threats speeded up and they made a couple of attempts to kill me. Once a car circled my home in Jackson and then shot the house up, but nobody was hit.

Then when I got elected mayor of Fayette, the threats started pourin' in. Kluxers would call me on my unlisted number and tell me they was gonna be one smartass nigger less round soon, and go into everythin' they'd do before they finished me off. You know, some folks can go to bed with a good book; me, I get these characters callin' all time of the day and night. And it's got even worse since I announced my candidacy for governor. But you know, those threats don't really mean too much, leastwise as long as they stay on the phone or stick to those anonymous letters. When you gotta watch out is when they stop talkin' and start shootin'.

PLAYBOY: Have there been any serious attempts on your life recently?

EVERS: Well, the *really* serious ones are the ones you don't know about till they squeeze the trigger. But I guess the best organized effort was the one back in late 1969, right after I'd been elected mayor. We were really pretty lucky on that one; we were tipped off jus' in time. I was sittin' in my office one mornin' when the phone rang, and a white woman was on the other end; you get pretty good distinguishin' 'tween black and white voices down here, though I guess to an outsider

there don't seem that much difference. Anyhow, this white lady, she says, "Charles"—always the first name for niggers, remember—"Charles," she says, "they are going to kill you today. I don't always agree with you, but we can't afford to have you killed." Now, like I told you, I was gettin' these threats all the time, and I thought this one was jus' a li'l more polite, a li'l more subtle than most, so I jus' said, "Go to hell!" and hung up. And forgot about it, like you gotta learn to do.

Then about six o'clock, the phone rings again, and this time it's a man's voice—a white man—and he tells me the same thing as the woman. I realize now it was probably her husband and they'd got wind of somethin'. But I jus' said, "I got things to do," and hung up. But this time I took pause a bit, 'cause there was somethin' *different* about these calls. I began to get the feelin' they wasn't jivin'. Then at seven-fifteen, just as I'm about to go out for a bite to eat, the phone rings again and this time it's a black voice. I figured out later it was probably the white couple's maid; they'd brought her in on it when I wouldn't listen to 'em. And she says, "Mr. Evers, I'm a friend of yours, now don't hang up on me." And I says, "Look, honey, what is it?" So she says, "There's three men gon' kill you." I sorta snort and say, "Aw, c'mon, now," but she's real intense. She says, "They're drivin' a 1968 Mustang, they've got five guns in the car. They been on the road and bought some clothes for a quick change, and one of 'em is in Natchez in a motel with a get-away car."

Well, when they get down to things like that, you gotta listen, 'cause this was jus' a year and a half after they got Martin in Memphis. So I said, "Thank you very much," and as I hung up, I remembered seein' a '68 Mustang cruisin' round town earlier that day. So I packed my gun and left the office, and the minute I hit the sidewalk, there's this same Mustang parked across the street. So I call over our police chief, who's waitin' outside for me, and he and one of his men, they pull out their guns and surround the car and order the driver out. There was only one guy, a white man, but there was a small arsenal inside the car—a carbine, three shotguns and a .38-caliber pistol. So we asked him what he was doin' with all those guns and he just snarled right back. "I'm a Mississippi white man—I won't answer that." Well, that sorta answer ain't good enough in Fayette anymore, so we slapped him in jail under \$10,000 bond on charges of carryin' concealed weapons and held him for a hearin'. I disqualified myself as judge to show that justice in Fayette didn't have no skin color or prejudice.

We found out he was from Tupelo. He

turned out to be head of the Knights of the Green Forest, a splinter group of the Klan that had broken off from the Mississippi Klan 'cause it was "too moderate"—if you can believe that. And the next mornin' Federal agents got in on the case and they picked up his two collaborators. They caught one of 'em holed up in a motel room in Natchez, jus' like the tip-off call said, with a Thompson submachine gun. And they arrested the other, who was a bodyguard for one of the top segregationist politicians in the state, in Hattiesburg. They was all charged with Federal gun violations 'cause of the machine gun, which took 'em out of our jurisdiction.

PLAYBOY: What was the disposition of the charges?

EVERS: I doubt they'll ever bring 'em guys to trial. But you know, this man we had in our custody. I tried to talk to him. I mean, he'd all but admitted he wanted to kill me, but I wanted to find out what made him tick. So I said, "Listen, I don't know your story, but why don't you and me jus' sit down and talk about it?" But he was real surly; he wouldn't say nothin'. I told him, "Listen, you don't know me and I don't know you. Why would you want to kill me? I don't want to kill you. I had all the chance in the world to kill you—we coulda dropped you right in your car—but I didn't. Now, why would you want to kill me?"

Up till then, he'd looked at me with these eyes like li'l snakes, but suddenly he dropped his head; he didn't know what to say. I think for a second there, I stopped bein' a symbol—some smartass sassy nigger lookin' for power—and almost became another human bein' to him. After we turned the three of 'em over to the Federal authorities, he said to me, "You're fair. But I hate you." And he told the FBI later that he was still gon' get me; nobody could stop him. Well, maybe he will someday. But in a funny way, I know he has a different opinion of me than when he came down with his execution squad. If he ever do get me in his cross hairs, at least it'll be a *man* he's shootin'.

PLAYBOY: Has the FBI been active in investigating threats against your life?

EVERS: Not at all. In this particular case, they was forced to act 'cause of all the publicity, and maybe 'cause of some pressure from friends of mine in Washington. But by and large, the FBI jus' don't wanna be bothered.

PLAYBOY: A number of civil rights leaders have accused the FBI of deliberately dragging its feet on civil rights violations in the South. Do you agree?

EVERS: I get the impression that the FBI don't wanna rock the boat down here, maybe 'cause a lot of Southern politicians are real good friends of Mr. Hoover's. Look at our Senator Eastland—he's one of the worst racists since Bilbo, but he's

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head of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which works hand in glove with the FBI, so Hoover never bothers him. I think Hoover don't wanna antagonize those allies of his by actively protectin' our rights. Plus the fact that most of the FBI agents down here are white Southerners to begin with, who have to work real close with the local white police and politicians, and probably share a lotta their prejudices. Far as I can see, their attitude is, "Sure, we'll investigate a crime once it's committed, but we won't do nothin' to stop it." You saw that when Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, a white civil rights worker, was murdered on an Alabama highway a few years ago. The FBI had an informant in the Klan; he was right in the car with the Klansmen who shot Mrs. Liuzzo; he was armed himself, but he didn't do nothin' to stop it.

Right after Medgar's death, when I was really holdin' myself together with an effort, two FBI agents walk into my office and question me about it like I was on their list of suspects. I jus' looked at 'em; I couldn't say nothin'. Everybody knew I was in Chicago when it happened, but to say I could kill Medgar when they shoulda been out lookin' for the ones that did, it was jus' too much. Well, I got up from behind my desk and kicked 'em right out of the office. I can tell you, the way I felt, if they hadn't gone quick, there woulda been big trouble. And these are the hot-shot protectors of law and order we hear so much about.

I remember another time one night in Natchez a while back, we was holdin' a mass meetin', and this FBI man, he comes over to me and says, "Mr. Evers, I'd advise you not to go out that door tonight, 'cause they're gonna kill you." So I say to him, "Who are you to tell me they're comin' here to kill me? Can't you stop 'em?" And he jus' looks at me real cool and says, "No, our job is not to make arrests before but afterward." Great. That's like sayin', "You jus' go ahead and get yourself killed, but don't you worry, we'll look into it." Talk about closin' the barn door after they stole the horse! So I jus' lost my temper and told him, "Well, I don't need you round here. Get the hell outa my face!" And I walked out the door and nothin' happened. But that's the way they operate. Look at Martin—right up till the end, they was more interested in buggin' his house and tappin' his phone than protectin' his life. With friends like that, you don't need enemies. So I rely on God and my .45 to protect me—though maybe not in exac'ly that order.

PLAYBOY: There have been reports that a \$15,000 contract was issued on your life the day you announced your candidacy for the governorship. Do you think it would be canceled if you withdrew from the race?

EVERS: Oh, sure, my life would be safe if I shuffled and tommed and said, "Yassuh, Mr. Charley, yassuh, we niggers is real happy, suh, jus' step on us a li'l harder, we love it." But then I'd be dead already. Anyway, white folks make more outa the danger than I do. It's jus' somethin' you learn to live with if you're a black man in Mississippi. There ain't no certainty in life; you can live all your years cautious and not offend nobody and then get cancer or wrap your car round a pole or drop dead of a heart attack. So I'd rather die on my feet than live on my knees.

Anyway, that's the way the people closest to me have gone. So many of the people who worked to help the black man in this state have died violently—Medgar, of course, and so many others. Vernon Dahmer, a man I was very close to, I asked him to become chairman of our voter-registration drive, and a week later they fire-bombed his house in Hattiesburg and burned him to death. The three kids, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman and Mike Schwerner, I remember those boys like it was yesterday. Goodman and Schwerner, they was white, they came down from New York to help our voter-registration drive in '64, and James Chaney, he was black, a native of Mississippi. Aaron Henry and me, we sent Goodman over to Meridian to join the other civil rights volunteers, and then him and Schwerner and Chaney set off for Philadelphia, Mississippi—and they got 'em on the way. We never saw 'em alive again.

Then there was Worlest Jackson, a good friend of mine, the treasurer of the NAACP branch in Natchez. The last time I saw him, he came to visit me in Fayette and I recall him askin' me, "Charles, how we gon' change white men's hearts? We gotta change their hearts." Three days later, he stepped on the starter of his pickup truck in Natchez and a bomb blew him to bits. George Metcalf, the president of our Natchez branch, his car had blown up when he turned on the ignition, too, but he survived. And oh, God, so many others, people I never knew personally, but I feel I knew 'em jus' the same. Emmet Till, the little kid from Chicago; after they was acquitted by an all-white jury, the two men who murdered him boasted to reporters how they'd done it.

In Port Gibson, they killed a Negro boy, cut off his genitals and then left him in the middle of the road for the vultures. Also in Port Gibson, an old black man who was crippled and wheeled himself round on a li'l wagon, he was on the icehouse steps when a white cop walked up and said, "Nigger, get outa my way." He tried to pull his li'l wagon round, but he didn't move fast enough, so the policeman drew his service revolver and shot him five times, kept shootin' as

he bounced down the steps. Then he went in and placed his order for ice. Nobody touched him. Nobody touches any of 'em.

Jus' last year somebody planted a rumor at Jackson State College that I'd been assassinated, and this set off a demonstration, so I went out on the campus and I told the kids, "Now, cool it, 'cause these bigots'll kill you. They're murderers, they killed my brother, they killed Martin, maybe they even killed Jack and Bobby, and the same kind of *ism* that killed *them* will kill you." And they promised me they'd wind things down, but while some students were still out on the street, the state highway patrol arrived—they're sort of the Mississippi SS—and with no provocation, with no warnin's to disperse, nothin', they opened fire with shotguns loaded with double-O shot, the biggest and deadliest shot they is. And when they finished, two black students was lyin' there dead and another 12 was wounded, some serious. One of the white cops got on the radio; it was recorded. He said, "Better send an ambulance, we killed us a few niggers here." Jus' like that. A grand jury later ruled that the troopers "had a right and were justified" in shootin' off their 150-round fusillade, although none of the kids were armed or bein' anythin' more than noisy.

So that's the way it goes down here: murder followed by whitewash, followed by more murder. And after a while, white folks get the idea it's no crime killin' black folks, 'cause they always get away with it. And for every one of us we *know* gets murdered, how many others been killed and buried deep in the forests or fed to the gators in the swamps? So that's why I don't get as riled up at the thought of my own death as some of my friends up North do. When death been walkin' right behind you since you're a baby, you get used to it. I grew up with death. He's almost one of the family by now.

PLAYBOY: You were raised in the Mississippi of the Thirties. What effect did that have on you as a child?

EVERS: Well, you realize pretty early that white folks don't put no stock on your life. I'll never forget. I was ten and Medgar was eight when it happened, but it's clear as yesterday: We saw our first lynchin'. We was livin' in Decatur and there was this good friend of my father's—Mr. Tingle was his name, Willie Tingle. Somebody said he looked funny at a white woman, an insultin' look, and a mob got together and tied him to a wagon and dragged him through the streets. Then they hung him up from a tree and shot him full of holes. For months afterward, his clothes was lyin' in that field, all bloodstained, and Medgar and I would see 'em every day. I can close my eyes and still see 'em, real as

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life. We was jus' kids, but it shocked the daylighters outa us. I went to my daddy right after it happened and I asked, "Why did they kill him?" and he say, "Jus' 'cause he was a colored man." So then I asked, "Could they kill you, too?" and he told me, "If I did anythin' they didn't like, they sure could." I guess I grew up a little that day.

PLAYBOY: Did that kind of fear permeate your childhood?

EVERS: Well, like I say, you learn to live with it. And I'm grateful to my daddy; he taught me never to be afraid of nobody. My daddy was strong and he was mean. White folks used to call him a "crazy nigger," 'cause they couldn't scare him or make him crawl. Never. His name was Jim Evers and he was a big man, over six feet tall, jus' like me. And he worked hard, from sunup to sundown, but he never let white folks break his spirit. Lookin' back, I don't know how he ever survived, back in the Twenties and Thirties, when the Klan was ridin' high and things was so bad. But he would always stand up to white folks, even though it wasn't *nothin'* to kill a nigger in those days, when all the whites would say, "Niggers no damn good anyway, let's jus' go out and kill us one." But they was afraid of my daddy, and that's a lesson he taught me—that most bigots are cowards. If they haven't got you outnumbered ten to one, they'll back down, 'cause they're afraid to meet you face to face.

I remember on Christmas Eve the white folks would always celebrate by shootin' off fireworks, Roman candles and sparklers and firecrackers. And Medgar and me, we felt bad 'cause we wasn't allowed to see it; no colored folks was allowed in town by the Klan. But our daddy, he saw how we felt and he told us, "C'mon, boys, we goin' to town." And he took a baseball bat he'd made for us out of an old broom handle, and he said, "If anybody throws a firecracker at us, we gon' use *this* on him."

So we walked down the road to Decatur and the white folks along the way jus' stood there starin' at us, their mouths hangin' open. Once a white kid ran up in front of us and he was about to light a firecracker, so my daddy said, "You throw that firecracker and I'll bust your brains out." He ran and told his father, who came up all mad-lookin', but my daddy jus' told him, "That goes for you, too!" The white man backed right down and nobody gave us no trouble. That night we thought the Klan might come out to get us, so we sat up all Christmas Eve with rifles, waitin' for 'em, but nobody came. It was lucky for 'em they didn't; we'd have killed every one of 'em. Medgar and me, we was really disappointed they didn't come.

PLAYBOY: Did local whites ever take any reprisals against your father because of his attitude?

EVERS: No, he always got away with it, and nobody ever laid a hand on him. If you're afraid, they'll smell your fear and be right after you. But not my daddy. I remember one time, I must have been about nine, when Daddy took Medgar and me into the commissary at the sawmill where he worked then. It was a real company store; you could buy on credit, but they'd squeeze your lifeblood outa you. Daddy would buy all our stuff there, groceries and a box of snuff for himself—black folks always dip snuff down here—and jus' say, "Charge it," and then he'd pay out of his pay check every Saturday. The owner there was a real mean red-neck; he *hated* niggers. Now, he knew that Daddy couldn't read or write, but what he didn't know was that my daddy had this natural gift for figures; he could add and subtract and multiply in his head faster and better than most folks can on paper. So this time, when he took Medgar and me into the store to pay his bill, he figured out that the owner had overcharged him by five dollars—and in those days, and with the little Daddy was makin', that was big money.

So Daddy told the man he was wrong, and that red-neck got nasty as a rattlesnake. "Nigger," he screamed, "don't you tell *me* I'm tellin' a lie." Now, this was a real mean racist; he was always beatin' on black folks; he had a reputation for it. But my daddy, he wasn't frightened at all. He jus' said, "You're wrong. I don't owe that much." That white man's eyes looked like they could drip poison then and he shouted, "You callin' me a liar, nigger?" But Daddy stayed cool, he answered him real calm and said, "Well, I don't owe that and I'm not goin' to pay it." And then the man moved behind the counter to grab his gun and Daddy, he snatched a Coke bottle, broke it off at the neck and got between him and his gun. There was ten or fifteen whites in the store then, all mean, so Medgar and me, we both grabbed Coke bottles and got behind Daddy. He turned to us and said, "Get outside, boys," but we told him, "No, Dad, we're not gonna leave you in here." And the owner, he screamed, "I'll kill you, you black son of a bitch!" But Daddy said real soft, "You better not move, you better not go round that counter." Now, all Daddy had was a broken Coke bottle, and the owner could've got his gun, and so could his friends; but they was all afraid to move. And that owner, he was shakin' like a leaf.

So Daddy jus' backed out of the store and he bluffed all of 'em. When we got outside, Medgar and me wanted to run, we thought they'd follow us and whip us, but Daddy told us, "Don't run, don't run. They're nothin' but a bunch of cowards." And they was. We walked back home along the railroad tracks and nobody followed us. We was real proud of Daddy and we put our arms

round his waist and he patted us on the head and told us, "Don't never let anybody beat you. Don't never let any white folks beat you." And he said, "If anyone ever kicks you, you kick hell out of him." That stayed with me all the time I was growin' up in Mississippi and white folks tried to hassle me. It's 'cause of my daddy that my nonviolence goes jus' so far.

PLAYBOY: Were you hassled much as you grew up?

EVERS: Well, it wasn't all bad. Medgar and me, we had fun like other kids did. But in the back of your mind, you always had this feelin' that you was different; you knew that to white folks you jus' wasn't a full human bein'. And you can never get rid of that feelin'. At church the preacher would always tell us, "We all God's chillen" and "Nobody's different from nobody else," and I'd come back and ask Daddy, "Why are *we* different? The preacher don't say we *gotta* be different." And he'd tell us, "Well, son, that's the way it is, and they ain't nothin' we can do about it. 'Cause if we try to do anythin' about it, they kill us." That's somethin' no white folks can understand, growin' up black in a white world, always bein' an outsider, scared for your life if you speak out. It's a horrible feelin', and it's crushed a lot of our people, drove 'em to whiskey or drugs. And those of us who did keep goin', God, think of all the time and potential we had to waste jus' tryin' to survive. Even my daddy, strong as he was, and the way he'd face up to individual white men, he'd given up hope of ever changin' the system itself. He was resigned to it; he accepted it, much as he hated it. That was the one area where Medgar and I differed from Daddy. We *never* accepted it. When he told us the good jobs were white man's jobs, that blacks could never rise, we jus' wouldn't accept it. We vowed we'd change things, that we'd make things better. Even as kids we felt that way.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first conscious act of rebellion?

EVERS: Well, in a way, *thinkin'* free was an act of rebellion in itself, 'cause racism was so shot through the system that it warped a lot of black folks' minds, made 'em believe they was inferior. So many parents would up and tell their kids, "It's a white man's world and you jus' happen to be here, nigger." And black kids saw all the power and all the money and all the decent livin' on the side of the whites, and a lot of 'em thought, hell, there *must* be somethin' wrong with us to live like this. I mean, even the standards of beauty you'd see in papers and magazines and movies were all white standards; black kids grew up thinkin' they was *ugly*, and nothin' destroys your self-respect more than that. So it's a real step forward jus' to free yourself of that conditionin' and




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I guess the first real action we took was when I was ten or eleven and Medgar was eight or nine. We wanted to make us some money, so we figured we'd sell newspapers. We sent away to Chicago for copies of the *Defender*, the Negro newspaper, and we planned to sell 'em to black folks. But the whites in town, they stopped us, they said, "That's a job for white boys." I suppose, lookin' back, it was a small thing, but it really hurt us at the time. We didn't take it lyin' down, though. I said to Medgar, "If we can't sell our papers, why should they sell their papers to us?" So whenever a white boy would come sellin' papers in our part of town, we'd lay for him and jump out from the bushes and slap a toe sack over his head and take his papers and tear 'em up and throw 'em in the woods.

Now, that may sound like kids' rough-house, but in Mississippi, black folks got killed for a lot less. Some white folks, they heard about it and got riled and they went to my daddy and said, "Jim, you better do somethin' about those kids of yours." And Daddy called us in and he said, "What you been up to?" And we told him how they wouldn't let us sell papers and that we was gettin' back for it. Daddy, he was jus' silent for a minute; then he said, "Well, don't get in no trouble, now." And from our daddy, that was like approval, 'cause he was a real old-fashioned disciplinarian, none of that permissive stuff you have today. We were smartass kids and Daddy knew how to handle us; he'd tan our hides if we done wrong or was disrespectful to him or Momma. So I always thought he was secretly glad his kids was standin' up to white folks. A lotta black folks, you know, their spirit had been broken, and if a white man came to 'em about anythin', they'd quiver and shake. You can't blame 'em, considerin' the kind of society they lived in, but Daddy wasn't that way. He was mean and tough and proud, and we loved him. **PLAYBOY:** Did your father always work at the sawmill?

EVERS: He had lots of jobs, but mostly what he did was survive, and keep his family together, and in Mississippi 30 years ago, for a black man, that's like sayin' he was a brain surgeon. He'd work his back off for us, all kinds of jobs, in the sawmills, and on the side he even ran a small undertakin' business with a rickety old hearse. And my momma, she was the same way, jus' like Daddy. She'd work all day as a maid for a couple of white folks, hard work, and at the end of the day, she'd come home all tired and drained, and right away she'd have to start washin' the white folks' laundry. I can still see her strong hands workin' over that laundry. We was never allowed in the kitchen when she was doin' it, for fear

we'd mess it up. And when we helped her fold, she'd say, "Now, boys, be careful, don't wrinkle Mr. Gaines's shirts. Mr. Gaines'll get mad if you wrinkle his shirts." And we'd take this big load of laundry over with her and we'd watch Mrs. Gaines give Momma a paltry 50 cents for washin' and ironin' 15 or 20 shirts, overalls, dresses, socks and underclothes and maybe a dozen big sheets. And she always had to go to the back door. All day she'd washed their dirty linen, fixed their beds, cooked their food, washed and combed their kids, and we still wasn't good enough to be let in the front door. Momma would work six long hard days for the Gaines, and they'd pay her a lousy two-fifty a week. Medgar and me was only kids, but we decided we'd be buried in hell three times over if we ever let our kids work and live like that.

Sometimes I wonder where she got her strength, and how she'd always have time for a smile and a pat for us, no matter how exhausted she was. It must have come from God. Dear Momma. Her name was Jessie; she was part Indian, Creole Indian, and she liked to pad round in her bare feet. Tiny li'l feet, like a bird's, must have been a size four. She was real small, about five feet, two, and stout, but she must have been a real looker when she was young. She was a devoutly religious woman, Momma was, she read the Bible all the time and she drew a lotta solace from it. She always pounded it in our heads that we was gonna get an education and make somethin' of ourselves; she always wanted the best for us. Once I was elected mayor of Fayette, all I could think was: I wish Momma was here today. Medgar and me was really lucky we had parents who not only loved us but who we could respect and look up to.

PLAYBOY: How many were there in your family?

EVERS: There was me and Medgar and our two sisters, Liz and Ruth. Ruth died when she was 21 and Liz has a grocery store in Chicago. We also had two half brothers and a half sister from Momma's previous marriage—Eddie, Gene and Eva. Momma's grandfather was half white, and he looked all white, which is pretty common in Mississippi. You hear all that jive about racial purity and mongrelization from the Kluxers, but they're the ones who been slippin' into bed with our women for 300 years. Elsewise, where do all those pale-skinned Negroes come from? The white Southerner has always lived white and slept black, which makes all that talk about miscegenation so much hypocrisy on his part. Anyway, we was a real close-knit family. Momma and Daddy, they loved each other, and when there's love in a house, it reaches out and warms everybody in it. She was proud of Daddy, and she didn't give him no back talk. Our house

wouldn't have been very fertile groun' for women's lib, I'll tell you that. But at night, Medgar and I would lie in bed and hear 'em talkin' over the day and makin' plans, talkin' on way into the night together. They really *enjoyed* each other.

Of course, all married couples have problems, and Momma and Daddy had their share. Daddy tended to be tightfisted, and when you got so little money comin' in, that can be a real problem. But the most serious problems they had was his flings with other women. There was a spell, I must have been 14 then, when it got really bad, and I realized what was goin' on. Daddy was stayin' away from home a lot and spendin' time with a lady we knew; her kids were our friends. I'd see Daddy over there and he'd give her things, and her kids things, new clothes and stuff, even when we had nothin'. And that hurt, it really did. I felt Daddy had let Momma down. Let us all down, denied us. Finally, Momma told us what was happenin', but she never would say one word against him to us. "We jus' gonna pray for him," she tell Medgar and me. "Someday he'll change." Well, he did. He carried on with this other woman a while longer, but finally he broke it off and for the rest of his life, he was as good and loyal and devoted a husband as a woman could want. So I guess Momma's prayers was answered.

But I'll tell you, that incident did somethin' to me; it left scars, I guess. I mean, a mother is closer to a son than to anybody else, even his daddy, and it did somethin' bad to me to see her hurt, even though she tried to put a good face on it. And it wasn't fair, but I used to blame Daddy's women more than him for what was goin' on. Us kids used to make trouble for his girlfriends whenever we saw 'em, insult 'em and sometimes throw things at 'em. I guess in our childish way we was tryin' to protect Momma. But the thing bred a kind of hate for women in me. I know it don't make no sense, but I came to identify all women with Momma's pain, and I wanted to get back at 'em. I made a solemn oath to myself then that I'd never give a girl flowers or candy or a valentine, or treat her with anythin' but contempt. And even though I know it's not right, that attitude stuck with me. I've used women, I've made 'em pregnant and dumped 'em, I've put 'em in whorehouses, but I've never respected 'em.

PLAYBOY: Not even your wife?

EVERS: No, Nan is different. I love Nan, jus' like I loved Momma. I'll admit I have my own fling now and then, but I never allowed any other woman to come between us. I told Momma that my wife would never suffer because of some other woman, and she hasn't. I may have somethin' on the side now and

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then, but nothin' serious, nothin' that will endanger our marriage. And I'd never come between any other man and his wife and family.

PLAYBOY: Isn't your attitude toward women—your mother and your wife on a pedestal and all others dirt—unhealthy as well as irrational?

EVERS: It may be, but I can't change the way I feel. Momma used to say to me, "Now, Charles, don't you go round tryin' to hurt women." But I disobeyed her there. I always tried to get even with women for Momma's sake, to avenge her; and right down to this day, I have a hard time likin' most women. That's why I've never been too popular with girls. But I'm bein' frank with you, and healthy or unhealthy, that's the way I am, and it's too late to change now.

PLAYBOY: Did Medgar share your hostile attitude toward women?

EVERS: Oh, no, not Medgar. Medgar was always different from me; he was kind and gentle; he never wanted to hurt nobody. I was the rough one, the trouble-maker. All the fights and messes we got into, it was my fault, not his. Medgar, he liked gentle girls, shy girls, young girls. But not me. I liked 'em older and sassy, gals who'd take care of me and give me some money for clothes and things. But Medgar, he was a romantic. I guess. He was always considerate, worried about people's feelin's, whereas I was willin' to ride over 'em roughshod to get what I wanted.

PLAYBOY: Were you and Medgar always close?

EVERS: Oh, yeah. I loved him. I was kind of fatherly toward him. I mean, he was my baby brother, and I'd try to take care of him, look after him. We went everywhere together, did everythin' together. We used to sleep with each other, and one of us was always kickin' the other one out of bed. I remember those cold winter nights—and it gets cold down here, believe me—I always warmed the bed for him. God Almighty, was those old sack sheets cold! I'd warm up a spot for Medgar, then shift over and give it to him. I used to put my legs on him to keep him warm. It seems just like yesterday. It's hard to believe he's gone.

PLAYBOY: Can you remember when you and Medgar first became aware of white hostility?

EVERS: Well, that's sorta like askin', "When did you first realize you're black?" A lotta white folks ask that. What they don't understand is that you realize you're black almost from the day you're born. We come into the world in an old shack with some ancient midwife who pulls us outa our momma's womb, while the white kids are born in a fine modern hospital with doctors and nurses. The infant-mortality rate is very low with white kids; with black kids up to two years old, it's almost 50 percent. We're reared in houses with flies and

roaches, with roofs that leak when it rains, with rickety old furniture that's fallin' apart, without even a coat of paint on the outside. Bein' black is in the air you breathe, and from the time you're a baby, your momma and daddy tell you how the white folks hate you and how you gotta be careful how you deal with 'em or they can kill you jus' as quick as they'd step on a bug. And you see that hostility all round you. Sometimes it's open and raw, other times it's subtle, but it's always there. It dogs your heels like a shadow. When you're black, most times your childhood jus' ain't no fun at all. All the time it's bein' drilled into you to learn your place, to get off the street and into the gutter when a white woman passes by, so there's no chance you might brush against her and defile her.

I recall when we were livin' in Decatur as boys, Medgar and I used to hate it when Momma would send us into the local store to buy sugar or flour. The minute we got inside, the white men hangin' round would start insultin' us and pushin' us around. "Dance, niggers!" they shouted at us all the time. The owner, the man who took our money, he was worse than any of 'em. I used to vow to Medgar that someday I'd have a store of my own and I'd make the white man dance to my tune. Well, I have several today, but I don't insult or mistreat anybody, black or white. But you know, things like that, they get you down. I mean, why should kids have to dread jus' goin' into the community store? And there were so many things like that, so many little humiliations that finally build and build till they're crushin' down on your back like a millstone. If I done nothin' else in my life, I seen to it that my kids ain't had to grow up like that.

PLAYBOY: Were all the whites you came into contact with hostile to you?

EVERS: Oh, no, not at all. There was a lotta good white folks, decent people, kind people. But the over-all atmosphere was so hostile, so sick, that the whites with decent instincts were afraid to speak out. They might be nice to us personally, but they'd never dare to challenge the system, so they left the field to the Kluxers. Moderates may be a silent majority in Mississippi, but if so, up to recently they been stone-mute. There are exceptions, though—people like Holding Carter, Jr., a white newspaper publisher in Greenville who's fought racism for 30 years, and some lil' people. One of the white men Momma used to clean house for, he gave Medgar a letter of recommendation when he was applyin' to Ole Miss, and believe me, that takes some guts.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any white friends as a child?

EVERS: Oh, yeah, and that's sad, too, 'cause white and black kids have always

grown up together in the South, played together, become friends. But only until they reach a certain age, and then a kinda curtain drops down between them, and that's the end of it. When Medgar and I was kids, we always played with white kids, mostly the children of people Momma worked for. The Gaines kids, Margaret and Bobby, we grew up together, we played together, we ate together, we slept together. We loved each other, we was close as peas in a pod. We knew we was black and they was white, but we was so close it jus' didn't seem to matter. But then we started to grow up, and all of a sudden, it did matter. I'll never forget one day Momma was leavin' to clean up the Gaines house and Medgar and me, we said, "Momma, we wanna go, too. We wanna play with Margaret and Bobby." Momma jus' looked at us kinda funny and said, "You can't play with 'em no more." "Why, Momma?" we asked. We jus' couldn't understand it; I mean, these were our friends. I realize now that Mrs. Gaines must have called Momma aside and said, "Jessie, Margaret's becomin' a woman, so it's time you told Medgar and Charles. . . ." Momma woulda got the message; that's an unwritten law down here.

Anyway, that was that. Jus' overnight you lost your friends. Sometimes afterward, we'd meet Margaret on the road into town and she'd chat with us, and we kept thinkin' of her as a friend, 'cause she always made it clear she remembered our closeness as kids. But she was an exception. Our other white friends, they never bothered to look back at us. One time when I was goin' to high school, I ran into one of the white Tims boys Medgar and I had grown up with. We'd been very close, and I was glad to see him again, so I said hello and called him by his first name. But his eyes narrowed and his face got strange and tight and he told me, "Listen, James Charles, you call me mister." When I told Momma and Daddy, they jus' said, "Well, that's the way white people are: they think they're better than we are." But I jus' wouldn't accept it. That kinda thing was happenin' all the time, and it jus' sorta made you lose faith in people.

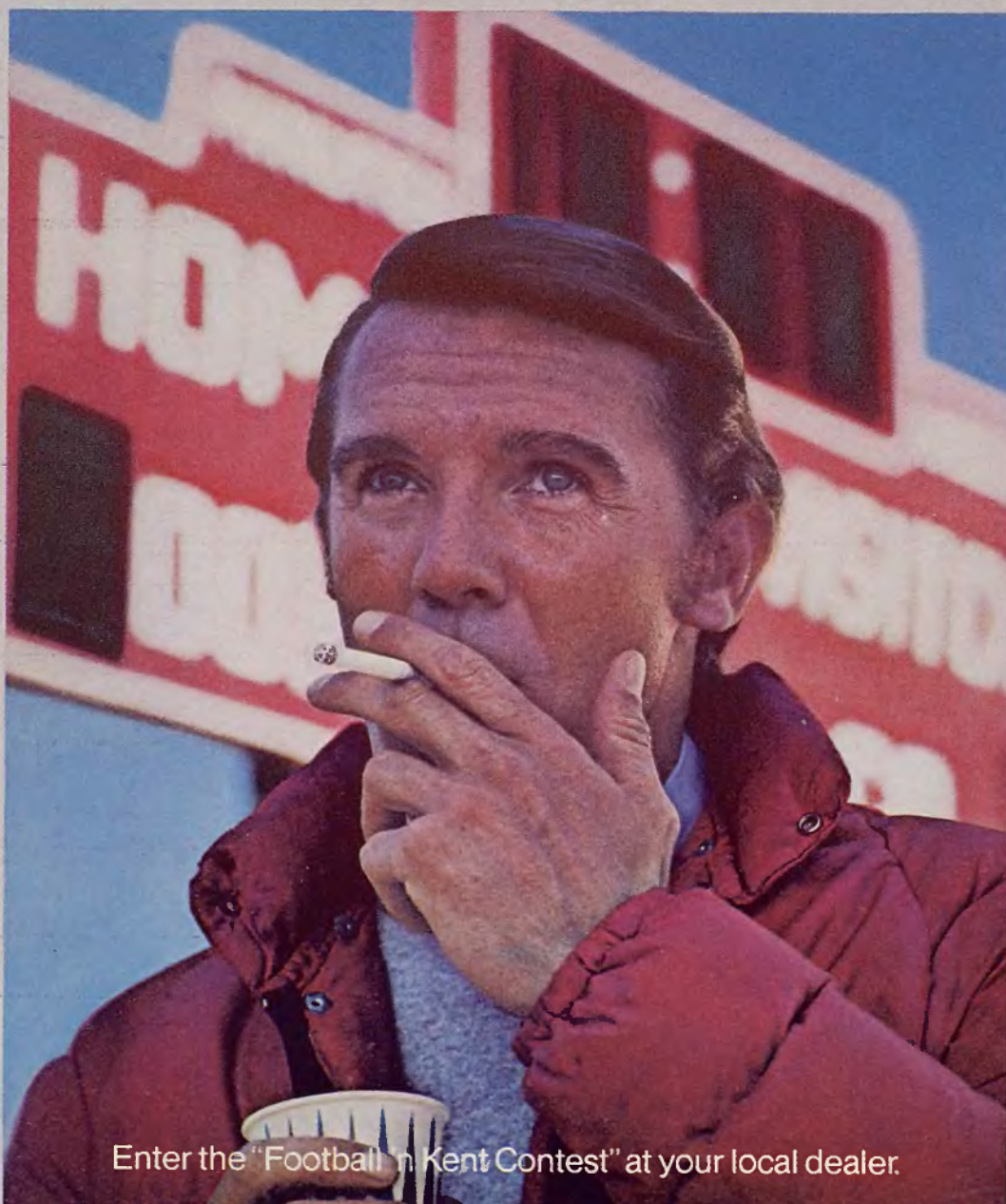
PLAYBOY: Did you respond with hatred of your own?

EVERS: I'm sorry to say I did; both Medgar and I did. That's one of the worst things the white racists did—they taught us to hate. Momma saw it happenin' and she argued with us; she prayed for us every night and tried to make us understand that hatred jus' breeds more hatred and never solves nothin'. But we saw too much brutality and exploitation of black folks all round us, and we began to grow bitter and wouldn't listen to her. Back in those days, in the Thirties and Forties, the Klan had everythin' its own way, and the atmosphere in the state

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was really bad. All across Mississippi the racists put up big signs outside their towns: NEGRO, READ, IF YOU CAN'T READ, RUN ANYHOW. And a lot of our people had to run in those days, jus' to stay alive. And a lot of others never made it. There was lynchin's practically every other day and countless beatin's and burnin's of black homes.

And Medgar and I saw all this, and we said, "Well, if they hate us so much, we'll hate back, and if they shoot at us, we'll shoot back, too." For a while, we even discussed the idea of formin' a black Mau Mau underground movement, like Jomo Kenyatta was leadin' against the British in Kenya, assassinat'in whites and slaughterin' families at night and makin' hit-and-run raids. Fortunately, it was only talk, but that shows where we'd got to. But Medgar was by nature so gentle that he managed to overcome his hate and he grew to really believe in brotherhood between blacks and whites and the power of love. Those weren't jus' words from a pulpit to him; he really came to believe in that, deeply. Me, it took longer, but finally I managed to purge the hate out of my system. It wasn't easy, though, believe me.

PLAYBOY: Did Mississippi blacks make any organized attempt at armed self-defense during your boyhood?

EVERS: No, we was too disorganized, and jus' too plain scared for our lives. Some of us would have guns and fire back if we were attacked, and once in a while a Klansman would catch a bullet himself. But there wasn't no drive or movement. And back in those days, with the climate not only in Mississippi but in the country as a whole the way it was, I don't think any such effort would've stood much chance of success. You gotta remember that when people are *completely* cowed and suppressed, they don't make revolutions. They too busy jus' scratchin' out a livin' or stayin' clear of a lynch mob. It's only when things get a li'l bit better, when a chink of light shows through, that people see how *much* better things could and should be, and start to organize and take action. Our people were so poor, so scared and so poorly educated that they couldn't fight back in any organized way.

PLAYBOY: As far as education goes, defenders of segregation have maintained that until the Supreme Court desegregation ruling, black schools in the South, although separate, were genuinely equal to white schools—and sometimes even better. Is there any truth to that?

EVERS: I always get a laugh when I hear that line about separate-but-equal schoolin'. The school Medgar and I went to was typical of the whole system, and it was about as bad as a school could be. To start off with, we could only attend school from mid-October to mid-February, when the whites shut the

schools down so black youngsters would be free to work as field hands to plow and clear for the spring plantin'. So we only had four months of school. Think about that; we was only allowed to attend school when the whites didn't need us for nothin'. I remember how we'd get up for school in the mornin's, it was generally cold and we'd have to go out and get wood for a fire. Momma had to go off at sunrise every mornin' to make the Gaines's breakfast and help "Miss Ann" get her kids ready for the white school. So we'd have to get up and slop the hogs and wash and iron our clothes while Momma was off workin', and for our breakfast we'd have to eat cold corn bread or chittlins or anythin' left over from dinner the day before. Then Medgar and I had to walk the three miles to our school along the dusty roads or in the rain, shiverin' in our patched-up jeans, while the big new yellow school bus would pass by, takin' the white kids to their expensive modern school. And as they'd pass, they'd jeer at us and call us dirty niggers and spit at us and sometimes throw rocks at us. The driver always slowed down to give 'em a good shot, and we'd have to jump off into the ditch and go to school all muddy and damp.

Not that there was much need to dress up for our school. It was jus' a dingy old one-room shack with shingle walls and roof, so when it rained in the winter, it'd rain right on you and a cold wind jus' cut right through the buildin' with nothin' to stop it. There was an old potbellied stove in the middle of the room, and our teacher, Miz Atkins, would send Medgar and me out to get wood for a fire first thing we got in, and all the other kids would sit shiverin' in their hand-me-down clothes till we could get the fire goin'. The girls, they wrapped their feet in pieces of old horse blankets so they wouldn't freeze. Once our teeth had stopped chatterin', we'd get in some spellin' or arithmetic, but it was generally so cold that we couldn't concentrate much. Neither us nor the teacher. And she couldn't give us no real individual attention, 'cause there was almost 100 kids squeezed into that one room. Then, finally, three o'clock rolled round and we had the three-mile walk back home, and along the way the white school bus would pass us again, and the kids our mommas had fed and sent off to their brand-new school that mornin' would yell, "Let's see you run, niggers!" and the driver would try to sideswipe us so we'd have to jump off the road to avoid bein' hit. That was our typical school day, and it was pretty much the same for black kids all across the state and in most of the rest of the South. Our black teachers tried hard, but they jus' didn't have the equipment or the trainin' or the environment to do the kinda job they would've liked

to. Hell, a lotta black schools didn't even have textbooks for the kids. White folks, you know, they used to figure, well, a dumb nigger is a contented nigger, so they did the best they could to keep us dumb.

PLAYBOY: You attended a black college, Alcorn A & M. Was the black higher educational system any better?

EVERS: Not much, though I'm happy to say things have improved considerable in recent years. And the improvement in grade and high schools has been terrific since the Supreme Court's desegregation rulin' was finally enforced. Now our kids are goin' to the modern white schools and gettin' a chance at a decent education. But it was different in my day. I have a degree from Alcorn, but I couldn't pass a tough grammar school test today. So I'm a product of the Mississippi so-called separate-but-equal educational system, and I can assure you that the last thing it is is educational. That's why I think black kids who get that kind of inferior education should have an opportunity to use a preparatory tutoring service to qualify them to go on from shanty schools to good universities.

I'm also 100 percent in favor of black-studies programs, in high schools as well as colleges, for whites and blacks alike. Black kids ain't been taught nothin' about their heritage and culture and historical accomplishments. When I was in school, all we learned in our textbooks—when we learned anythin'—was about white culture and history. The few references to blacks jus' described them as ignorant savages or beasts of burden with strong backs and weak minds. One of the problems is that so many white historians of the 19th and early 20th centuries were racists and passed on their prejudices in their books. Look at the completely negative picture most all history books paint of Reconstruction, which was the first genuine attempt to integrate the races in the South and would've worked if a political compromise hadn't been worked out in Washington in 1877 that sold the blacks down the river. But the history books that both white and black kids read are too often distorted. I've read enough *objective* black history—after I finished college—to know that.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you don't think college was worth while.

EVERS: I learned most of my lessons from life, not from books: from travelin' and meetin' people. That was one of the reasons I enlisted in the Army in 1940, to get away from Mississippi and see somethin' of the world.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the Army in those days almost as segregated as Mississippi?

EVERS: It was pretty bad. All our officers were white, racist whites, and they treated us like dirt. They did everythin' short of callin' us nigger, and you jus'

(continued on page 168)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young guy who's always in the limelight. With choice seats on the aisle and a smashing girl on his arm, he's a man who takes the lead others follow. Facts: PLAYBOY reaches over 2,700,000 adult males who purchased legitimate-theater tickets in the past year. That's two out of every five male theatergoers in the U.S.; better than one of every two under 35. Want bigger box office for your product? For a great audience reaction, put it in PLAYBOY. (Source: 1970 Brand Rating Index.)

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fiction By EVAN HUNTER

Sir, ever since the Sardinian accident, you have refused to grant any interviews—

I had no desire to join the circus.

Yet you are not normally a man who shuns publicity.

Not normally, no. The matter on Sardinia, however, was blown up out of all proportion and I saw no reason for adding fuel to the fire. I am a creator of motion pictures, not of sensational news stories for the press.

There are some "creators of motion pictures" who might have welcomed the sort of publicity the Sardinian—

Not me.

Yet you will admit the accident helped the gross of the film.

I am not responsible for the morbid curiosity of the American public.

Were you responsible for what happened in Sardinia?

On Sardinia. It's an island. On Sardinia, if you will.

I was responsible only for directing a motion picture. Whatever else happened happened.

You were there when it happened, however—

I was there.

So certainly—

I choose not to discuss it.

The actors and technicians present at the time have had a great deal to say about the accident. Isn't there anything you'd like to refute or amend? Wouldn't you like to set the record straight?

The record is the film. My films are my record. Everything else is meaningless. Actors are beasts of burden and technicians are domestic servants, and refuting or amending anything either might care to utter would be a senseless waste of time.

Would you like to elaborate on that?

On what?

On the notion that actors—

It is not a notion, it is a simple fact. I have never met an intelligent actor. Well, let me correct that. I enjoyed working with only one actor in my entire career and I still have a great deal of respect for him—or at least as much respect as I can possibly mus-

ter for anyone who pursues a profession that requires him to apply make-up to his face.

Did you use that actor in the picture you filmed on Sardinia?

No.

Why not? Given your respect for him—

I had no desire to donate 50 percent of the gross to his already swollen bank account.

Is that what he asked for?

At the time. It may have gone up to 75 percent by now, I'm sure I don't know. I have no intention of ever giving a plow horse or a team of oxen 50 percent of the gross of a motion picture I create.

If we understand you correctly—

You probably don't.

Why do you say that?

Only because I have never been quoted accurately in any publication and I have no reason to believe your magazine will prove to be an exception.

Then why did you agree to the interview?

Because I would like to discuss my new project. I have a meeting tonight with a New York playwright who will be delivering the final draft of a screenplay upon which we have labored long and hard. I have every expectation that it will now meet my requirements. In which case, looking ahead to the future, this interview should appear in print shortly before the film is completed and ready for release. At least I hope the timetable works out that way.

May we know who the playwright is?

I thought you were here to talk about me.

Well, yes, but—

It has been my observation that when Otto Preminger or Alfred Hitchcock or David Lean or even some of the fancy young *Nouvelle Vague* people give interviews, they rarely talk about anyone but themselves. That may be the one good notion any of them has ever contributed to the industry.

You sound as if you don't admire too many directors.

I admire some.

Would you care to name them?

I have admiration for Grif-

fith, De Mille, Eisenstein, several others.

Why these men in particular?

They're all dead.

Are there no living directors you admire?

None.

None? It seems odd that a man known for his generosity would be so chary with praise for other acknowledged film artists.

Yes.

Yes what?

Yes, it would seem odd, a distinct contradiction of personality. The fact remains that I consider every living director a threat, a challenge and a competitor. There are only so many motion-picture screens in the world and there are thousands of films competing to fill those screens. If the latest Hitchcock thriller has them standing in line outside Radio City, the chances are they won't be standing in line outside my film up the street. The theory that an outstanding box-office hit helps all movies is sheer rubbish. The outstanding hit helps only itself. The other films suffer because no one wants to see them, they want to see only the big one, the champion, the one that has the line outside on the sidewalk. I try to make certain that all of my films generate the kind of excitement necessary to sustain a line on the sidewalk. And I resent the success of any film but my own.

Yet you have had some notable failures.

Failures are never notable. Besides, I do not consider any of my films failures.

Are we talking now about artistic failures or box-office failures?

I have never made an artistic failure. Some of my films were mildly disappointing at the box office. But not very many of them.

When the Sardinian film was ready to open last June—

July. It opened on the Fourth of July.

Yes, but before it opened, when—

That would have been June. Yes. July is normally preceded by June.

There was speculation that

The Sardinian Incident

she was dead, the beautiful young actress was dead, and her director was being pressed to explain how it happened—and why

the studio would not permit its showing: Rubbish.

The rumors were unfounded? That the studio would suppress the film?

The film opened, didn't it? And was a tremendous success, I might add.

Some observers maintain that the success of the film was due only to the publicity given the Sardinian accident. Would you agree to that?

I'll ask you a question, young man. Suppose the accident on Sardinia had been related to a film called *The Beach Girl Meets Hell's Angels* or some such piece of trash? Do you think the attendant publicity would have ensured the success of that film?

Perhaps not. But given your name and the stellar quality of—

You can stop after my name. Stars have nothing to do with any of my pictures. I could put a trained seal in one of my films and people would come to see it. I could put you in a film and people would come to see it.

Don't you believe that films are a cooperative effort?

Certainly not. I tell the scriptwriter what I want and he writes it. I tell the set designer what to give me and he gives it to me. I tell the cameraman where to aim his camera and what lens to use. I tell the actors where to move and how to speak their lines. Does that sound cooperative to you? Besides, I resent the word effort.

Why?

Because the word implies endeavor without success. You've tried to do something and you've failed. None of my films are efforts. The word effort is like the word ambitious. They both spell failure. Haven't you seen book jackets that proudly announce, "This is So-and-So's most ambitious effort to date"? What does that mean to you? To me, it means the poor bastard has set his sights too high. And failed.

Are you afraid of failure?

I cannot abide it.

Do you believe the Sardinian film was a success? Artistically?

I told you earlier—

Yes, but many critics felt the editing of the film was erratic. That the sequences filmed before the drowning were inserted piecemeal into—

To begin with, whenever critics begin talking about editing or camera angles or dolly shots or anything technical, I instantly fall asleep. They haven't the faintest notion of what film making is all about and their pretentious chatter about the art may impress maiden ladies in Flushing Meadows, but it quite leaves me cold. In reality, none of them knows what's going on either behind the camera or up there on the screen. Do you know what a film critic's sole requirement is? That he has seen a lot of movies, period. To my way of thinking,

that qualifies him as an expert on popcorn, not on celluloid.

In any event, you were rather limited, were you not, in editing the final portion of the film?

Limited in what way?

In terms of the footage you needed to make the film a complete entity?

The film was a complete entity. Obviously, I could not include footage that did not exist. The girl drowned. That was a simple fact. We did not shoot the remainder of the film as originally planned, we could not. But the necessary script revisions were made on the spot—or, rather, in Rome. I flew to Rome to consult with an Italian screenwriter, who did the work I required.

He did not receive credit on the film.

He asked that his name be removed from the picture. I acceded to his wishes.

But not without a struggle.

There was no struggle.

It was reported that you struck him.

Nonsense.

On the Via Veneto.

The most violent thing I've ever done on the Via Veneto was to sip a Campari and soda outside Doney's.

Yet the newspapers—

The Roman press is notoriously inaccurate. In fact, there isn't a single good newspaper in all Italy.

But, sir, there was some dispute with the screenwriter, wasn't there? Surely, the stories about it couldn't all have been—

We had some words.

About what?

Oh, my, we must pursue this deadly dull rot, mustn't we? All right, all right. It was his allegation that when he accepted the job, he had no idea the publicity surrounding the girl's death would achieve such hideous proportions. He claimed he did not wish his good Italian name—the little opportunist had written only one film prior to my hiring him and that an Italian Western starring a second-rate American television actor—did not wish his name associated with a project that had even a "cloud of suspicion" hanging over it. Those were his exact words. Actually, quite the opposite was true. Which is why I resisted his idiotic ploy.

Quite the opposite? What do you mean?

Rather than trying to avoid the unfortunate publicity, I felt he was trying to capitalize on it. His move was really completely transparent, the pathetic little bastard. I finally let him have his way. I should have thought he'd be proud to have his name on one of my pictures. As an illuminating side light, I might add he did not return the \$5000 a week I'd paid for the typing he did. Apparently, my money did not have a similar cloud of suspicion hanging over it.

"Typing," did you say?

Typing. The ideas for changing the

script to accommodate the . . . to allow for a more plausible resolution were all mine.

A resolution to accommodate the drowning?

To explain the absence of the girl in the remainder of the film, I'm reluctant to discuss this, because it has a ghoulish quality I frankly find distasteful. The girl did, after all, drown; she did die. But that was a simple fact and we must not lose sight of another simple fact. However cold-blooded this may sound, and I am well aware that it may be an unpopular observation, there had already been an expenditure of \$3,000,000 on that film. Now, I'm sure you know that leading players have taken ill, have suffered heart attacks, have died during the filming of other pictures. To my knowledge, such events have never caused a picture to halt production, and neither do I know of a single instance in which a film was scrapped entirely solely because of the death of one of the leading players. Yet this was the very pressure being brought to bear on me immediately following the drowning and, indeed, up to the time of the film's release.

Then the studio did try to suppress the film?

Well . . . at first, they wanted only to stop production. I refused. Later, when they saw the rough cut—this was when all the publicity had reached its peak—they sent in a team of strong-armed executive producers and production chiefs and what have you, all know-nothings with windy titles, who asked me to suppress the film. I told them exactly where to go. And then, later on, when the film had been edited and scored, the same thing happened. I finally threatened suit. My contract called for a large percentage of the gross of that film and I had no intention of allowing it to crumble unseen in the can.

You did not feel it was a breach of good taste to exhibit the film?

Certainly not. The girl met with an accident. The accident was no one's fault. She drowned. If a stunt man had died riding a horse over a cliff, would there have been all that brouhaha about releasing the film? I should say not.

But you must agree that the circumstances surrounding the drowning—

The drowning was entirely accidental. We were shooting in shallow water.

The reports on the depth of the water vary from ten feet to 40 feet, neither of which might be considered shallow.

The water was no higher than her waist. And she was a tall girl. Five feet, seven, I believe. Or eight. I'm not sure which.

Then how did she drown, sir?

I have no idea.

You were there, were you not?

I was on the camera barge, yes.

Then what happened?

I suppose we must set this to rest once



"But Don Carlos! You know it's improper for a lady to come out on the balcony without her dueña."

and for all, mustn't we? I would much rather discuss the present and/or the future, but apparently we cannot do that until we've dealt *ad nauseam* with the past.

As you wish, sir.

I wish the accident had never happened, sir, that is what I wish. I also wish I would not be pestered interminably about it. The Italian inquest determined that the drowning was entirely accidental. What was good enough for the Italian courts is damn well good enough for me. But there is no satisfying the American appetite for scandal, is there? Behind each accident or incident, however innocuous, however innocent, the American public must insist upon a plot, a conspiracy, a cabal. Nothing is permitted to be exactly what it appears to be. Mystery, intrigue must surround everything. Nonsense. Do you think any of us *wanted* that girl to drown? I've already told you how much money we'd spent on the picture before the accident. I would estimate now that the delay in completion, the cost of revisions, the necessity for bringing in a second girl to resolve the love story added at least \$1,000,000 to the proposed budget. No one wanted the drowning. If for business reasons alone, no one wanted it.

Yet it happened.

It happened.

How?

The exact sequence of events is still unclear to me.

Your assistant director—

Yes.

Testified at the inquest—

Yes, yes.

That the girl pleaded not to go into the water.

The water was unusually cold that morning. There was nothing we could do about that. It was a simple fact. The light was perfect, we had our setup and we were prepared to shoot. Actors are like children, you know. If I had allowed her to balk at entering the water, the next thing I knew she'd have balked at walking across a lawn.

The writer of the original screenplay claims that the scene you were shooting that morning—

Where the girl swims in to the dock? What about it?

He claims he did not write that scene. He claims it was not in the original script.

Well, let him take that up with the Writers Guild.

Was it in the original script?

I have no idea. If there were no innovation during the shooting of a film. . . . Really, does anyone expect me to follow a script precisely? What, then, is my function as director? To shout "Louder" or "Softer" to an actor? Let

the writers direct their own scripts, in that case. I assure you, they would not get very far.

Was the scene an innovation? The scene in the water?

It might have been. I can't recall. If it was not in the original shooting script, as our Hollywood hack claims, then I suppose it *was* an innovation. By definition, yes, it would have been an innovation, isn't that so?

When was it added to the script?

I don't recall. I will sometimes get ideas for scenes the night before I shoot them. In which case, I will call in the technicians involved and describe the setup I will need the next day, and I will have it in the morning. If there is additional dialog involved, I'll see to it that the actors and the script girl have the necessary pages and I'll ask the actors to study them overnight. If there is no additional dialog—

Was there any dialog in this scene?

No. The girl was merely required to swim in to the dock from a speedboat.

What do you do in such a case? In an added scene where there's no dialog?

Oh, I'll usually take the actor aside and sketch in the scene for him. The gist of it. This was a particularly simple scene. She had only to dive over the side of the boat and swim in to the dock.

In shallow water?

Well, not so shallow that she was in any danger of hitting the bottom, if that's what you mean.

Then perhaps the estimates of the water's depth—

The water's depth was no problem for anyone who knew how to swim.

Did the girl know how to swim?

Of course she did. You certainly don't think I'd have allowed her to play a scene in water—

I merely wondered if she was a good swimmer or—

Adequate. She was neither Eleanor Holm nor Esther Williams, but the part didn't call for an Olympic champion, you know. She was an adequate swimmer.

When did you explain the gist of the scene to her?

That morning, I believe. If memory serves me . . . yes, I believe the idea came to me the night before and I called in the people involved and told them what I would need the following morning. Which is when I explained the scene to her. At least that's usually the way it works; I assume it worked the same way concerning this particular scene.

You explained that she would have to dive over the side of the boat and swim in to the dock?

Which is all she had to do.

Did she agree to do this?

Why, of course. She was an inexperienced little thing, this was her first film. Of course, she agreed. There was never any question of her *not* agreeing. She'd been modeling miniskirts or what have you for a teenage fashion magazine when I discovered her. This was an enormous opportunity for her, this film. Look at the people I surrounded her with! Do you know what we had to pay her leading man? Never mind. It still irritates me.

Is it true that he threatened to walk off the picture after the girl drowned?

He has said so in countless publications the length and breadth of the world. I'm surprised he hasn't erected a billboard on the moon, but I imagine he's petitioning NASA for the privilege this very moment.

But did he threaten to walk off?

He did. I could not allow it, of course. Neither would his contract allow it. An actor will sometimes be deluded into believing he is something more than a beast of the field. Even with today's largely independent production structure, the studio serves as a powerful steam roller flattening out life's annoying little bumps for every second-rate bit player who's ever seen his own huge face grinning down idiotically from a screen. The real head sometimes gets as big as the fantasy head up there. Walk off the picture? I'd have sued his socks off him.

Why did he threaten to walk off?

We'd had difficulty from the start. I think he was searching for an excuse and seized upon the girl's drowning as a ripe opportunity.

What sort of difficulty?

I do not believe I need comment on the reputation of the gentleman involved. It has been adequately publicized, even in the most austere family publications.

Is it true, then, that a romance was developing between him and the girl?

I have never yet worked on a film in which a romance did not develop between the girl and her leading man. That is a simple fact of motion-picture production.

Was it a simple fact of this motion picture?

Unfortunately, yes.

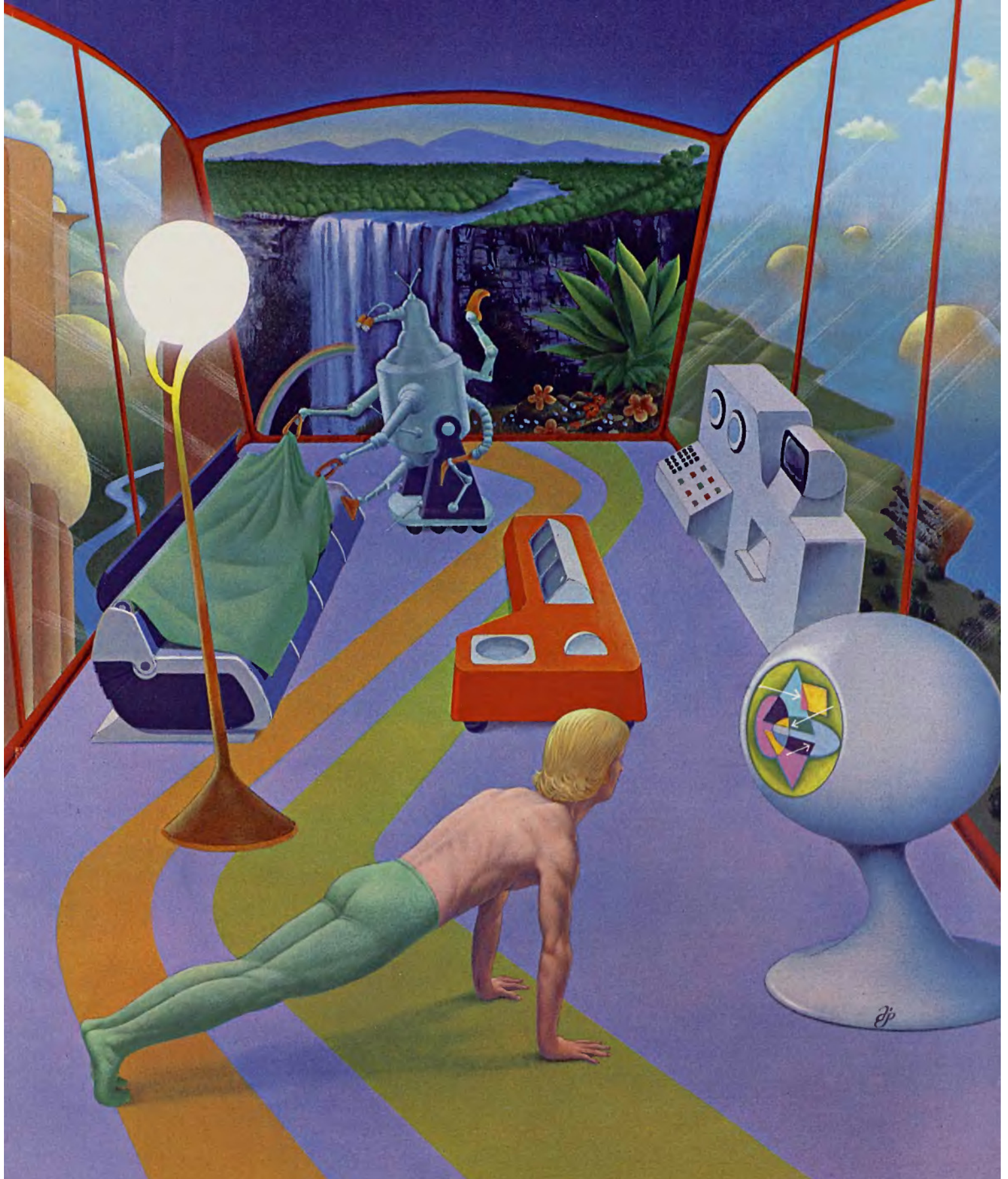
Why do you say unfortunately?

The girl had a brilliant career ahead of her. I hated to see her in a position that . . . I hated to see her in such a vulnerable position.

Vulnerable?

The Italian press would have enjoyed nothing better than to link her romantically with someone of his reputation. I warned her against this repeatedly. We'd spent quite a lot of money grooming this girl, you know. Stardom may happen overnight, but it takes many

(continued on page 176)



MORE FUTURES THAN ONE

article By POUL ANDERSON

a reassuring vision of the world gone sane by the year 2000 . . .

HE WAS BORN IN 1970, to an upper-middle-class white American family that thought of itself as beleaguered.

Not that his parents were unenlightened or fanatical. On the contrary, both were college graduates, enjoyed foreign travel, left good impressions wherever they went and had friends in more than one circle. Political independents, they split their ballots as often as not. He, a rising young corporation lawyer, was a bit more conservative than she, who had flirted with radicalism in her student days. But their arguments only added liveliness to a loving relationship. At root they wanted the same things for themselves, their children and the world.

They were both afraid.

Their nightmares were shared, but certain ones came most sharply to each. He saw crime and hatred tearing his country apart and, waiting behind them, insurrection. He feared these things less in themselves than he feared the reaction they could provoke—the end of Jefferson's dreams in tyranny and genocide. Abroad, he saw spreading chaos, implacable enmity and weapons that could lay waste the earth. She saw barrenness: of the soil, the flesh and the spirit. Wasn't the start of the great famines predicted for about 1980? North America and Europe might survive a while longer; but at what cost? Faceless mobs packed elbow to elbow in rotting cities and junk-yard countryside, the almighty state equipped with snooper systems and data banks to control every action, on a planet so gutted and poisoned that the very possibility of life seemed to be going down the same drain that was about to swallow the last vestiges of beauty and serenity. Was that any future to offer your children?

They had two, John and Jane. They said those names were a declaration of independence from the neonyms—Jax and Jeri and Lord knew what else—that had become the real mark of conformity. Maybe they meant it, though they said it with a laugh. In spite of their fears, they laughed quite a bit—though the children's first two decades were, in fact, hard. History would look back on them and shudder. But John and Jane remembered that time in much the way their grandparents remembered the Great Depression, their parents the Korean War or anyone who is not too cruelly unfortunate remembers growing up. In the background was trouble; sometimes it struck close, as when a cousin came home dead from Burma, or the streets of their suburb resounded to the boots of the National Guard, or inflation wrecked their father's business. But mostly they were busy exploring their existence.

And somehow existence continued. Somehow the ultimate catastrophes never quite came. Enough people never quit working for reform and public compassion on the one hand, for order and public decency on the other. No matter the scale on which madness ran loose, no matter the face it wore, they resisted it. Disagreeing among themselves, often profoundly, they nonetheless made common cause against the real enemy and worked together to achieve the traditional, sane equality of dissatisfaction.

It turned out that lawlessness could be curbed without extreme measures. When investments in

education and opportunity began to pay off, the younger generation simply grew bored by talk of revolt. A high-level industrial economy proved to have remarkable powers of recuperation even from funny money. The first tactical nuclear weapon fired in anger did not automatically trigger the detonation of everything. A peace of exhaustion was not a hopelessly bad foundation on which to start building enforceable international agreements. Population patterns generally followed that of Japan as soon as the means were commonly available. The environment could be cleaned up and rehabilitated. Pollution-free machines were feasible to make and sell. A massive American reaction set in against bureaucratic interference in private affairs. None of this was perfect, none was clear-cut nor had any definite beginning or cause. But once more—as after the fall of Rome or the wars of religion—man was groping his way back toward the light.

And the most savage of those years witnessed some of the most superb achievements the race had yet reached. They were in science and technology—the arts would not regain any important creativity for a while—but they were not on that account any less Bach fugues of theory, Parthenons of mechanism. John had been begotten on the joyful night man first spent on the moon. He was still in grade school when permanent bases were established there; and by then, visits to Earth-orbital stations were routine. Between lunar resources and free-space assembly, the construction of interplanetary craft had become almost cheap. This was good, because the demand for them waxed as knowledge led to spatial industries. John was in high school at the time of the Mars and Venus landings. Radiation screens and thermal conversion were then about to open up innermost Mercury and really efficient nuclear engines were being developed for expeditions to the remote outer worlds. Speculation about reaching the stars became official.

On Earth, the changes were more obviously fundamental, and many of them were disturbing. Few denied that the controlled thermonuclear reaction—clean power, its source literally inexhaustible—was a good thing. Nor was there any serious argument against progress in fuel cells, energy storage units and other devices that, together, would push the combustion engine into well-deserved extinction. True, while alarmists predicted that such techniques as desalinization and food synthesis would merely fill the planet with more starvelings, those landmarks of engineering forestalled world-wide famine until such other techniques as the one-year contraceptive pill could show results.

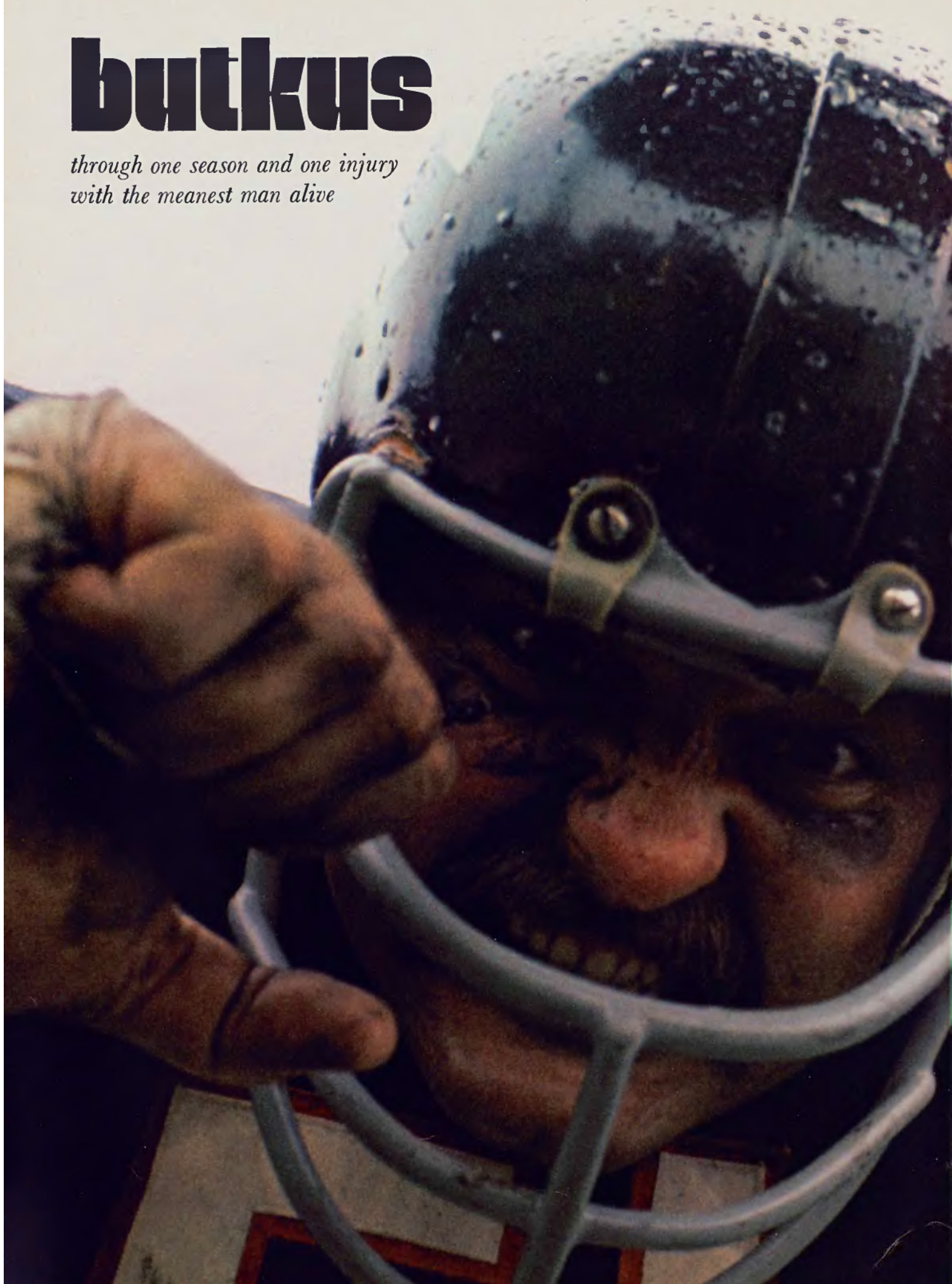
But controversy went on over the effects of biology, medicine, psychology. The cracking of the genetic code made prostheses and organ transplants obsolete after the organs could be regrown. More importantly, DNA modification brought an end to diseases such as diabetes and, indirectly, to cancer. But would man now start tinkering with his own evolution? What ghastliness might his wisdom bring on? The dangers in the growing variety of psychodrugs and brain stimulators were not reduced by becoming a trite topic at (continued on page 108)


. . . with man at peace and starting to right the imbalanced ecosystem



butkus

*through one season and one injury
with the meanest man alive*





personality

By ARTHUR KRETCHMER

DICK BUTKUS slowly unraveled his mass from the confines of a white Toronado and walked into the Golden Ox Restaurant on Chicago's North Side. He is built large and hard, big enough to make John Wayne look like his loyal sidekick. When he walks, he leads with his shoulders, and the slight forward hunch gives him an aura of barely restrained power. He always seems to be ready.

As he walked through the restaurant, he was recognized by most of the men sitting at lunch. But the expression on their faces was not the one of childlike surprise usually produced by celebrities. It was of frightened awe. It read: "Holy Christ! He really *is* an ape. He could tear me apart and he might *love* it."

Ten rolling steps into the restaurant, with all eyes fixed on him, he was stopped by an ebullient lady with a thick

German accent, a member of the staff. "Mr. Boot-kuss!" she scolded him. "What have you done to yourself? You look so thin."

He smiled shyly. Not even the ferocious Dick Butkus can handle a rampant maternal instinct. "Aw," he said. "I'm just down to my playing weight."

Butkus chose a table in a far corner of the restaurant. It was a Friday afternoon, two days before the Chicago Bears were to meet the Minnesota Vikings in the first of two games the teams would play in 1970. The Vikings had won the N. F. L. championship the year before and seemed likely to repeat. The Bears were presenting their usual combination of erratic offense and brutal defense and appeared to be on the verge of another undistinguished season. Butkus was joined at the table by a business associate and a journalist. He ordered a sandwich and a liter of dark beer. He doesn't like journalists and is cautious to the point of hostility with them. But he fields the questions, because it's part of his business.

"Do you think you can beat the Vikings?"

Butkus answers, "Yeah, the defense can beat them. I don't know if the offense can score any points. But we can take it to those guys."

"Have you ever been scared on a football field?"

"Scared?" he repeats, puzzled. "Of what?"

Then he smiles, knowing the effect he's had on his questioner. "Just injuries," he says. "That's the only thing to be afraid of. I'm always hurt, never been healthy. If I ever felt really great and could play a hundred percent, shit, nobody'd know what was going on, it would be so amazing."

"Does anybody play to intentionally hurt other guys?"

"Some assholes do. The really good ones don't."

"Dave Meggyesy, the ex-Cardinal, says that football is so brutal he was taught to use his hands to force a man's cleats into the turf and then drive his shoulder into the man's knee to rip his leg apart. That ever happen to you?"

"Hell, no! All you'd have to do is roll with the block and step on the guy's face."

• • •

That's my man, Richard Marvin Butkus, 28 years old, 245 pounds, six feet, three inches tall, middle linebacker for the Chicago Bears football team, possibly the best man to ever play the position. To a fan, the story on Butkus is very simple. He's the meanest, angriest, toughest, dirtiest son of a bitch in football. An animal, a savage, subhuman. But as good at his game as Ty Cobb was at

his, or Don Budge at his, or Joe Louis at his.

As one of the Bear linemen said to me, "When you try to pick the best offensive guard, there are about five guys who are really close; it's hard to pick one. The same thing's true about most positions. But Butkus is the best. He's superman. He's the greatest thing since popcorn."

• • •

The Minnesota game is being played on a warm, sunny autumn day at Chicago's Wrigley Field before a capacity crowd. Both teams have come out to warm up, but Butkus is late, because his right knee is being shot up with cortisone. It was injured three weeks before in a game with the New York Giants. Butkus was caught from the blind side while moving sideways and the knee collapsed. Until then, the Giants had been playing away from him. When they realized he was hurt, they tried to play at him and he simply stuffed them. Giant quarterback Fran Tarkenton said afterward, "Butkus has the most concentration of any man in the game. He's fantastic. And after he was hurt, he dragged that leg around the whole field. He was better after the injury than before—better on that one damn leg than with two."

When Butkus finally comes out, his steps are hesitant, like he is trying to walk off a cramp. You notice immediately that he looks even bigger in pads and helmet—bigger than anyone else on the field, bigger than players listed in the program as outweighing him. He has the widest shoulders on earth. His name seems too small for him; the entire alphabet could be printed on the back of his uniform and there'd be room left over.

Both teams withdraw after warm-ups and the stadium announcer reads the line-ups. The biggest hand from the restless fans comes when Butkus' name is announced. In the quiet that follows the applause, a raucous voice from high in the stands shouts, "Get Butkus' ass."

The players return to the field and string out along the side line. Both team benches at Wrigley Field are on the same side of the field, the Bears to the north and the Vikings to the south. Near midfield, opposing players and coaches stand quite close to each other, but there is almost no conversation between them, abusive or otherwise. As the Vikings arrange themselves for the national anthem, linebacker Wally Hilgenberg roars in on tight end John Beasley, a teammate, and delivers a series of resounding two-fisted hammer blows to Beasley's shoulder pads, exhaling loud whoops as his fists land. Beasley then smashes Hilgenberg. Everyone is snarling and hissing as the seconds tick away before the kickoff. Butkus is one of the few who show no signs of nervousness. That

is true off the field and on. He does not fidget nor pace. Mostly, he just stands rather loosely and stares.

After the anthem, the tempo on the side line increases. The Bears will be kicking off. Howard Mudd, an offensive guard who was all-pro when the Bears obtained him in a trade from San Francisco, is screaming, "KICKOFF KICK-OFF KICKOFF," trying to get everyone else up as well as discharge some of his own energy. Mudd is a gap-toothed, blue-eyed 29-year-old with a bald spot at his crown who arrives at the field about 8:30 A.M.—fully four and a half hours before the game. He spends a lot of that time throwing up.

As I watch the Vikings' first offensive series from the side line, the sense of space and precision that the fan gets, either up in the stadium or at home on television, is destroyed. The careful delineation of plays done by the TV experts becomes absurd. At ground level, all is mayhem; sophistication and artistry are destroyed by the sheer velocity of the game. Each snap of the ball sets off 21 crazed men dueling with one another for some kind of edge—the 22nd, the quarterback, is the only one trying to maintain calm and seek some sense of order in the asylum.

It's the sudden, isolated noise that gets you. There is little sound just before each play begins—the crowd is usually quiet. At the snap, the tense vacuum is broken by sharp grunts and curses from the linemen as they slam into one another. The sudden smash of a forearm is sickening; and then there is the most chilling sound of all: the hollow thud as a launched, reckless body drives a shoulder pad into a ball carrier's head—a sound more lonely and terrifying than a gunshot.

After receiving the kickoff, the Vikings are forced to punt when a third-down pass from Gary Cuozzo, the Viking quarterback, to Gene Washington falls incomplete. As the Bears come off the field, Butkus is screaming at left linebacker Doug Buffone and cornerback Joe Taylor, because Washington was open for the throw. Luckily, he dropped it. They are having a problem with the signals. There is something comical about Butkus screaming with his helmet on. His face is so large that it seems to be trying to get *around* the helmet, as if the face were stuffed into it against its will.

That third-down play was marked by a lapse in execution by both offense and defense. It was one of those plays when all the neatly drawn lines in the play-book are meaningless. The truth about football is that, rather than being a game of incredible precision, it is a game of breakdowns, of entropy. If all plays happened as conceived, it would

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Left and below: Marisa poses on the set with star Joel Grey, who plays Caboret's master of ceremonies.



having made her mark as a high-fashion mannequin, the striking miss berenson brings her face and figure to the cinema

Meet Marisa



Marisa

FOR MANY would-be actresses, the path from audition studio to sound stage is a tough trip all the way. But for Marisa Berenson, *haute couture* mannequin and aspiring film star, the route is being negotiated with ease. She will be appearing around Christmastime in the film version of *Cabaret*, in a featured role she enacts with the éclat of a trouper. While it's tempting to trace this self-assurance to her singular success as a model or to what one fashion authority has called "the chic face" that ensured it, Marisa's is a confidence born in the blood; she's a Schiaparelli—of perfume and salon fame—and a Berenson, cousin of the late art collector and critic Bernard Berenson. Though New York born, Marisa has lived in Europe for most of her 24 years. Educated in London and on the Continent, she speaks four languages—an ability that attractively augments her more obvious assets, which are hardly lost in translation. She began modeling in 1966, but after a trip to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's ashram in India—and especially after her film debut last summer in Luchino Visconti's *Death in Venice*—Marisa started to find *couture* "static and less rewarding than acting."



Marisa

"Cabaret is a strong film," says Marisa, "and quite tragic. Even though the dialog is comical, there's an undercurrent of fear and decadence in it that mounts to a terrifying degree." Under the direction of Bob Fosse, she plays Natalia Landauer, a rich Jewish girl hypnotized by the gay enticements of Berlin café society just before the rise of the Nazis. The filming, she feels, was "a crash course in the technical aspects of drama" that has added immeasurably to her experience and poise as an actress. If a blend of beauty, intelligence and self-possession can propel anyone to screen stardom—as it sent Marisa straight to the top in fashion—there seems little doubt that Miss Berenson is destined to fulfill her great expectations.





MORE FUTURES THAN ONE

(continued from page 98)

cocktail parties. New methods of education helped ram enough poor people into the 20th Century that the threatened uprisings faded away. But since these methods involved conditioning, right down to the neural level, did they not invite any dictator to produce a nation of willing slaves? Man-computer linkages (temporary ones using electromagnetic induction, not wires into anybody's skull) had vastly extended the range of human control, experience and thinking capability. But were they not potentially dehumanizing? And what of the machines themselves, the robots, the enormous automatic systems, the ubiquitous and ever more eerily gifted computers? What would they do to us?

Thus, as mankind staggered toward a degree of tranquillity and common sense, John and Jane's father wondered how relevant politics had been in the first place. It seemed to him that the future belonged to those blind, impersonal, unpredictable and uncontrollable forces associated with pure and applied science. He was an intelligent man and a concerned one. He was right about an ongoing revolution that was to alter the world. But he was looking in the wrong direction. The real cataclysm was happening elsewhere. His mistake was scarcely his fault. The revolutionaries didn't know either.

They were running secondhand-book stores that tended to specialize, and head shops of a thousand different kinds, and artists' cooperatives, and schools teaching assorted Japanese athletics, and home workshops, and small-circulation magazines, and their own movie companies, and subsistence farms with up-to-date equipment that took advantage of cheap power, and tiny laboratories that drew on public data-retrieval and computer systems, and consultation services that did likewise, and on and on. By these means they became independent.

They weren't beat, hippie, conservative, utopian; they weren't activists nor disciples. They weren't artsy-craftsy. They weren't do-it-yourselfers. They weren't the rich kids who followed sun and surf around the planet nor those who opted out to groove on rock and pot. They weren't the middle-class middle-aged men who, in real or fancied desperation, carried for a while those anesthetic guns that became the compromise between lethal weapons and none. They weren't those young men who, understanding the transfigured technology as their elders never would, used it to make themselves millionaires before the age of 30 and then used the money for their pet causes. They weren't the American blacks, *chicanos*, Indians, Orientals who decided—usually in a quiet fashion—that the culture of their liberal

white friends wasn't for them after all. They weren't the medievalists who, a few years before John was born, brought back the tournaments, costumes, food and manners of a bygone era, raised banners and pavilions and generally spent a large part of their time playing an elaborate game. They weren't the many who discovered that, in a world of machines, personal service—anything human, from gardening to carpentry to counseling—is in such demand that those who render it can work when and where they choose. The revolutionaries were none of these, because they were all of them and more. They fitted into no category whatsoever.

Has the point been made? In an ultraproductive, largely automated economy, which has rationalized its distribution system so that everyone can have the necessities of life, labor becomes voluntary. Some kinds of it are rewarded with a high material standard of living; but if you prefer different activities, you can trade that standard off to whatever extent you wish. The way out of the rat-race is to renounce cheese and go after flowers, which are free. Enough will always want cheese to keep the wheel turning.

Many of the revolutionaries had at various times described themselves as radical, hippie, Afro or what have you. Many still did when John reached his maturity. Others had invented new labels, were prophesying new salvations and trying out new life styles. But none of that was important. The revolution had already taken place. Every way of living that was not a direct threat to someone else's had become possible. Naturally, John didn't notice the change. So many other events were so much more conspicuous and sudden. He took the results for granted, as his father had taken antibiotics and atomic energy, his grandfather the automobile and the airplane, his distant ancestors gunpowder, iron, fire—and all the human consequences.

. . .

On the morning of his 30th birthday, John's bed woke him at the hour he had set with the music he had chosen, converted itself into a chaise longue and offered him coffee. After he got up, the housekeeping robot tidied the bedcovers and cleaned up the dishes. The robot, which vaguely resembled a vacuum cleaner with extensions, was connected to a central computer beneath the building, along with many others; thus, these machines could discriminate and make logical judgments, if not precisely think.

John told the kitchen what he wanted for breakfast and, while it was being prepared, did his exercises. They included a session with a screen that flashed text and abstract symbols at him, for speed and fullness of comprehension.

The whole-organism training that modern psychophysiology had developed gave him more assorted abilities than would once have been thought possible in any single human being. The discipline, however, had to be maintained.

Afterward, he showered but didn't shave. His last application of depilatory was good for several days yet. Rather than disposable clothes, he picked a suit in the timeless style made with top-grade synthetic fabrics that lasted for decades. Today he wanted to look completely self-motivated. An important potential client would be calling.

At his reading speed, he got through his newspaper, which the fax had printed for him off the public-data lines, before finishing breakfast. It wasn't that he didn't appreciate marinated reindeer; it was just that he could be aware of several things at once. So he went on with *War and Peace*, in the Russian he had lately found convenient to acquire. Because he wanted a permanent copy, he had ordered a full-scan repro of a special edition in the central library of Moscow. Usually he dialed for a standard print-out—which was cheap and could be dropped down the reclamation chute when he was through with it—for a simple screening.

After eating, John strolled onto the balcony of his apartment. It was high in a gigantic complex, a virtual city that you need never leave except for tourism. Other buildings reached inland farther than he could see, even in Los Angeles' crystalline air. Their variegated shapes and colors made a pattern that never appeared the same twice. He was sufficiently high up that in the other direction he could glimpse the ocean and, he thought, several floating homes whose stabilized barges were currently in port.

But he had business to take care of. He'd planned on taking this day off, until he was contacted about discussing a possible job. It sounded fascinating, not to mention being valuable to a cause he believed in. Those two considerations weighed a good deal more than the money. Besides, John's generation drew no clear boundary between work and play. His parents said, in their quaint old-time idiom, that he always did his thing.

Re-entering his living room, he activated a full-wall viewer and tuned in a scene he especially liked—Mount Rainier. But it was raining there today. Rather than settle for a canned animation, he dialed Angel Falls in Venezuela. Relaxed, he contemplated the view until his phone chimed and told him that the person he expected was on the line. The holographic image might almost have been the real man sitting opposite him. Little disturbed the illusion except the fade-out of background at the edges. But he spoke from Boston.

(continued on page 242)

PAYOFF ON DOUBLE ZERO

*sam's clean-cut face — honesty written all over it
—made him a shoo-in for a dealer's job in vegas*

fiction By WARNER LAW ALTHOUGH she was typing from her shorthand notes, the middle-aged secretary kept sneaking glances at Sam Miller across the outer office. He was waiting to see her boss, Mr. Collins, who was the owner and manager of the casino in the Starlight Hotel. This is a relatively old establishment, not far out of town on the Las Vegas Strip.

To women in general, and to middle-aged secretaries in particular, Sam was almost surrealistically handsome, too all-American to believe in one look. He was in his early 20s, well over six feet tall, broad in the shoulders and lithe below. His blond hair was cut



short, his face was tanned, his nose perfectly straight, his teeth white, his smile a gift of pleasure. His eyes were true blue and his gaze was of such clear and steady honesty that it made even a secretary with a pure conscience and a fine Methodist background feel somewhat shifty and sinful when she met it. She knew that Mr. Collins would be eager to hire Sam—though he'd pretend he wasn't and he'd give the boy a little hard time first. The Starlight needed dealers and rarely did they find one who was such a poster picture of integrity. More than that, Sam's looks would draw most of the women gamblers in Vegas, the younger ones with an urge to bed him and the older ones with an impulse to mother him. Then the intercom buzzed and Mr. Collins said that he was ready to see Mr. Miller.

Sam went in and carefully shut the door behind him. Mr. Collins posed behind his massive desk, right hand extended, a smile of limited cordiality on his face. Sam had heard that Mr. Collins was Balkan by birth, with a name of many jagged syllables that had been carefully naturalized and neutralized. He was a man in his 60s, olive in coloring, wearing a light-gray silk suit exactly shaded to match his hair.

Sam shook his hand and smiled and said, "How do you do, sir?"

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Sam Miller. Sit down. Tell me the story of your life." Mr. Collins had only a trace of a foreign accent.

Sam sat. "All of it?"

"Well, it can scarcely have been a very long life. How old are you?"

"Twenty-two, sir."

"Might I see your driver's license?"

"Sure." Sam took it from his wallet and handed it over the desk and Mr. Collins gave it a quick glance and passed it back.

"Have you ever been arrested?"

"No, sir."

"Be certain, now. The rules of the Nevada Gaming Commission require me to check."

"No, sir. I've never been arrested for anything."

"Why do you wish to be a dealer?"

"To make some money and save it, so I can go to college full time."

"Where do you come from originally?"

"I was born in Los Angeles and I went to Hollywood High, and then I enlisted in the Marine Corps, rather than be drafted."

"What did you do in the Marine Corps?"

"I got sent to Vietnam."

"Did anything happen to you?"

"Yes. I got shot three times."

"You have my profound sympathy. Were they serious wounds?"

"One was. It was in the stomach. The others were just flesh wounds. Anyway, I finally got discharged last summer."

"Do you happen to have your discharge papers on your person?"

Sam produced them and Mr. Collins looked them over and handed them back.

"And after your discharge?"

"My uncle had a liquor store in Hollywood and I went to work for him. But we were held up four times. Twice I got clobbered with revolver butts and once I was shot in the foot, and finally my uncle was pistol-whipped and he said the hell with it and sold the store and I was out of a job."

"You've crowded a good deal of action into your short life."

Sam smiled. "Not intentionally. And then somebody suggested I might get a job dealing up here in Las Vegas, and my math was always pretty good, and so I came up and took a course at Mr. Ferguson's Dealers' School and, as you've seen from the diploma your secretary brought in, I graduated yesterday."

Mr. Collins picked up the diploma and handed it to Sam. "Why did you come here—that is, instead of to some other casino?"

"Mr. Ferguson said he thought you might be hiring dealers and that you were a good man to work for. He also said that you were the smartest man in Vegas."

"Did he, now? It's the first I've heard of it. As it happens, however, I've just been talking to Ferguson on the phone about you. He says you were one of the best students he's had in a long time. How is your roulette?"

"Pretty fair, I think."

"We shall see. A little test. Thirty-two has come up," Mr. Collins began, and then rattled on with, "and a player has two chips straight up on it, one split, two chips on corners, four chips on three across and three chips on the first column. How many chips do you pay this player?"

It took Sam four seconds to answer, "A hundred and forty-seven."

"You forgot the column bet."

"No, sir, I didn't. You said the first column. Thirty-two is in the second column." Sam smiled a little. "Which you very well know."

Mr. Collins did not smile. "These are quarter chips. How much has the player won?"

"Seven stacks plus seven. Thirty-six seventy-five."

Now Mr. Collins smiled. "Can you start work this afternoon at four? That's the middle shift—four till midnight."

"Yes, sir."

"You'll get forty dollars per shift, plus your share of the dealers' tips. Like most casinos, we pool them and whack them up evenly. You'll average around two-fifty, two-seventy-five for a forty-hour week. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, sir." Sam rose as if to leave.

"Sit down. I have something to tell you. I and I alone own the gaming license here. I am not answerable to anyone. I have no connection with the Mafia nor any other bunch of criminals. We do not cheat our players, we do not cheat the Nevada Gaming Commission and we do not cheat the Internal Revenue Service. Furthermore, if any dealer tries to cheat the house in favor of himself or a player, he gets no mercy from me." (continued on page 118)



"OK—now think X rating."

PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

*the definitive statement
on the coming trends
in menswear and accessories*
attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN**





Opposite page: a sueded-calfskin two-button single-breasted suit that features notched lapels, bellowed flap patch pockets, half belt, center vent and straight-leg trousers with horizontal pockets, \$300, worn with a floral-print silk-crepe shirt with a medium-spread collar and two-button cuffs, \$75, both by Rafael.

Left: a cotton-velvet single-breasted suit with peaked lapels, patch pockets, deep center vent and slightly flared-leg trousers with quarter-top pockets, by Berhen, \$150, a medallion-print Dacron-and-cotton shirt with a long-pointed collar and barrel cuffs, by Pierre Cardin for Eagle, \$20, and a silk-faille tie, by Polo, \$15.

AS READERS OF OUR FASHION PAGES already know, men's suit styles move in cyclical patterns; a year or two of frenetic changes is usually followed by a period of relative calm, once a fresh norm has been established. It's PLAYBOY'S prediction that suits today have reached such a plateau and will most likely continue on an even keel for at least several seasons—and possibly longer. We foresee that the predominant style for this fall and winter will be a continuation of the already popular wide-lapelled and slightly flared-leg two-button model,

Below: a wool plaid double-breasted mid-calf-length coat with flap pockets and a deep center vent, by Pierre Cardin, \$135, worn over cotton-velveteen flared-leg slacks, by Country Britches, \$22. Right: a wool-and-polyester double-breasted coat with epaulets, flap patch pockets and a deep center vent, by Jupiter of Paris, \$105, sueded-cotton flared-leg jeans, by H. D. Lee, \$12, a polyester-and-cotton white-on-white striped shirt, by Gant, \$14, and a silk tie, by Resilio, \$12.50.



interpreted in new colors and fabrics—including single and double knits, wools, worsteds, synthetics, corduroys and velvets. Expect overcoats to be somewhat less flamboyant than they've been in seasons past, the costume look having been transformed into a tasteful assortment of single- and double-breasted coats (many of them belted) that extend to mid-calf. But if you're concerned that well-dressed males this fall will look as though they've all been pressed from the same cookie cutter—not to worry; you'll find plenty of ways to express your individuality in the shirt section of most men's *boutiques* and haberdasheries. There you can choose from geometrics, floral and motif prints (such as an all-over bird

Left: a British-wool geometric-pattern two-button suit with notched lapels, slightly flared-leg trousers that have a wide waistband and belt loops, by Hart Schaffner & Marx, \$175, an Orlon-acrylic rib-knit turtleneck, by Forum, \$16, and a denim male bag and/or travel tote with two zip sections and a side pocket, by Boyt, \$27.50. Below: a pair of cotton-velour wide-cuffed full-cut slacks, by Nicholas Leigh, \$85, topped by a wool rib-knit crew-neck sweater, \$35, and a matching knit cap, \$10, both by Meledandri.



This page: a rugged shag suede hooded outercoat with acrylic-pile trim and lining, belt-strap closures and patch pockets, by Europa Sport, \$130, worn over cotton-velveteen flared-leg slacks with belt loops and Western pockets, by Country Britches, \$22, and an Orlon-acrylic turtleneck, by Campus, \$8.



Left: a wool-and-nylon zip-front jacket with a convertible collar and slash pockets, \$90, wool-and-nylon section-plaid knickers with an extension waistband, \$37.50, and a wool-blend string-knit turtleneck, \$25, all by Larry Kone for Raffles Wear, plus canvas knee-high boots, by Renegades, \$45.

Below: a tweed-effect wool worsted single-breasted suit with a center vent and flared-leg trousers, designed by Lonvin for Linett, \$175, a Dacron-and-cotton print shirt, by John Weitz for Excello, \$13, a woven geometric-pottered silk tie, by Principe, \$10, and a felt hat, by Lorry Kone for Raffles Wear, \$20. The canvas tote is by Airline Textile, \$5.



pattern), earth-tone plaids and printed knits, most with long-pointed collars. And in case you haven't heard, the white dress shirt has been elegantly resurrected, notably in white-on-white stripes. Ties, incidentally, are holding steady at four and a half to five inches in width. In casualwear, look for jean suits, shirt suits, coat suits (warm coats with matching trousers) and plenty of leisure leathers—suedes, buffed pigskins, cabrettas and even buckskins that resemble blue denim cut into a variety of tops (many with coordinating slacks). Whatever you choose, be assured that there are more than enough fashion ways to express what you think through what you wear.

PAYOFF ON DOUBLE ZERO

(continued from page 110)

"Mr. Ferguson told me you ran an honest game."

"It is *more* than an honest game. A little test. Number seven has come up. Having made sure that the number is not covered, you clear the board of chips. But then a player says, 'Just a minute, here! I had a chip on seven, but you took it away!' You know for certain that this player is lying through his teeth. What do you do?"

"Well . . . I'd send for my pit boss."

"No. You apologize to the player and you pay him. Only if the player does this more than once do you call for your pit boss—who will have been at your side by that time, anyway. The point I am making is that as far as *you* are concerned, every player is honest and he is always right. You are not a policeman and you are not a detective. That is the job of your pit boss and it is also my job. *It is not yours.*"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Collins rose and extended his hand. "Nice to have you with us. Keep your hands off our cocktail waitresses. There are plenty of other pretty girls in this town."

At 3:45 that afternoon, Sam walked again into the Starlight Hotel. Being one of the older Strip hotels, it was not a large one. The casino itself was a separate wing. People came to play there because it was neither noisy nor garish, like the newer and much larger Strip casinos. The slots were in a separate room, so their clatter did not disturb the serious gamblers. On the depressed oval that was the casino floor, there were two crap tables, three 21 tables and three roulette tables. There was no wheel of fortune and no bingo and no race-track betting. This was a casino for players who appreciated quiet. Even the stickmen at the crap tables kept their continuous chatter down.

Sam didn't know where to report for work, but he found a small bar through an archway on the upper level of the room and went in and inquired of the barman, whose name turned out to be Chuck. He told Sam how to find the dealers' room.

Sam followed a corridor to the rear of the building, where he found a room with some wall lockers and a few easy chairs and tables. Other dealers were there, hanging up their jackets and putting on their green aprons. A scrawny little man in a dark suit came up to Sam. He looked 50 and had a sour, sallow face.

"Sam Miller?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm Pete and I'm your pit boss on this shift." He turned to the other dealers. "Boys, this is Sam Miller." They

grunted friendly greetings. "You'll get to know 'em all," Pete told Sam. "But this is Harry." He took Sam over to meet a tall man of 70 with weary eyes. "You'll be working together. You can begin by stacking for Harry tonight."

"Pleased to meet you, sonny boy," Harry said and shook Sam's hand and looked at him and reacted. "My God—you look fifteen years old."

In the casino, Sam found that his roulette-table setup was almost identical with the one in Ferguson's school. There were six stools along the players' side of the table. By the wheel on the dealer's right were stacks of chips in different colors—white, red, green, blue, brown and yellow. They were all marked STARLIGHT but had no stated value. Since the minimum bet was a quarter, their value was so presumed.

Past the colors were stacks of dollar tokens. These were of base metal, minted for the casino. To the right of the tokens were stacks of house checks, with marked denominations of five dollars ranging upward to \$50. The casino also had house checks worth \$100 and \$500 and \$1000, but these were seldom seen in any quantity at a roulette table.

In front of the dealer was a slot in which rested a plastic shingle, and when players bought chips with currency, the bills were shoved down through the slot and into the locked cashbox under the table.

Since this was now the end of a shift, Mr. Collins came up with his keys and an empty cashbox. He exchanged one box for the other and walked off with the full one toward the cashier's office, followed by an armed and uniformed security guard.

For the first hour, Sam merely stacked the chips and the occasional checks that Harry shoved over to him. It was a quiet game, without plungers or cheaters or arguments. Then Harry went off for a break and Sam took over the dealing.

Not long after, a woman came up to Sam's table. She was in her 50s, tall and scrawny, and her mouth held more than her share of the world's teeth. She was wearing a gold-lamé blouse over orange slacks. She sounded rather drunk as she said, "Gimme a coupla stacksa quarters." She handed Sam a ten-dollar bill. He slotted the money and passed her two stacks of red chips. "I don' like red," she said. "It doesn't go with my slacks. You got another color?"

"How about green?" Sam asked her, smiling.

"Green is jus' fine," she said and soon picked up the two stacks Sam put in front of her.

Sam started the ball whirring.

"I been playin' this roulette for years and years," the woman announced to the table at large, "an' there's no such

thing as a system. No such thing as a system! You just gotta let the chips fall where they may, as the fella said!"

She then turned her back to the table, with 20 chips in each hand, and tossed them all over her shoulders onto the board. They clattered down every which way and knocked other bets out of position, and a great many of the chips rolled off the table and onto the floor. The other players cried out in annoyance. Sam removed the ball from the wheel. Pete started over, pausing to push one of several buttons on a small table in the center of the enclosure.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Sam told the woman, "but we can't bet that way."

She giggled. "I'm jus' lettin' the chips fall where they may!"

"Even so," Sam said with an engaging smile, "if your bets aren't in correct positions, I won't know how to pay you when you win."

The other players had been patiently bending over and retrieving green chips from the floor. Sam gathered them and stacked them for her and made sure they were all there.

"I'm real sorry to make all this trouble," the woman said, smiling at Sam. "Let's see, now. Most of 'em fell around twenny, so that's where I'll kinda put 'em. Around twenny." With drunken carelessness, she began to slather her chips around number 20.

In the distance, Sam saw Mr. Collins approaching from his office—where he had just heard the warning buzz from Pete. He walked up and stood at the head of the table, but said nothing.

Sam put the ball in motion. The woman watched it spin. "It's just got to be twenny," she said. "Or else I am bankrupt!"

The ball fell into number 20. "Ooooooh!" She jumped up and down and clapped her hands. "I won! I won!"

Sam counted the green chips on the board. "Six straight up on twenty, nine splits, ten on corners. That's four hundred and forty-three chips, plus these twenty-five left on the board."

"How much is that in money?" the woman asked.

"One hundred and seventeen dollars," Sam said.

Mr. Collins had come up behind her. "My congratulations, Mrs. Burke," he said.

She turned. "Oh, dear Mr. Collins. How are you?"

"It's always such a pleasure to see you here," Mr. Collins said. "As a matter of fact, I've been meaning to call you. Before you break the bank, why don't you cash in and come and have a drink with me? I need your advice about a piece of real estate."

In moments, Mrs. Burke had been paid her winnings and was walking off

(continued on page 234)



A.C.L.U.—LET THERE BE LAW

article **By PETER ANDREWS**

in defending the constitutional rights of panther and klansman alike, the american civil liberties union makes itself almost as unpopular as its clients

YOU KNOW the traditional picture of the defender of the American way of life—he's a tall, whip-thin, taciturn type in buckskin who looks a little like the young Jimmy Stewart, with a Bible in his breast pocket and a fowling piece cradled in his arm. Not a bad image in its day, and we all loved him. But if the American way of life still means personal liberty and freedom for the individual regardless of color, creed or national origin, our first line of defense

is now manned by a curious amalgam of Jewish lawyers, Quakers, pacifists, a clutch of what Spiro Agnew calls "radicals," some angry black men and an occasional romantic conservative. This is almost certainly an unfair description of the membership of the American Civil Liberties Union—no group this side of Santa's little helpers can be capsuled into so few categories—but it touches most of the bases. And the A. C. L. U. certainly does qualify for the role of the nation's chief (continued on page 122)

TOP KICKS

a heads-up look at hair-care ware

accouterments



Jetstar compact hair drier for men, with world-wide dual-voltage operation, automatic thermostatic control, by Ronson, \$19.95.



Soft Hair Dry Spray, by Brylcreem, about \$1.



Kanon Protein Shampoo, by Scannon, \$3.50.



Braggi Hair Management Spray, by Revson, \$3.75.

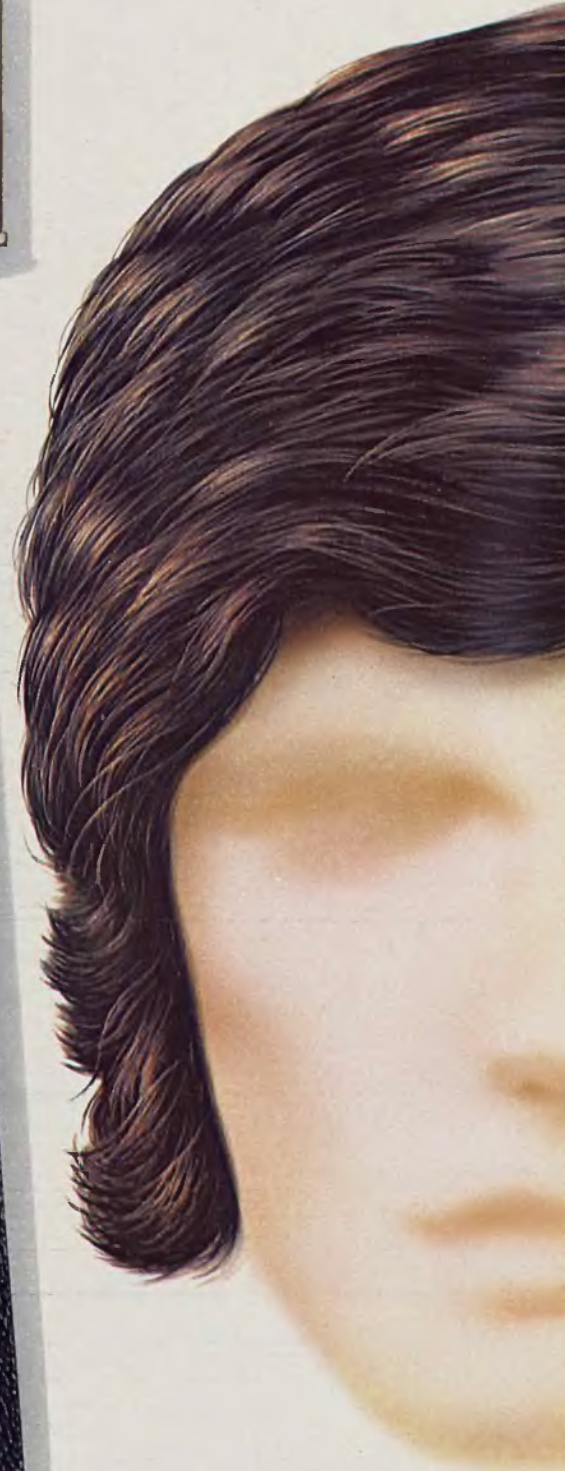
Brut Hair Control Spray, by Fabergé, \$1.



RK Professional Hairstyling Spray, by Redken, \$2.25.



Hot Brush for men, with carrying case, by Bercy, \$20.



ONE AFTERNOON in the early Sixties, according to legend, a guitarist named Harrison from a little-known Liverpool rock group dove into a swimming pool and, upon emerging, decided to let his longish locks dry without slicking them back in the, at that time, *de rigueur* street-tough pompadour. Since then—whether George was responsible for it or not—longer hair, naturally worn and styled, has gradually found its way into all strata of (concluded on page 194)



Styling Dryer with two heat settings and directional drying attachment, by Schick, \$25, with travel case.

Electric brush comes with two sets of snap-in bristles, by Norelco, about \$15, with carrying case.



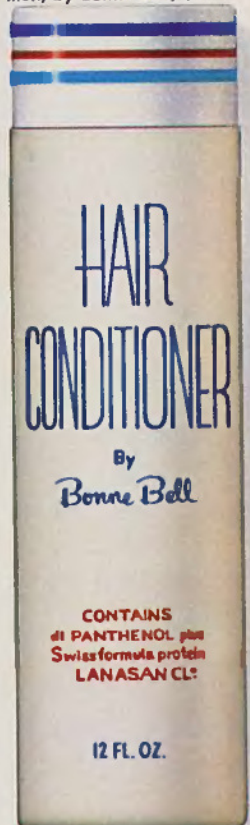
Brut Shampoo, by Fabergé, \$1.50.



Protein 29 Clear Gel Hair Groom, by Mennen, about \$1.

Hair Conditioner for men, by Bonne Bell, \$5.

900 Hair Conditioner and 900 Daily Shampoo II (for normal and dry hair), both by Aramis, \$5 each.



A.C.L.U.

(continued from page 119)

defender of personal liberty.

Author and columnist Max Lerner has said that civil liberties comprise "a seamless web" that has to be tended everywhere, lest the entire fabric be rent. In 48 affiliate organizations in 44 states, the Union is constantly checking the national fabric for danger and damage. At any given time it will be handling more than 1000 civil-liberty cases around the country, from challenging Judge Julius Hoffman's antic rulings in Chicago to doing the day-to-day grunt work of integrating juries and voter-registration rolls in the South. Within hours after the shots rang out at Kent State, the A. C. L. U. offered free legal representation to the families of the slain students and an attorney was on his way to the campus to establish a field office for any student needing legal help. In its 51-year history, the Union has established the most sensitive and immediately responsive early-warning system against threats to civil and personal liberty that this country possesses.

By the nature of its work, the Union is constantly in the headlines, defending the constitutional rights of such disparate public figures as Julian Bond, H. Rap Brown, Captain Howard Levy and Lieutenant William Calley. Even more important, however, are the hundreds of relatively unpublicized cases the Union takes on every day. In most of these, anonymous citizens are simply getting screwed. In Upstate New York, an A. C. L. U. attorney gets a hurry-up appeal to go to the aid of welfare recipients who have been clapped into jail. Ordered to work on county road gangs at no pay to get their welfare checks, the men were arrested on a charge of "interfering with the proper administration of public assistance" when they failed to show up for their indentured servitude. In Chicago, an A. C. L. U. attorney forces the city to extend press credentials and privileges to *Muhammad Speaks*, the official organ of the Black Muslims. In New York City, the Department of Corrections eases its rules about press access to prisons and prisoners shortly after the A. C. L. U. announces that it plans to file suit in the case. In Los Angeles, the Union brings a class action against police abuse on behalf of black citizens. In Sacramento, A. C. L. U. attorneys hustle over to the court to force the state to allow militant black leaders to speak at an open rally. At the same time, another team of A. C. L. U. lawyers is successfully defending the right of members of the Ku Klux Klan to burn a cross on their own property.

The last two cases illustrate the sort of seeming anomaly that delights the A. C. L. U., while it often puzzles its critics. To Union attorneys, however, the cases are virtually identical—denial of freedom of expression. The Union also

defended the Ford Motor Company's right to distribute anti-union propaganda and supported Mississippi governor Ross Barnett's right to a jury trial when he was charged with contempt of court as an aftermath of the James Meredith case. "We don't really defend people," says Eason Monroe, director of the Southern California affiliate, "we defend principles. We have only one client—the Bill of Rights."

Their client needs all the help it can get. This most precious national document has traditionally been our most beleaguered. In the Thirties, there was a movement in the leftist community to suspend the protection against self-incrimination provided by the Fifth Amendment when the nabobs of Wall Street hid behind it to protect themselves from prosecution following the 1929 stock-market crash. During the Fifties, every right-winger worth his copy of *Red Channels* wanted to suspend the Fifth to get at the Commies who were paraded before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. More recently, several proposals have been offered to take Fifth Amendment protection away from members of the Mafia. And Agnew is hardly the first Federal officeholder to want to muzzle the media in violation of the First Amendment: Thomas Jefferson once threw up his hands in despair over Federalist newspapers, suggesting that "A few prosecutions of the most prominent offenders would have a wholesome effect in restoring the integrity of the presses. Not a general prosecution, for that would look like persecution, but a selected one."

In an A. C. L. U. spot poll in St. Louis, 90 percent of the people questioned didn't recognize the Bill of Rights when it was read to them. When they found out what it was, 60 percent didn't like it. A national study undertaken by CBS Television showed that the majority of Americans are against at least five of the ten basic tenets of the Bill of Rights. They said they were against "extreme" groups' being allowed to demonstrate even if there were no clear danger of violence and against the right of individuals or the press to criticize the Government when such criticism might be contrary to the national interest. They were also in favor of the state's being able to hold a suspect in jail without evidence until the police could dig some up and of the state's being able to prosecute a man more than once for the same crime.

"If the Bill of Rights were put to a national referendum today," says A. C. L. U. national legal director Mel Wulf, "it might go down to a crushing defeat."

The A. C. L. U.'s battle to preserve the Bill of Rights and the constitutional

protections it prescribes was first joined in 1920. Roger Baldwin, an irreconcilable pacifist—he had served a year in prison as a conscientious objector during World War One—brought together a varied group, including Norman Thomas, Helen Keller, Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow and Felix Frankfurter, to form the Union. They established "a permanent, national nonpartisan organization with the single purpose of defending the whole Bill of Rights for everybody."

The guiding principle of the A. C. L. U., most simply put, is that where individual freedoms are concerned, the government—any government—is probably up to no good.

The A. C. L. U. first came into national prominence in 1925 during the "monkey trial" in which Darrow battled with William Jennings Bryan over the right of biology teacher John Scopes to teach Darwin's theory of evolution in public schools. The verdict went against Darrow, but, as Baldwin pointed out, the A. C. L. U. "may not always win, but we never lose." The drive by the state of Tennessee to write the book of *Genesis* into law was stopped and the issue of academic freedom was first effectively raised. Since then, the Union has played at least some part in almost all the hallmark cases involving civil liberties that have branded their names into the American conscience—Sacco and Vanzetti, Scottsboro, Gideon, Miranda, Spock-Coffin, the Chicago Seven.

The work load of the Union today covers a broad spectrum of civil-liberty issues. In recent months, the cases handled by the Washington, D. C., affiliate have included:

- A suit to force D. C. General Hospital to give an abortion to an indigent woman.
- A challenge to the Navy for moving the Naval Munitions Department without assuring reasonable travel arrangements and desegregated housing for almost 2000 low-level employees.
- A suit contesting the firing of a Federal employee because he is a homosexual.
- A brief arguing that a woman cannot be convicted of soliciting for immoral purposes solely on the basis of a plainclothesman's testimony.
- A challenge to the Federal Bar Association ruling that applicants must sign a non-Communist oath.
- Representation of an Army enlisted man who has become a conscientious objector while in the Service and wants a discharge.
- A suit to enjoin stop-and-frisk practices by police.
- An appeal calling for the reinstatement of A. Ernest Fitzgerald, the Pentagon cost analyst who was fired because

(continued on page 222)



"All right, so who's der wise guy?!"



ON A CLAIRE DAY...

*... there's apt to be some
sun worshiping, horseback
riding or making plans for the
new land in miss rambeau's life*

FOR MORE THAN A YEAR, after a brief stay at the University of Arizona in 1969, Claire Rambeau was into a Los Angeles modeling career. During that time, she often left the city for a few days and drove to her father's north-central-Arizona home in Sedona, where she spent many hours exploring—either on foot or on horseback—the vast, craggy Red Rock country in search of seclusion as well as scenery. Although enjoying some professional success, 20-year-old Claire was becoming increasingly disenchanted with her working environment. "I became more and more dependent on my Arizona trips as a means of clearing my head in order to face the coming week." Finally, last spring, she left Los Angeles for good. "I was really fed up. So many people I met in the business could talk about nothing but their multi-million-dollar deals that were being finalized. Then, when I'd run into them again a month later, they'd be talking about the same deal and it was still imminent." She decided to use what money she'd saved to travel





Opposite page above: Claire is staying in her father's Sedona, Arizona, home until she leaves for Landon and fashion-design school. "This area is so beautiful that when I'm here, I want to spend most of my time enjoying some type of outdoor activity." Here she's pictured at two of them: first taking a secluded and refreshing garden-hose "shower" and then—in cowgirl clothes—beginning a day of horseback riding. Opposite page below: Claire demonstrates her riding ability as she gives her horse more rein. "When I was a small girl, I had a horse of my own. It was my job to feed and water him every day, so I've known and loved horses all my life." At right and below: After a ride through Arizona's rugged Red Rock country, Claire leads her horse to the stable and rewards him with an extra-large pile of hay before returning to the house to relax and freshen up for a drive to Los Angeles.



and flew to the one place in the world she most wanted to see: London. "My former roommate in L. A. is a stewardess who's been all over the world. She continually talked about London, so I just had to go." Claire wasn't disappointed. "I fell in love with it. There's a kind of formal air about the city. I don't mean that people are stuffy—they're conscious of tradition in a way I found charming." But Claire enjoyed the open air of the countryside outside London almost as much. Off by herself, she spent long introspective afternoons thinking about her future. Shortly, everything began to fall into place. "I decided that I wanted to live in London, and since I'd always had a great interest in fashions, I visited some commercial-art schools to ask about their fashion-design courses. I haven't made up my mind which school I'll attend, but I'm definitely going to enroll." After reaching this decision, Claire reassessed her past career. "I no longer think with regret of the year I spent modeling," she says. "After all, it did increase my awareness of good design." Early last summer, she left London and returned to Arizona so she could prepare for the move this fall. "I'm looking over design books and fashion magazines right now." Whatever school Claire attends, it seems only fitting and proper that London—having lost its famous bridge to Arizona—should get such a delightful attraction in return.



MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Claire's final lazy days in Arizona were interrupted by an invitation from a group of friends in Los Angeles to visit one last time for a going-away party. "I was hesitant to accept at first; not because I didn't appreciate their thoughtfulness, but I had already said my goodbyes—which was very difficult for me to do—and I hated the idea of having to go through it all over again." She was convincingly persuaded, however, and drove to L. A. to be guest of honor at a royal send-off held in a friend's apartment.

"I knew that I'd done the right thing by saying I'd come.

The party was great and the evening left me with a completely changed feeling about L. A. Instead of the sour attitude I had had because of my unpleasant business experiences, I realized what good friendships I'd made." After the party, Claire spent a few days with her former roommate. "Since she's a stewardess—and regularly flies overseas—we'll be able to see each other in London. It's kind of ironic, since she's the one who gave me the idea to see London in the first place and has often said she hoped to live there."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An eager miss purred to her airline-pilot escort, "When was the last time you had sex?"

"Nineteen fifty-five," he replied.

"That's a long time ago," she gulped in amazement.

"I wouldn't say so," he said, looking at his watch. "It's only twenty-one thirty now."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *puberty* as a hair-raising experience.

Good gracious," said the sweet young thing to the aging roué, "seventy isn't old for a millionaire!"



Two men were sitting at a bar when one suddenly produced from his pockets a tiny piano, a mouse and a butterfly. The mouse began to play the piano and the butterfly launched into a rousing aria, much to the surprise of the second fellow. "That's a great act you've got there!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you book it on the Johnny Carson show?"

"Carson won't touch it," complained the owner sourly. "You see, the butterfly isn't really singing; the mouse is a ventriloquist."

A taxi-driver acquaintance tells of a harrowing experience he once had when he swerved to avoid a child and almost fell off the couch.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as rookie nookie.

You've probably heard about the new anti-Communist league that wants to replace all plastic toilet seats with wooden ones. It's called the Birch John Society.

The handsome American found he was unsuccessful with the beautiful London dollies until he took a course in elocution. His faultless English accent immediately netted him a stunning bird; but as he climbed into bed with her, he confessed, "I actually come from the other side."

"This I've got to see," she grinned.

After six weeks away on business in a strange city, the married exec entered a local brothel, produced a \$100 bill and asked for the worst screw in the house. "But, sir," the madam answered, "one hundred dollars will buy you our best."

"No, I want the worst available," demanded the businessman.

"I can't let you do this," the woman pleaded. "You're entitled to the top of the line."

"Listen, lady," the man insisted, "I'm not horny, just homesick."

As the viking warship stealthily slipped up to the unsuspecting Saxon seaside village, Brodar, the chieftain, rose and addressed his followers. "Now, men," he bellowed, "our plan is to burn the village——"

"Hooray!" roared the warriors.

"Kill all the men——"

"Hooray!"

"And rape all the women!"

"Hooray!"

"And men. . . ."

"Yes, noble Brodar!"

"For God's sake, get it *right* this time!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *the pill* as accidental-life insurance.

Doctor!" squealed the lovely patient lying on her stomach. "You've got the thermometer in the wrong place!"

"It is not the wrong place," the doctor informed her. "And it's not the thermometer."

The young tourist was attempting to sneak a quart of tequila back from Mexico when a border guard stopped him and asked what was in the bottle. "Holy water from the shrine of the Virgin Mary," replied the fellow.

The official opened the bottle, took a sip and exclaimed, "This is tequila!"

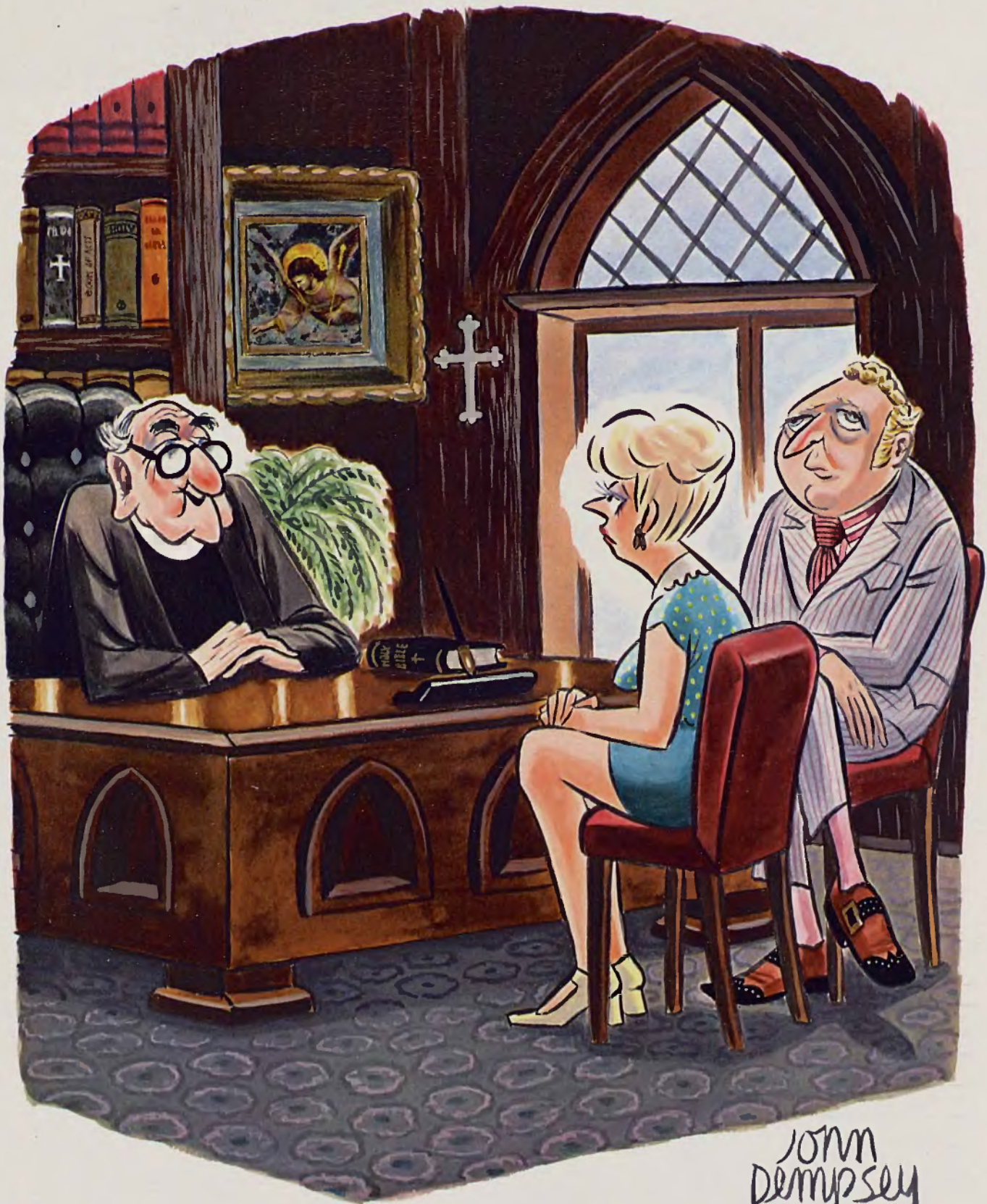
"My heavens!" gasped the fellow. "Another miracle!"

We know a bachelor who, when filling out the blank, "Length at present address," on a computer-dating card, wrote, "Seven inches."



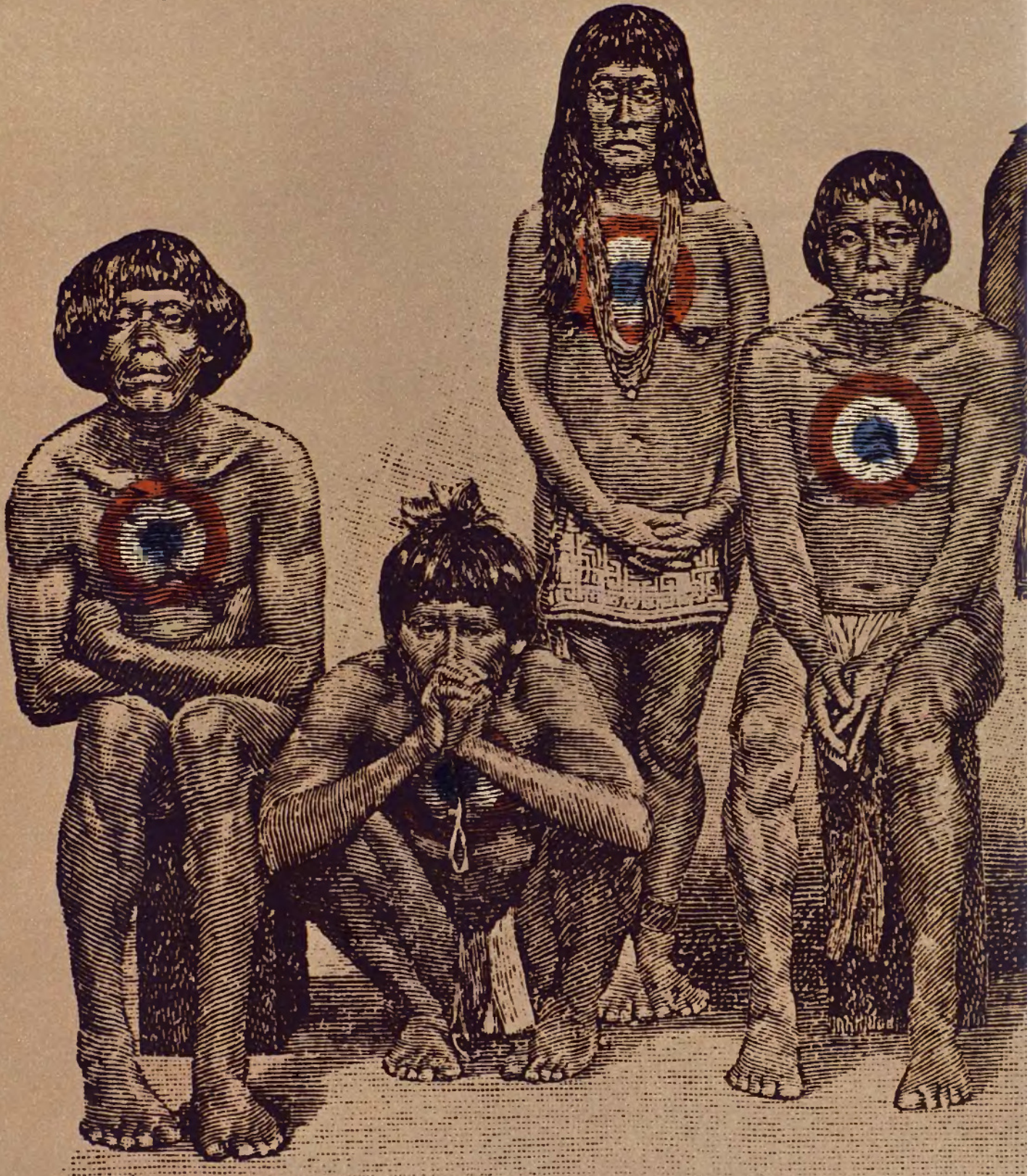
Finding her husband in bed with a long-haired lovely, the wife furiously picked up an ashtray, ready to launch it at him. "She's just a poor hitchhiker I picked up on the highway," the man tried to explain. "She was hungry, so I brought her home and fed her. Then I saw her sandals were worn out, so I gave her that old pair you haven't worn in at least twelve years. Then I noticed her shirt was torn, so I gave her an old blouse you haven't looked at since 1969. And her jeans were all patched, so I gave her an old pair of slacks you never wear. But as she was leaving, she asked me, 'Is there anything else your wife doesn't use?'"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



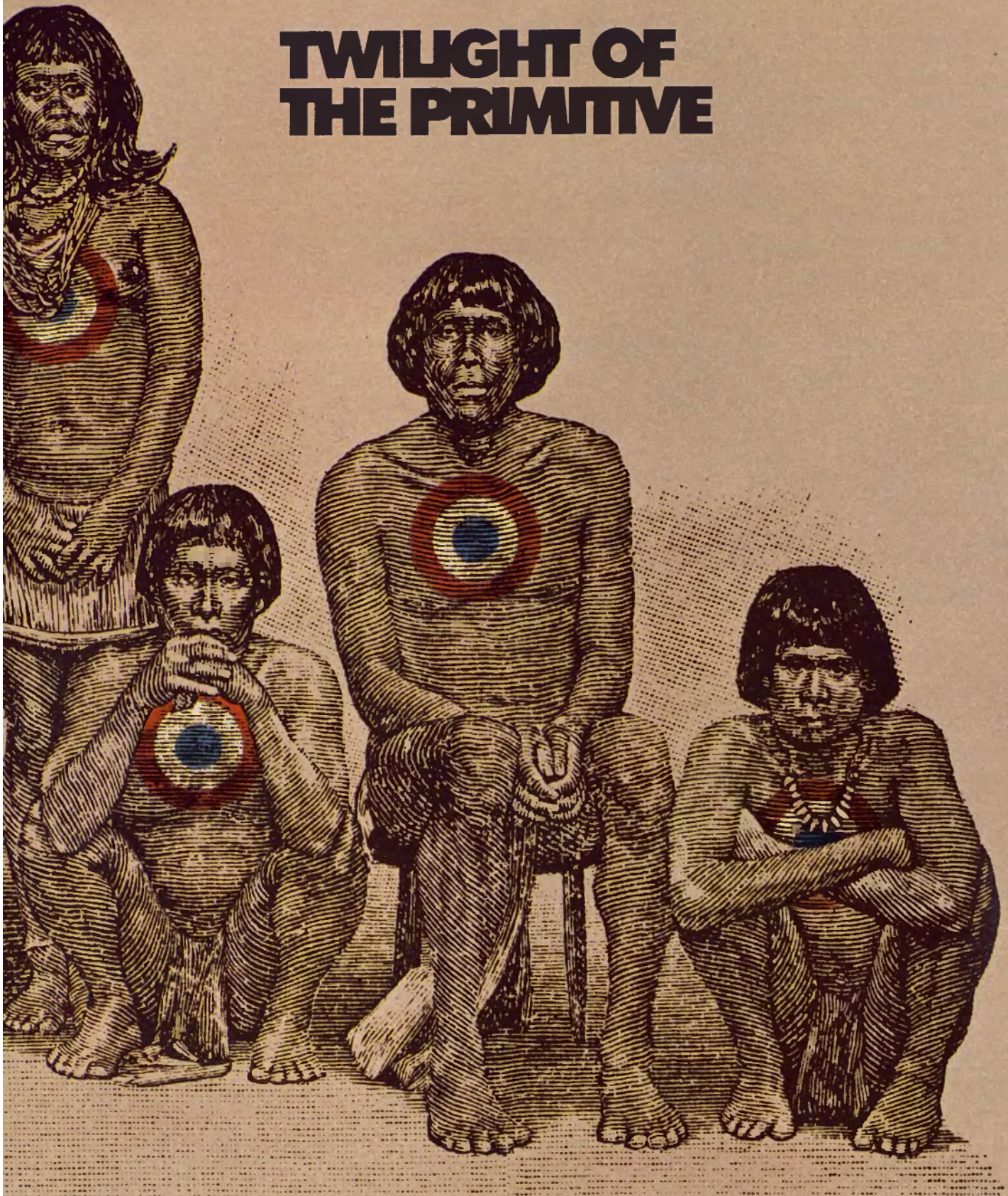
JOHN
DEMIPSEJ

*"If he wants to play this sixty-nine you mentioned, my dear,
play it. What's the harm in a little game?"*



article **By LEWIS COTLOW** LET US SUPPOSE that a favorite fantasy of science-fiction writers came to pass: Beings with an advanced technology invade the earth and impose upon man an alien and entirely incomprehensible way of life, relegating the erstwhile "Lords of Creation" to the ignominious roles of servants, slaves or, at best, museum curiosities. How might human beings be expected to react? Some, of course, would try to learn about the invaders' superior techniques (assuming they were given the opportunity). Some, no doubt, would be horrified at the prospect of becoming second-class beings in a world in which they had once been supreme. They would seek places to hide or would even wage a tragic, losing struggle to affirm their sense of "human dignity." We would all yearn to survive, but only as men and only as we have learned to define our humanness. We like to think that perishing in behalf

TWILIGHT OF THE PRIMITIVE



of a way of life is nobly tragic: Defeat at the hands of a superior force brings out human capacities of which most peoples on this earth have been traditionally proud. Yet, in our Western regard for the winner, and in our belief that God is on our side, we often forget that in this hemisphere people whom the earliest explorers mistakenly dubbed Indians have endured a five-century encounter with an alien civilization not unlike the fanciful invasion described above. By the time white Europeans began arriving in the New World during the 15th and 16th centuries, the first Americans had produced such a variety of cultural styles, levels of technical achievement and political sophistication that it is difficult to generalize about them in comparison with the "more advanced" Europeans. The Indian tribes of the Americas did share some obvious deficiencies: They lacked gunpowder, horses and

artillery. And they were unarmed in quite another sense: They could not understand—nor could they have ever anticipated—the unquenchable thirst for land and resources that would possess the invaders. They were totally unprepared for the righteous cruelties that the Spanish, French, Dutch, English and Portuguese would inflict upon them in the name of civilization.

The pattern of barbarities that stains the history of the Americas right up to the present was begun by men who came to take what was not theirs to take. Columbus found the Arawak Indians of the Caribbean islands to be "a loving people." Peter Farb, author of *Man's Rise to Civilization as Shown by the Indians of North America*, has commented, "But in their haste to exploit the new abundance of the Americas, the Spaniards set the loving and gentle Arawak to labor in mines and on plantations." He adds that "whole Arawak villages disappeared through slavery, disease and warfare, as well as by flight into the mountains. As a result, the native population of Haiti, for example, declined from an estimated 200,000 in 1492 to a mere 29,000 only 22 years later." This has been the unhappy pattern on both continents. The only difference is that in South America much of the decimation of the Indian peoples has taken place in recent decades. And it is still going on.

The Jivaro of Ecuador cuts off the head of his enemy after a raid and shrinks it to the size of a fist, and many civilized people are appalled at this. Yet the Puritans of New England in 1703 paid about \$60 for an Indian scalp, while later in that century Pennsylvanians offered \$134 for a male Indian's scalp, \$50 for a female's. Although they have been thought to typify the bloodthirsty savage of the New World, the Jivaros could never conceive of killing in this commercially systematic way. They believe that they must avenge the spirits of their kin slain in raids by rival clans; they mark individual enemies for death and decapitation. When they prepare for a raid, they have to work themselves into a frenzy by means of dancing and drugs. But bounties for dead enemies and killing by other indirect methods—the slaughter of game, gifts of poisoned food or of clothing and blankets infected with smallpox—are more the ways of the European than of the American savage.

By the time the Spaniards had completed their ravishment of the West Indies, some 6,000,000 Indians were reported to have been wiped out. It is said that there are no longer any true Indians there. Those who survived the slave labor, torture, rape and disease became mixed with their conquerors and with

the Negro slaves imported to take their places. Jesuit missionaries record instances of Indians who, believing that the real god of the Spaniards was gold, addressed prayers to chests of that metal in a vain attempt to placate their tormentors.

In Brazil, enslavement was already in progress as early as 1511. Portuguese slave raids along the coast, numerous and bloody after 1548, constituted what the historian Arthur Ramos called "one of the greatest massacres in the history of the contacts of peoples in the world." So great was the Portuguese colonists' dependence upon slave labor that even the severest censures of the Church had no deterrent effect. In 1639, when Pope Urban VIII threatened anyone who enslaved an Indian with excommunication, the citizens of Rio de Janeiro rioted at the Jesuit college, nearly murdering some Paraguayan fathers; in Santos there was violence and in São Paulo the Jesuits were run out of the city.

Thousands of square miles in the São Paulo area were stripped of their native population within the first century and a half of colonization; 2,000,000 Indian inhabitants were captured or slain. Sometimes the Indians were herded in chains on brutal death marches. Certain converted Guarani Indians were tricked into slavery by raiders costumed as Jesuits, complete with rosaries, crosses and black robes. There are numerous reports of Indians who were made to turn over their own war captives. In 1696, Portuguese raiding the upper Amazon offered iron tools to the Yurimagua in exchange for slaves. When the chiefs refused to turn over captive Indians, the tribe itself was threatened with captivity. Some of the chiefs found it necessary to drug themselves in order to be able to cooperate. The Yurimagua, like other tribes, could not continue this collaboration and eventually deserted their lands. On this same expedition the Portuguese raided Indian settlements far up the Amazon, leaving a trail of death and destruction everywhere behind them.

Late in the 1600s, the Portuguese built forts at the confluence of the Amazon and its tributary the Rio Negro, where Manaus now stands. From there they were able to command the upper Amazon and depopulate the region systematically. Not even mission settlements were spared. Indians who were in the process of learning the ways of civilization were either captured or killed, or—if they were fortunate—escaped into the more remote parts of the forest. There they might survive—if they could quickly re-educate themselves in the ways of the jungle.

Slavery was officially ended in Brazil in 1888—for the record. Reports of forced

labor have persisted right up to the present. At the turn of the century, during Brazil's great rubber boom, one of the cruelest forms of slavery, peonage, took root at Manaus and strangled Indian life as far upriver as the Putumayo in Peru.

Rubber boots, invented by Amazon-basin Indians, who molded the latex right on their feet, had been introduced in the United States early in the 19th Century. With the advent of the horseless carriage, there was a huge demand for tires, inner tubes and other rubber products, which led indirectly to an orgy of lawless greed and inhumanity that makes other terrible episodes in history seem pale by comparison. Upon reviewing the atrocities report of Roger Casement, the British consul general at Rio de Janeiro, James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States and a social commentator of some note, declared that "the methods employed in the collection of rubber surpasses in horror anything hitherto reported in the civilized world during the last century." According to Casement's report, the Putumayo rubber output of 4000 tons between 1900 and 1912 was directly responsible for the deaths of 30,000 Indians. The total population of the area shrank during this same period from 50,000 to 8000. It was estimated that every ton of rubber from the Amazon valley—gathered primarily by and for British and American firms—had been produced at the cost of two human lives.

This was a time when a canoe-load of crude rubber was worth \$2500, when astronomic fortunes were made almost overnight, when the citizens of Manaus were sending their laundry as well as their school children to Europe, when a grand-opera house was prefabricated in England, shipped and reconstructed in the capital, opening with a memorable consecration by the great Caruso.

For his share in delivering that canoe-load of rubber, the Indian was permitted to buy from traders food, clothing and trinkets marked up 1000 percent over their original cost. Yet he was somehow never able to bring in quite enough rubber to pay for everything he wanted; he was perpetually in debt. His master, the patron, would set up a store filled with enticing goods all available on credit that would take a lifetime to pay.

If he balked at the arrangement, the Indian was often given a fatal flogging. Or he might be decapitated or drowned, burned alive, starved, hanged or used as a target by a sadist with a pistol. Nor were his wife and children spared. Women were violated, sometimes publicly, if their husbands had defaulted on a debt; mothers were beaten if their children were too young to withstand a

(continued on page 158)

THE PORNO GIRLS

that beautiful creature starring in today's super-explicit commercial sex scene might be Betty Coed, a Communard—or the housewife next door

THE HOUSE LIGHTS were just coming up after the screening of a Walt Disney movie in a Los Angeles theater, and Susannah Fields, a 19-year-old bride whose hobbies include sewing and baking bread, picked up her purse and started to leave. Suddenly she was accosted by a shout from the balcony: "Say," called the male voice, "weren't you the girl in *Sexual Freedom in Denmark*?"

"It happens all the time," admits Susannah, who was, indeed, one of the girls in *S. F. D.*, a quintessential compilation of stag-reel footage shown under the banner of sex education. "I'll walk down Sunset Boulevard and some guy will stop me and say, 'Haven't I seen you in the movies?' I just look him right in the eye and say, 'Well, it depends on what kind of movies you've been watching lately.'"

Susannah Fields is just one of six stage names used by this breezy high school dropout, who in many ways is typical of the new breed of attractive young women who are appearing in a kind of film that used to be shown, in silent, scratchy black and white, at lodge smokers and in the darkened basements of private homes. Today, the same kinds of sexual intimacies are depicted in sound and living color—with an occasional soupçon of plot line—in downtown and neighborhood moviehouses across the nation.

The daughter of a Mormon bishop, Susannah ran away from home at the age of 17 to make her way in the world, but, as she describes it, "Every time I got a legitimate job, my family was able to trace me." So she answered an underground-paper ad and started modeling for short films—"You know, the kind where you lick lollipops and show your breasts." As the movies became more graphic, Susannah went along, and for the past six months has been making hard-core pornographic features—some

15 of them, to the best of her recollection.

"At first I was really embarrassed about doing it," she recalls. "But it's really a lot nicer than working a straight job. The people in the business become like your family, and since with them you already have your sex hang-ups out of the way, you can relax and be yourself." Her husband, a rock-'n'-roll musician, thinks her career is "pretty funny," but raises no objections. Susannah's father, however, believes she models wigs.

San Franciscan Mary Rexroth's father is under no illusions about what she's doing on the screen. He's the well-known poet-philosopher Kenneth Rexroth and when Mary became one of the first porn-movie queens to achieve star billing under her own name, the news predictably made headlines. "Most people won't use their own names, because they come from uptight families," she says with a shrug. "I don't. My dad was in burlesque once, and at that time, burlesque performers had a similar position in society—they were somehow set apart. So he understands. And my mother went to see one of my films and her reaction was, 'Sex can really get boring, can't it?'"

As Mary, in a simple dress, thick-lensed glasses and tousled hair, talked in the upstairs dining room of a Chinatown restaurant filled with tourists and family groups, there was little to distinguish her from a typical college English-lit student. Except, that is, for a rather spectacular cleavage. Her table companions were a *PLAYBOY* staffer and Kerry Price, a 21-year-old brunette newly retired from the San Francisco porn-pix industry. Kerry explained that she'd come to San Francisco nine months before, after two years at the University of Wisconsin, where the increasingly radicalized political scene was becoming too heavy for her to take. "I'd been here

New York City's Jayme Callins moonlights, with her husband, as a "model" in pornographic films; she has also been an unclad attendant in one of the city's proliferating massage parlors, Aphrodite Studios (right). In many of the newer establishments, customers get rub-downs quite unlike the style one used to receive at the local Y or health club. Although they operate openly, the studios sometimes find themselves in brushes with the law, particularly if some zealous undercover agent encourages the action to go beyond the usual limits.





only about two weeks when a guy I'd known at Wisconsin told me he'd answered an ad in the *Berkeley Barb* and had made an appointment for us to perform as a couple in a sex film. I said, 'You're crazy!' I had visions of some dirty old man with a camera. Then I thought, oh, what the hell, and we went and had Polaroid pictures taken with our clothes off. That was all. The whole thing seemed unreal."

A few days passed; then a director called to ask Kerry if she'd work solo. Hesitatingly, she agreed; but before the scheduled shooting, she took advantage of a theater pass, compliments of the director, and went to see a pair of explicit movies. Her reaction: "Me? Doing that?" Not only did she skip the filming date, she temporarily stopped answering her phone. "Then, two months later, one of the film makers called again. By that time, I felt ashamed of chickening out, that I might be missing a mind-blowing experience. So I made my first dirty movie—*Just Plain Bill*, it was called."

After appearing in several pictures, Kerry says she "feels more secure, in that I've learned a lot about myself. But I quit the business, because I was getting ripped off. I had to make it with guys I wouldn't look twice at, let alone go to bed with. The final straw was the time I was supposed to do three fuck scenes in one day, and on a filthy bed at that. The least they could have done was provide clean sheets, right?"

Like most of her blue-movie contemporaries, Kerry comes from a relatively conservative background. Her father, a Midwestern educator, telephoned her in San Francisco shortly after her screen debut. "Did you find a job yet?" he asked with paternal concern.

"Yes," replied Kerry, "I'm making some films."

Unexpectedly, her father caught on immediately: "What kind of films? Pornographic?" Kerry's blurted confession led to a period of markedly cool parent-child relations.

British-born Maggie Matson, a Berkeley sex-film star, is the product of a strict Catholic (text continued on page 148) 139



A rising new sex star from Los Angeles is 24-year-old Maria Arnold (above), who plays the female lead in *Cozy Cool*, Leo Productions' spoof of gangster dramas. Maria's late father was a vaudeville comedian and she's nursed acting ambitions since childhood. In Denmark, Karin Anderson (right), 18, makes porno films and stills—but she fastidiously insists on appearing only with another girl or with Erik Sorenson (in middle of photo at center right), the man she lives with. Directing the action, at center right, is Bent Naesby, a prolific film maker whose movies are heavily plotted—at least for the genre. This movie is tentatively titled *A Day in the Country*.



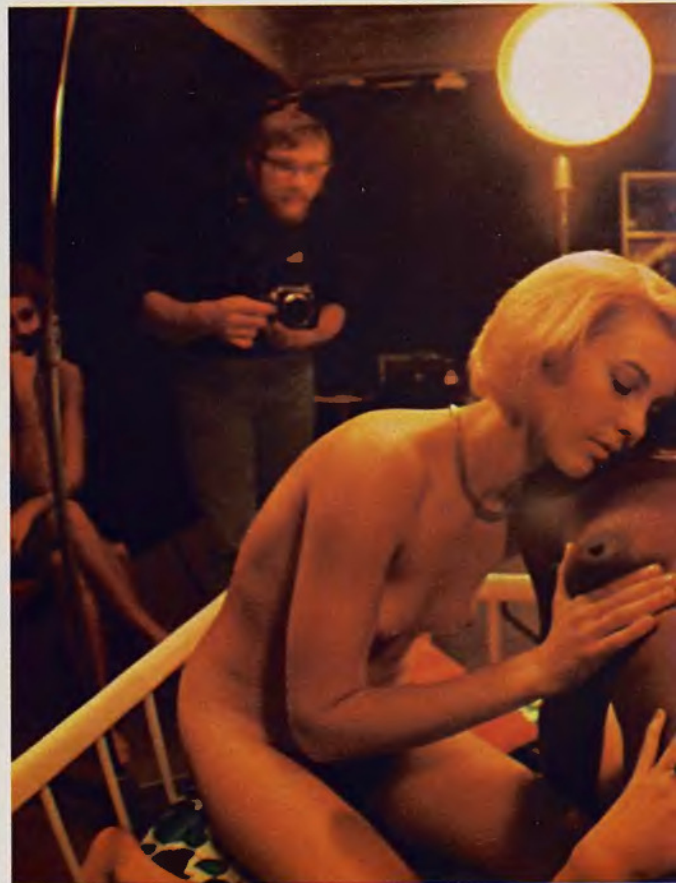


One of the first American girls to achieve star billing in a hard-core film was San Francisco's Mary Rexroth (above), daughter of poet Kenneth Rexroth. Describing her role in *Intersection*, directed by Jann Burner, Mary says, "Jann and I regarded it as a religious rite of initiation, using sexual fantasies as the vehicle." In London, Amanda Muir (below) appears in 8mm movies and in magazines that cloak "how-to" photos in an aura of psychotherapy, with M.D.s prominently listed on the mastheads to further claims of solving readers' sex problems.





Helene Mikkelsen (above), seen at a popular Copenhagen sight-seeing stop, the Royal Palace, has herself been a tourist attraction of another sort. "If you buy those souvenir pencils that show the intimate parts of the female body when you hold them up to the light—well, those parts are mine." Susannah Fields (below) is one of six stage names utilized by this Californian; in *The Undergraduate*, she's billed as Cindy Hopkins.



To illustrate a book aimed at fans of Lesbian erotica, Lisbeth Tagge and Marvo Alleyne pose for one of Copenhagen's leading sex photographers, Jens Theander (above right). Lisbeth is Danish, Marvo a West Indian who often works in Denmark.



Laura Cannon (above), a product of an upper-middle-class Evanston, Illinois, background who unabashedly lists her occupation as "sex star," appears in New York-made stag films and exploitation movies; she has also played in summer stock and as Cardelia in an off-Broadway production of *King Lear*. At 23, Miss Cannon steadfastly refuses to speculate about her motivations: "I find self-analysis a complete waste of time."



Lisbeth Westergaard (right), a 20-year-old Danish housewife, makes a secondary career out of appearing in pornographic stills and movies. "My husband fully approves of my work," says Lisbeth, who describes her marriage as "free and casual."

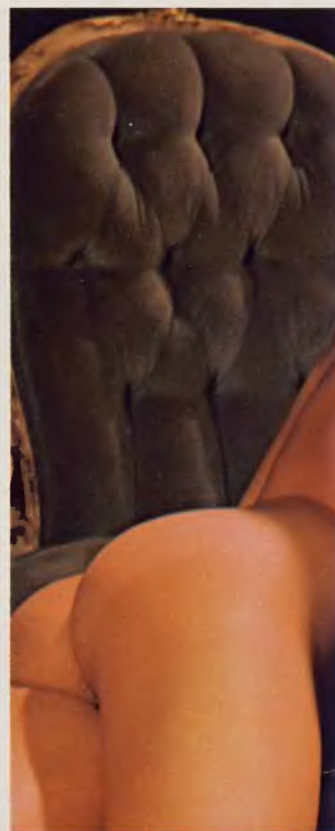




Carla Lockhart (far left) and Cherie Porter (left) commute to San Francisco for stag-film dates from their homes in Lodi, California. Though both Carla and Cherie claim to dig men, many of their fellow female performers frankly admit to a bisexual orientation, and girl-meets-girl film scenarios are common.



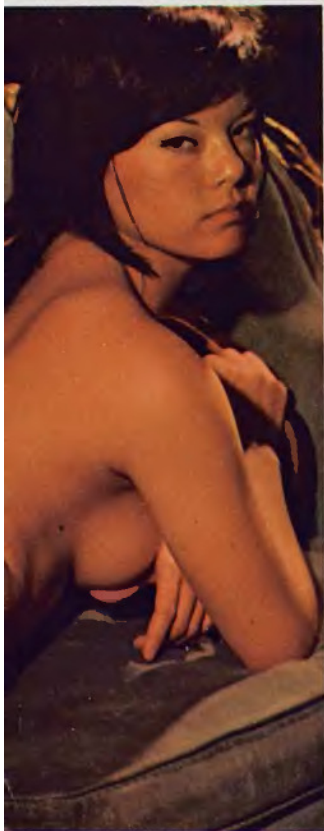
Shooting *The Undergraduate* (above), producer-director Jahn Flanders, at right, urges his performers to give their all under the banner of sex education.



Mette Lovstrand (right) has been a hasty at Denmark's celebrated sex fairs, an exotic dancer at a live-show club and a model for sexually explicit still photographs. She's also a law student at the University of Copenhagen and part owner of a children's dress shop, in which she works two days a week.



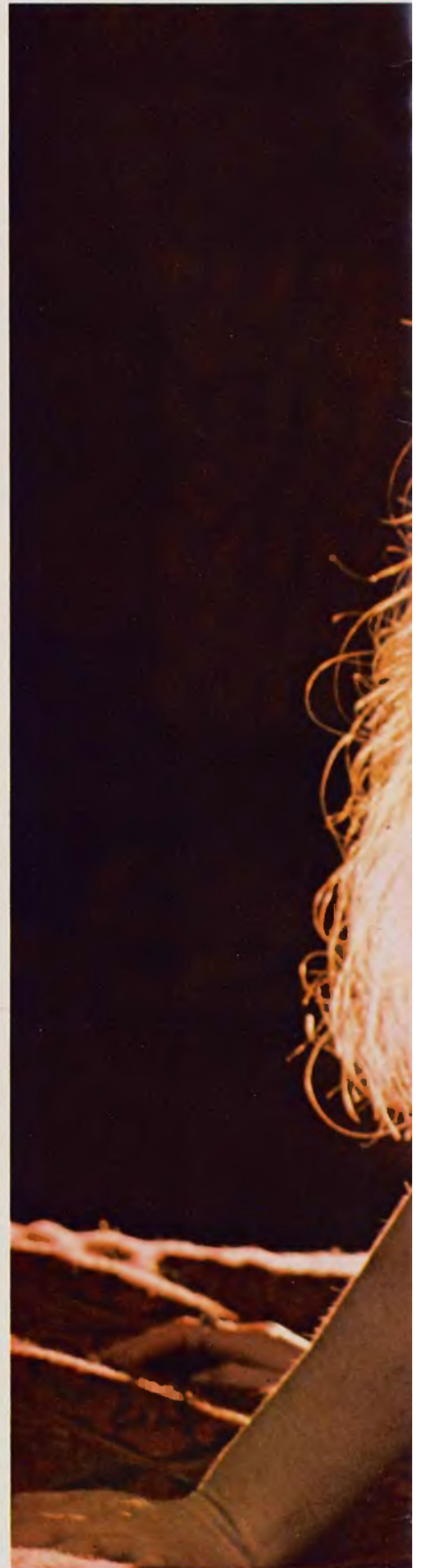
Jaqueline Martin (below) poses for erotic photos to help finance her education; she's enrolled as a first-year dental student in the San Francisco area.





Helen Lang (left) is retiring from New York's hard-core sex-show scene to become a go-go dancer. "Screwing under the lights just didn't turn me on," she explains. "But I'm glad I did it; it helped me lose some ridiculous inhibitions I once had."

Graffiti Productions, a Los Angeles firm specializing in hard-core fare—from stag reels to full-length features—set out to create a blue-movie parody with *Flesh Gordon*, a camp take-off on the venerable comic strip and subsequent movie serial. Along the way, however, producers William Osco and Howard Ziehm claim they had a change of heart; by excising explicit scenes such as the one below, with Jason Williams as Flesh and Nora Wieternik as Queen Amoura, they hope to earn at least an R and perhaps a GP rating, releasing the film by December.



At 23, Emily Smith (below) is a member in good standing of San Francisco's casually liberated legion of erotic models. She and her steady boyfriend of the past two years work together in blue movies, are pooling their savings to buy a farm in Northern California.



upbringing. "At one time I thought seriously of becoming a nun," she says. Lucinda Housman, who now lives in the Haight-Ashbury district and has appeared in five hard-core flicks, has an I. Q. estimated at 150 but dropped out of college in New York City because, she says, she couldn't tolerate her parents' conservatism; her father is a retired police captain and her mother a former private detective.

Although some observers feel that the new generation of porn stars is motivated partly by a desire to scandalize its elders, many young performers express serious concern that their parents might discover, and be hurt by, their activities. Even in supposedly sexually liberated Denmark, where the porn revolution began a couple of years ago, pretty Mette Lovstrand—although she's been an exotic dancer in a live-sex club—will pose only for nude stills destined for the German market, which she feels sure her parents and friends will never see. And a popular San Francisco porn-film actress goes by the pseudonym Grenda (the name of the nymphomaniac she played in Leo Productions' *Straight Banana*), because, she says, "I wouldn't want to put my family through hell over something so trivial." Such reservations aside, most of the young stars of what they themselves describe as "fuck-and-suck films" are refreshingly candid about their work. Obviously products of a new morality, these girls—and their husbands and boyfriends, who are frequently their co-stars—see nothing wrong in uninhibited sexual expression. One budding starlet matter-of-factly lists her hobbies as "fucking and horseback riding." If you like to do it, they reason, why not do it in front of a camera? And if you're going to do it in front of a camera, why not get paid for it?

Anna Feurstenberg, who wrote, directed and appeared in portions of the soft-core Lesbian film *Andromeda*, points out another fringe benefit. "It makes unbeatable *salon* chatter," she says. "You can really score points with the hip and pseudo hip at a cocktail party by casually dropping a remark like, 'Oh, yes, I was in a porno film last month.'"

Talking about it in public can lead to problems, however, as Grenda discovered when she agreed to discuss her career on a local TV talk show. In her straight life, Grenda is a student nurse—and who should catch the program and recognize her but her school's nursing supervisor. Called on the carpet the next morning, the underground actress was politely but firmly advised that the school couldn't control her private life, but could she please exercise a bit more discretion?

Like Grenda, many pornography stars, all basically free-lancers, pursue other careers. Bavarian-born Nora Wiernik of Los Angeles illustrates children's

books. Lucinda Housman leads an en-counter group. Mary Rexroth, like her father, is a poet; her first slim volume, *The Coffee Should Be Warm Now*, has been published by Twowindows Press. In Copenhagen, 23-year-old Lisbeth Olsen works four days a week in a home for the aged; Helene Mikkelsen, who speaks six languages fluently, is an interpreter and tour guide; and Mette Lovstrand is a law student and part owner of a children's dress shop.

On the freewheeling California scene, however, making porn films is often the participants' principal means of support. Since the going wage is only about \$35 for appearing in a short subject to \$150 for the rarer feature-length movie, and the work is far from steady, this choice of career is hardly among the most remunerative. Why, then, do they do it? The actors—or models, as they're still called in an industry not yet free of its underground, silent, plotless ancestry—answer with surprising unanimity. They have rejected what they see as the middle-class, materialistic trap of nine to five. "I just couldn't stand to work in an office," comes the reply, with few variations.

The style of living is unconventional but not unpredictable: Many share a home with one or more roommates, sometimes in urban or rural communes. It's not uncommon for a girl to hitchhike to San Francisco every month or so from an agrarian commune back in the hills to recoup her finances with a film gig. Jill Julian, who appears in the recently released *Wine God Bodies* and a dozen or so other sex flicks, describes her household on the fringe of Haight-Ashbury as "a semicomune with seven people and 29 animals." Another actress, familiar to scores of stag-film fans from more than 100 reels shot over the past three years, is both housewife and mother whose husband is also an occasional porn performer. "That's how we add to our welfare income," she explains ingenuously.

Some of the girls will admit to other motivations. "Anybody who says she's doing it just for the bread is hedging a bit," says Mary Rexroth. "I must really like being watched or I wouldn't keep making films. When you're in these movies, you're suddenly a sex goddess, so you don't have to use sex as an ego trip anymore. You can just relax and enjoy it." Laureen Pierre, a bubbly former nude dancer who claims she's been fired from every club on San Francisco's Broadway for agitation among her fellow entertainers for better working conditions, has made only one blue movie—but recalls, "The excitement of having the *nerve* to do what I was doing turned me on." Gary James, a male performer currently much in demand in California, says, "I make the films because I'm basically lazy—and I like sex." Some girls fantasize that they're making

love to the camera—or to the cameraman. Jill Julian acknowledges, "In a way, it excites me that other people are seeing me. I guess it gives me some kind of pride in my body." Male stag stars or directors are often more cynical. Says one, "Chicks do it because it's a chance to ball and get paid for it."

Many performers with serious acting ambitions see the flourishing hard-core film industry—believe it or not—as a way of getting valuable screen experience while the established studios are going through tough times. A similar thesis is espoused by the scores of cinema students who shoot sex footage as a means of getting otherwise unattainable behind-the-camera training. One San Francisco housewife, working under the name Maurinie Fellini, put herself through college by filming some 100 20-minute epics—and doing the sound on 100 more. "I applied for jobs at TV stations and regular motion-picture studios," she says, "but they weren't hiring women. Working in the underground was the only way I could really get my hands on a camera." Now graduated from school with a minor in film, she's trying to raise funds to produce a legitimate feature film.

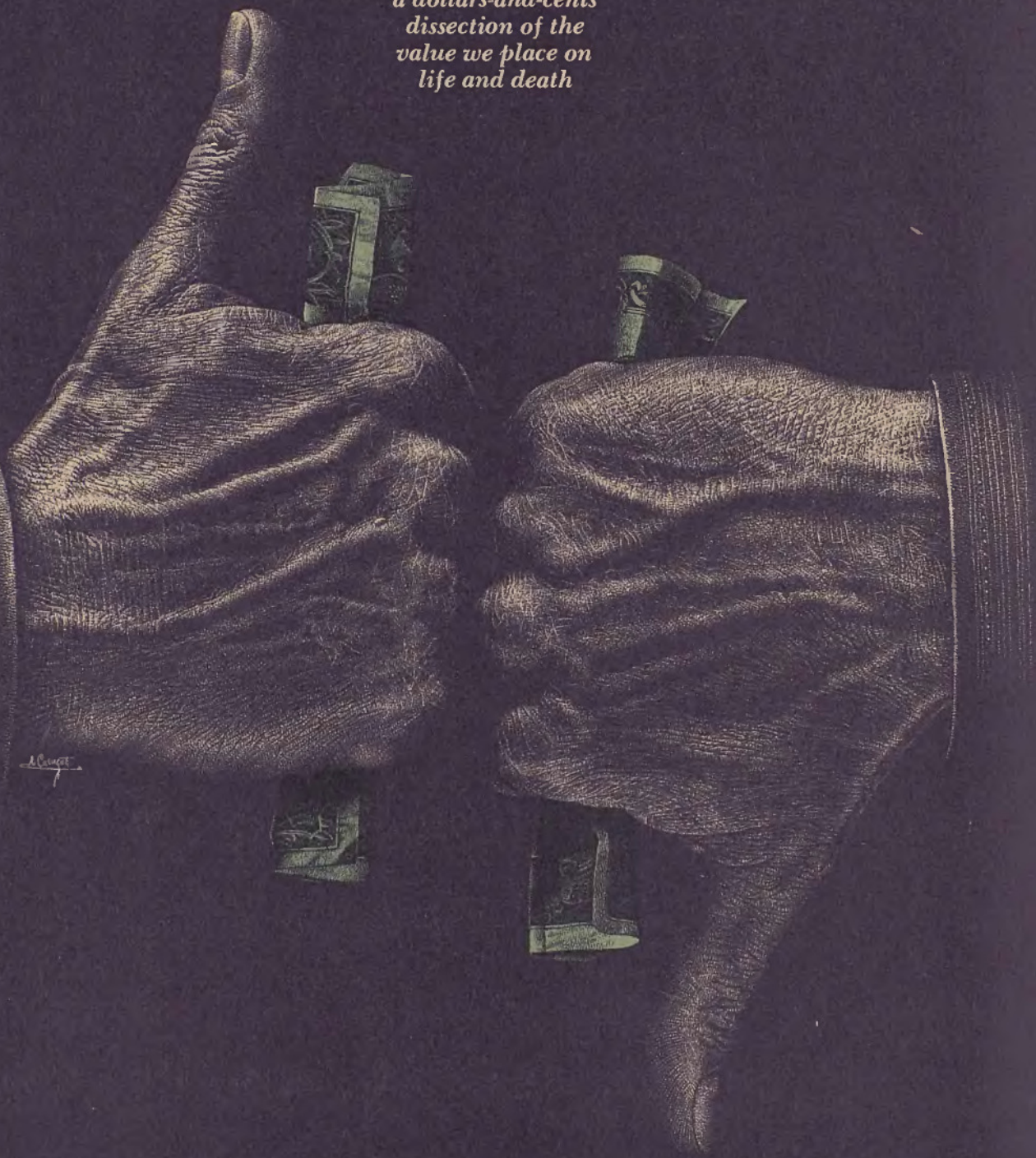
New York's Jacquelyn Glenn, who acts as an agent for hard-core performers but limits her own work to nudie skin flicks—"I don't want them to be able to pin anything on me when I'm sixty"—finds that her willingness to strip onscreen is much in demand. "Everybody else I know in acting is starving; I'm not. But I do wish they'd give me a line to say with my clothes on." In Los Angeles, Nora Wiernik is beginning to get lines in R-rated films—enough, she feels, to enable her to refuse the kind of stag-reel roles she made while breaking into the business. Hollywood's Maria Arnold—star of the newly released *Cozy Cool*, a blue parody of gangster films—figures this is a stage of development in her dramatic career. "The way I see it," she says, "it's better than balling the producers off-camera. That's something I *won't* do."

In every conversation with these young actors, a kind of in-group moral code surfaces. Professional hookers and hard-core drug users, for example, are shunned, and few actors will engage in anal sex, bestiality or homosexual scenes between males. Female homosexuality, however, is not censured. Dr. William Simon, who spent three years at the Institute for Sex Research in Bloomington, Indiana, and is now program supervisor of sociology and anthropology at the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago, theorizes, "All occupations develop their own morality codes. These kids are in the underbelly of the hip culture and what they are doing is an affirmation of the casualness

(continued on page 248)

IMMORTALITY IS FULLY DEDUCTIBLE

*a dollars-and-cents
dissection of the
value we place on
life and death*



article **By CRAIG KARPEL** "WHO COULD PRESUME TO put a monetary value on a human life?" We've all heard that somewhere. It's a nice pious thought and maybe it was appropriate once. But in today's consumer economy, there's a price on everything, even on human life. The only problem is collecting:

Stephen Dennison was released from prison when he was 51. He had spent 34 years in the slammer for stealing five dollars' worth of chocolate-covered marshmallows. Doctors had decided that he was a "low-grade moron," which somehow justified imprisoning him 24 years longer than the ten years he could have drawn for his heinous crime. Dennison was not so moronic as to neglect to sue the state for \$115,000 as partial compensation for "the

lifetime he could never enjoy." He won. The state appealed and had the ruling overturned. So Dennison went to the Supreme Court to see if he could collect for all his lost years at \$3382.35 per year, a rate that would net \$236,764.50 for a 70-year lifetime. In February 1970, the Court denied his appeal.

Thinking that perhaps the reason the Court had refused Dennison was that it couldn't relate to that \$236,764.50 figure as being *precise* enough, I undertook to check out some of the prices life and, while I was at it, death are quoted at. I discovered that this was harder than it seemed.

Mike Kasperak, for example, paid \$28,845.83 to have his heart replaced by Stanford's Dr. Norman Shumway. Precise enough, but a little confusing: He paid that for life but died instead. Was that \$28,845.83 life cost or death cost?

Or take the Hebrew word *chai*. It means life, and when you add up the mystical numerical value of the Hebrew letters that spell it, you get 18. On the Day of Atonement, synagogues solicit donations of at least *chai*—\$18. You should live, in other words, long enough to be able to give another *chai* next year. But \$18 for a human life? Next to \$236,764.50, it seems a little on the modest side.

You'd think the people at the Defense Department would be of some assistance, since they're supposedly in the business of "saving American lives." But they're no help. Remember when they were trying to push the Sentinel anti-ballistic-missile system down our emplacements with talk about how many megalives all those billions of dollars would save? Well, I tried to find out just how many *would* have been saved—rounded off to the nearest 10,000,000. But no dice—the best they could do was "a lot." A lotta billions for a lotta lives. That precise enough for you?

Former Congressman Richard McCarthy, who broke the chemical-and-biological-warfare story, told me that the release of one quart of nerve gas would do away with every life within a 100-mile radius. So just pick a circle 200 miles across, count the number of people inside and divide by the cost of a quart of gack vapor to find the cost of each one of *those* lives.

As I nosed around, I discovered I wasn't the only one interested in the cost of life and the cost of death. In a country that spends nine times as much on funerals as on cancer research—and 332 times as much on defense—it's only natural that there is a medical researcher trying to figure out how much life costs so he can present the problems of human suffering and death to the Government in ways it could understand. Sure enough, Dr. H. Hugh Fudenberg, professor of medicine at the University of California Medical Center, concerned about the slowdown in medical-research appropriations for basic investigations in what he calls the life sciences, has come up with the cost benefit of research in terms of the dollar value of human life saved. The development of the polio vaccines, for example, cost \$41,000,000. Dr. Fudenberg says that 154,000 cases of polio have been prevented by them; 12,500 people would have died and 127,200 would have been seriously disabled. The lifetime cost of income lost would have been over 12 billion dollars.

This cost-benefit approach to life and death seemed worth pursuing. When I read about Dr. Mary Ellen Avery, a professor of pediatrics at Montreal Children's Hospital who is concerned with rising infant mortality in the U.S., I asked if she could do a cost-benefit work-up on infant life and death. She said that our infant death rate is double Sweden's, that the mortality among nonwhite infants is double that among white infants. I asked her how much money would have to be spent, per infant, to lower infant death in the U.S. by one half. "The facts lead to the conclusion that reduction in poverty would be coupled with a reduction in neonatal mortality," Dr. Avery replied. "How much will it cost to eliminate poverty?"

One way of getting at the cost of a human life might be by breaking one down into raw materials and trying to sell them. The value of the resulting chemicals would be \$3.50. But that figure sounds too much like a radio-quiz-show answer to suit me. "*That's right! Three dollars and fifty cents!* (APPLAUSE.) Now, here's a gift that'll make marcelling your hair so easy you'll wonder how you ever lived without it. . . ." Of course, back in the heyday of the radio quiz show, the cost of do-it-yourself life would have been only 43 cents.

The \$3.50 is an academic figure, anyway. Actually, your body isn't worth *anything* without you. But what about those stories of people selling their bodies to science—you know, the ones in which you get an almost unnoticeable tattoo with the name and address of the medical school to which your body is supposed to go? I asked a medical school's cadaver expert and he told me that, unfortunately, he had never heard of anybody getting cash for his body. In fact, tax experts assure me that if you will your body to a nonprofit research institution, you're not even entitled to an estate-tax deduction. The whole thing sounds like a shuck concocted by the tattooists' union.

The cost of life to a couple that wants to add one to its family depends on its fertility and, if it is infertile, on its religion. The basic cost of making a kid is about \$1000—\$500 for an obstetrician who will provide prenatal care and deliver the baby and \$500 to \$600 for the hospital. If the husband isn't fertile, the wife can be fertilized by artificial insemination: One New York doctor charges \$350 to \$500 with guaranteed results.

If no amount of money will enable a couple to make a baby, it can adopt one. If done through a charitable agency, this can cost nothing. A commercial agency such as New York's Talbot-Perkins charges ten percent of the husband's annual income, with a maximum of \$1800. The average fee is \$900. There's a discount for the second and third adoptions.

Would-be parents who are white discover that adoption is one area of American life in which Third World people have an edge. With abortion laws being liberalized, there just aren't that many unwanted white babies being offered for adoption anymore. So if you've got to have a white baby, it's a seller's market. Literally: There are plenty of sellers in the baby business. Las Vegas is a major center of the black-market baby trade. (continued on page 154)



"Let's humor them. There's enough international tension as it is."

FOUR NEW POEMS BY YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO

with english translations by james dickey, john updike and others



CRAIG

KAMIKAZE

And I shudder

and come to my senses—Look!
His elbows dug into the green table,
a former kamikaze pilot—a dead man, Japanese,
truly—is talking about Raskolnikov.
At a “Symposium on the Novel,” he’s forty-five,
an old man. He’s like
polite sobbing . . .

he’s like a scream
strangled by a necktie. And through us
and somewhere past us,
through shimose flak and the shade of Lazo*
like the yellow shine of Hiroshima,
reeling,

his face flies past.
But in his throat you can’t tell
whether it’s a lump of tears
or a cough lump, or what.

The Emperor wanted him to grow up
humble, his death already assigned . . .

a kamikaze.

Sure, it’s great to swim along
hands and bouquets, to be slapped on the back by the military
there, at the parade. Sure,
it’s fine to be a “hero of the people.” But hero
in the name of *what?*

With a few buddies,
this one shucked off his hero status
and said he’d just as soon stay
alive.

That took more guts than exploding
for a goddamned lie!

I’m supposed to be hell-for-leather
myself,

but what of my life and death, really?
What *do* I think, sinful and mortal,
among sinful, mortal people?

We’re all assigned our deaths . . .
We’re kamikazes. The “divine wind” . . .
the wind of death whistles in our ears:
Every footfall on this bomb-cratered planet
is a step toward death.

So what if I get busted up and crushed
but not because a dictator says so? I’ll pull the control column
up by the roots,

fire-wall the throttle
on collision course, and go out
like the last battering-ram.

But, sons, daughters,
descendants,
though my body sifts down in ashes, I’d like,
from the scraps of my plane, something good to explode
through to you.

How strange it is, though,
to seem to yourself always dying
in the sky for not

anything! To turn out to be lied to
and still living in the face of your death
assignment, and to be evil
as well! Yes, a living evil
long since supposed to be gone!

—TRANSLATED BY JAMES DICKEY

*Sergei Georгиеvich Lazo, a Soviet commander in Siberia in 1920, was captured by the Japanese and then burned alive by the White Guard.



LIGHT DIED IN THE HALL . . .

Light died in the hall. . . Yet while, upon the boards,
Darkness arose and played the only role,
There poured through all my veins, in icy chords,
The chill of an inaudible chorale.

I knew that there, prepared for the prolog, seen
By none, perhaps, but the wide eye of God,
Like a sliver of the darkness, like a lean
Shade among shadows, slim and alive, you stood.

I had not God's high vision, yet within,
Like the voice of God, I felt the music rise,
And I saw, not with my sight but with my skin,
As with a thousand small, concerted eyes,

And there, in the dark, in the intermittencies
Of someone's breathing, the dense transparencies
Of the incorporeal shadows, I discovered
With a wild guess, and could in rapture tell
That point, apart from paradise or hell,
Where, waiting for its flame, a candle hovered.

And you were kindled, and the light reuttered,
And the chaos of strange blackness was no more,
And only a little golden forelock fluttered
Before me, like a wind-whipped tongue of fire.

—TRANSLATED BY RICHARD WILBUR

BROWN



DAMP WHITE IMPRINTS . . .

Damp white imprints dog the feet;
snowbound trolley, snowbound street.
Her tip of glove to lip and cheek,
"Goodbye." Go.
Deathly, into soaring snow
and stillness, as expected, go.
A turn:

the plunge to the Métro.
A blare of lights. A melting hat.
I stand, am spun in drafts, see black
take the tunnel, train and track,
sit and wait as others sat,
touch cold marble, chill my hand
and, heavyhearted, understand
that nothing ever really happened,
ever would, ever can.

—TRANSLATED BY ANTHONY KAHN

LERNER



STOLEN APPLES

Fences careened in the storm;
we stole through the bitter shadows
like thieving children warmed
by shirtfuls of stolen apples.

The apples wanted to spill;
to bite them was frightening.
But we loved one another
and that was the great thing.

Secluding us criminal twins
in a cosmos of dirty waves,
the snug cottage whispered,
"Be brave and love . . . be brave. . ."

The cottage's owner, an ex-
soccer hero, from his photo
dim on the glimmering mantel,
urged, "Be bold . . . plunge through. . ."

So, pivoting and twisting,
we burst through the penalty zone,
slipped past the last defender,
and billowed the nets of the goal!

Rest period. Above us, in dust
we seemed to dream,
tiny soccer shoes oscillated
on an invisible field.

"Play," each mote insisted,
"Play, but play earnestly.
The earth's heavy globe is a speck
Like us, essentially."

We played again; we kicked.
The game perhaps was stupid
but we did love one another
and that felt splendid.

Drugged by its roaring, the sea
mumbled of something profound,
but then a golden fish, your bang,
splashed upon your brow,

and I was unconcerned to know
that once on the storm's other side,
for all my bravura folly,
I'd sink back with the tide.

Let slander pursue me.
Love isn't for the feeble.
The odor of love is the scent
not of bought but of stolen apples.

What matters the watchman's shout
when, wrapped in the sea's far hiss,
I can cushion my head between
two salty apples I've filched.

—TRANSLATED BY JOHN UPDIKE

IMMORTALITY (continued from page 150)

Most of the infants are headed for California, where prime white babies in mint condition go for \$3000 to \$7500 per baby. But the price you'll have to pay depends on what kind of white baby you want. A few years ago, a lawyer in Brooklyn discovered that he could undercut the competition in the Italian-baby business by importing the kids from Italian orphanages. What difference did it make where the kid was born, the parents-to-be figured—an Italian's an Italian, even if he isn't born in Brooklyn. The lawyer sold at least 168 babies over a four-year span at prices averaging \$750 each before the authorities caught up with him.

These days, many white prospective parents deal in the so-called gray-market end of the baby business, in which lawyers offer to arrange an adoption with the mother and the prospective parents. The fees can run into thousands of dollars, not so much to pay for the legal steps involved as for the fact that the lawyers know where to find adoptable babies. Before locating the make and model baby of your choice, you may have to pay front money to a few lawyers—usually \$100 each—before you find one who can actually line up a baby who meets your specifications. The fee depends on what your specifications are. The most expensive babies are Jewish. And the most expensive Jewish babies are girls. One New York couple reported that it paid \$6000 to a lawyer—plus \$386 round-trip California-to-New York first-class air fare for an adult companion for the child—for a baby girl with Jewish parents. The only person who could be more protective of her kid than a Jewish mother would have to be a Jewish mother who had paid \$6386 for her—retail, yet.

Recently, the cost of life became an issue in California politics when Governor Ronald Reagan proposed stopping state health-insurance payments to unmarried pregnant girls. "The state," opined Reagan, "has no business providing a financial incentive for immorality." Abortions are legal in California and one third of them had been paid for by Medi-Cal. A. Alan Post, legislative analyst for the state of California, countered with the argument that if an unwanted child was born to a destitute woman, it would become a welfare charge whose cost from birth to maturity he calculated to be \$15,000. A legal abortion would cost the state only \$350 to \$400. So the state was going to pay dearly for its exercise in self-righteousness, while it got into a new business: providing a financial incentive for illegal abortions.

We can get an idea of how stingy welfare payments are if we compare Post's estimate of the cost to the state of a young life with the cost of a privately financed 18-year-old. The Institute of

Life Insurance took into account the total outlay for food, housing, clothing, transportation, medical care, recreation, education and, of course, "miscellaneous," and it says the average 18-year-old will run about \$29,750 without a trade-in. That's for a kid who grows up in a family with today's average yearly income of \$7500 to \$10,000. And, according to financial columnist Sylvia Porter, as you move into a higher bracket, an 18-year-old in good condition can easily get into the \$50,000 to \$75,000 range. But look at it this way—you get what you pay for, right?

The cost of life is not an abstract notion: There are people who have to pay just to stay alive. The father of 20-year-old Eric Friedland, a Harvard student from Kings Point, New York, must pay \$22,000 a year for injections of a clotting factor that stabilizes his son's hemophilia—\$423.08 a week—without which he'd bleed to death internally. But Friedland is lucky; there's somebody to pay the bills. Even when insurance and charity pay part of the cost, most of the 100,000 or so hemophiliacs have to fork over \$3000 to \$10,000 a year for injections of human Stop Leak. There are also over 4000 Americans who use an artificial-kidney machine three times a week. Otherwise, they'd poison themselves internally. The treatment costs \$20,000 to \$40,000 a year in a hospital. But if you don't have the money, you get the treatment for free, right? Wrong. If you don't have the money, you may die. Five thousand five hundred people died last year—many of whom would have been saved had there been medics, machines and money. At one Minnesota hospital, you have to put \$12,000 in escrow for the first year's care before it will put you on a machine. "A couple of people have felt they'd rather die than spend the amount of money involved," says one of the doctors there.

The practice of placing a monetary value on human life is nothing new, of course. The price of Negro slaves fluctuated with the value of cotton, from around \$300 in 1795 to a high of \$1800 for "prime field hands" in Georgia in 1859. A skilled black craftsman could bring twice that amount, a "prime woman" three quarters to four fifths, children and old people half and infants one tenth to one eighth. If a black man wanted to be free, all he had to do was buy himself from his master. Even assuming he could scam the money, though, he would discover something that emancipation didn't fix: Everything was just a little more expensive for black people—even themselves.

There also used to be an active trade in prostitutes in the U.S. Unlike slavery, however, it was thoroughly illegal. In 1910, the White Slave Trade Act made

a Federal case out of buying and selling ladies of dalliance but didn't stop it. "The ease with which young and pretty girls can be bought for a paltry \$50 and confined in questionable houses against their will," reported a New York daily in 1915, "was shown yesterday when Lieutenant E— bargained for and 'bought' three girls. He only paid ten dollars down on each—the balance was to be paid if the girls 'proved satisfactory.'"

The trade in female flesh petered out in the U.S. in the Thirties, but girls are still bought and sold as prostitutes elsewhere. In Thailand, Chinese traders deal in Amerasian girls of 10 to 12 years of age, the products of liaisons between American troops and Thai "hired wives." Prices range from \$25 to \$50 per child. After a story appeared in U.S. newspapers that the Pearl S. Buck Foundation had confirmed reports of children being bought and sold in Thailand, the foundation's director began to get letters from Americans who knew a bargain when they saw one. "Now," said the director, "I have to write them all and explain that we don't sell children."

It's been said that the Nazis put no value on human life. The truth is that they had a rather high estimation of what human lives were worth—at least in reichsmarks; but since they couldn't quite imagine anyone else being as estimable as they were, they chose to annihilate them wholesale instead. In December 1938, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht proposed to the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees that it ransom 150,000 Jews for three billion marks (1.2 billion dollars): \$8000 for the life of each Jew—at prewar prices, quite a bundle. While the committee was considering the Nazis' scheme, the offer was mysteriously withdrawn. It was meant to be outrageous; the thought that anyone would take it seriously had apparently not even been considered. But the idea of putting a price on the head of a Jew was contagious. The following year, 907 Jews attempted to escape from Germany on the luxury liner *St. Louis*. The emigrants planned to go to Cuba, where they could wait in peace to be admitted to the U.S. When the ship arrived in Havana, right-wing Cuban officials demanded a \$1,000,000 bond for the emigrants and \$350,000 in personal payoffs or they wouldn't admit the passengers: \$1488.42 per Jew. The refugees simply couldn't cough up the cost of life. In a telegram, they appealed to President Roosevelt for asylum. There was no reply. In the great American tradition of brotherhood, compassion and hospitality, he allowed them to be sent back to Europe, where most of them died in concentration camps.

Because of the scale on which they inflicted it, the Nazis became acutely conscious of the cost of death. At the

(continued on page 250)

WE'RE NOT about to insist that cocktail soups will make your reputation as an accomplished chef or collector of beautiful women. But what they *can* do, certainly, is add a dollop of intrigue to an ofttime pedestrian first course and get your brunch, lunch or dinner started on a raffish note—which is not a bad return on something really quite simple. Before going further,

Souped-Up Soups

*adding proof provides
a spirited change of pace*

food and drink By Emanuel Greenberg

let's make one thing perfectly clear—as The Man says. Cocktail soups have nothing in common with such effete conceits as the suggestion of claret in the consommé nor the glimmer of sherry in the lobster bisque. They're racy, ribald mugs or bowls of soup, generously splashed with liquor. The smack of the spirit and its assertive *(continued on page 204)*



VARGAS GIRL

*“Now, that’s the
kind of group therapy
I really like.”*





Vargas

THE PRIMITIVE (continued from page 136)

flogging. To punish parents, their children's brains might be dashed out. Even when the Indian managed to work hard enough to escape punishment, he might very well be tortured anyway for the sport of it. And those who escaped the white man's violence had a very good chance of succumbing to one of the contagious diseases of civilization.

The Europeans justified their treatment of the native Americans by the casuistic argument that because the Indians were nontechnological, non-Christian and nonwhite, they could be dealt with as nonpeople. (This despite the widely held romantic picture of the Indian as a Noble Savage that had been painted by poets and philosophers.) Actually, the New World's first inhabitants possessed a broad range of skills and accomplishments, and when some were given a chance to demonstrate these—before their cultural pride had been destroyed—they proved to be able adapters to the ways of the white man. A good example of this can be found in the Cherokees of Georgia. Before they were prodded into unwanted wastelands by the Removal Act of 1830, they had developed a memorable record of industry, agriculture and learning. A Cherokee named Sequoya had perfected a syllabary notation for writing their language. They had prepared their own tribal constitution and by 1828 were printing a newspaper.

The Cherokee achievement was not the rule, however. Most American Indian tribal groups found it impossible to adapt to white European culture. Even if they had been able to demonstrate that they were prepared to abandon their own traditions, there was little chance of their ever being integrated into American society of the 19th Century. Neither in North nor in South America could they hope to be treated as anything but hated and feared savages—as inferior beings by most, as benighted heathens, candidates for conversion to Christianity, at best.

Proof of the Indian's inferiority could be found in his "backwardness," his primitiveness and the religious, social and political customs that—when their existence was even acknowledged—seemed barbaric. That the Indian had achieved so little in the Western sense of achievement was attributed to his innate laziness. (Of course, the corollary was that a lazy individual did not deserve to control his own destiny and therefore needed a strong-handed taskmaster.) Yet anyone who has spent much time among primitive peoples, as I have, knows that what often seems in Western eyes to be laziness is really a highly practical and

time-tested way of meeting human needs in a particular environment. Hunting peoples, for example, may spend many hungry days in tracking game; then, because they lack the means or the ability to preserve meat, will spend days gorging themselves on their quarry.

The Indians of the Americas do not need apologists for their so-called backwardness. Their contributions to the accumulated body of human knowledge are impressive. The great Amazon basin alone, where many of the most primitive people of the earth are still gathered, has given to medicine curare as a treatment for paralysis and as an anesthetic; the Indian pharmacopoeia also includes cocaine from the coca shrub, salicylate (aspirin) derived from the bark of the willow, digitalis from the foxglove plant, quinine from cinchona bark. Brazilian Indians discovered important drugs used to treat ulcers, wounds and skin diseases, including scurvy, eczema and leprosy; and drugs to induce sterility long before the pill became a part of our vocabulary. The list is virtually endless, because "civilized" medicine has still not completed the task of searching out and testing primitive drugs.

Foods that have become staple items around the world since their discovery in the New World are equally important. Men who came to South and Central America for riches took back knowledge of fruits and vegetables such as corn, pepper, guava, pineapple, pumpkin, tomato, squash, most types of beans and such important tubers as potato, sweet potato, *oca* and manioc. Indians had been eating "Irish potatoes," "Spanish sauce" and "Hungarian paprika" long before Europeans were aware that American Indians existed. In the New World they found not only cotton and rubber and chicle but also tobacco, the use of which spread so rapidly from the time it was taken to Europe in 1556 that by the early 1700s the Eskimos were getting their supply through trade with Siberia.

Unhappily, there are some Indian practices that were not taken over so completely by the white invaders: hospitality, generosity and kindness. Even among those tribes who have the best reasons for distrusting the white man, I have found a genuine willingness to accept each newcomer on his own merits once it has been demonstrated that he means no harm. Stories of lost or injured white men who have been cared for by Indians are legion. All things considered, a lone white man would stand a much better chance of remaining alive if he

stumbled into a group of Indians than if it were the other way around.

The Bororo Indians of Brazil, on the verge of extinction, have good reason to be suspicious of white intruders. Yet they were happy to feed me, to take me with them on hunting trips and to perform their sacred funeral rites before my camera. I owe my life to a Jivaro family who nursed me through a serious case of dysentery with as much care as if I had been one of their own. The leader of this family, a chieftain with many heads to his credit, died in an attempt to help me. He was bitten by a bushmaster while traveling to a distant medicine man, or *wishinu*, who had once made a white man well.

This is not to suggest that primitive Indians have a monopoly on courtesy and kindness. And sometimes their social and moral codes are difficult for an outsider to understand—much less live by. We may find some primitive communal attitudes—the Indian's insistence that he share your goods, that you share his—not consonant with Western man's concept of property rights. Or we may find it difficult to fathom the primitive's sudden anger, his strange practical jokes and his seemingly unnecessary fears. But he is more than likely to apply the standards he lives by to the visitor. The primitive expects the outsider to play by his rules; if he does, the reward is usually genuine friendship.

The white invader has not, on the whole, been as consistent. Indians have often learned, for example, about the white man's lofty moral and religious ideals from missionaries; then they are confronted by a group of bullies with rifles and pistols who deprive them of their land, their women, their dignity and—if they object—their lives. It has been recorded that a certain Caribbean chief was being told by a priest of the glorious life that awaited him in Heaven; he was at that moment tied to a stake and about to be burned alive by the Spaniards. "Let me go to Hell," he countered, "that I may not come where they are."

Franz Boas, the trail-blazing anthropologist and ethnologist, explained earlier in this century that achievement and aptitude do not go hand in hand, that a 4000- or 5000-year delay in cultural advancement could be explained by variations in the life history of peoples. Such a time lag appears insignificant when set against the entire span of man's occupation of this planet. "What does it mean, then," wrote Boas, "if one group of mankind reached a certain stage of cultural development at the age of 100,000 years and another at the age of 104,000 years?"

The date of man's first appearance
(continued on page 254)

*vote for your favorites
for the sixteenth all-star band*

the 1972 playboy jazz & pop poll

OUR MUSIC POLL has changed with the shifting music scene. Noting that the once-disparate areas of music were rapidly merging, PLAYBOY four years ago broadened the base of its poll to include the newly evolving musical forms. The Playboy Jazz Poll became the Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll. Last year, the balloting structure was changed to

facilitate handling. Readers no longer have to check the names of their choices on the ballot but may simply fill in the blanks on the foldout ballot that follows the listings. The only thing predictable about this year's poll, in the light of the volatility of the current music scene, is that it undoubtedly will be the most interesting and the biggest ever.

Satchmo at work: Robert Monroe's special-process photograph dramatically portrays the late jazz giant and Playboy Hall of Famer Louis Armstrong.



BIG-BAND LEADER*(Please choose one.)*

1. Burt Bacharach
2. Count Basie
3. Louis Bellson
4. Tex Beneke
5. James Brown
6. Les Brown
7. Donald Byrd
8. Ray Charles
9. Clarke-Boland
10. Buddy De Franco
11. Les Elgart
12. Duke Ellington
13. Don Ellis
14. Gil Evans
15. Richard Evans
16. Maynard Ferguson
17. Lionel Hampton
18. Woody Herman
19. J. J. Jackson
20. Harry James
21. Quincy Jones
22. Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
23. Stan Kenton
24. Henry Mancini
25. Oliver Nelson
26. Sun Ra
27. Buddy Rich
28. Bobby Rosengarden
29. Doc Severinsen
30. Gerald Wilson
31. Si Zentner

TRUMPET*(Please choose four.)*

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Gary Barone
5. Billy Butterfield
6. Donald Byrd
7. Pete Candoli
8. Gary Chandler
9. Bill Chase
10. Don Cherry
11. Buck Clayton
12. Miles Davis
13. Barbara Donald
14. Harry Edison
15. Roy Eldridge
16. Don Ellis
17. Art Farmer
18. Maynard Ferguson
19. Dizzy Gillespie
20. Bobby Hackett
21. Al Hirt
22. Freddie Hubbard
23. Harry James
24. Jonah Jones
25. Thad Jones
26. Bobby Lewis
27. Hugh Masekela
28. Lee Morgan
29. Cynthia Robinson
30. Doc Severinsen
31. Woody Shaw
32. Clark Terry
33. Kid Thomas
34. Snooky Young

TROMBONE*(Please choose four.)*

1. Wayne Andre
2. Chris Barber
3. Harold Betters
4. Bob Brookmeyer
5. Garnett Brown
6. Jimmy Cleveland
7. Buster Cooper
8. Vic Dickenson
9. Carl Fontana
10. Curtis Fuller
11. Benny Green
12. Urbie Green
13. Al Grey
14. Dick Halligan
15. Slide Hampton
16. Bill Harris
17. Wayne Henderson
18. J. C. Higginbotham
19. Quentin Jackson
20. J. J. Johnson
21. Albert Mangelsdorff
22. Grachan Moncur III
23. Turk Murphy
24. Benny Powell
25. Julian Priester
26. Jim Robinson
27. Frank Rosolino
28. Roswell Rudd
29. Dickie Wells
30. Kai Winding
31. Si Zentner

ALTO SAX*(Please choose two.)*

1. Cannonball Adderley
2. Gary Bartz
3. Al Belletto
4. Benny Carter
5. Ornette Coleman
6. Hank Crawford
7. Sonny Criss
8. King Curtis
9. Paul Desmond
10. Lou Donaldson
11. Bunky Green
12. John Handy
13. Paul Horn
14. Eric Kloss
15. Lee Konitz
16. Yusef Lateef
17. Fred Lipsius
18. Charlie Mariano
19. Jackie McLean
20. Charles McPherson
21. James Moody
22. Oliver Nelson
23. Art Pepper
24. Russell Procope
25. Marshall Royal
26. Bud Shank
27. Huey Simmons
28. Zoot Sims
29. Sonny Stitt
30. Norris Turner
31. Bob Wilber
32. Paul Winter
33. Jimmy Woods
34. Phil Woods

TENOR SAX*(Please choose two.)*

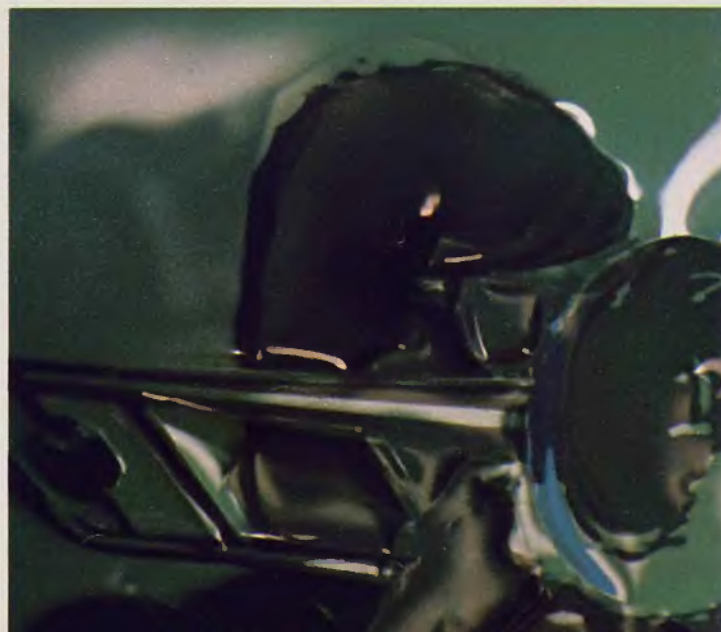
1. Gene Ammons
2. Gato Barbieri
3. Rusty Bryant
4. Sam Butera
5. Don Byas
6. Al Cohn
7. Buddy Collette
8. Bob Cooper
9. Corky Corcoran
10. King Curtis
11. Eddie Daniels
12. Eddie Davis
13. Frank Foster
14. Bud Freeman
15. Stan Getz
16. Paul Gonsalves
17. Dexter Gordon
18. Johnny Griffin
19. Eddie Harris
20. Joe Henderson
21. Illinois Jacquet
22. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
23. John Klemmer
24. Harold Land
25. Yusef Lateef
26. Charles Lloyd
27. Don Menza
28. Eddie Miller
29. James Moody
30. "Fathead" Newman
31. Sal Nistico
32. Art Pepper
33. Boots Randolph
34. Sonny Rollins
35. Pharoah Sanders
36. Archie Shepp
37. Wayne Shorter
38. Huey Simmons
39. Zoot Sims
40. Ira Sullivan
41. Buddy Tate
42. Lucky Thompson
43. Stanley Turrentine
44. Ben Webster
45. Frank Wess
46. Chris Wood

BARITONE SAX*(Please choose one.)*

1. Pepper Adams
2. Danny Bank
3. Ernie Caceres
4. Jay Cameron
5. Harry Carney
6. Leroy Cooper
7. Benny Crawford
8. Ronnie Cuber
9. Charles Davis
10. Charlie Fowlkes
11. Raphael Garrett
12. Chuck Gentry
13. Jimmy Giuffre
14. Frank Hittner
15. Bill Hood
16. Jim Horn
17. Gerry Mulligan
18. Pat Patrick
19. Cecil Payne
20. Don Raffell
21. Jerome Richardson
22. Ronnie Ross
23. Clifford Scott
24. Bud Shank
25. Lonnie Shaw
26. Sahib Shihab
27. John Surman

CLARINET*(Please choose one.)*

1. Alvin Batiste
2. Barney Bigard
3. Acker Bilk
4. Ray Burke
5. John Carter
6. Frank Chace
7. Buddy Collette
8. Kenny Davern
9. Buddy De Franco
10. Pete Fountain
11. Bob Fritz
12. Jerry Fuller
13. Jimmy Giuffre
14. Benny Goodman



15. Jimmy Hamilton
16. Woody Herman
17. Peanuts Hucko
18. Rahsaan Roland Kirk
19. Rolf Kuhn
20. Prince Lasha
21. Matty Matlock
22. Benny Maupin
23. Bob Palmer
24. Art Pepper
25. Russell Procope
26. Tony Scott
27. Bill Smith
28. Pee Wee Spitelara
29. Bob Wilber
30. Phil Woods

PIANO

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Benny Aronov
3. Burt Bacharach
4. Count Basie
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Jaki Byard
7. Ray Charles
8. Chucho
9. Cy Coleman
10. Chick Corea
11. Eumir Deodato
12. Duke Ellington
13. Bill Evans
14. Erroll Garner
15. Nick Gravenites
16. Vince Guaraldi
17. Herbie Hancock
18. Barry Harris
19. Hampton Hawes
20. Eddie Higgins
21. Earl "Fatha" Hines
22. Nicky Hopkins
23. Dick Hyman
24. Ahmad Jamal
25. Keith Jarrett
26. Elton John

27. John Lewis
28. Ramsey Lewis
29. Les McCann
30. Marian McPartland
31. Sergio Mendes
32. Thelonious Monk
33. Peter Nero
34. Oscar Peterson
35. André Previn
36. Jimmy Rowles
37. Leon Russell
38. Joe Sample
39. George Shearing
40. Horace Silver
41. Cecil Taylor
42. McCoy Tyner
43. Mary Lou Williams
44. Neil Young
45. Joe Zawinul

ORGAN

(Please choose one.)

1. Brian Auger
2. Booker T.
3. Owen Bradley
4. Odell Brown
5. Sonny Burke
6. Ray Charles
7. Jackie Davis
8. Wild Bill Davis
9. Bill Doggett
10. Doug Duke
11. Charles Earland
12. Keith Emerson
13. Barry Goldberg
14. Isaac Hayes
15. Groove Holmes
16. Garth Hudson
17. Dick Hyman
18. Keith Jarrett
19. Al Kooper
20. Eddy Louiss
21. Ray Manzarek
22. Brother Jack McDuff
23. Jimmy McGriff
24. Lee Michaels

25. Billy Preston
26. Sun Ra
27. Mike Ratledge
28. Shirley Scott
29. Jimmy Smith
30. Johnny "Hammond" Smith
31. Leon Spencer, Jr.
32. Walter Wanderley
33. Stevie Winwood
34. Richard Wright
35. Khalid Yasin

VIBES

(Please choose one.)

1. Roy Ayers
2. Larry Bunker
3. Gary Burton
4. Teddy Charles
5. Don Elliott
6. Victor Feldman
7. Terry Gibbs
8. Tyree Glenn
9. Gunter Hampel
10. Lionel Hampton
11. Bobby Hutcherson
12. Milt Jackson
13. Stu Katz
14. Johnny Lytle
15. Mike Mainieri
16. Gary McFarland
17. Buddy Montgomery
18. Red Norvo
19. Dave Pike
20. Emil Richards
21. Cal Tjader
22. Tommy Vig

GUITAR

(Please choose one.)

1. Laurindo Almeida
2. Chet Atkins
3. Jeff Beck
4. George Benson
5. Chuck Berry
6. Mike Bloomfield
7. Kenny Burrell
8. Charlie Byrd
9. Glen Campbell
10. Eric Clapton
11. Ry Cooder
12. Larry Coryell
13. Steve Cropper
14. Mike Deasy
15. Duane Eddy
16. Herb Ellis
17. Tal Farlow
18. José Feliciano
19. Eric Gale
20. Jerry Garcia
21. João Gilberto
22. Nick Gravenites
23. Grant Green
24. Marty Grosz
25. Buddy Guy
26. Jerry Hahn
27. Jim Hall
28. Bill Harris
29. George Harrison
30. John Lee Hooker

31. Lightnin' Hopkins
32. Barney Kessel
33. Albert King
34. B. B. King
35. Alvin Lee
36. John Lennon
37. Taj Mahal
38. Harvey Mandel
39. Pat Martino
40. John Mayall
41. John McLaughlin
42. Tony Mottola
43. Shuggie Otis
44. Jimmy Page
45. Joe Pass
46. Tom Paxton
47. Jerry Reed
48. Keith Richard
49. Howard Roberts
50. Robbie Robertson
51. Carlos Santana
52. Bola Sete
53. Sonny Sharrock
54. Melvin Sparks
55. Cat Stevens
56. Stephen Stills
57. Gabor Szabo
58. James Taylor
59. Peter Townshend
60. Phil Upchurch
61. George Van Eps
62. Muddy Waters
63. Mason Williams
64. Johnny Winter
65. Attila Zoller

BASS

(Please choose one.)

1. Keter Betts
2. Walter Booker
3. Ray Brown
4. Jack Bruce
5. Joe Byrd
6. Ron Carter
7. Jack Casady
8. Gene Chericco
9. Buddy Clark
10. Bob Cranshaw
11. Art Davis
12. Richard Davis
13. Chuck Domanico
14. Donald "Duck" Dunn
15. George Duvivier
16. Jim Fielder
17. Jimmy Garrison
18. Eddie Gomez
19. Rick Grech
20. Charlie Haden
21. Bob Haggart
22. Percy Heath
23. Mike Henderson
24. Milt Hinton
25. Chuck Israels
26. Chubby Jackson
27. Gerald Jemmott
28. Sam Jones
29. James Leary
30. Cecil McBee



LIST YOUR CHOICES ON THE FOLDOUT BALLOT THAT FOLLOWS

31. Paul McCartney
32. Wolfgang Melz
33. Charles Mingus
34. Monk Montgomery
35. Gary Peacock
36. Chuck Rainey
37. Noel Redding
38. Rufus Reid
39. Larry Ridley
40. Mel Schacher
41. Jack Six
42. Steve Swallow
43. Phil Upchurch
44. Leroy Vinnegar
45. Miroslav Vitous
46. Buster Williams
47. Gene Wright
48. El Dee Young

DRUMS

(Please choose one.)

1. Rashied Ali
2. Steve Bagby
3. Ginger Baker
4. Louis Bellson
5. Hal Blaine
6. Art Blakey
7. John Bonham
8. Larry Bunker
9. Joe Chambers
10. Kenny Clarke
11. Cozy Cole
12. Bobby Colomby
13. Alan Dawson
14. Jack De Johnette
15. Vernel Fournier
16. Chico Hamilton
17. Jake Hanna
18. Louis Hayes
19. Roy Haynes
20. Red Holt
21. Stix Hooper
22. Al Jackson
23. Oliver Jackson
24. Elvin Jones
25. Jo Jones
26. Philly Joe Jones
27. Connie Kay
28. Gene Krupa
29. Stan Levey
30. Mel Lewis
31. Shelly Manne
32. Roy McCurdy
33. Mitch Mitchell
34. Keith Moon
35. Joe Morello
36. Idris Muhammad
37. Sandy Nelson
38. Fito de la Parra
39. Sonny Payne
40. Bernard Purdie
41. Buddy Rich
42. Max Roach
43. Bobby Rosengarden
44. Mike Shrieve
45. Jack Sperling
46. Ringo Starr
47. Grady Tate

48. Ed Thigpen
49. Bob Tilles
50. Charlie Watts
51. Tony Williams

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

(Please choose one.)

1. Ian Anderson, *flute*
2. Ray Brown, *cello*
3. Don Butterfield, *tuba*
4. Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
5. Candido, *congas*
6. Buddy Collette, *flute*
7. Alice Coltrane, *harp*
8. Ry Cooder, *mandolin*
9. James Cotton, *harmonica*
10. Buddy De Franco, *bass clarinet*
11. Pete Drake, *steel guitar*
12. Bob Dylan, *harmonica*
13. Keith Emerson, *Moog*
14. Rufus Harley, *bagpipes*
15. Sugar Cane Harris, *violin*
16. George Harrison, *sitar*
17. John Hartford, *banjo*
18. Paul Horn, *flute*
19. Dick Hyman, *Moog*
20. Budd Johnson, *soprano sax*
21. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, *flute, manzello, stritch*
22. Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
23. Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
24. Hubert Laws, *flute*
25. Charles Lloyd, *flute*
26. Herbie Mann, *flute*
27. John Mayall, *harmonica*
28. James Moody, *flute*
29. Charlie Musselwhite, *harmonica*
30. Ray Nance, *violin*
31. Jean-Luc Ponty, *violin*
32. Sun Ra, *Moog*
33. Peter Ruth, *harmonica*
34. Pharoah Sanders, *soprano sax*
35. Mongo Santamaria, *congas*
36. Earl Scruggs, *banjo*
37. John Sebastian, *harmonica*
38. Bud Shank, *flute*
39. Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
40. Huey Simmons, *English horn*
41. Jeremy Steig, *flute*
42. Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
43. Art Van Damme, *accordion*
44. Joe Venuti, *violin*
45. Michael White, *violin*
46. Bob Wilber, *soprano sax*
47. Stevie Wonder, *harmonica*

MALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Ed Ames
3. Harry Belafonte
4. Tony Bennett
5. Brook Benton
6. Chuck Berry
7. Andy Bey

8. Bobby Bland
9. James Brown
10. Oscar Brown, Jr.
11. Jack Bruce
12. Eric Burdon
13. Glen Campbell
14. Johnny Cash
15. David Cassidy
16. Ray Charles
17. David Clayton-Thomas
18. Wayne Cochran
19. Joe Cocker
20. Alice Cooper
21. David Crosby
22. Vic Damone
23. Bobby Darin
24. Sammy Davis Jr.
25. Neil Diamond
26. Fats Domino
27. Donovan
28. Bob Dylan
29. Billy Eckstine
30. Mark Farner
31. José Feliciano
32. Jerry Garcia
33. Marvin Gaye
34. Buddy Greco
35. Arlo Guthrie
36. Merle Haggard
37. Tim Hardin
38. George Harrison
39. Richie Havens
40. Ronnie Hawkins
41. Isaac Hayes
42. Bill Henderson
43. John Lee Hooker
44. Engelbert Humperdinck
45. Mick Jagger
46. Elton John
47. Jack Jones
48. Tom Jones
49. B. B. King
50. Kris Kristofferson
51. Steve Lawrence
52. John Lennon
53. Jerry Lee Lewis
54. Gordon Lightfoot
55. Trini Lopez
56. Dean Martin
57. Johnny Mathis
58. John Mayall
59. Paul McCartney
60. Eugene McDaniels
61. Country Joe McDonald
62. Rod McKuen
63. Van Morrison
64. Graham Nash
65. Anthony Newley
66. Randy Newman
67. Nilsson
68. Phil Ochs
69. Roy Orbison
70. Wilson Pickett
71. Elvis Presley
72. Arthur Prysock
73. Lou Rawls
74. Emitt Rhodes
75. Little Richard
76. Johnny Rivers

77. Jimmy Rushing
78. Leon Russell
79. Bobby Sherman
80. Paul Simon
81. O. C. Smith
82. Ringo Starr
83. Cat Stevens
84. Rod Stewart
85. Stephen Stills
86. Alex Taylor
87. James Taylor
88. Joe Tex
89. Leon Thomas
90. Mel Tormé
91. Muddy Waters
92. Andy Williams
93. Joe Williams
94. Edgar Winter
95. Johnny Winter
96. Stevie Winwood
97. Jimmy Witherspoon
98. Stevie Wonder
99. Glenn Yarbrough
100. Neil Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please choose one.)

1. Lorez Alexandria
2. Ann-Margret
3. Joan Baez
4. Pearl Bailey
5. Joy Bryan
6. Lana Cantrell
7. Vikki Carr
8. Betty Carter
9. Cher
10. Petula Clark
11. Mery Clayton
12. Judy Collins
13. Rita Coolidge
14. Googie Coppola
15. Damita Jo
16. Barbara Dane
17. Jackie De Shannon
18. Julie Driscoll
19. Cass Elliot
20. Ella Fitzgerald
21. Roberta Flack
22. Connie Francis
23. Aretha Franklin
24. Bobbie Gentry
25. Astrud Gilberto
26. Eydie Gormé
27. Helen Humes
28. Lurlean Hunter
29. Janis Ian
30. Mahalia Jackson
31. Lainie Kazan
32. Carole King
33. Peggy Lee
34. Abbey Lincoln
35. Julie London
36. Claudine Longet
37. Lulu
38. Miriam Makeba
39. Barbara McNair
40. Carmen McRae
41. Melanie

42. Liza Minnelli
43. Joni Mitchell
44. Melba Moore
45. Nancy Nelson
46. Laura Nyro
47. Odetta
48. Esther Phillips
49. Della Reese
50. Linda Ronstadt
51. Diana Ross
52. Buffy Sainte-Marie
53. Carly Simon
54. Nina Simone
55. Nancy Sinatra
56. Grace Slick
57. Carol Sloane
58. Dusty Springfield
59. Dakota Staton
60. Barbra Streisand
61. Kate Taylor
62. Diana Trask
63. Mary Travers
64. Tina Turner
65. Leslie Uggams
66. Sarah Vaughan
67. Dionne Warwick
68. Nancy Wilson
69. Tammy Wynette

VOCAL GROUP

(Please choose one.)

1. Association
2. The Band
3. Bee Gees
4. Bread
5. Canned Heat
6. Carpenters
7. Chambers Bros.
8. Clancy Bros.
9. Creedence Clearwater Revival
10. Delaney, Bonnie & Friends
11. Doors
12. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
13. Everly Brothers
14. 5th Dimension
15. Four Freshmen
16. Four Lads
17. Friends of Distinction
18. Grand Funk Railroad
19. Grateful Dead
20. Guess Who
21. Hollies
22. Humble Pie
23. Impressions
24. Jackson 5
25. Jefferson Airplane
26. Gladys Knight and the Pips
27. Led Zeppelin
28. Lettermen
29. Sergio Mendes and Brasil '77
30. Mills Brothers
31. Moody Blues
32. Mothers of Invention
33. New Heavenly Blue

34. NOVI Singers
35. Poco
36. Raeletts
37. Rascals
38. Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
39. Kenny Rogers and the First Edition
40. Rolling Stones
41. Sly & the Family Stone
42. Sonny and Chér
43. Staple Singers
44. Steppenwolf
45. Kirby Stone Company
46. Supremes
47. Temptations
48. Ten Years After
49. Three Dog Night
50. Ike & Tina Turner
51. Velvet Underground
52. The Who

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

(Please choose one.)

1. Mose Allison
2. Harold Arlen
3. David Axelrod
4. Burt Bacharach-Hal David
5. John Barry
6. Lionel Bart
7. Carla Bley
8. Oscar Brown, Jr.
9. Sammy Cahn
10. Johnny Cash
11. Leonard Cohen
12. Cy Coleman
13. Ornette Coleman
14. Betty Comden-Adolph Green
15. Alice Cooper
16. Don Costa
17. David Crosby
18. Miles Davis
19. Eumir Deodato
20. Donovan
21. Bob Dylan
22. Duke Ellington
23. Gil Evans
24. John Fogerty
25. Bobbie Gentry
26. Dave Grusin
27. Merle Haggard
28. Herbie Hancock
29. George Harrison
30. John Hartford
31. Freddie Hubbard
32. Mick Jagger-Keith Richard
33. Keith Jarrett
34. Antonio Carlos Jobim
35. Elton John-Bernie Taupin
36. Quincy Jones
37. Bert Kaempfert
38. Carole King
39. Kris Kristofferson
40. Michel Legrand
41. John Lennon
42. Alan Jay Lerner

43. Gordon Lightfoot
44. John D. Loudermilk
45. Galt MacDermot
46. Henry Mancini
47. Johnny Mandel
48. Cal Massey
49. Curtis Mayfield
50. Paul McCartney
51. Eugene McDaniels
52. Rod McKuen
53. Johnny Mercer
54. Charles Mingus
55. Thelonious Monk
56. Van Morrison
57. Fred Neil
58. Oliver Nelson
59. Randy Newman
60. Nilsson
61. Laura Nyro
62. Jimmy Page
63. Robbie Robertson
64. Smokey Robinson
65. George Russell
66. Lalo Schiffrin
67. Shel Silverstein
68. Huey Simmons
69. Paul Simon
70. Leon Spencer, Jr.
71. Cat Stevens
72. Stephen Stills
73. Jule Styne
74. James Taylor
75. Peter Townshend
76. Jimmy Van Heusen
77. Jim Webb
78. Tony Joe White
79. Gerald Wilson
80. Stevie Winwood
81. Stevie Wonder
82. Neil Young
83. Frank Zappa

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please choose one.)

1. Cannonball Adderley Quintet
2. Gene Ammons Quartet
3. Bee Gees
4. Al Belletto Quartet
5. Art Blakely and the Jazz Messengers
6. Blood, Sweat & Tears
7. Booker T. & the MG's
8. Bread
9. Dave Brubeck Quartet
10. Gary Burton Quartet
11. Charlie Byrd Quintet
12. Canned Heat
13. Captain Beefheart & the Magic Band
14. Chase
15. Chicago
16. Ornette Coleman Quartet
17. Alice Cooper
18. The Crusaders
19. Miles Davis
20. Derek & the Dominos
21. Dukes of Dixieland
22. Charles Earland Quartet
23. Emerson, Lake & Palmer
24. Bill Evans Trio
25. Stan Getz Quartet
26. Grand Funk Railroad
27. Vince Guaraldi Quartet
28. Bobby Hackett Quintet
29. Chico Hamilton Quartet
30. Herbie Hancock Sextet
31. John Handy Quintet
32. Eddie Harris Quartet
33. Hampton Hawes Trio
34. Earl Hines Quartet
35. Al Hirt & Pec Wee & the Young Set
36. Groove Holmes Trio
37. Freddie Hubbard Quintet
38. Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet
39. Illinois Jacquet Trio
40. Ahmad Jamal Trio
41. Jefferson Airplane
42. Elvin Jones Trio
43. B. B. King
44. Rahsaan Roland Kirk & the Vibration Society
45. Ramsey Lewis Trio
46. Herbie Mann & Air
47. Shelly Manne Sextet
48. Hugh Masekela
49. Les McCann Ltd.
50. Marian McPartland Trio
51. Charles Mingus Quintet
52. Modern Jazz Quartet
53. Thelonious Monk Quartet
54. Mothers of Invention
55. Pentangle
56. Oscar Peterson Trio
57. Jean-Luc Ponty Quartet
58. Preservation Hall Jazz Band
59. Max Roach Quartet
60. George Russell Sextet
61. Pharoah Sanders Quintet
62. Santana
63. Tony Scott Quartet
64. Bola Sete Quartet
65. George Shearing Quintet
66. Archie Shepp
67. Horace Silver Quintet
68. Jimmy Smith Trio
69. Soft Machine
70. Cecil Taylor Unit
71. Cal Tjader Quintet
72. Jethro Tull
73. Velvet Underground
74. Ventures
75. Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
76. Weather Report
77. Tony Williams Lifetime
78. Teddy Wilson Trio
79. Winter Consort
80. Phil Woods & His European Rhythm Machine
81. The World's Greatest Jazzband
82. Young-Holt, Unlimited

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1972 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL ON THE FOLDOUT BALLOT THAT FOLLOWS

Please put down the numbers of listed candidates you choose, the names of your write-in choices; only one in each category, except where otherwise indicated.

1972 playboy jazz & pop poll ballot

BIG-BAND LEADER

FIRST TRUMPET

SECOND TRUMPET

THIRD TRUMPET

FOURTH TRUMPET

FIRST TROMBONE

SECOND TROMBONE

THIRD TROMBONE

FOURTH TROMBONE

FIRST ALTO SAX

SECOND ALTO SAX

FIRST TENOR SAX

SECOND TENOR SAX

BARITONE SAX

CLARINET

PIANO

ORGAN

VIBES

GUITAR

BASS

DRUMS

OTHER INSTRUMENTS

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

VOCAL GROUP

SONGWRITER-COMPOSER

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra) are not eligible.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (BIG BAND):

BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FEWER THAN TEN PIECES):

BEST VOCAL LP:

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

TO VOTE in the 1972 Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll, all you need do is fill in the blanks on the reverse side of this detachable page. The performers selected by our Nominating Board—made up of music editors, critics, representatives of major recording companies, independent record producers and the winners of last year's poll—are listed on the preceding pages.

These nominations are presented only as an aid to your recollection of artists and performances. The rapid growth of musical forms and performers in recent years makes it impossible to include every artist on a list of this size. However, you may vote for any living artist in any of the categories.

Each listed performer has been given a number. To vote for any musician included on the list, simply enter the number—not the name—in the appropriate space on the return ballot. If you cast a write-in vote for someone who wasn't nominated this year, just print in the person's full name.

Write-in choices for the leader of this year's Playboy All-Star Band must be men who have led a big band (ten or more musicians) during the past 12 months; groups with nine or fewer musicians are eligible in the instrumental-combo category. You're asked to vote for more than one musician in some categories, since big

bands usually carry more than one man at those positions. (Our All-Star Band is a composite created from our readers' balloting and so, with the continued fading of boundary lines separating the various forms of contemporary music, it has evolved into an eclectic aggregation, to say the least.)

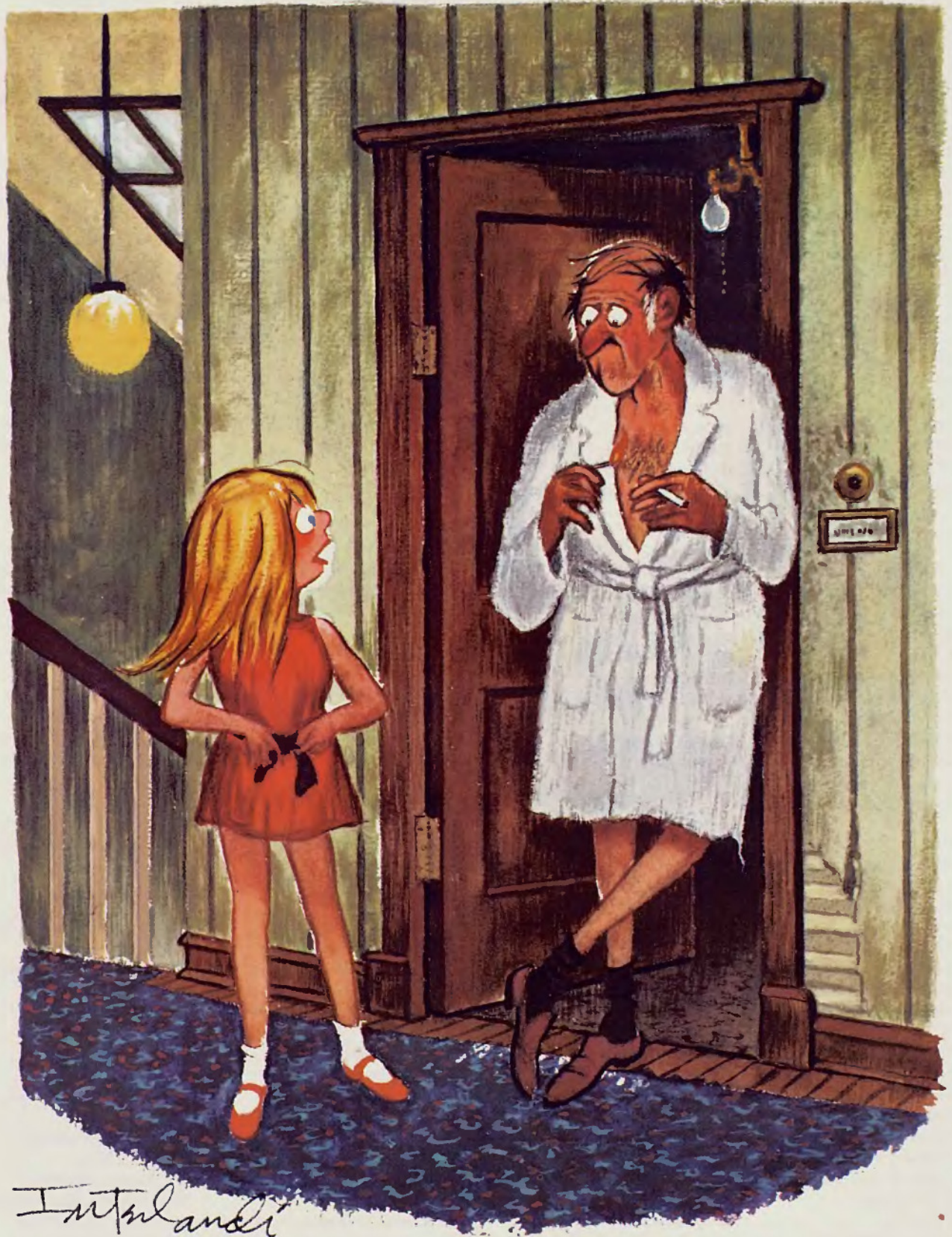
The only performers ineligible for the Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame are those already voted in: Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra. This year, as in the past, the three top vote getters, living or dead, will be installed.

Your complete ballot must carry your name and address, and you may cast only one ballot. It will help select the members of the 1972 All-Star Band, who will receive the coveted Playboy Medal, so send your ballot promptly to PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. In order to be eligible, ballots must be postmarked no later than midnight, October 15, 1971. Our February 1972 issue will contain the results of the 16th annual Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Burt Bacharach, Ginger Baker, Booker T., Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Harry Carney, Eric Clapton, Joe Cocker, Hal David, Miles Davis, Buddy De Franca, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Bill Evans, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Jim Hall, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Herbie Mann, Paul McCartney, Gerry Mulligan, Boots Randolph, Buddy Rich, Daniel Seraphine (for "Chicago"), Doc Severinsen, Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Smith, Ronald Townson (for the 5th Dimension), Dionne Warwick, Kai Winding, Si Zentner; George Avakian, independent record producer; Dan DeMicheal, writer; Nat Hentoff, writer; Dan Morgenstern, editor, *Down Beat* magazine; Pauline Rivelli, publisher, *Jazz & Pop* magazine; George T. Wein, president, Newport Jazz Festival; Michael Zwerin, European editor, *The Village Voice*; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; David Axelrod, Capitol; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Creed Taylor, CTI Records; Milt Gabler, Decca; Bob Thiele, Flying Dutchman; Bob Porter, Prestige; Stan Cornyn, Warner Brothers.



CUT ALONG THIS LINE



"You call that being molested?"



the jolly miller

song from *The Comical History of Don Quixote* by Thomas D'Urfey, 1696

The old wife she sent to the miller her daughter
To grind her grist quickly, and so return back:
The miller so worked it that in eight months after
Her belly was filled as full as her sack.
Young Robin so pleased her that when she came home
She gaped like a stuck pig and stared like a mome,
She hoydened, she scampered, she hallowed and whooped,
And all the day long, this, this was her song:
Hoy! Was ever maiden so lericompooped?

Oh, Nelly, cried Celie, thy clothes are all mealy,
Both backside and belly are rumpled all o'er;
You mope now and slabber—why, what a pox ail you?
I'll go to the miller and know all, ye whore!
She went, and the miller did grinding so ply
She came cutting capers a foot and half high,
She waddled, she straddled, she hallowed and whooped,
And all the day long, this, this was her song:
Hoy! Were ever two sisters so lericompooped?

Then Mary of the dairy, a third of the number,
Would fain know the cause they so jigged it about:
The miller her wishes long would not incurber,
But in the old manner the secret found out.
Thus, Celie and Nelly and Mary the mild
Were just about harvest time all big with child.
They danced in the hay, they hallowed and whooped,
And all the day long, this, this was their song:
Hoy! Were ever three sisters so lericompooped?

And when they were big they did stare at each other,
And crying, Oh, sisters, what shall we now do,
For all our young bantlings we have but one father,
And they in one month will all come to town, too!
Oh, why did we run in such haste to the mill,
To Robin, who always the toll dish would fill?
He bumped up our bellies, they hallowed and whooped,
And all the day long, this, this was their song:
Hoy! Were ever three sisters so lericompooped?

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 90)

knew they *thought* nigger. And they always gave us the worst type of assignments—latrine cleanin', that sorta thing—and imposed really stranglin' restrictions and doled out vicious punishment for the tiniest infractions or for no infractions at all, jus' 'cause they felt like it. So it was rough to be a black soldier. But I'll tell you somethin', I was so glad to escape from Mississippi that I put up with it gladly. And there was an awful lotta black kids like me, who'd rather be duckin' bullets in a foxhole than livin' the way they was. And then Medgar joined up, too. We were still full of hate in those days, and we figured we'd use the Army to teach us how to kill white folks. But within a few months we were in World War Two, and we soon learned what a horrible thing killin' really is.

PLAYBOY: Did you see any overseas action?

EVERS: Yeah, more than enough for me—in the South Pacific. At first, though, I was stationed in Hattiesburg, in an all-Negro unit, and in 1942 I was transferred to Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri. It was there, by the way, I had an affair with a white woman. She was workin' in the PX and we got friendly over coffee and one thing led to another and pretty soon we were in bed. She was the first white woman I ever made love to.

PLAYBOY: Was it because she was white that you were attracted to her?

EVERS: No, not really. But she was good for me 'cause she was white, 'cause before I met her, when my mind was still poisoned with all this hate for white folks, I'd say to myself: Every white woman I find, I'm gonna take, and I'm gonna do everythin' I can do to her to make up for what they've done to us. I wasn't thinkin' of rape, jus' to use 'em for my own pleasure, exploit 'em, degrade 'em. But this woman, I found myself gettin' close to her, not as a white woman or a black woman but as a human bein'. More than sex came to be involved, and I learned that if a woman loves you and cares about you and worries over you, it don't make no difference what color her skin is. So I think she helped defuse some of that hate that had been growin' up inside me, and I'm grateful to her for that.

Anyway, I was sent on to several different camps after that, in Louisiana and Oklahoma, and I was beginnin' to adjust real well to Army life. I always had an eye for a fast buck and I found plenty of opportunities to make money in the Army. I'd run crap games in the barracks and sometimes make 25 or 30 bucks a night. And the money I got together I saved, 'cause I never gambled or drank or smoked. I didn't like my vices to be expensive. And the money I saved I used to start a loan operation, at 100 percent interest: I'd loan a

dollar for a dollar. God, I'd do *anythin'* to earn money: Each GI was allotted a beer ration, and I'd sell mine; if the PX charged 30 cents a bottle, I'd charge 50 cents, and I'd get away with it. I was a good hustler in those days, I'll tell you.

PLAYBOY: When did you go overseas?

EVERS: In '43, first to Australia and then on to New Guinea, with the combat engineers. Was that a godforsaken place! Nothin' to do but sweat and sleep on the ground and fight off bugs and eat coconuts for nine months. You almost got to welcome a Japanese raid as a change from the boredom. I broke a knee over there and they reclassified me outa combat into administration, and then I was sent into the Philippines, to Luzon, right after the invasion. I was never scratched, but it was there I really got my face rubbed in the reality of death. After the last Jap holdouts had been cleaned out, we moved into Quezon City, a lovely place with old Spanish architecture. That was where I really began to rake in the money—by operatin' a string of brothels. All those combat-weary GIs wanted some action, and I gave it to 'em. My biggest house was located on Quezon Boulevard, with about ten girls, all clean and pretty, and I had a chain of small huts and another smaller house downtown. Filipino pimps procured the girls for me, and I treated 'em well, never abused 'em or threatened 'em if they decided to leave. I always kept the place clean, with hot and cold runnin' water, and we changed the sheets several times each day. I always checked out the customers at the door, and if they was drunk or dirty or lookin' for trouble, I wouldn't let 'em in.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have any moral qualms about your business?

EVERS: Now I'm ashamed. But not then. Even then, though, I never had anythin' to do with the girls personally. I could never understand how anybody would want to sleep with a girl who'd had sex with maybe ten other guys that day. I mean, think of the diseases you could catch. To me it was just a business, and if some folks enjoyed it, I was there to provide a service. And I really cleaned up. We'd charge enlisted men five dollars for a short time and brass ten dollars. And believe me, I made sure it *was* a short time. My profits depended on a fast turnover, and I'd rush 'em in and rush 'em out on an assembly-line basis. I mean, if a guy stays a half hour, I'm already losin' money. Anyway, most of those GIs were no great lovers, and they was generally in and out within ten or fifteen minutes at the most.

PLAYBOY: How much money did you make from your brothels?

EVERS: Over \$3000 profit, which to me was a fortune then. And all this time I was goin' to the University of Manila

business-law school, where they gave classes in English. It was about this time I met a girl named Felicia. She was half French and part Filipino, and I would've married her, but she was white and I could never take her back to Mississippi with me—not unless I wanted to commit suicide. She was lovely in every way. And you know, she was such a devout Catholic that she wouldn't dream of ever havin' sex before marriage. We was goin' together over a year before she unbent enough to kiss me. And we never did get beyond that. I guess bein' round prostitutes all the time, I welcomed and respected her purity. When I was transferred back to the States, she begged me to stay, and I wanted to. She came down to the ship with her parents and her brothers and sisters and she cried and screamed and tried to hold onto me till the very last moment. When that ship pulled out, I was sick, physically sick, and I stayed sick for weeks afterward. Wherever she is today, I hope she's happy and well.

PLAYBOY: Did you take up brothelkeeping again in civilian life?

EVERS: Years later in Chicago, when I was broke, I went back to it for a while. But when I got outa the Army, I went home to Decatur, and a little later Medgar came back from France. His French girlfriend was writin' him love letters, and I was gettin' a letter every day from Felicia. I tell you, the war sure broadened the outlook of a lotta black Mississippians! I went back to school, finished high school and then went to Alcorn A & M on the GI Bill. The \$3000 I'd made in the Philippines I used to start a small taxi business, and I became the official driver for the school. A lotta the students on the GI Bill were gettin' their Government checks at this time, so I'd cash the checks for 'em for a 50-cent fee. They saved themselves 50 cents that way, 'cause otherwise they'd have had to pay me a dollar to drive 'em into Port Gibson in my taxi to cash their checks. So I got 'em comin' and I got 'em goin', and in between my courses, I was pickin' up a pretty buck.

PLAYBOY: What did you study at Alcorn?

EVERS: I took up social studies, and Medgar, who was attendin' along with me, he chose business administration. You'd think it should've been the other way round. But it didn't matter what I was takin', 'cause I was a pretty indifferent student; all I thought about was makin' money. But Medgar was different, he was serious. He was editor of the school paper and a member of the debatin' team, and he made good grades. He was studious and disciplined, and all I wanted was to have a good time; I guess I'd been in the Army too long. I was really sowin' my wild oats, too. Within a couple of months, I'd got three girls pregnant, and the girls were after me, their

(continued on page 179)

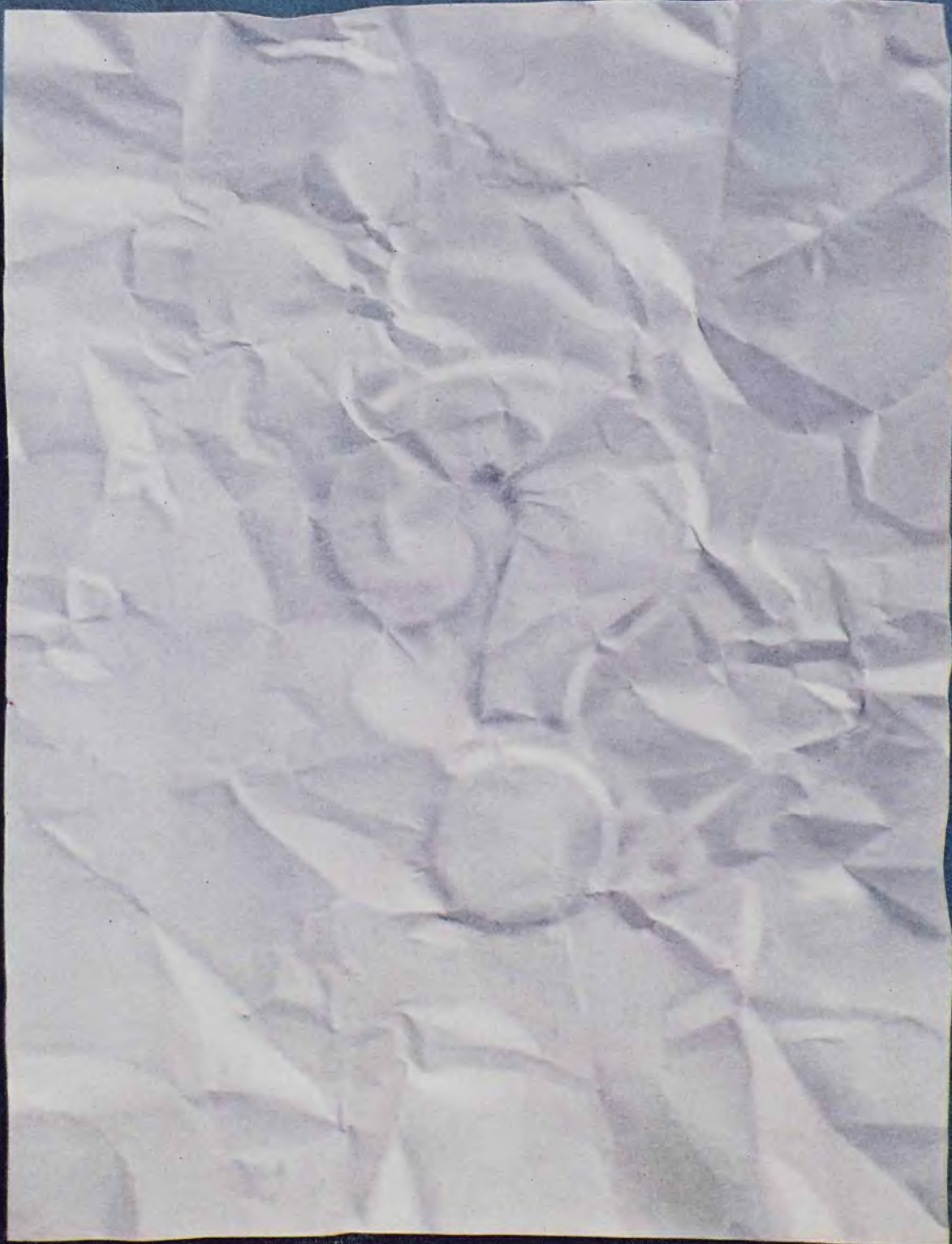
THE TEST

*they were watching him
for sure—if he were resourceful,
he would be promoted; if he
panicked, he would be fired*

fiction **By GRAHAM PETRIE**

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR summoned Warner to his office one day just after lunch. Warner stood with his head bowed, looking at the slight indentations made by the edges of his feet in the soft carpet. "We have a problem here," the managing director said. "I'd like you to take a look at it and come up with a solution by five o'clock. Give it to the submanager. That's all." Warner took the sheet of paper that the managing director held out to him, mumbled something and began to turn away. As he turned, he glanced at the paper and saw that it was completely blank. He stopped and tried to say something, but the managing director waved his hand at him in that brusque manner that indicated that for him there was nothing more to be said, and Warner quietly left the room.

In his own office, he wondered what to do. No doubt,



there had been a mistake, but he lacked the courage to go back to the managing director in his present mood and tell him so. Then it occurred to him that perhaps it was not a mistake, after all; it might be one of the initiative tests he had heard about in other companies. Perhaps they were being introduced here, too; perhaps the blank sheet was quite deliberate and it was up to him to decide what to do about it. He had read about such things: People were not told that they were being tested, but nevertheless something arbitrary or unexpected was introduced into their daily routine. Their superiors watched how they coped with it: If they showed resourcefulness, they were promoted; if they panicked or did nothing, then their advancement was held up, they were perhaps even fired.

He wondered if anyone was watching him already. He glanced stealthily around the room, but everyone else seemed fully occupied, their heads bent over their desks, their eyes fixed straight ahead of them. The office was very quiet; there was only the clack of heels as secretaries hurried along the corridor and sometimes whispered urgently to each other. Yet he could still be being watched. Perhaps his indecision was already counting against him.

He bent over his desk and moved his pen over the blank sheet before him, as though he were writing. It must be a test, he thought. They have given me this blank paper and now they are waiting to see what I do about it. The managing director said he wanted a "solution" from me. That means he wants me to propose something, make a suggestion about company policy or how to handle a particular problem. But what problem? How am I supposed to know? That must be what the test is. I am expected to have taken enough interest in the activities of the company generally to know what problems most urgently need solution. But then, he thought, that may be taking too much on myself: Perhaps they want only to test my knowledge of my own particular area, to come up with a suggestion connected with that. But then again, he thought, that might be a trap, too. If I suggest something too trivial, too unimportant, too closely related to myself, then they will conclude that my horizons are too narrow, too limited, and they will keep me here in this job and this office forever. And what if I propose something too vast, too all-embracing? They will conclude that I am too ambitious, too hungry for power far above my station; they will think that I am dangerous and fire me.

He looked around the office again. One of the submanagers was standing at the door and Warner thought he caught his eye. He dropped his head to his desk again and glanced at his watch. It was

just after 2:30. He still had over two hours before five o'clock. The main thing was not to panic, to think things out logically and come to a rational conclusion. That was all they could reasonably expect. Perhaps it was not so much the final proposal itself that mattered as the means by which he came to it. He must show himself cool and fully in control, yet able to act decisively and, if necessary, ruthlessly. That must be what they wanted. They wanted someone who showed initiative. What better initiative could there be, he suddenly thought, than to take up this blank piece of paper, walk firmly through the corridors into the managing director's office, slam it down on his desk in front of him and call his bluff? "Look," he could say, "I understand perfectly well what is going on here; I know that this is some kind of test. I accept your right to employ any methods that seem fitting to you to examine the caliber of your employees. I simply believe that I myself am above all this kind of thing. I have seen through your device and I refuse to play along with it any further. If, however, you are seriously looking for suggestions, here are a few that you might be interested in." And he could pull casually from his pocket a sheaf of papers dealing with all aspects of company business, from the most trivial to the most crucial, and place them on the managing director's desk.

And what if it isn't a test? he thought. What if the managing director wasn't thinking about what he was doing and simply gave me the wrong piece of paper by mistake? What if there is an urgent problem, a real one, that he wants me to give advice on and it is there on his desk and I can't do anything about it? What if my chances of recognition, of promotion, depend on my taking advantage of this unique opportunity that has been given to me and I sit here all afternoon and do nothing about it? At five o'clock, he sends for me and says, "Well, what about it, Warner?" and I've done nothing. Nothing! I won't just be denied promotion, I'll be dismissed as incompetent, and rightly, too.

He picked up the paper in desperation and was about to run with it to the managing director's office when another thought came to him. It is almost three o'clock now, he realized, a full hour since the managing director gave me this blank sheet of paper. What will he say when he discovers that I have sat all this time with it in front of me, when he told me that the business it contained was urgent? He can do nothing other than dismiss me.

And what, he wondered, if this were the real test, after all, that he should deliberately be given a blank piece of paper and be expected to return with it at once, to brave the managing direc-

tor's no-doubt-assumed displeasure and hand it back firmly to him, saying, "I think, sir, you have made a slight mistake"? Oh, yes; that, indeed, would be a test of initiative, real initiative, and he would no doubt have smiled and put his arm around my shoulder and given me a cigar and tomorrow or in a week, perhaps, I would have been promoted. And, instead, I walked tamely out of the office and sat here for an hour wondering what to do!

He sat at his desk, close to tears, aimlessly crumpling the sheet of paper into a ball and smoothing it out again. He could no longer think about the various possibilities that chased each other endlessly in his mind, as though a pack of dogs had caught hold of a ball of wool and were unraveling it and tearing at it viciously with their jaws. He wondered if he should just say he was ill and ask to go home; but that would surely be fatal to whatever test it was he was supposed to be undergoing. Perhaps he should just go to the managing director's office and hand in his resignation. Admit his incompetence and his cowardice, fall on his knees on the carpet before him and beg for forgiveness. Perhaps the managing director would raise him up kindly with his own hand, dry his tears and tell him not to worry. Send him home to rest and recover himself. But more likely, his face would take on that dark aspect of rage that he knew so well. His voice would crack and twist with fury.

Warner shook his head despairingly and brushed away a tear from his cheek. He put both hands on the desk, pushed himself abruptly away and stood up. He made his way through the desks to the only person in the office whom he knew well and fully trusted. "Lewis," he whispered, bending over him and glancing uneasily around, "what should I do about this? Tell me."

Lewis unscrewed the twisted-up ball of paper and looked at it. "What do you mean, 'do about it'?" he asked. "It's a blank sheet of paper. What can you do about it?"

"It's a test," Warner whispered urgently. "They're testing us all out for promotion and that's what they're using. Surely, I'm not the first one. You must know something about it. Tell me what to do."

Lewis handed the paper back to him and pushed him away with his left hand. "I'm busy now," he said. "And the submanager's watching us. You'd better get back to your desk."

Warner looked at his watch. It was ten to four and there was probably nothing he could do now except surrender. He went back to his desk and sat with his face in his hands for some time. Then he picked up his pen and began

(concluded on page 171)

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

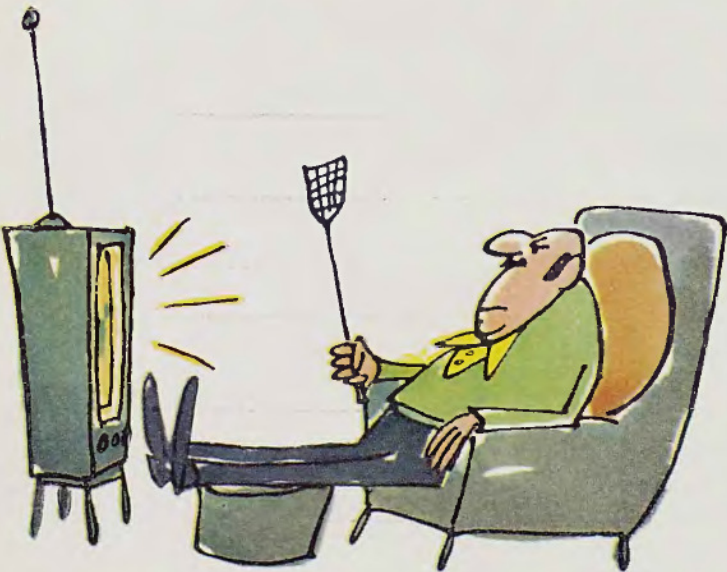
*in which our single-minded cartoonist
proves a three-letter man*

By *CLAUDE*





SEX





THE TEST (continued from page 170)

to write. He drafted a memorandum for the better organization of the office. He had felt for too long that there was not enough space, the desks were placed far too closely together, the whole thing was quite claustrophobic and it was impossible to work without distraction. He himself disliked touching others, their breathing and coughing and muttering round him when he was trying to work; but this, he explained, was not the sole reason for his suggestion. When he wanted, for example, to consult Lewis about a matter of urgent importance (and this, he pointed out, was likely to happen several times a day), he had to thread his way through a literal maze of desks, all set closely together and sometimes with passageways so blocked that he had to retrace his steps and often even search for several minutes to find a clear way through. There was no need to point out how time-consuming this

could be, but there were other, more subtle disadvantages that perhaps the management had not taken into account when drawing up their plans for office space. Secretaries, for instance, trying to find their way from one desk to another often snagged and tore their stockings on the edges as they passed. They would stop and examine the damage, sometimes pulling their skirts right up to do so. Naturally, the men round them would be distracted from their work and it would sometimes be several minutes before things settled down again. This, he hardly needed to indicate, was bad for office morale. Moreover, the average secretary probably destroyed two pairs of stockings a week in this way; he had no idea how much it cost to replace them, but could it be a mere coincidence that the secretaries were now demanding a substantial wage increase?

It seemed clear, he concluded, that a thorough reorganization of office space could solve many problems of efficiency and productivity on the level of his own department; but if the general principles he had outlined were taken into consideration whenever matters concerning the company as a whole were concerned, he felt he could almost guarantee the resulting financial and interpersonal benefits. This memorandum was respectfully and spontaneously submitted by Fred W. Warner on this 24th day of May.

He stopped writing at ten to five, straightened the bundle of papers before him and stood up. He began to weave his way through the desks toward the exit. Looking up, he became aware that the submanager was standing in the doorway, beckoning to him impatiently. He began to speed up his movements but found that the passageway was blocked by a girl who had bent over to adjust her stockings. He tried to squeeze past her, but the desks were too close together. She seemed oblivious of his presence and he could not nerve himself to touch her, to draw attention to himself.

He retreated a few steps and tried another exit. The submanager had stopped waving at him but was tapping his right foot gently on the floor in a manner that Warner found very ominous. He nodded his head to indicate that he understood, he was coming, and found suddenly that the corridor he was moving through came to an abrupt end with a new row of desks set diagonally across it. Lewis was sitting near him. "How do I get out of here?" Warner whispered, but Lewis shook his head and went on studying the sheet of paper before him.

The clock struck five and the submanager turned to go. "I'm coming, I'm coming," Warner shouted after him. He decided on a desperate expedient; he scrambled up onto the nearest desk and made his way across the room, scattering files and papers to the floor, ignoring the protests of his fellow workers.

He caught up with the submanager halfway down the corridor. "Here it is," he panted, holding the memorandum out to him.

The submanager patted him jovially on the shoulder. "Well done, well done," he said.

They came to the managing director's office and the submanager stood aside to let him pass. The managing director was clearly preoccupied; he hardly even noticed Warner. "I've got something here I'd like you to take a look at," he said. "Work on it overnight and come and see me first thing in the morning." Warner turned automatically and left the room, clutching the blank sheet of paper in his hand.



"We're getting busted every day and I can't shake the nagging suspicion that we've been infiltrated."

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Johnnie Walker Red. The world's largest selling Scotch.

Sardinian Incident *(continued from page 96)*

days of preparation for that overnight event.

Did she heed your warnings?

She was very young.

Does that mean to say—

Nineteen, very young.

There were, of course, news stories of a developing romance between them. Despite your efforts.

Yes, despite them. Well.

Yes?

The young are susceptible. And yet I warned her. Until the very end, I warned her. The night before she drowned, there was a large party at the hotel, given in my honor. We had seen the rushes on the shooting we'd done the day before and we were all quite pleased, and I, of course, was more than ever certain that the girl was going to be a tremendous smash. That I had found someone, developed someone, who would most certainly become one of the screen's enduring personalities. No question about it. She had . . . she had a luminous quality that . . . it's impossible to explain this to a layman. There are people, however, who are bland, colorless, insipid, until you photograph them. And suddenly, the screen is illuminated with a life force that is positively blinding. She had that quality. And so I told her again, that night of the party, I took her aside, and we were drinking quietly, and I reminded her of what she had been, an unknown model for a juvenile fashion magazine, and of what she would most certainly become once this film was released, and I begged her not to throw this away on a silly flirtation with her leading man, a man of his reputation. The press was there, you know, this was quite an occasion—I had met the host on the Riviera, oh, years ago, when I was doing another film, and this was something of a reunion. Well. Well, I suppose none of it matters quite, does it? She's dead. She drowned the next day.

What happened? At the party?

They managed to get some photographs of her. There is a long covered walk at the hotel, leading to the tower apartments that overlook the dock. The *paparazzi* got some pictures of the two of them in a somewhat, shall we say, compromising attitude. I tried to get the cameras, I struggled with one of the photographers—

Were those the photographs that were later published? After the accident?

Yes, yes. I knew even then, of course. When I failed to get those cameras, I knew her career was ruined, I knew that everything I'd done, all the careful work, the preparation—and all for her, you

know, all to make the girl a star, a person in her own right—all of it was wasted. I took her to her room. I scolded her severely and reminded her that make-up call was for six A.M.

What happened the next morning?

She came out to the barge at eight o'clock, made up and in costume. She was wearing a bikini, with a robe over it. It was quite a chilly day.

Was she behaving strangely?

Strangely? I don't know what you mean. She seemed thoroughly chastised, as well she might have. She sat alone and talked to no one. But, aside from that, she seemed perfectly all right.

No animosity between you?

No, no. A bit of alienation, perhaps. I had, after all, been furious with her the night before and had soundly reprimanded her. But I *am* a professional, you know, and I *did* have a scene to shoot. As I recall, I was quite courteous and friendly. When I saw she was chilled, in fact, I offered her my Thermos.

Your Thermos?

Yes. Tea. A Thermos of tea. I like my tea strong, almost to the point of bitterness. On location, I can never get anyone to brew it to my taste, so I do it myself, carry the Thermos with me. That's what I offered to her. The Thermos of tea I had brewed in my room before going out to the barge.

And did she accept it?

Gratefully. She was shivering. There was quite a sharp wind, the beginning of the mistral, I would imagine. She sat drinking the tea while I explained the scene to her. We were alone in the stern, everyone else was up forward, bustling about, getting ready for the shot.

Did she mention anything about the night before?

Not a word. Nor did I expect her to. She only complained that the tea was too bitter. I saw to it that she drank every drop.

Why?

Why? I've already told you. It was uncommonly cold that day. I didn't want to risk her coming down with anything.

Sir . . . was there any other reason for offering her the tea? For making certain that she drank every drop?

What do you mean?

I'm only reiterating now what some of the people on the barge have already said.

Yes, and what's that?

That the girl was drunk when she reported for work, that you tried to sober her up and that she was still drunk when she went into the water.

Nonsense. No one drinks on my sets.

Even if I'd worked with W. C. Fields, I would not have permitted him to drink. And I respected him highly. For an actor, he was a sensitive and decent man.

Yet rumors persist that the girl was drunk when she climbed from the camera barge into the speedboat.

She was cold sober. I would just love to know how such rumors start. The girl finished her tea and was sitting alone with me for more than three hours. We were having some color difficulty with the speedboat; I didn't like the way the green bow was registering and I asked that it be repainted. As a result, preparation for the shot took longer than we'd expected. I was afraid it might cloud up and we'd have to move indoors to the cover set. The point is, however, that in all that time, not a single soul came anywhere near us. So how in God's name would anyone know whether the girl was drunk or not? Which she wasn't, I can definitely assure you.

They say, sir—

They, they, who the hell are they?

The others on the barge. They say that when she went forward to climb down into the speedboat, she seemed unsure of her footing. They say she appeared glassy-eyed—

Rubbish.

—that when she asked if the shooting might be postponed—

All rubbish.

—her voice was weak, somehow without force.

I can tell you definitely and without reservation, and I can tell you as the single human being who was with that girl from the moment she stepped onto the barge until the moment she climbed into the speedboat some three and a half hours later, that she was at all times alert, responsive and in complete control of her faculties. She did not want to go into the water, because it was cold. But that was a simple fact and I could not control the temperature of the ocean or the air. Nor could I reasonably postpone shooting when we were in danger of losing our light and when we finally had everything, including the damn speedboat, ready to roll.

So she went into the water. As instructed.

Yes. She was supposed to swim a short distance under water and then surface. That was the way I'd planned the scene. She went into the water, the cameras were rolling, we . . . none of us quite realized at first that she was taking an uncommonly long time to surface. By the time it dawned upon us, it was too late. He, of course, immediately jumped into the water after her—

He?

Her leading man, his heroic move, his



"I thought you cowboys only died with your boots on."



hairy-chested *star* gesture. She was dead when he reached her.

What caused her to drown? A cramp? Undertow? What?

I haven't the foggiest idea. Accidents happen. What more can I say? This was a particularly unfortunate one and I regret it. But the past is the past and if one continues to dwell upon it, one can easily lose sight of the present. I tend not to ruminate. Rumination is only stagnation. I plan ahead and, in that way, the future never comes as a shock. It's comforting to know, for example, that by the time this appears in print, I will be editing and scoring a film I have not yet begun to shoot. There is verity and substance to routine that varies only slightly. It provides a reality that is all too often lacking in the motion-picture industry.

This new film, sir—

I thought you'd never ask.

What is it about?

I never discuss the plot or theme of a movie. If I were able to do justice to a story by capsulizing it into three or four paragraphs, why would I then have to spend long months filming it? The synopsis, as such, was invented by Hollywood executives, who need so-called story analysts to provide simple translations, because they themselves are incapable of reading anything more difficult than "Run, Spot, run."

What can you tell us about your new film, sir?

I can tell you that it is set in Yugoslavia and that I will take full cinematic advantage of the rugged coastal terrain there. I can tell you that it is a love story of unsurpassing beauty and that I have found an unusually talented girl to play the lead. She has never made a film before, she was working with a little-theater group on La Cienega when I discovered her, quite by chance. A friend of mine asked me to look in on an original the group was doing, thought there might be film possibilities in it, and so forth. The play was a hopeless botch, but the girl was a revelation. I had her tested immediately and the results were staggering. What happens before the camera is all that matters, you know, which is why some of our important stage personalities have never been able to make a successful transition to films. This girl has a vibrancy that causes one to forget completely that there are mechanical appliances such as projectors or screens involved. It is incredible, it is almost uncanny. It is as though her life force transcends the medium itself, side-steps it, so to speak; she achieves direct uninvolved communication at a response level I would never have thought existed. I've

been working with her for, oh, easily six months now and she's remarkably receptive, a rare combination of intelligence and incandescent beauty. I would be foolish to make any sort of prediction about the future, considering the present climate of Hollywood and the uncertain footing of the entire industry. But if this girl continues to listen and to learn, if she is willing to work as hard in the months ahead as she has already worked, then, given the proper vehicle and the proper guidance—both of which I fully intend to supply—I cannot but foresee a brilliant career for her.

Is there anything you would care to say, sir, about the future of the industry in general?

I never deal in generalities, only specifics. I feel that as long as there are men dedicated to the art of making good motion pictures—and I'm not talking now about pornography posing as art nor pathological disorders posing as humor—as long as there are men willing to make the sacrifices necessary to bring quality films to the public, the industry will survive. I intend to survive along with it. In fact, to be more specific, I intend to endure.

Thank you, sir.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 168)

parents was after me and my own momma and daddy was after me. The girls kept sayin', "You gotta marry me," but I'd have to have been a Mormon to do right by all three of 'em. I told 'em, "I'm not gonna marry any of you!" But finally, this one girl went to the dean and the president of the school, and more out of sheer weariness than anythin' else, I finally agreed to marry her. But we never did live together and we had the thing dissolved after a while. But I always recognized all my illegitimate kids, I never denied 'em, and I do my best to take care of 'em. After all, they didn't ask me to bring 'em into the world.

PLAYBOY: Were you completely out for yourself at that time, or had you begun to take an interest in politics or civil rights?

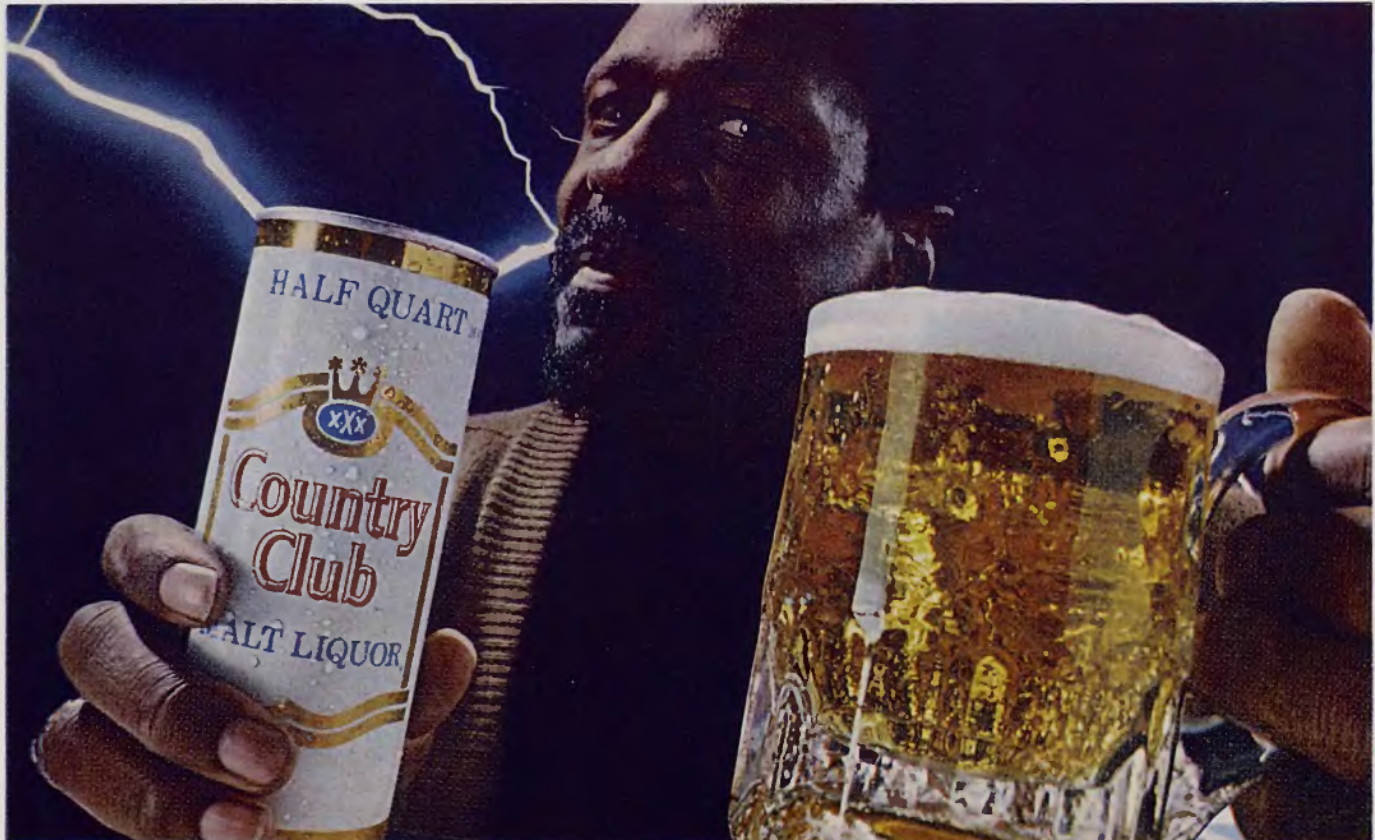
EVERS: Can't stay in the sack *all* the time. No, I was always involved, whether I was hustlin' or studyin'. I mean, in Mississippi, civil rights wasn't somethin' you could take up and then put down again when you felt like it. It was our lives at stake, and our kids' futures. And after the war, you began to see the first stirrin's of an awakenin' in Mississippi. Black GIs who'd gone out and fought for their country came back second-class

citizens and they didn't accept it no longer. They knew things could be different, and should be different. In 1946, Medgar and I decided we was gonna register and vote, which was unheard of for black folks in those days. Before we went out to the county courthouse to register, we went and told Momma what we was gonna do. I can see her still: She was washin' clothes in a tin bucket with homemade lye soap, and she didn't say a word, she jus' stood there churnin' the clothes with an old stick, her lips movin'. She was prayin'.

Anyway, when we showed up at the county courthouse, they wouldn't let us register. The clerk said, "Who you niggers think you are?" And I told him, "We've grown up here, we've fought for this country and we think we should register." He said no again, and when we insisted, they threatened us. But we kept comin' back and finally they gave in. And then some local racists called on Daddy and they warned him. "Your boys better not come vote, 'cause we gon' git 'em if they do." As the election approached, old Bilbo was goin' up and down the state sayin', "The best way to stop niggers from votin' is to visit 'em the night before election." And Medgar and me, we said, "Let 'em come on and

visit us. We'll kill 'em if they do." But nobody never came, and on the day of the election, Medgar and me and some friends went down to the courthouse to vote, and the place was surrounded by about 200 crackers, all with rifles and shotguns and pistols. I never saw so many guns in one place, not even in the Army. They was all over the courthouse square and sittin' in their pickup trucks.

When we started to go into the courthouse, they blocked us off from the entrance, and we stood there on the courthouse steps, eyeballin' 'em. We had guns, too, and I had a long-handled .38 and a switchblade knife in my pockets. The old circuit clerk, Mr. Brand, he scurried over and said, "Charles, you and Medgar, you all go back, you gon' cause trouble." And I said, "Lemme tell you somethin', Mr. Brand. We gon' vote or else we all gon' go to hell. It's up to you. *Give us our ballots.*" He just turned tail and hurried away. Well, we split up and tried to get in by some of the side entrances, but they was all blocked by gun-carryin' red-necks. And then, as I came up to one door, I suddenly spotted a familiar face. It was the druggist we'd bought all our drugs and tooth paste from for years. We'd always considered him a friend. So I was glad to see him, and I said hello. But he jus' patted the gun in his hip pocket and hissed at me,



A lot to drink without drinking a lot.

"Listen, nigger, ain't nothin' happened to you yet." You could jus' hear the hate drip from his words. Somehow, that really hurt, 'cause I'd always thought he was real good folks; I'd believed in that man, and I felt like somethin' died inside me and suddenly I thought, what the hell, I don't care if they kill me, what difference does it make, anyway? I think at that moment I really wanted to die, but I wasn't gonna give those red-necks the satisfaction of knowin' it. So I jus' pointed to the .38 stickin' outa my pocket and I flashed my switchblade, and I said, "Ain't nothin' gonna happen to me." And I pushed by him and he didn't do a thing.

Once we all finally got inside the courthouse, we got hold of our ballots, but then we found we still couldn't vote, 'cause they'd locked the ballot box inside an office, and they was standin' three deep in front of the entrance. I said, "I'm goin' through 'em," but Medgar, he put his hand on my arm and said, "No, Charley, don't try. It ain't worth it." He led me away, sayin', "We'll get 'em next time." And as we left, the druggist shouted at us, "You niggers better get away from here 'fore somethin' happens!" I jus' looked at him cold as ice and said, "Ain't nothin' gonna happen to us 'cept what happens to you." And he knew I meant it. A

bunch of 'em followed us, chantin', "We'll git you tonight, niggers," but we pulled our guns and said, "All right, crackers, we gon' git you. Come on down here—now!" But they were cowards; they was afraid of us, even though they had us outnumbered ten to one, and they turned heel and went away. But they taught us an important lesson that day. By guardin' that ballot box so tight, they told us there was somethin' vital about votin', that it's the key to power. And we never forgot that lesson.

PLAYBOY: How long was it before you were allowed to vote?

EVERS: Jus' one year. We voted in the next county election, in 1947. But we was still the exception at that time, of course. Most blacks was still too intimidated to take the risk.

PLAYBOY: When did you and Medgar become active in the NAACP?

EVERS: In the late Forties, when it began organizin' state-wide. Meanwhile, we'd both graduated from college, and Medgar had gone to Mound Bayou, a small all-Negro town in the Delta, to sell insurance. I went back into the Service durin' the Korean War, and it was in those days that I married Nan. When I got outa the Army, we moved to Philadelphia, Mississippi, and I worked teachin' school for a while; I taught history and coached football. I got \$100

a month. We was livin' over a funeral parlor owned by our uncle, Mark Thomas, and I managed it for him. It was at this time that my daddy got sick over in Decatur, seriously sick. We rushed him to the white hospital in Union, but they wouldn't admit him to a room or a ward like white patients; they jus' stretched him out on a cot in the basement, all damp and dark and crawl-in' with rats and roaches. I fought with 'em, I argued and pleaded with 'em to put him in a ward, but they wouldn't listen to me.

That was in '53, and no white hospitals would go outa their way for a black patient. Some wouldn't even put him in the basement; they'd jus' turn him away. Anyway, with proper care, he might've got better, but down in that basement, he jus' wasted away and died. When they called and told me he was dead, I jumped into the hearse and drove to the hospital to get him. I'd had enough experience in the undertakin' business to know how dead bodies was treated, and I didn't want nobody to mess with Daddy's body but me. And when I put his body in the hearse, this white doctor comes up to me and says, "How in hell can you do somethin' like that? If you can pick up your own dead daddy and drive him back, then you ain't got no kind of heart." I jus' told him, "How much heart does it take to put him down in a place like this and let him die?" I took him back to Philadelphia, and I was in sort of a daze. I wanted to embalm him myself, but my family stopped me from that. But I dressed him myself. At church, I finally couldn't hold back anymore, and I jus' broke up and collapsed.

And then, jus' a little while later, almost as if she wanted to follow Daddy, Momma died, too. Those were bad days. I tried to get outside of myself and my grief, and I threw myself into civil rights activity. I kicked off a black voter-registration campaign in Philadelphia, Mississippi, and I was elected voter-registration chairman for the Negroes of Mississippi. I pressed Medgar to be the first Negro to enroll at Ole Miss, and in early 1954 he applied for admission. That really riled every red-neck in the state. His wife Myrlie was afraid they'd try to kill him, but Medgar jus' said, "You have to make sacrifices to make progress." He always believed that, right to the day he sacrificed his *life* for what he believed in. The board of higher learnin' rejected Medgar's application, but he had become an important symbol to Mississippi blacks, and he was appointed state field secretary for the NAACP, which was preparin' a big push in Mississippi after the Supreme Court's school-desegregation rulin'.

PLAYBOY: Were you working closely with him at that time?

EVERS: Yes, I was, 'specially on voter



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registration. I was also runnin' several businesses of my own at this time. In addition to my colored cab company, the first in the state, I had a burial-insurance business, as well as runnin' my uncle's funeral parlor. I also ran a small hotel with a café, which gave local black folks the first chance in their life to have a Coke or milk shake while they was sittin' down; always before, they could only buy 'em from a takeout stand at the white drugstore. I was also the first black disc jockey in Mississippi, on station WHOC, and I had a large, loyal audience. And I'd always urge black folks over the air to go out and pay their poll tax and register to vote. The white racists was mad about that, and they was also mad that I was on my way to becomin' a successful businessman with a healthy bank balance. Nothin' riles 'em more than seein' a black man make good, 'specially a black man who won't crawl to 'em and shuffle and beg. So they saw me as a threat, and a bunch of 'em started out to destroy me financially. And they succeeded. They pressured the owner of my hotel and restaurant not to renew my lease, and they arranged it so I couldn't renew my cab license either. Then they hassled the man who sold me caskets and first he cut off my credit and then refused to sell to me at all.

They also manufactured incidents,

like they'd drive their cars into the side of my hearse or one of my cabs, and then they'd sue me for damages. And in those local white courts, they wouldn't have no trouble collectin', neither. Finally, after suin' me several times, they got a judgment of \$5000 against me and I just couldn't raise the money to pay it, so they took all my possessions and attached all my property. They stripped our house bare of furniture and auctioned it all off. I lost everythin'. They even put so much pressure on Mr. Cole, the owner of the radio station, that I resigned my job there rather than see him lose his advertisin' and go broke. I was completely cleaned out. We didn't even have enough money to get outa Philadelphia, so our friends and neighbors took a collection and they raised \$26 in pennies and dimes. I sent my wife and our kids off to her mother's house and I headed for Flint, Michigan, to find a job. My money ran out in Chicago, so I stayed on there at my sister's place. That was 1956, and I stayed in Chicago until 1963.

PLAYBOY: Were you inactive in the civil rights movement during that period?

EVERS: No, not completely. I still visited Mississippi regular, and I'd help out any way I could when I was there, and I kept in close touch with Medgar on issues of strategy and organization. We

was always jawin' over the phone about one thing or another. But in the be-ginnin', my main thought was gettin' enough money to keep my family together. It was rough at first. I worked as a men's-room attendant in the Conrad Hilton at night for a salary of three dollars and a percentage of the tips, and durin' the day I worked in a meat-packin' house in the stockyards for \$60 a week. And I was in a mean mood those days. Any drunk come in the hotel wash-room, I'd roll him quick, have his wallet out, empty it and back in his pocket before he ever guessed what was happenin'. And after a while, I drifted into the numbers racket as a policy runner. I was more or less workin' for the Syndicate, but eventually I got my own personal operation goin' right under their nose. I was never greedy, but I skimmed off \$400 to \$500 a week. I was never arrested, neither; I kept the cops paid off and stayed outa trouble. I ran some girls for a while, too, but I got outa that after a year or so. After a while, I was back on my feet again and had some money in the bank, so I got outa the numbers game and I invested my money. I bought three bars, and I also got into the jukebox business, though the Syndicate tried to frighten me away. I also ran an after-hours place called The Club House, and ran a good boot-



(1)

"Boy, how warped can you get?"

leggin' business on the side. And all the while, I was also teachin' school; I taught history and physical education in Robbins, Illinois, an old black town outside of Chicago. I must've been the only policy-runnin', bootleggin' school-teacher in Illinois!

PLAYBOY: What did Medgar think of your illegal activities?

EVERS: Well, like I told you, much as Medgar and I loved each other, we was two different people with two different outlooks on life. I'd send him money all along—he never had nothin'—but I didn't have the heart to tell him where it came from. He would've thought it was dirty money, and he would've been right. Medgar was a saintly man; he wasn't interested in money, only in justice for our people. I used to argue with him and urge him to stress black business development more, 'cause without green power, you never gonna have no real black power. You can't *spend* civil rights, and a man ain't really free unless he has economic freedom as well as political and social freedom. Medgar always used to say get the vote, and I'd say get the dollar. We was both right. But there was really no fundamental difference between me and Medgar, jus' a difference of emphasis. It's funny, you know, I could never do some of the things today I did back in Chicago. Not

'cause I'm so pure or nothin', but after Medgar's death, somethin' happened to me. I felt he had to live on through me, and I had to live my life in a way he'd be proud of. That's why I'm a reformed hustler. I don't wanna let Medgar down, or the principles he died for.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel you'd let him down by not being there when he was killed?

EVERS: That's somethin' I can never forgive myself for. I've accepted my daddy's death, and my momma's death, and my sister Ruth's death, but I've never been able to accept Medgar's death, 'cause I wasn't there. I know everybody says I couldn't have prevented it if I'd been there, and that's probably true. But in my heart, I can never accept the fact that I wasn't there beside him. Never.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to the news of his murder?

EVERS: God, it's still like a nightmare, jus' thinkin' about it. I'd spoken to Medgar on the phone jus' three days before his death and he'd said to me, "Now, Charley, be careful, 'cause it's worse there than it is here." And I said, "No, you're the one to be careful, 'cause you know all those Kluxers down there are after you for registerin' all those black folks. And if they can stop you, they'll feel like they've got everythin' under control." But he said, "Don't wor-

ry about me, I'm gonna make it. You jus' be careful." And, I don't know, maybe we both sensed somethin', 'cause suddenly we was both cryin' over the phone. So I said, "Look, you want me to come on down there?" And he said, "No, you're due to come anyway next week." That was Sunday, and that Wednesday I came home around three A.M. and as I drove up, I saw all the lights were on in our house. I knew somethin' was wrong, and I pulled out my gun—I always packed a gun in Chicago—and ran up to the porch.

Inside, the house was filled with people, and Nan came up to me and said quietly, "Come on back here, Charles," and pulled me toward a back room. "What's wrong?" I asked. "Somethin' happen to Medgar?" I think I'd suspected it from the beginnin'. "Yes," Nan said, "they shot him." "Well," I said, "they probably jus' winged him. They can't kill the Evers boys; they been tryin' for years." "No, Charles," Nan told me softly, "he's dead." And I don't remember anythin' after that till I got off a plane in Jackson the next mornin'. I must've been in a state of shock. My daughter told me later that I'd told her, "I'll never come back to Chicago. I ain't comin' back. I shouldn't have left Mississippi in the first place." And God, how all that old hatred of the white man

(continued on page 186)



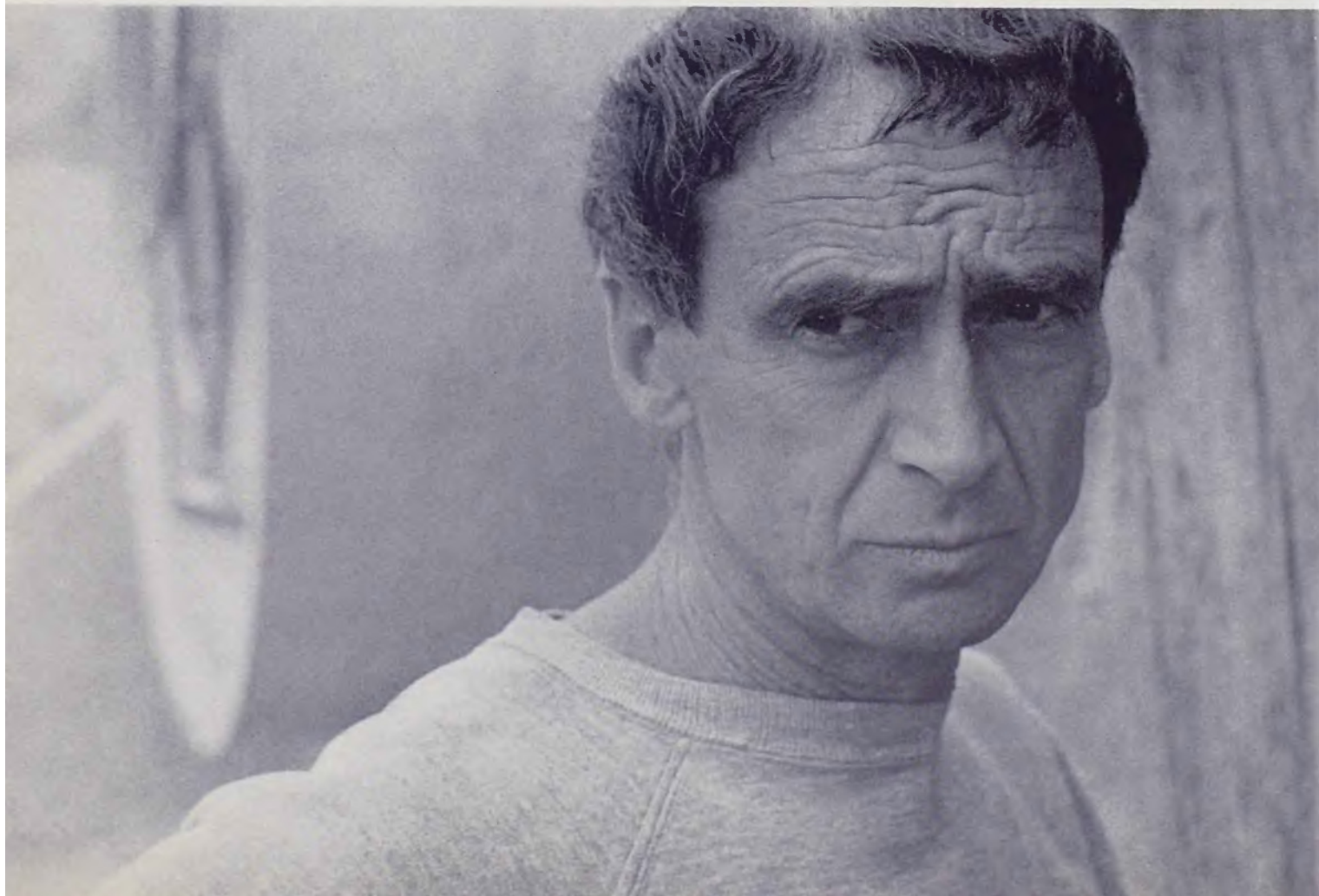
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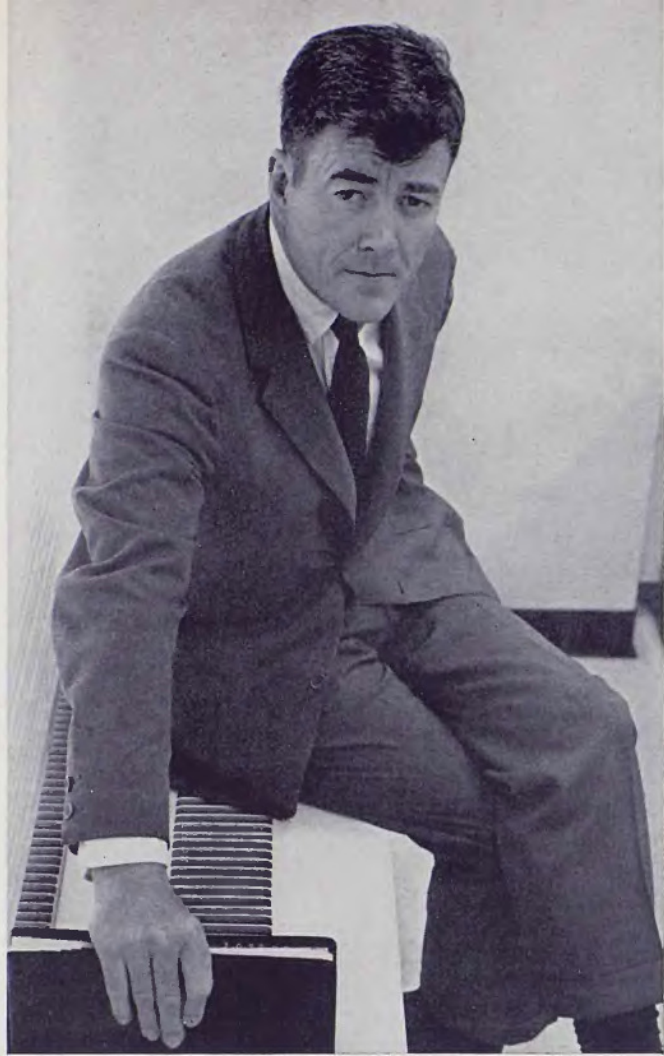
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PAOLO SOLERI *arcologist*

SOCIETY HAS BECOME "sclerotic, asphyxiated, poisoned by wastes, troubled by inner strife, unfit to live." The rantings of a street-corner fundamentalist? No, though apocalyptic prophecies are not uncommon to Paolo Soleri, founder of a new architectural movement. A student of Frank Lloyd Wright, a bellmaker, teacher and poet, Turin-born Soleri, 52, is at work on a comprehensive projection for the future of urban man at Cosanti, a desert atelier near Phoenix. He calls his master plan arcology, a cybernetic marriage of architecture and ecology seeking to metamorphose our sprawling cities into single mile-high megastructures that would house, employ, entertain and sustain up to 2,000,000 inhabitants in an area the size of Manhattan Island. With an almost puritanical aversion to waste, Soleri's philosophy comprises both an indictment of and an alternative to megalopolitan fallout; the destructiveness and pollution of the automobile—and the land and labor that are pressed into its service—are Soleri's special targets. With an urban system concentrated around man, he says, the car and the "asphalt nightmare" it creates would be obsolete. In his seminal book *Arcology: The City in the Image of Man*, Soleri presents his vision as "an 'environmental toy' offering unending elements for surprise and stimulation," a "Euclidean universe" wherein any point in the superstructure is a maximum of 15 minutes from the 1,000,000 people housed on its skin. Soleri's exhortation is to arcologize the most improbable places: His Infrababel is designed to fill abandoned quarries; Veladiga hollows out a dam; Novanoah is seagoing; Arcube and Hexahedron will adorn the prairie with sculptural skylines; and Stonebow will arch over rivers or canyons. All are designed to enhance not merely our chances for survival but the quality of life for healthy men on a healthy planet. W. H. Auden once wrote, "Let us honor if we can / the vertical man / Though we value none / but the horizontal one." Obviously, Paolo Soleri concurs.

ON
THE
SCENE





PAUL N. McCLOSKEY *primary challenger*

VIRTUALLY NO ONE had heard of the young lawyer from San Mateo County, California, until he torpedoed the Good Ship Lollipop in a 1967 Congressional election. Since outpolling Shirley Temple Black, Representative Paul ("Pete") McCloskey has weathered almost four years on Capitol Hill and is now emerging as the Republican rebel who hopes "to embarrass the President into ending the war" or even to help "dump Nixon" next year in a G. O. P. replay of Eugene McCarthy's 1968 "dump Johnson" drive. A 43-year-old father of four, and one of the most qualified environmental experts in the House, McCloskey is a Navy veteran who served with the Marines during the Korean War and won the Silver Star, two Purple Hearts and the Navy Cross—his Service's highest award—in combat as a second lieutenant. In fact, it's on his experience as a military tactician and on his knowledge of the Constitution (he's written a textbook on the subject) that he bases his argument against Nixon's prolongation of the war. Earlier in his efforts to curb the President's warmaking powers, he sponsored several dovish amendments, notably the repeal of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution and an unsuccessful cutoff of Vietnam-war funding. And he called for a national dialog on Nixon's impeachment on constitutional grounds. Now McCloskey sees the primaries as the only way left to influence the President's policies. But the White House and many members of his party are ignoring him for the moment. "I haven't heard of him," Kansas Senator and G. O. P. National Committee Chairman Robert Dole cracked. "How do you spell that last name—McWhat?" Maverick McCloskey, unflapped by his party's disapprobation, is marshaling forces for the New Hampshire, California and other state primaries. "This President has carved out three issues for me or anyone who runs against him—the war, race and real honesty in Government," says McCloskey. "It'll be a pleasure to challenge him on those grounds."

DAVID SIDELL *brat baron*

IF WE EVER SEE the last of those neon-lit plastic-food franchises, a lion's share of the credit should go to David Sidell, the 31-year-old bachelor president of the Bratskellar restaurants. Eight years ago, fresh out of the University of Illinois with a degree in business administration, Chicagoan Sidell noted a dearth of attractive dining spots where one could eat inexpensively, unpretentiously—but well. So he decided to start one of his own with simple, hearty, moderately priced fare such as *Brataurst* and kraut, chili, steak, shrimps boiled in beer and hamburger cloaked in rarebit, plus good wines and spirits served in the masculine atmosphere of a Heidelberg *Bierstube*. With the help of two friends and a pooled sum of \$9000, Sidell opened his first Bratskellar in Chicago's Old Town. His horizons soon expanded to Denver and then farther west to California, where Bratskellars now flourish in San Francisco, La Jolla, Orange, Marina del Rey, Westwood, Beverly Hills and West Hollywood. In dramatic contrast to most of the short-order eateries that proliferate from coast to coast, each Bratskellar is handsomely accoutered with carved oak chairs, medieval coats of arms, authentic Gothic sconces, massive chandeliers and vaulted ceilings. In fact, the distinctive decor of the Bratskellars has been so admired, Sidell says, that "we've decided to go into interior planning as a phase of the business and have formed a subsidiary, Creative Design & Import, Ltd." Even more than his flair for good food and Old World settings, however, it's Sidell's talent for researching new sites, negotiating leases and arranging finances that has spurred the restaurant venture's phenomenal growth. Though his business has boomed into a multimillion-dollar enterprise, the young entrepreneur, who now lives in Brentwood, California, and breeds Arabian horses as a hobby, still remains relatively unimpressed with wealth. What's more, despite his affluence, Sidell pays his Bratskellars the ultimate compliment: They're his favorite restaurants.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 183)

poured back. I thought I'd outgrown it, but now it was stronger than ever. But most of all I hated Charles Evers, 'cause I couldn't free myself of the feelin' that if I'd been there with Medgar, I might've saved his life. I carried a gun, and I kept thinkin' I might've done somethin'. That thought ate away at me; it wouldn't let me sleep at night.

PLAYBOY: Medgar was shot from hiding by a high-powered rifle. What difference would your presence have made?

EVERS: I know, I know, that's what Nan tells me; that's what everybody tells me. But it still don't free me of that guilt. And what a cowardly way to kill a good man like Medgar, shootin' him in the back from some bushes. Jus' a few weeks before, they'd fire-bombed his house, you know, and after that, Medgar trained his kids to drop flat to the floor whenever they heard an unusual noise. He tried to turn it into a game, sayin', "That's what Daddy did in the Army." But they knew it wasn't a game, and they'd say to him all the time, "Daddy, please be careful." And he'd get all those death threats on his phone, jus' like I do today. He'd try to talk to 'em, but they jus' hung up. And then that night around 12:30, he pulled up outside the house, got out of the car and the bastard shot him in the back. When his wife ran to open the door, he was lyin' there dyin' on the front steps in a pool of blood. The children saw it all, and over and over again, they begged him to get up. But he was dead. Medgar was dead.

PLAYBOY: Byron de la Beckwith, an arch-segregationist Greenwood businessman, was tried for the murder and released after two hung juries. Do you think that was another example of "Mississippi justice"?

EVERS: Of course it was. Beckwith's fingerprints were found on the murder weapon; his car was placed at the scene; in any other state, he would've been convicted of first-degree murder. But to a great many white Mississippians, Beckwith was a hero. I remember when they was impanelin' the jurors at his trial, the first question the prosecutor asked potential jurors was, "Do you believe it's a crime for a white man to kill a nigger?" And they had quite a delay in the proceedin's until they could find 12 Mississippi whites who did—or at least were willin' to say they did. While the trial was on, Governor Ross Barnett came into the courtroom and shook Beckwith's hand and hugged him. And General Edwin Walker, the Bircher, came all the way down from Dallas to congratulate Beckwith and lend him his support. When Beckwith was let off and returned to his home town of Greenwood, he was greeted with big welcomin' signs and cheers, everythin' but ticker tape. He ran for lieutenant governor a few years

back, and although he lost, he got a big vote. What a way to make a reputation.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you came face to face with Medgar's murderer today?

EVERS: Well, I can tell you what I would've done a few years ago: I would've killed him. Jus' like that. I would've broke his dirty slimy neck. But I think—I hope, anyway—that if I saw him today, I'd just pity him. I may be a sinner, but I'm also a religious man, and I believe that if he doesn't get his punishment in this life, he'll get it in the next. But I'd fight to control my own emotions, 'cause if I resorted to violence, I'd be just as low as he was. I think I've done more to kill Medgar's killer by registerin' 200,000 blacks across the state, by bein' elected mayor of Fayette and by runnin' for governor than if I put a bullet through him. 'Cause when he killed Medgar, he thought he was killin' black progress in this state. But he didn't. We're ten times stronger today than we was then, and we'll be even stronger tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to take over Medgar's role as state NAACP leader?

EVERS: I felt so guilty about not bein' with Medgar when they killed him that I wanted with all my heart to carry on his work. I couldn't desert him a second time. So the day before Medgar's funeral in Jackson, when some black people was tryin' to find somebody to lead the movement, I told 'em, "You don't have to look any further, 'cause I'm gon' take his place." I didn't give a damn for his title, but I was determined to see his work go forward. The NAACP national office in New York wasn't too happy about it; there's never been too much love lost between me and Roy Wilkins, 'cause he can't control me. But they couldn't do much else other than accept it, since the local people were all behind me. But I tell you, it wasn't easy for me to go on. I jus' prayed I wouldn't have a breakdown, 'cause I knew Medgar would've expected me to keep goin'. But I was filled with such hate, hate for myself and for white folks, it was like a sickness.

PLAYBOY: Did you entertain any thoughts of going after Medgar's killer yourself?

EVERS: I wanted to kill *any* white man then. I planned to revive the idea Medgar and I had when we was kids of formin' a Mau Mau band and roamin' round the state killin' a white man at random once a week, always in a different part of the state and with a different weapon each time. Some I'd shoot, others I'd stab, others I'd poison. I'd pick the leadin' racists in each county and knock 'em off one by one. Jus' killin' the man who murdered Medgar wouldn't have been enough. I was really

hungry for white folks' blood. I must've been a little unhinged after Medgar's death, 'cause I was really serious about the whole thing. I even stockpiled some guns and ammunition.

But in the back of my mind, somethin' always held me back. I could hear Medgar's soft voice whisperin', "That's not the way, Charles, that's not the way." And finally, that murderous mood passed away. I came to realize that if I let 'em turn me into a black racist, if I learned to hate all white people blindly, jus' like Klansmen hate all black people, then they would've won, and Medgar and everythin' he stood for would've lost. So I decided to fight white racism economically and politically, by registerin' black voters and electin' black candidates to office, not by killin' nobody or creatin' more violence and more polarization. I know now that's what Medgar would've wanted me to do, and all that hate sickness has gone outa my mind. I can't say that the scars Medgar's death left me with are healed, 'cause they never will be. But I don't think of revenge no more. And I was helped a great deal in those dark months after Medgar's death by two men I grew very close to—Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy. I never dreamed when we were together that they'd be cut down just like Medgar within a few years.

PLAYBOY: What was your relationship with Dr. King?

EVERS: I'd never met him until Medgar's funeral, but we liked each other right away and soon became close friends. Whenever he was organizin' a march or demonstration or an organizational project, I'd try to help him out, and he'd do the same for me in Mississippi. He was a fine man, and he did a lot of good. Maybe the most important contribution he made was to awaken the conscience of moderate American whites, people who'd closed their eyes too long to the plight of the black man. He was a moral leader of the highest caliber, a really good man, a pure man. That's why it was so sickenin' when J. Edgar Hoover floated that rumor that he had files and recordin's of Martin with women. Now, Martin was a minister, but he was also a human bein' and a normal man, and even if he did have a hankerin' for women, what business is it of that shriveled-up old tyrant J. Edgar Hoover? Lord knows, nobody could ever accuse *him* of likin' women. Why doesn't somebody check *his* sex life out? But instead of tryin' to protect Martin's life, he was busy havin' his agents invade his privacy and try to blackmail him.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a consensus among black leaders that Dr. King's murder was the result of a well-organized conspiracy. Do you agree?

EVERS: Of course I do. I think anybody with any sense does. And James Earl Ray

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has admitted as much. If you follow his movements all across America and Canada and Europe and the large sums of money that were available to him and the forged passports and travel documents and the circumstances of the shootin' itself, you can't come to any other conclusion. This was a dumb petty criminal whose only talent was he was a good shot. He was a loser; he'd never even managed to stick up a gas station before, and suddenly he's travelin' all over the world like James Bond. There was big money behind King's death, white-racist money. King knew they wanted him dead; he'd come to accept the idea philosophically. And they got him.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that your capacity for Dr. King's kind of nonviolence goes only so far. How far?

EVERS: I'm not quite as absolute on it as Martin was, or Gandhi before him. Maybe it's jus' my temperament. I remember once before the James Meredith march, Martin spent a week with me in my home in Jackson, which was full of guns—rifles, pistols, even automatic weapons—'cause we'd had a lotta threats and harassment and I wasn't takin' no chances. And Martin, he said to me, "Charles, I'm nonviolent, but I feel safer when I'm around you than I do with anybody. I know you got plenty of protection." God, when I think of him goin' out on that motel balcony in

Memphis for a breath of fresh air and gettin' drilled through the head, it was like Medgar all over again. But one thing about both Martin and Medgar, the hope and spirit they inspired in people won't die with 'em. But it was a terrible blow jus' the same. When we were at Martin's funeral in Atlanta, I jus' broke down again, like I did back at Medgar's funeral, and I felt the same way. But Bobby and Ethel Kennedy was with me, and they consoled me; they helped me pull myself together.

PLAYBOY: By all accounts, you developed a remarkably close relationship with Robert Kennedy. And yet, on the surface, at least, no two men could have been less alike. How do you account for it?

EVERS: We was different in background and education and power, but we also was similar in a lotta ways. We was both tough, aggressive, ambitious and—most important of all—we both had brothers who were assassinated.

PLAYBOY: How did you get to know the Kennedys?

EVERS: Medgar and I had campaigned for John in Mississippi in 1960, when very few black leaders were supportin' him, and that was how we first met John and Bobby, though at the beginnin' it was jus' a political alliance, not real friendship. I met and talked with the President several times, but I could never say I was close to him. But right after Med-

gar's death, he called me to the White House and we sat and talked about Medgar. I remember him sayin', "I will do anything I can to keep something like this from happening again. We can't let your brother die in vain." Five months later, they blew his brains out in Dallas. After Medgar[†] was shot, Bobby would telephone me, and when his brother was murdered the same way, I rushed to the phone and told him I was comin' to be by his side, and I stayed with him in Washington durin' his darkest moments. We'd already become friends, but then we really grew close. And over the years, we became like brothers. I loved that man.

PLAYBOY: Did it bother you that his initial record on civil rights was rather equivocal?

EVERS: Yeah, but unlike so many others, Bobby had the ability to grow, to change his mind and learn from his mistakes. When I first got to know him, he was jus' like any other white politician. He wasn't a racist, but he was arrogant and he was vain and he didn't think the problems of poor people or black people were his problems. But he began to find out they were, and he began to change his ideas. I think the biggest reason for that change was the fact he was very warm and human deep inside, despite his reputation for bein' cold and ruthless, and he could reach out to people with real understandin'

Generation gap?

JIM BEAM

never heard of it.

*Rafer Johnson and
Jesse Owens, America's
honored athletes.*



and compassion. Once he found out about the awful conditions black people live under in this country, he was moved to do somethin' about it. He had a strong sense of responsibility, and he came to deeply believe it was his duty to improve the lot of black Americans, and poor Americans of all races.

I remember once we were on a tour of the poverty areas in the Mississippi Delta, and he sat down on some rickety old bed in a sharecropper's shack outside of Greenville, and tears just streamed from his eyes. "I'm going back to Washington and do something about this," he promised. And that was one thing about Bobby: If he said he was gonna do somethin', he'd do it. You could always trust him; he'd never break his word to you or let you down the minute your back was turned. That's why I had so much faith in him, and why I campaigned for him when he ran for the Senate in New York and when he ran for the Presidency in '68. Things would've been a lot different in this country if that man had been elected President, I'll tell you that. But in the end, they got him, too.

PLAYBOY: You were with Kennedy in Los Angeles when he was assassinated. Can you describe that night?

EVERS: Well, it's still hard for me to talk about it, 'cause he meant so much to me. In a way, he was the country's last

hope, and it jus' don't make any sense. It's so insane, such a waste. I remember the night he was shot, we was all sittin' round in his suite at the Ambassador listenin' to the returns come in, showin' that he'd won the California primary. And that meant that the road was clear to the nomination, and maybe to the White House. And everybody was happy and relaxed. And then we heard the crowd in the ballroom chantin', "We want Kennedy! We want Kennedy!" and we could see 'em dancin' round on the TV.

Bobby got up to go downstairs and make his victory speech, but first he walked up to each of us who'd worked with him and shook our hand and thanked us. I jus' told him, "Don't thank me. I'm doin' what I'm doin' 'cause I believe in you." And then he started for the door with Rosie Grier and Rafer Johnson and his staff and when I jus' sat there, he said, "Charles, aren't you going?" And I told him, "No, you don't need all your black boys with you. I'm gonna stay behind and watch you from here." He said, "Aw, come on." I said I'd rather relax and watch him on TV and he said OK and left.

But the minute the door closed behind him, I had a funny feelin', a feelin' I should go along with him and I should be with him, like I should've been with Medgar. So I jumped up and went down after him and pushed my way through the

crowd toward the speaker's platform and crooked one of my fingers—a kind of signal we used—and he nodded in recognition. Then he made his speech and there was more cheerin' and balloons all over the place, and he made his way off the platform. Bodies was packed so thick it was hard to follow him; I was only about five feet away, but I could hardly move. I waved my hand at him to indicate I'd catch up later and that instant I heard that *phat-phat* sound—I thought it was balloons breakin'—and suddenly the crowd jus' writhed like a livin' thing and somebody shrieked, "Oh, my God, they shot the Senator!"

All I knew was I had to get to Bobby and I jus' plowed through that crowd like a football player knockin' down anybody who got in my way. When I got to Bobby, Ethel was crouched over him screamin' and there was puddles of blood, blood everywhere, and I could see the head wound and I knew he was gone. I don't know, somethin' jus' seemed to drain outa me then; jus' like when Medgar died, it was like part of me was dyin' with him. And we got him to the hospital and some people still had hope, people who hadn't seen him, but I'd seen that head wound and for Bobby's sake, I prayed that he wouldn't make it, because with that kind of brain damage, he could never be anythin' more than a vegetable. So I wanted him

In 1936, Jesse Owens went to the Olympics. He came home with four gold medals on his chest.

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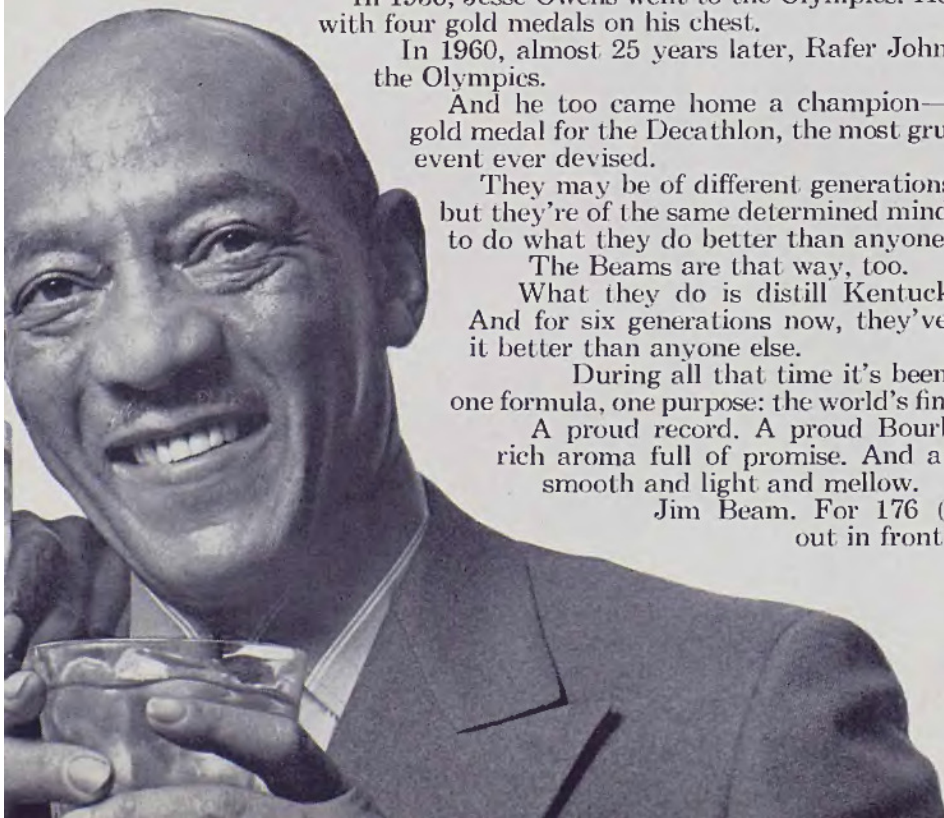
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to go clean. I don't know, even talkin' about it brings tears to my eyes. When Frank Mankiewicz came out and told us he was dead, even though I expected it, I still couldn't believe it. In a way, I still can't.

Sometimes the phone rings and I'll look up and for a second—if I'm overtired or lost in work—I'll wonder if it's Bobby. Or Martin. Or Medgar. Three times—everybody who was really close to me, everybody who offered hope. After Bobby, I had to hold myself together real tight, 'cause I knew I could go either way—either I'd jus' give up or I'd double my efforts for what they believed in, to carry on their work. And I took the second road. I feel a li'l bit of each of 'em is still alive inside me, you know, jus' like a prod goadin' me on. And I tell you somethin', I got no death wish or nothin' like that, but if I go, I wanna go jus' like each of 'em, not in my bed old and senile but fightin' and kickin' to the end for a good cause.

PLAYBOY: Are you as close to Teddy as you were to Bobby?

EVERS: No. I like and respect Teddy and we get along fine, but we never developed the same personal relationship as me and Bobby. But I've stayed very close to Ethel; we phone each other and visit when I'm in Washington. She's a wonderful woman, strong as a rock.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after Bobby's assassination?

EVERS: I went back to Mississippi. There was nothin' I could do on the national scene, now that Bobby was gone. That was when I decided to run for mayor of Fayette and show white folks we could run a town where we was in the majority, and run it well and fair.

PLAYBOY: What changes have taken place in Fayette in the two years since you were elected?

EVERS: The difference is like night and day. Ten years ago, if a black man was drivin' through Fayette, he jus' prayed his car wouldn't break down. Fayette was one of the most racist towns in the whole South. They had several old white policemen, they was practically illiterate, and their sole job was to keep the niggers in their place. And they'd do it with as much brutality as they wanted. Why, blacks wasn't even allowed to wear a white shirt on the street unless they was a minister or a teacher, 'cause it was a sign they was bein' "uppity."

And economically, the town was a disaster area; nothin' was bein' done to bring in outside industry and increase employment. When I took office, 60 percent of the blacks in Fayette was on welfare and most of the rest was unemployed or underemployed. The segregated school system was even worse than most other places in Mississippi, if that's possible, and no black child could get any kind of a decent education. But if you visit

Fayette today, you won't even recognize the town of jus' two years ago. We've been able to bring in new industry, give people jobs and take 'em off welfare, give 'em a new lease on life.

ITT is settin' up an automobile electrical-components plant that will employ 150 people with a monthly payroll of \$40,000; the Commercial Chemical Corporation has built a half-million-dollar factory; and a concrete-manufacturin' company has come in with a plant to produce concrete for home construction. We're also puttin' together a \$6,000,000 health program with Federal grants, which'll be the first time black folks in this area have ever had decent medical or dental care, and we got a Ford Foundation loan of \$400,000 for town development.

Our main goal is to completely kill off welfare in Jefferson County, and we've set up a vocational school to train unskilled blacks in carpentry, brick masonry, concrete work and weldin' and electrician techniques. I own a motel and restaurant and the Medgar Evers Shop-pin' Center, which employs 20 people—and at livable wages, not the old starvation wages the white merchants used to pay. But it's not jus' the economic benefits comin' in that's important; it's the whole atmosphere of the town. For the first time, black people feel they have a community of their own that they can take pride in buildin' and improvin'. We're gettin' black youngsters involved in community work, and it's givin' 'em a new sense of self-respect. Black people hold their heads high in Fayette today.

PLAYBOY: What about the town's whites? How do you treat them?

EVERS: Same as blacks. I don't want Fayette to be an all-black town. The Kluxers been tryin' to segregate us for years; why should we turn round now and do their job for 'em? I employ white as well as black people on the town payroll—ten of 'em, in fact. The only way I judge a man is by his intentions and his efforts, not the color of his skin. I'm an integrationist, remember that, and I won't have no truck with separatism, whether it's a Kluxer preachin' it or a so-called black militant. We're creatin' somethin' wonderful and important here in Fayette—a genuinely biracial town where blacks and whites can live together in harmony and mutual respect. And it's vital we succeed, 'cause Fayette is a testin' ground, a chance to see if reason and tolerance can win out over the extremists on both sides.

Fayette, you know—and this is so important to remember—is a microcosm of Mississippi, in a raw form, a microcosm of the sickness that infects the country as a whole. If we can lick it in Fayette, we can lick it in the state, and if we can



"And you, Lufkin!"

lick it in the state, we can lick it in the nation. But if we fail in Fayette, if we're allowed to go down the drain 'cause of hate and indifference, then a lot more than Fayette will be lost. That's why I'm runnin' for governor of Mississippi, to try to make the state capital in Jackson a second Fayette. And we can do it. We gotta do it.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe you have a chance to win the governorship?

EVERS: Yes, I do. The odds are against us, but we could win, and I'll tell you how. What we need is a coalition, a coalition of blacks and white moderates. Now, blacks make up 37 percent of Mississippi's population, and we've got 275,000 of 'em registered to vote. Then there's a growin' number of white moderates fed up with racism and ready for a change. I'm hopin' that what they've read and seen of our work in Fayette will convince 'em that I'd be a responsible governor for all the people. A few years ago, I got 4000 white votes in a local Congressional race when most whites didn't really know much about me, and I hope to increase my percentage in November. And a third factor in our favor is the 18-year-old vote. Many white kids are fed up with the system, and I hope to get their votes, too. So if all of these three groups—the white moderates, the blacks and the young—support me, I could well be this state's next governor.

That's a big if, of course. Hell, you can't even count on the black vote down here. You gotta get 'em to the polls and also persuade 'em you're the best man for the job. Not every black man will vote black, by any reckonin'. But if we can deliver 250,000 black votes, 25,000 young whites, plus 25,000 white-moderate votes, we've got a total of 300,000 votes, and 300,000 will win any election in this state. So that's what we're aimin' for. It's a gamble, sure, but one thing Bobby taught me was that life itself is a gamble. And I think we're gonna win. We're gonna turn this state around and head it into the 20th Century. And it's gonna be one hell of an adventure.

Mark my words, you're gonna see more real racial progress here in Mississippi in the next few years than anywhere else in the country. 'Cause vicious as the race hate has been down here, it's become like a boil that's ripe to bust, and when it does, all the poison will drain away and the scars will heal and we can start fresh. I believe in that with all my heart and soul. All the sufferin', all the deprivation, all the murders and misery ain't been in vain. A new day's dawning down here, and it's gonna spread its light all over the country. I only wish Medgar was gonna be around to see it. And Martin, and Bobby, and all the others. But they're all part of it. God rest their souls.



The quiet revolution.

So quiet, you can barely hear it.

That's the quiet news behind the new Kodak Carousel H slide projectors. So quiet, they don't intrude on the show. Don't interfere with your comments about your slides. Quiet pleasure all the way.

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Stop, look, and listen to these quiet ones at your photo dealer's. Kodak Carousel H projectors start at less than \$80.

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Kodak

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

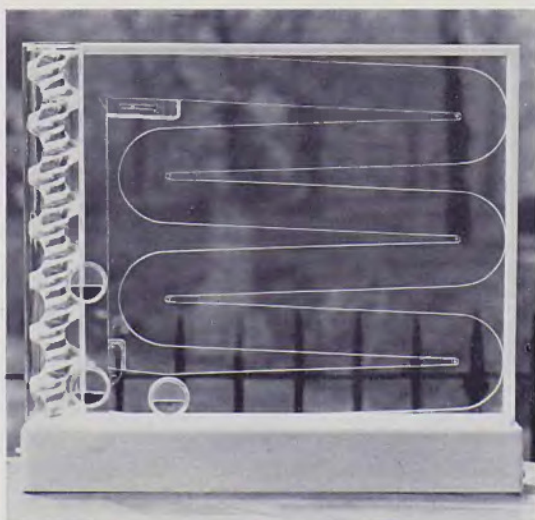
GARDEN OF HEDON



"Let's see, I got the banana-flavored hygiene deodorant, the mood-stimulating music and some new sheets with over 100 sexual positions pictured on 'em. What's left on my shopping list? Ah, yes, French ticklers." It's all in a day's work at The Garden, Montreal and North America's first sex supermarket. According to Ivor Sargent, president of Luv-Makers, Ltd., The Garden's aptly named marketing division, the store is "designed to appeal to anyone who holds a healthy attitude toward sex." Though pornography and "specialized fetish items" are avoided, herbal remedies, intersex boudoirwear, sex-ed material and virility-prolonging agents are offered in a "natural, discreet manner." But of course.

DRUMMING UP NEW BUSINESS

Together or apart, the Beatles are newsmakers. So there was predictably high interest in a work of art recently offered for sale by Zarach, a London furniture store, when people discovered that its creator was none other than Ringo Starr. Zarach calls the piece a kinetic sculpture and, thanks to mass production, prices it at only £60—\$144. It consists of a clear Perspex rectangular box with mercury-filled discs inside that wind down a zigzag course, then spiral upward to repeat an interminable trip (with the help of a small motor in the opaque-lit base). If his subsequent pieces are as well designed as this one, some critics are saying that Ringo, to paraphrase some lyrics he once sang, is going to be a big Starr in the world of kinetic art.



THE WABASH CANNON [CENSORED]

When a Buffalo, New York, piano-roll company, Q-R-S, releases a roll of *Hair*, be assured this is the dawning of the age of rock-on-roll. But lest your Pianola harmonizing degenerate into a salty song-fest, Q-R-S has thoughtfully included CENSORED stickers to affix over objectionable lyrics. Yet, given their warning "This is an X-rated roll," one wonders how the blushing Q-R-S execs let Q-158, *Last Night on the Back Porch*, get by.

I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

Suffering an identity crisis? Place your order pronto with Beverly Hills haberdasher Eric Ross for a hand-loomed Scottish sweater in four colors (choice of 38) with your very own name knitted in; \$40.





STRIP TEAS

Although the Aphrodisay Tea Company people disclaim "inferred medicinal" (or inspirational) value for their packaged ginseng, damiana, saw palmetto and muira-puama blends, they don't say the contents of their \$19, 200-cup wood-boxed gift set will impede experiencing erotic exhilarations after a cup or two. Bottoms up!



POWER GLIDE

Ever since dauntless pioneers first dove off cliffs and barn roofs in search of powerless flight, the sport of gliding has experienced its own wind shifts of popularity. Now, Caproni Vizzola, jet manufacturers since the Thirties, and distributors AviAmerica are pleasing gliding and power pilot alike with a combination jet/sailplane that cruises over eight miles high at speeds exceeding 200 mph. For a price tag hovering around \$30,000, AviAmerica will throw in free lessons and you can cast your fate to the wind.



MIGHTY KANDINSKY AT THE BAT

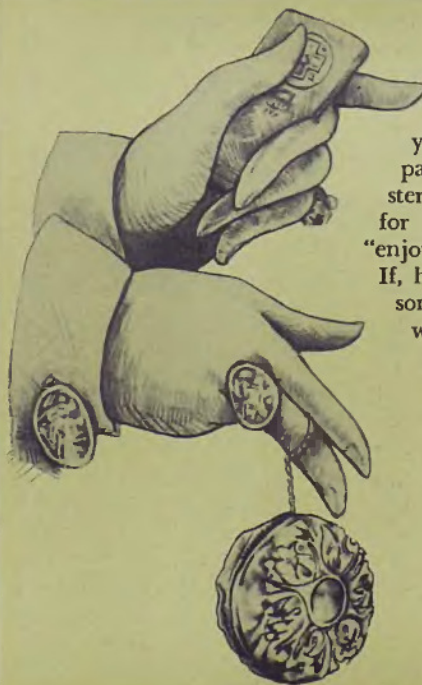
Baseball-card and art collectors, unite—with Artball! Designed by artist Don Celender, these new trading cards look just like the bubble-gum variety, but the faces of the star players are those of artists, such as Picasso, and on the reverse side is a work of their art instead of R.B.I.s. The complete set of 100 cards is available in five boxes of 20 cards at four dollars a box—including gum—from galleries and museums around the country.

HIGH-RISING SIMON

All those high-rise-apartment-dwelling Americans who spend their lives coping with the annoyances of paper-thin walls, negligent landlords, astronomical rents and anonymity we're sure will find solace in Neil Simon's newest comedy, *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, scheduled to open November 11 in New York. Directed by Mike Nichols, the play will star Peter Falk, Lee Grant and Lillian Roth.



HI-YO SILVER!



No, they're not just stringing you along: The Gorham Company is offering a gift-boxed sterling-silver yo-yo (ten dollars) for people who—its ads claim—"enjoy the ups and downs of life." If, however, you're searching for some stability in this topsy-turvy world, we recommend a bar of pure silver from J. D. Browne, San Francisco. Cast by the Foreign Commerce Bank in Zurich, the 999-percent-pure fine silver bars weigh from 3.21 ounces (\$13.20 postpaid) to over 32 ounces. Owning one, we imagine, gives the buoying assurance that you can take it with you.

TOP KICKS

(continued from page 121)

our society. But this isn't to say that coming on wild has replaced being well groomed. Longer hair, in fact, calls for additional care, as evidenced by the dozens of new masculine grooming aids—from electric combs to protein spray-ons—now on the market.

On the subject of greaselessness, of course, there's no hairsplitting. Nothing today will raise a man's dander faster than the mention of grease, goo or the sticky liquid creams and other glop that once were synonymous with high school hair training. The natural look is where it's at in 1971 and, despite an occasional rumor that crewcuts are about to return, all signs point to a long life for long hair.

With this in mind, we present on page 120 a random sampling of men's grooming products that best nourish and sustain lengthy locks. All the dry sprays shown contain little, if any, water and are devoid of plasticine lacquers and suffocating perfumes. Many of the gels, shampoos and appliqués, such as Scannon's Kanon Protein Shampoo and Bonne Bell's Swiss-formula Hair Conditioner, are rich in

protein and other natural ingredients. And the hot-air combs, brushes and driers we've selected are all designed for men and their particular grooming needs.

When it comes to hair care, frequent shampooing is essential for the natural look. Many men's stylists even advocate daily washing. Ideally, the shampoo should be followed by a massage—which can be part of the drying process. At this stage, all you really need is a towel, which, besides aiding drying, helps your circulation. (For a really heady delight, invest in one of the many electric vibrators on the market.)

After the shampoo and massage, rub in a protein-based conditioner that's specially formulated to restore the body that's so crucial to today's fuller haircuts. Although some products, such as Clairol's Condition, require lengthy pack or cream treatments, Pantene has one that takes a mere 30 seconds. And if you're *really* in a hurry, others, such as Clairol's Great Body and Aramis' 900 Hair Conditioner, go to work the minute they touch your scalp.

Men with hard-to-control hair also use a styling gel. After it's rubbed in, an electric-comb attachment is used to "stretch" the hair, taking out lumps and flattening cowlicks. Combing or brushing with heat should be in the opposite direction from the natural fall of the hair.

As a visit to the nearest department store will attest, there seem to be as many makes of hot-air combs, brushes and driers as there are models of cars. Those we particularly like include: Remington's Mist-Air Hot Comb, which delivers a fine spray of conditioner or lotion from a reservoir at the push of a button; Schick's Styling Dryer, which has a directional attachment and dual-speed settings; Ronson's Jetstar, which adjusts to most international voltages; and Norelco's brush, which comes with a variety of bristle attachments.

Now that you've washed, dried and conditioned your hair, there remains the optional act of spraying—the easiest and quickest part of the entire grooming process, thanks to the aerosol can. When applying Charles Revson's Braggi Hair Management Spray or Fabergé's Brut Hair Control Spray (an ideal complement to the robust-smelling Brut Shampoo), hold the can six to eight inches from your hair for two to four seconds. This will give you what hair stylists call a light hold, avoiding a Harold Teen plastered-down appearance. Final styling and shaping with the hand is accomplished while the spray solution is still slightly wet.

Extra-curly hair, as you know, poses special problems. Many blacks with full Afros use the Duke line, by Supreme Beauty Products, or the Afro Sheen collection by Johnson Products, since both contain ingredients that improve the hair's luster and make combing easy. The Ultra Sheen assemblage, also by Johnson, does the same for slightly straightened hair.

Finally, as an alternative to shopping for a variety of products, you might consider acquiring a single manufacturer's collection, such as Aramis 900, which includes a Daily Shampoo, Weekly Scalp Scrub, Conditioner and Spray. The RK division of Redken Laboratories also offers a line of hair groomers. RK, in fact, was among the first to utilize an organically based, acid-balanced protein formula, which harmonizes ideally with the chemistry of the hair.

Since longer hair for men is no longer a badge of one's age group or political attitudes but a stylish and socially acceptable expression of your own individuality, why not sample a few of the products we've recommended? They're sure to keep you ahead of the crowd.



"Obviously a case of mistaken identity. Whoever oppressed you for four hundred years would have to be a lot older than I am."

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 72)

clinic in New York, I should like to comment.

In July 1970, when the elective-abortion law became effective here, we opened a clinic in the home/office of a qualified obstetrician-gynecologist and offered our help to pregnant women regardless of age, residence or ability to pay. At that time, we charged from zero to \$75, depending on the woman's financial situation. The physician once was paid in maple syrup by a Vermont commune dweller and another time received \$50 in change from a waitress who had saved up her tips. Since then, overhead and other problems have forced us to hike our top fee to \$150.

When the woman from Houston mentioned a problem-pregnancy referral service. I was reminded of the many grabby people in New York who got a desk and a few phones after the abortion law was revised and, for fees of from \$50 to \$150 (payable in advance or concealed in the cost of the abortion), gave out numbers to call. Fortunately, a recent legislative coup has put an end to this racket. After working so hard to keep our fees down, we were bothered by this letter, which brought to mind the old saying "Make hay while the sun shines."

Our clinic is located outside of New York City and is having a hassle with the Catholic-dominated town government. If you mention our name and address, it might be interpreted as an unethical bid for publicity, so please withhold them.

(Name and address withheld by request)

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE CELL?

The only serious moral argument against termination of pregnancy is that the embryo has the potential to develop into a human being and, therefore, must be accorded full human rights from the moment of conception. But virtually every cell in the human body has this potential, since every cell has a complete set of human genes. If it is wrong to terminate a cell mass merely because it is a potential human being, then all surgery must be prohibited. Since this is an absurd conclusion, there can be no defensible objection to early abortion.

An article by Harold M. Schmeck, Jr., in *The New York Times* stated:

Scientists in Britain have demonstrated experimentally that a single adult specialized cell, such as a skin cell, contains all the genetic information needed to produce a complete creature with skin, bones, organs and everything else. . . .

New direct evidence comes from work at Oxford University by Dr. John B. Gurdon and Dr. Ronald Laskey. They have taken adult



THE BOYS FROM THE JACK DANIEL'S FRONT OFFICE say they've never had their pictures shown. Well, meet the boys from the front office.

Charlie Manley, the one in the middle, can remember when he was our only finance man. But now he has two assistants and a new calculating machine. And he loves to talk about how he's changed our bookkeeping methods over the years. Of course, when it comes to whiskey we still charcoal mellow it in the slow, old-time way. And, you can be sure, neither Charlie nor anyone else is about to be changing that.



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MELLOWED

DRIP
DROPPING

BY DROP

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specialized cells of frogs, such as skin cells, and grown them in laboratory tissue-culture flasks and then have transplanted the nuclei of some of these cells into unfertilized frog eggs in which the native nuclei had been destroyed. . . .

Ultimately, from a series of such transplantations, the scientists were able to grow some living tadpoles, a few of which became frogs.

In time, similar results will probably be obtained without nuclear transplantation, merely by chemical stimulation of the nonreproductive cells themselves. Some of the procedures required to apply the method to humans are already being developed. These will make it possible to remove and fertilize egg cells from women now unable to conceive and then reintroduce them into the womb. Combining this technique with that of growing new individuals from single cells would make it possible to produce genetic copies of any living person. Technology will eventually also make possible the complete development of a fetus outside the body of the mother. This will render meaningless the principle that abortion should not be performed after the fetus can live outside the womb. Consequently, the only sensible proposals for reform of abortion laws are those that allow abortion on demand up to a certain number of weeks into pregnancy or those that repeal abortion statutes altogether.

David B. Shear, Ph.D.
Columbia, Missouri

MEN'S LIBERATION

I wrote a letter to *The New Haven Register* attacking the injustices in our divorce courts and calling for the formation of a men's liberation front to fight for our rights. My letter was subsequently published and the response was absolutely astonishing: I was pinned to the phone for two days, and about one third of the calls were from women who agreed with me. Many of these women were married to men who were financially crippled by alimony payments to previous wives. (The ex-wives, in some cases, were living with other men.) The men who called told stories of children being raised in incredibly unwholesome environments because judges blindly give custody of the offspring to the mother in virtually every case. Others told of vindictive wives who deliberately charged the maximum on every credit card before the divorce became final, leaving the man with enormous bills in addition to the court-ordered alimony payments.

Many callers had strong, positive suggestions, such as demanding that some TV talk show present men's liberation spokesmen; attempting to persuade Nader's Raiders to investigate the divorce courts; launching a bumper-sticker cam-

paign like Hoffa's; picketing courtrooms in which domestic cases are being heard; holding a national men's lib convention.

This is the militant and angry response to a single letter in one newspaper. The potential for a strong nationwide men's liberation front obviously exists.

Bert K. Hawkes
Guilford, Connecticut

RESPONSIBILITIES OF FATHERS

Kim Drury (*The Playboy Forum*, July) asked, "How many men, though they love the children, would really want the responsibility of feeding, clothing, educating, entertaining and nursing a brood of children for 18 years?" She seems to think that a man, when divorced, is eager to abandon the responsibilities of fatherhood. Speaking for myself, I object to this generalization. My wife and I had only one child, and I became very close to him because my wife worked nights and it was my job to care for him, almost from birth. I did all those little things that most men refuse to do. My son was not quite two when my duties were ended by our divorce. I have implored my ex-wife many times to let me have my son so I can continue to care for him.

K. L. Lewis
Houston, Texas

VOLUNTEER SNOOPERS

I noticed an article in *The Range-finder*, a national professional photography magazine, that reported that the city council of Santa Monica, California, will supply cameras to volunteers who want to photograph people entering theaters where allegedly pornographic films are being shown. The council's purpose is to discourage people from attending these pictures, and the resolution asked for 50 volunteers to picket the five theaters whose policy the city fathers disapprove.

Sigh.

W. G. Williams
Bowling Green, Ohio

THE GINZBURG CASE

The Committee to Protest Absurd Censorship was formed several years ago when Ralph Ginzburg was convicted on obscenity charges. It now appears that Ginzburg has exhausted all possibilities for appeal, and he expects to be put in jail shortly.

The obscene materials that he has been convicted for mailing consist of *Eros*, a glossy magazine that won awards for the excellence of its art layouts, and various other publications that struck many people as shoddy but that are pale indeed compared with the hard-core pornography that is being printed and filmed today. The courts apparently have found no way to reflect changing standards. Ginzburg

is being jailed in 1971 for having published materials that offended the judges almost a decade ago, despite the fact that his magazines and promotional materials would be considered too mild to attract a glance if they were sold today.

In my opinion, the Ginzburg case illustrates the folly of trying to legislate taste. Ginzburg is being sent to jail for having, at worst, a rather painful sense of humor. The judges took exception to his attempting to mail promotional materials from the towns of Intercourse and Blueball, Pennsylvania. He probably will be the first man in history to be jailed for making a bad joke. For this bad joke, he is now famous, while people have forgotten the good he has done as a publisher. Ginzburg was, after all, the first to publish Ralph Nader, and he was publishing protests against the war in Vietnam long before that became fashionable.

Jailing publishers and censoring magazines are much worse than a bad joke. The courts are apparently trying to protect us from Ralph Ginzburg for three years, but who is going to protect writers, publishers and readers from the courts?

Compared with the titanic struggles recently waged by the nation's major newspapers and broadcasting stations over freedom of the press, this case may not seem to be very important, but the jailing of one small publisher who is guilty of no more than making a bad joke is a Governmental crime that can open the way to all sorts of repression. We cannot allow Ralph Ginzburg to go to jail without protesting a loss of freedom for all of us.

Sloan Wilson
Ticonderoga, New York

Wilson is the author of several novels, including "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" and "A Summer Place," and is a contributor to many leading magazines.

PRESS VS. GOVERNMENT

Through the work of a brave man named Daniel Ellsberg and a number of equally praiseworthy journalists, the American public now knows, via the Pentagon papers, how it was conned into the Vietnam catastrophe. When the question was still in doubt whether or not *The New York Times* and other newspapers would be permitted to publish these documents, various officials argued that publication would do irreparable damage to the Government. Thus, one issue raised by the affair was this: Could the American people afford damage to official reputations and operations for the sake of freedom of the press?

I believe the best answer to this question was penned by Thomas Jefferson in a letter he wrote in 1787:

The basis of our Government being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep

that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a Government without newspapers, or newspapers without a Government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.

David Sherman
New York, New York

CURATIVE CANNABIS

In the July *Forum Newsfront*, you make note of Army experiments that reveal that marijuana derivatives may have valuable medicinal qualities, such as pain-killing and tranquilizing effects. This isn't new; in fact, marijuana is one of mankind's oldest pharmaceutical substances. It is mentioned favorably in the Sanskrit materia medica *Rajbulubha*; it is celebrated in the hymns of the Hindu Vedas; it is described as a useful medicine by Herodotus and Dioscorides; and it is recommended in a Chinese medical monograph sometimes attributed to Emperor Shen Neng, who ruled circa 2737 B.C.

Furthermore, Cannabis has been used since time immemorial in Africa and is still a popular medicine there. Hindu physicians still prescribe it for melancholy, loss of appetite and similar ailments. Even during the puritanical 19th Century, marijuana had a long medical history and was recommended for treating many different diseases in more than 100 medical articles; when the ban on this drug was passed by Congress in 1937, Cannabis was still the active ingredient in more than a dozen medicines sold in drugstores.

Finally, it is worth noting that the law against marijuana, intended to stop its use for intoxication and pleasure, has merely stopped medical research on its benefits; the number of people who smoke grass for kicks has increased a hundredfold since that law was passed. Anti-marijuana legislation has succeeded only in creating new problems for society, most of which have nothing to do with the intrinsic properties of the herb itself.

Allen Geller
Montreal, Quebec

Geller is the co-author of "The Drug Beat."

MARIJUANA LAW REFORM

As announced in the June *Forum Newsfront*, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), headquartered in Washington, D.C., is attempting to effectively voice the concern of the millions of Americans who oppose the current practice of sending people to jail for use or possession of marijuana.

NORML does not advocate the use of marijuana. That position would be as untenable as a pro-alcohol or pro-tobacco stand. But we know of no medical, legal or moral justification for sending

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people who do use it to jail. Our position is that the current marijuana laws cause more harm to society than the substance they seek to prohibit. As John Kaplan documents so well in *Marijuana: The New Prohibition*, the costs of attempting to enforce the present laws are far greater than any benefits that might result from suppressing the use of marijuana.

The American public was deliberately misled for many years to believe that marijuana, the so-called killer weed, caused acts of violence and crime. We were told it was addictive and that it would lead to the use of dangerous drugs such as heroin. These myths have now been laid to rest as more and more scientific and medical research has proved them to be incorrect. Harvard professor Lester Grinspoon's book *Marijuana Reconsidered* offers an excellent discussion of our current medical knowledge and of the health consequences of using marijuana. In addition, several Government groups, such as the National Institute of Mental Health, have taken a fresh look at marijuana and have come up with honest and intelligent conclusions. In the words of the National Commission on the Reform of Federal Criminal Laws, a Congressional study group that recently recommended that simple possession of marijuana should be punishable by a small fine, but no jail sentence:

[Our recommendations are based on the view that] available evidence does not demonstrate significant deleterious effects of marijuana in quantities ordinarily consumed; that any risks appear to be significantly lower than those attributable to alcoholic beverages; that the social cost of criminalizing a substantial segment of otherwise law-abiding citizenry is not justified by the, as yet, undemonstrated harm of marijuana use; and that the jail penalties for the use of marijuana jeopardize the credibility and therefore the deterrent value of our drug laws with respect to other, demonstrably harmful drugs.

But the laws, vestiges of the old attitudes, still remain.

Smoking marijuana is the functional equivalent of drinking alcohol. While everyone is aware of abuses that can occur with alcohol, drinkers and non-drinkers alike agree that the experiment of alcohol prohibition was a failure: The effects of Prohibition were worse than the effects of alcohol. It would be difficult to overstate the parallels between the present prohibition of marijuana and the prohibition of alcohol under the Volstead Act.

If these facts are made known to the public, we believe they will agree that the laws must be reformed. It is incredibly cruel to continue to send our youth to jail for using something that has no

known harmful effects and that, from all indications, is far less harmful to one's health than is alcohol or tobacco.

NORML needs your help. If you share our concern, join our organization and register your opposition to the current harsh penalties that all too often ruin the lives of our younger citizens. We'll send you a pamphlet that briefly describes the marijuana laws in all 50 states, a subscription to our newsletter and a marijuana-reform poster. But most importantly, you will be helping to change a system of laws that has unnecessarily wreaked havoc on a whole generation. It's no longer enough just to be against inequities in the law—it's time to do something.

R. Keith Stroup, Executive Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
2105 N Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20037

DOPE AND V. D.

Veterans leaving Vietnam are now being given a urinalysis for heroin addiction, and are subsequently searched for marijuana when coming through customs. Many have complained that these are invasions of privacy. Others say that the heroin test is unreliable and can easily be beaten even by a heavy addict. Whatever the merit of those arguments, I note a more serious error of judgment here: There is no comparable procedure for preventing the vets from bringing venereal disease back to the States. The addict with an adequate supply is a problem only to himself, the pothead is not a problem at all, but the carrier of syphilis is a menace to the community.

John Robinson
San Francisco, California

All military personnel are given a routine blood test for syphilis before final separation, but this may happen weeks, or months, after the veteran has returned to this country; he could infect quite a few people in the meantime. The test for gonorrhea is no longer part of the final physical examination.

SATANIC SYMBOLS

The *WSMR Security Bulletin*, published for distribution to the civilian scientists, support personnel and Army troops at the White Sands Missile Range, recently reprinted an article from the *De Molay News*. This article described the well-known trident peace symbol as "actually one of the satanic symbols known as the broken cross or the 'crucified cross.' In short, it is one of the marks of the anti-Christ. . . . Be sure of one thing, the Communists are gleeful when they see this mark of atheism worn by Americans, whether knowingly or unsuspectingly."

Following this logic, it could be argued that the Nazi swastika is really a good symbol since it is related to the

same ancient solar crosses from which the Christian cross derives.

T. H. Gilliam
Green River, Utah

The De Molay News is published by the De Molay Association of New Mexico, a Masonic organization for boys aged 14-21. Jacques de Molay, after whom this organization is named, was Grand Master of an order of military monks called the Knights Templar and was executed in 1314 by the Roman Catholic Church after confessing under torture to homosexuality, heresy, Satanism, blasphemy and witchcraft. Foes of the Masons claim that the charges against de Molay were true, that the Masonic movement was founded by survivors of the purge of the Templars and that present-day Masons use Satanist symbols and are guilty of similar habits. The attack on the peace symbol, which has appeared in other Masonic publications around the U. S., originated with a leaflet disseminated by the Network of Patriotic Letter-Writers. It is as baseless—and as base—as the canards that have been thrown at the Masons. It is sad, therefore, to see some Masons falling for the same kind of slanderous tripe to which their own movement has been subjected.

Actually, it is agreed by objective students of comparative religion that designs similar to the peace symbol, the symbols of Freemasonry and even the swastika are thousands of years old and have had widely different meanings in various times and places.

ALL TOGETHER, NOW

The *Playboy Forum* published a letter of mine in January 1971 in which I pointed out the gullibility of conservatives who fell for the "Communist Rules for Revolution" and the claim that the peace symbol is a Satanist sign.

It seems that liberals can be hoaxed, too. I have seen on posters and in various publications the following quote, attributed to Adolf Hitler:

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the Republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order or our nation cannot survive.

No evidence can be found that Hitler ever made such a statement.

It is ironic that many leftists who equate the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell call for law and order with Nazism are themselves willing to condone such Nazi tactics as the use of terrorism and the armed seizure of power. Maybe if the left wing and the right wing would both stop flapping, this nation could get down to earth and partake of some

PIZZA

BY
WOODMAN



WOODMAN

common sense and brotherhood, both of which it needs to survive. We must recognize that anybody who tries to lead us *against* another group is the enemy. Anyone who thinks that dollars are more important than lives or that power is more important than friendship or that force is a solution to our problems, is someone to be afraid of and shunned. We're all in the same boat, and if we don't stop fighting and start rowing together, not to the right nor the left but forward, this leaky old mother earth is going to sink, and soon.

The Rev. Dr. M. S. Medley
Texarkana, Texas

DISORDER IN THE DRESS

A letter placed at the entrance to all base exchanges at McCoy Air Force Base, Florida, announces that it is forbidden, while in civilian dress, to wear "Articles of clothing tending to create disorder, such as supporting or advocating overthrow of the U.S. Government."

Airman George Garnett
McCoy AFB, Florida

LIVE FREE OR DIE

New Hampshire license plates now bear the slogan LIVE FREE OR DIE. I wouldn't object if somebody voluntarily stuck this on his bumper, as many people

do with peace slogans or AMERICA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT stickers, but what right does the state have to impose this bit of anti-Communist paranoia on every citizen who wants to operate a car? Why does each car owner have to advertise somebody else's propaganda? Why can't one take a Sunday-afternoon drive without showing support for some bureaucrat's attempt to justify the hot war in Indochina and the Cold War everywhere?

Brad Stearns
Arlington, Maine

I want to thank the state of New Hampshire for placing a revolutionary slogan on this year's automobile license plates. I wish they had literally copied Major Ernesto Ché Guevara's indomitable "In a revolution one wins or dies," but the paraphrase they have come up with (LIVE FREE OR DIE) is good enough. It perfectly expresses what all of us in the movement feel these days; we are certainly willing to die trying to free Amerika from the imperialist power elite who currently own and govern it.

Jack Jones
Lyndonsville, New Hampshire

COMMUNICATING WITH THE ENEMY

I am a Vietnam veteran who is present in the United States disciplinary

barracks at Fort Leavenworth for speaking my mind against the Vietnam war in a letter to the North Vietnamese delegation at the peace talks in Paris. The letter was never delivered because of inadequate postage, but I was court-martialed for "open communication with an enemy." As I understand it, the maximum penalty for this offense is death.

U.S. civilians have been in touch with people from Hanoi and U.S. diplomats are communicating with these people every day. My letter (which in any case contained nothing that would have been harmful to U.S. military operations) was never even delivered; yet, I'm in prison. So much for my freedom as an American.

Since my confinement, I've received numerous letters of sympathy, and I would like to say thanks to everyone who has written to me.

Allen Ramp
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

To check the accuracy of the statements in Ramp's letter, PLAYBOY sent the following list of questions to the commandant of the United States disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth:

1. Do you have Allen Ramp confined in the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth?
2. Is he there for a court-martial charge of "open communication with an enemy"?
3. Is the maximum penalty for the offense death?
4. What is his sentence?

We received the following reply from Major Donald B. Whitmarsh, deputy director of classification at Fort Leavenworth:

Under the provisions of U.S. Army regulations, the information you requested cannot be furnished to you.

It is hoped that this information will serve as an adequate reply to your letter.

Apparently, open communication with an enemy is easier to accomplish than open communication with the U.S. Army.

THE GI MOVEMENT

I was surprised at the overwhelming number of letters I received from Servicemen all over the world who read my letter published in the February Playboy Forum. The letters reflected the problem I wrote about; they came from GIs who didn't even know they had any rights.

Much publicity these days is given to assertions that the military intends to make sweeping reforms to the advantage of enlisted men. In fact, however, these reforms are so superficial that many men feel the military is putting them on. Beer, beards, longer hair and Service Clubs with rock bands are not what the GI



Buck Brown

"Explain again how this is going to help end the war in Vietnam!"

movement is about. The Department of Defense and the Pentagon have gone mad if they think these reforms will silence dissent. GIs know what the struggle against militarism and depersonalization is; no one should think for one minute that the men do not understand these issues. A lifer with sideburns is still a lifer.

In my February letter, I mentioned the book *GI Rights and Army Justice: The Draftee's Guide to Military Life and Law*, by Robert S. Rivkin, which is published by Grove Press of New York. This book deserves the widest possible distribution. Servicemen might ask the Post Exchanges to stock the book; its contents are strictly legal and interpret the military's own regulations, the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the U.S. Constitution and various court decisions. We also have a new pamphlet of excerpts from that book, listing some of the elementary rights many men don't know about. The pamphlet may be obtained by writing to me at GI Counseling Services, 339 Lafayette Street, New York, New York 10012. It is free of charge to Servicemen and women, but please enclose two eight-cent stamps for postage. Thanks to *PLAYBOY* for its sensitivity to the problems of Servicemen.

Jerry Wingate, Coordinator
GI Counseling Services
New York, New York

MILITARY HONOR

The weakest aspect of the American military system is the high court-martial conviction rate, which is a constant reminder of the military's failure to protect the rights of GIs. As a West Pointer with eight years of recognized service, my own experience shows that injustices will continue to take a toll of lives and reputations unless above all other military law there is a system of guidelines governing the consciences of our Armed Forces—a code of honor and conduct.

The Uniform Code of Military Justice is a good system of laws, but it cannot be enforced at all levels, and its fair enforcement is impeded by lying, harassment of witnesses, prejudice, entrapment, excessive punishment, concealment of guilt or error, unjust use of technicalities and denial of due process. I believe the honor system can counteract these evils. All the Service academies spend four years drilling the honor system into each cadet and future officer; yet the honor system is not used in the Armed Forces other than at the academies.

An honor code is a brief set of good-conscience rules that every Serviceman can understand, agree to and enforce himself every day. The honor system gives every individual, regardless of rank, the same power as the highest general to effect just and objective observance of all regulations and the honor code. The code prohibits lying, cheating,



"Johann, the garbage!"

stealing, slandering and ignoring or improperly using regulations. An honor committee would be set up for each unit and at each command level. Any GI could bring charges of honor violations to those committees without fear of reprisal. The committees, whose members would be elected in the democratic manner and who would carry authority equal to that of the Inspector General's branch, could put an immediate halt to false charges, false evidence, false reports and remarks, improper punishments, inhumane treatment, thefts and misappropriations, and other willful violations. The honor system would work, because every GI would be behind it.

Had a code of honor and conduct existed at my own court-martial in 1944, the travesty of justice then and over the next 26 years would not have occurred. It took three appeals and seven years to prove my complete innocence of an airplane crash. It took two more appeals and another six years to confirm that I still hold legal title to my regular commission. And it's taken 13 more years to compile the evidence to support my reinstatement hearing.

Ernest F. Boruski, Jr.
New York, New York

PRISON AS REHABILITATION

Hugh Hefner has been called a lot of things in his time. Now, in recognition of the attention given in *PLAYBOY* to prisoners, we at the California Correc-

tional Institution are awarding Hefner the title of Honorary Convict. May his magazine continue to tell it like it is.

There is a good side to the prison picture. For example, at the California Correctional Institution, a minimum-medium penal institution, with a population of about 1200 prisoners, inmates enjoy 46-hour family visits (including conjugal visitation), vocational training, academic education, group therapy, 72-hour passes and self-help groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous. I personally have completed 1240 hours of shop and classroom work and have received a certificate of completion in basic auto repair. Other skills being taught at C. C. I. include cabinetmaking, culinary arts, silk-screen work, small-appliance repair, welding, air conditioning and refrigeration, mechanical drawing, gardening, dry cleaning, shoe repair and sewing-machine repair. About two thirds of the inmates attend elementary or high school on a half-day basis, while learning a trade the other half. The same subjects taught in an average school are taught here. There are lectures, audio-visual films and homework, just as in any school. The biology class is even taken on a field trip each semester to Hog Hill, about a mile down the road, to examine rocks and plants.

Many of the inmates live in units that don't have a custody officer assigned to them. Community problems in these units are settled by majority rule. However,

C. C. I. is not a country club. Every prisoner here has an eight-hour day of work, study or group therapy to account for. But I've wasted 12 years behind bars (Cook County Jail, Joliet, Menard, Orleans Parish Prison and San Quentin) and I've never heard of an institution that does more to rehabilitate a man than C. C. I. Rehabilitation requires a receptive frame of mind, one that is hard to maintain when you're concerned with what kind of lousy food you're being fed or whether a riot is brewing or if some psychopath you've accidentally offended might try to kill you. Being sent here is one of the best things that ever happened to me.

Gene Charles Herrington
California Correctional Institution
Tehachapi, California

REPLY FROM BRAZIL

As an Englishman who has lived over 25 years in Brazil, I feel obliged to answer the letter "Report from Brazil," which appeared in the June *Playboy Forum*. I happened to be in Porto Alegre in March 1964, when the shadow of communism hung over Brazil under the regime of the constitutional president João Goulart and his brother-in-law Leonel Brizola. When the revolution broke out, that city was practically Goulart's only stronghold for three days. It was impossible to obtain any news from outside the city through the local paper or radio stations. One had to go into a closed room with a good transistor radio to hear the other side of the story from Rio or São Paulo stations, and listening to those stations was considered a crime. Those days really could be compared to life in Nazi Germany or the U. S. S. R.

The revolutionary or military government that took over after Goulart fled had to convince Brazilians that the days of wage increases without increases in production must end in order to stop runaway inflation. Today, any unbiased Brazilian can be proud of the results of the work of the past seven years. Castro-type guerrilla movements have sprung up, but this is because violence is the only recourse remaining to the discredited left-wing extremists. Those *PLAYBOY* readers who dread the idea of military dictatorship should try to understand that developing nations sometimes need such a form of government.

As for the June-letter writer's allegations of censorship, I might point out that you received his letter, you published it and the June issue is on sale in Brazil.

Alan E. Wootton
São Paulo, Brazil

A person with no respect for his country wrote a bunch of lies in his "Report from Brazil." The truth is that censorship of correspondence does not exist in Brazil; it is merely something people

joke about. We Brazilians do not consider our president a dictator. The leftist government that was replaced in 1964 brought the country to the edge of bankruptcy and, since then, our current president has achieved notable economic and technological progress. Nor has this been done with the help of American advisors: We have done everything in our history alone.

Every once in a while popular newspapers and magazines outside our country receive these "name withheld" letters. The people who write them are not Brazilians; their loyalty is to an international ideology I need not mention.

Paulo J. Pinto
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

UNCOMMON SENSE

Citizens of this country value highly something called common sense, while at the same time they are suspicious of reason and intellect. Obviously, common sense does not mean rationality; it means the common ideas of the common mob. By following this dubious guide, we have arrived at government censorship, gun control, police-state tactics, no-knock laws and state-supported child-care centers, among other totalitarian trends.

What we need is uncommon sense—real intelligence—together with the courage to dissent from the blind conformity of the mob. The founding fathers, I am sure, envisioned a union of vocal and recalcitrant minorities, not one big bovine silent majority.

Anthony DeVries
Houston, Texas

THE UBIQUITY OF PREJUDICE

Since being drafted, I've been stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey. When I meet local citizens or soldiers from the North, they automatically assume, because of my Tennessee accent, that I'm a racist. Also, I happen to like wearing my hair short—even shorter than the Army requires. Therefore, I've been tagged as one who loves the Army, favors the war and is in all things a staunch conservative. None of these snap judgments could be further from the truth. Are the reactions I encounter any different from the classing of long-hairs as violent radicals or blacks as second-class citizens? When we eliminate prejudice, let's eliminate all of it.

Robert D. Wade
Fort Dix, New Jersey

COMES THE REVOLUTION

The letter from Thomas Ross (*The Playboy Forum*, July), which complained of the obnoxious tendencies of sexual revolutionaries, women's lib, gay liberation and the like, reminded me of some very cogent remarks on radicalism in America by a science-fiction writer named Norman Spinrad. In a series of articles

on revolution in America for the *Los Angeles Free Press*, he pointed out that many of our would-be revolutionaries are making enemies of those they most need to win over—the American people. "Any revolution that has to fall back on calling itself THE Revolution," writes Spinrad, "can't have too clear an idea of where it wants to go, or if it does, it must know that its true aims will probably be unpalatable to the very people it seeks to liberate."

Pointing out that a revolution by force of arms is a practical impossibility in America today, Spinrad says that nationwide liberation can succeed only by winning the support of most of the American people. The only program that will win mass support is the one summed up by Thomas Ross as, "Do your own thing and let me do my thing," or, as Spinrad more elegantly puts it, cultural pluralism. He states:

Cultural pluralism would simply mean that all Americans would have to respect the diversity of America. If hard-hats want to be bedrock Baptists and drink beer, that's their bag, and they've got a right to it. If blacks want economic control of the ghettos and a distinct cultural identity, it's their turf and their business. If people want to smoke dope, or shoot smack, or stick electrodes into their pleasure centers and plug themselves in, their right to their own brand of pleasure must not merely be tolerated but protected by law. If communes want to drop out of the capitalist money economy, that's their affair.

But cultural pluralism would also mean that no subculture would enforce its will on any other subculture, and that the American Government as a whole would do nothing that raises one set of cultural values above another. . . .

This is a far cry from a Marxist America, or an America returned to an agrarian economy, or a laissez-faire capitalist America, or any other ideological utopia. . . .

But you can't buy your own freedom by taking away the freedom of others. Revolution is change; the capacity for change is the surest measure of a society's freedom. A revolution that thinks it has all the answers for everyone for all time is no revolution at all.

Robert Daniels
Los Angeles, California

"The *Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The *Playboy Philosophy*." Address all correspondence to *The Playboy Forum*, *Playboy Building*, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





"Say, they're a pretty oddly matched pair."

Souped-Up Soups (continued from page 155)

flavor and aroma become an integral part of the dish.

If you see cocktail soups as some kind of Alice B. Toklas brownie ploy—a way to get your friends sneakily snocked—you're missing an essential point. Souped-up soups are their own reward. A lashing of gin, whiskey, brandy or rum, for example, breathes life, savor and verve into the most banal canned products.

Cocktail soups also have particular appeal for people who are long on taste but short on time. They can serve as a combination aperitif and first course at a luncheon or dinner—especially if you're making an early curtain. They help maintain the glow of the pre-prandial drink without turning dinner into a bash. And there's no better way to start Sunday brunch than with a potent preamble to the main fare, whether it is well iced or properly steaming.

The recipes that follow are a fair sampling of the species. Furthermore, they should offer no challenge to the tyro in the kitchen—just sheer pleasure.

SCOTCH SHRIMP SOUP (Serves two or three)

- 1 can frozen condensed cream-of-shrimp soup
- 1 soup-can milk
- 3 ozs. Scotch

Place unopened can in hot water for about 15 minutes to thaw slightly. Empty can into blender, add milk and blend until very smooth. Heat just to boiling

point; stir in Scotch; heat until soup returns to simmer.

SHERRY BEAN ZIP (Serves two or three)

- 1 can condensed black-bean soup
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cocktail sherry
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Combine soup and water and heat to boiling point. Stir in sherry and lemon juice and heat until soup returns to simmer. May be garnished with a sprinkling of sieved hard-boiled egg.

MANHATTAN SOUP (serves two or three): Combine 1 can condensed black-bean soup with 1 cup water, 2 ozs. sweet vermouth, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Heat to boiling point; stir in 2 ozs. bourbon; heat until soup returns to simmer.

SOUPER-BULL (Serves four)

- 4 beef bouillon cubes
- 3 cups boiling water
- 4 ozs. vodka
- Freshly ground pepper
- 4 lemon slices

The bull shot was the first soup offered as a cocktail. By reversing the emphasis, we're just going back to its origins.

Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water. Add vodka. Sprinkle each serving with pepper and garnish with lemon slice.

COLD BULL (serves two or three): Spin

in blender 1 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. can condensed beef bouillon, 1 cup cracked ice and 2 or 3 sprigs parsley without stems, until ice is sherbety but not completely dissolved. Stir in 3 ozs. vodka. Serve in chilled cups or small bowls. May be garnished with lemon slice.

RUMMY AVOCADO SOUP (Serves four)

- 1 small ripe avocado
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 can condensed cream-of-chicken soup
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- 3 ozs. light rum
- Salt

Strip skin from avocado; mash to a paste with lemon juice. Heat soup and milk just to boiling point. Slowly stir in mashed avocado and rum. Add salt to taste. Stir until mixture just heats through. (Be careful when cooking avocado: Too much heat tends to make it bitter.) Top each portion with several thin slices of avocado, if you like.

POTAGERIE MARY (Serves two or three)

- 1 16-oz. can tomato juice, very cold
- 3 ozs. vodka
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- Dash each pepper sauce and Worcestershire sauce
- 1 firm, ripe tomato
- 1 rib celery
- 6 littleneck clams with their liquid
- 2 tablespoons minced scallion, white and green parts

This is a hearty version of the bloody mary, everything you'd want an aperitif and an appetizer to be.

Combine tomato juice, vodka and seasonings; chill. Peel and seed tomato. Chop tomato and celery so that they're very fine but still retain their texture. Stir into juice. Pour into chilled bowls. Add 2 clams with their liquid to each bowl. Sprinkle with chopped scallion. Adjust seasoning, if necessary. Chopped fresh basil or thyme may also be added.

TOWN AND COUNTRY (Serves two)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Clamato juice, chilled
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttermilk
- 2 ozs. California brandy
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon dried dill weed
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup crushed ice
- Salt, pepper

Every country boy knows that buttermilk is good for you. Every city boy believes the same about brandy. This recipe contains the best of both worlds.

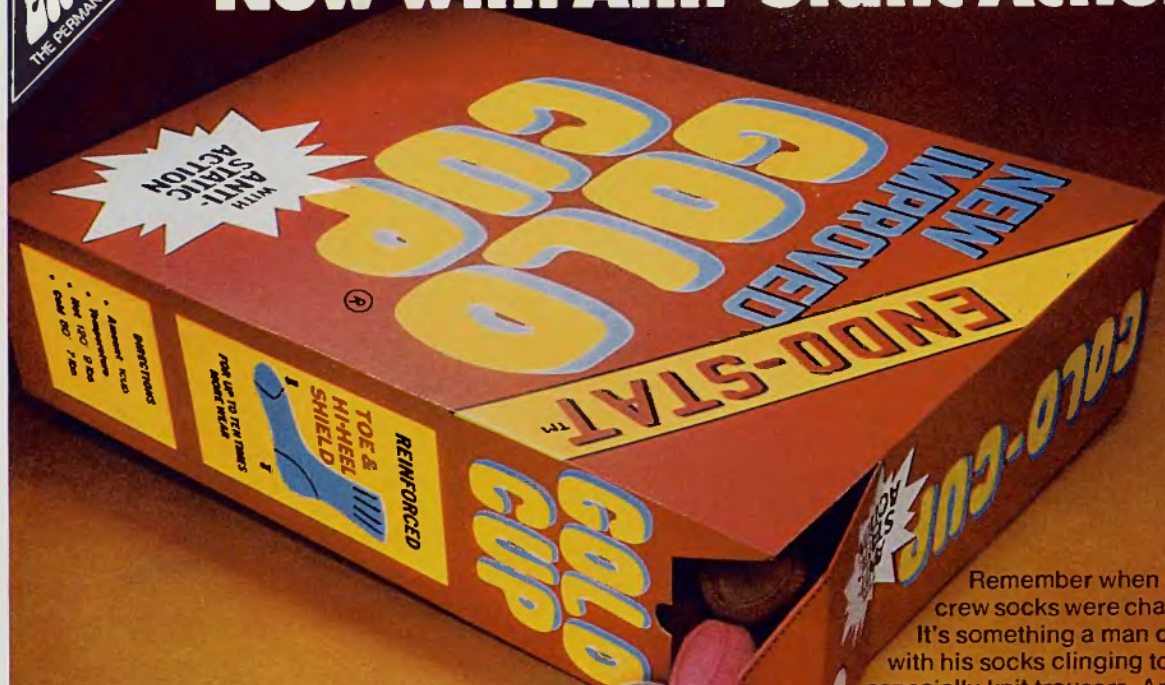
Combine all ingredients in blender and whirl at high speed until completely



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blended. Adjust seasoning, if necessary. Serve with popcorn garnish.

GAZPACHO MARTINI
(Serves six)

- 4 tomatoes, peeled
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 1 cucumber, peeled and cubed
- ½ green pepper, cut up
- 2 cloves garlic, quartered
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 2 tablespoons wine vinegar
- 1 cup bread cubes
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 cup tomato juice
- ½ cup crushed ice
- 4 ozs. gin
- 4 ozs. dry vermouth
- 12 small stuffed green olives

Dice tomatoes into bowl, so that no juice is lost. Add all other vegetables, garlic, oil, vinegar, bread and salt. Blend, 2 cups at a time, for 10 to 15 seconds. Jockey the blender, on and off, on and off, checking the consistency. The vegetables should not be puréed, merely chopped fine. After blending, stir in tomato juice, ice, gin and vermouth. Chill thoroughly. Top each portion with 2 olives. Soup may be served with garnishes of chopped cucumber, green pepper, scallion or hard-boiled egg.

CHAMPAGNE FRUIT SOUP
(Serves 10 to 12)

- 1-lb. can pitted dark sweet cherries
- 1-lb. can pitted sour red cherries
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 5 ozs. orange liqueur
- 3 seedless oranges
- 1 tart apple, peeled and coarsely grated
- 1 bottle chilled champagne or 1 split per person

Pour cherries with their juice into saucepan. Add sugar, orange rind, cinnamon and salt. Stir in cornstarch. Cook until mixture thickens and comes to boil. Stir in orange liqueur. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Cut oranges in half, remove sections of pulp with tip of spoon (as you would with grapefruit) and add to cherries. Squeeze in any orange juice remaining in shells. Add apple. Chill. Serve in chilled bowls. This soup doesn't call for an imported bottle of *brut*; a good American bubbly will do very well. Be generous and serve a split (6½-oz. bottle) per person. Each diner pours the wine into his own bowl and sips the rest of the drink with the meal.

Cocktail soup's on!



butkus

(continued from page 102)

be too easy a sport. But the reality is that the timing is usually destroyed by a mental error, by a misstep, by a defenseman getting a bigger piece of a man than he was expected to, by the mere pace of the action being beyond a man's ability to think clearly when he's under pressure. Or by his being belted in the neck and knee simultaneously while he's supposed to be running nine steps down and four steps in.

The Bears don't get anywhere against the Viking defense and Butkus is back out quickly. On the field, his presence is commanding. He doesn't take a stance so much as install himself a few feet from the offensive center, screwing his heels down and hunching forward, hands on knees. His aura is total belligerence. As Cuozzo calls the signals, all of Butkus goes into motion. His mouth is usually calling signals of his own, his hands come off his knees, making preliminary pawing motions, and his legs begin to drive in place. No one in football has a better sense of where the ball will go, and Butkus moves instantly with the snap.

Two Cuozzo passes under pressure set up a Viking touchdown. On the Bears next set of offensive plays, they can't get anything going, and the defense is back out. On the second play from scrimmage, the Vikings set up a perfect sweep, a play that looks great each time you put it on the blackboard but works right one time in ten. This is one of those times. Guards Milt Sunde and Ed White lead Clint Jones around the left side with no one in front of them except Butkus, who is moving over from his position in the middle. All four bodies are accelerating rapidly. The play happens right in front of me and Butkus launches himself around Sunde and smashes both forearms into White, clawing his way over the guard to bring Jones down for no gain. He has beaten three men.

The Vikings are forced to punt after that and the Bears get their first first down. Then, on first and ten, Bear quarterback Jack Concannon lobs a perfect pass to halfback Craig Baynham, who is open in the Viking secondary. Baynham drops it. And that is about as much as the Bear offense will show this day.

With 56 seconds left in the half, the Vikings have the ball again. Cuozzo is trapped in the backfield trying to pass; and as he sets to throw, the ball falls to the ground and the Bears pick it up. The officials rule that Cuozzo was in the act of throwing and therefore the Vikings maintain possession on an incomplete pass. The Bears and all of Wrigley Field



"My advice is keep away from it. You start with catnip and, before you know it, you're on heroin."

think it's a fumble and are expressing themselves accordingly. Butkus is enraged and is ranting at all the officials at once. But the Vikings keep the ball and a few seconds later try a field goal from the Bear 15. Butkus is stunting in the line, looking for a place to get through to block the kick. At the snap, he charges over tackle Ron Yary but is savagely triple-teamed and stopped. The field goal is good. When Yary comes off the field, he is bleeding heavily from the bridge of his nose but doesn't seem to notice it.

As the half ends, a ruddy-looking gray-haired man who had been enthusiastically jeering the officials on the Cuozzo call slumps forward in his seat. Oxygen and a stretcher are dispatched immediately and the early diagnosis is a heart attack. He is rushed from the stadium, but the betting among the side-line spectators—an elite group of photographers, friends of the athletes and hangers-on—is that he won't make it. They are right; the man is taken to a hospital and pronounced dead on arrival. A spectator, watching the game from behind a ground-level barricade, says, "If he had a season ticket, I'd like to buy it."

The second half is more of the same for the Bears' offense. Concannon throws another perfect touchdown pass, but it's dropped; and the Vikings maintain their edge. The surprising thing is that the Bears never give up. With the score 24-0, the Bear offensive line is still hitting and, God knows, so is the defense. The Bears have a reputation as a physical team, and it's justified. They have often given the impression, especially in the days when George Halas was coaching them, of being a bunch of guys who thought the best thing you could do on a Sunday afternoon was go out and kick a little ass. Winning was a possible but not necessary adjunct to playing football.

As Butkus comes off the field at the end of the third quarter, he's limping noticeably, but it hasn't affected his play. Cuozzo has had most of his success throwing short passes to the outside, but he continues to run plays in Butkus' area. The plays begin to take on a hypnotic pattern for me. Every three downs or so, there is this paradigm running play: Tingelhoff, the center, charges at Butkus, who fends him off with his forearms. Then Butkus moves to the hole that Osborn or Brown has committed himself to. Butkus, legs driving, arms outstretched, seems to simply step forward and embrace the largest amount of space he can. And he smothers everything in it—an offensive lineman, possibly one of his own defensive linemen and the ball carrier. Then he simply hangs on and bulls it all to the ground.

Finally, the game ends with a sense of stupefying boredom, because everyone



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seems to realize at once that there was never any hope. As the fans file out, one leans over a guardrail and screams at Bear head coach Jim Dooley. "Hey, Dooley! Why don't you give Butkus a break? Trade him!" This is met with approval from his friends.

A few days after the Viking game, Butkus is in another North Side German restaurant. He is quiet, reserved and unhappy, because he feels that the Vikings didn't show the Bears much, didn't beat them physically nor with any great show of proficiency. I can't help thinking that a man of his talent would get tired of this kind of second-rate football.

"Don't you ever get bored? Don't you think of retiring from this grind?"

"No way!"

"But what do you get from it? It's got to be very frustrating. Why do you play?"

"Hell. That's like asking a guy why he fucks."

• • •

The following Sunday, the Bears are flat and lose badly to an amazing passing display from the San Diego Chang-

ers. But they have been pointing toward their next big game—a rematch with an old and hated rival, the Detroit Lions. Earlier in the year, on national television, the Bears led the Lions for a half but ended up losing. After that game, Lion head coach Joe Schmidt said that his middle linebacker, Mike Lucci, was the best in football and that Butkus was overrated. The Lions generally said that Butkus was dirty rather than good. It added a little spice to a game that didn't need any.

The question of linebacking is an interesting one to consider. To play that position, a man must be strong enough in the arms and shoulders to fight off offensive linemen who often outweigh him, fast enough to cover receivers coming out of the backfield and rangy enough to move laterally with speed. But the real key to the position is an instantaneous ferocity—the ability to burst rather than run. And the man must function in the face of offenses that have been specifically designed to influence his actions away from the ball. Butkus is regarded

as the strongest of middle linebackers, the very best at stopping running plays.

I once asked Howard Mudd if the 49ers, his previous team, had a special game plan for Butkus. "Sure," he said. "The plan was to not run between the tackles; always ensure that you block Dick. Once the game started, the plan changed, though. It became, 'Don't run. Just pass.'"

Mudd also pointed out something that belies Butkus' reputation for viciousness. "He doesn't try to punish the blockers." Mudd said. "He doesn't hit you in the head, like a lot of guys. The first time I played against him, I was—well—almost disappointed. It wasn't like hitting a wall or anything. He didn't mess with me, he went by me. All he wants is the ball. When he gets to the ball carrier, he really rings that man's bell."

In the Bear defense, Butkus is responsible for calling the signals and for smelling out the ball. If he has a weakness, it's that he sometimes seems to wallow a bit on his pass drops, allowing a man to catch a pass in front of him and assuming that the force of his tackle will have an effect on the man's confidence. It often does.

• • •

The night before the Lions game, Butkus was at his home in a suburb about 40 minutes' drive from Wrigley Field. It's an attractive ranch-style brick house. In front of the garage is a white pickup truck with the initials D. B. unobtrusively hand-lettered on the door. Inside the garage is a motorcycle. These are Butkus' toys. The main floor of the house is charmingly furnished and reflects the taste of his wife, Helen, an attractive auburn-haired woman who is expecting their third child early in 1971. She is a lively but reserved woman who runs the domestic side of their lives and attempts to keep track of Nikki, a four-year-old girl, and Ricky, a three-year-old boy—two golden-haired and rugged children.

The basement of the house belongs mostly to Butkus. Its finished, paneled area contains a covered pool table—he doesn't enjoy the game very much nor play it well—and a bar. Along the walls are as many trophies and glory photos as a man could ever hope for. The only photograph he calls to a visitor's attention is an evocative one from *Sports Illustrated* that shows him in profile, looking grimy and tired, draining the contents of a soft-drink cup.

At the far end of the basement is Butkus' workroom. The area is dominated by a large apparatus of steel posts



"Let's rest awhile—my back is killing me!"



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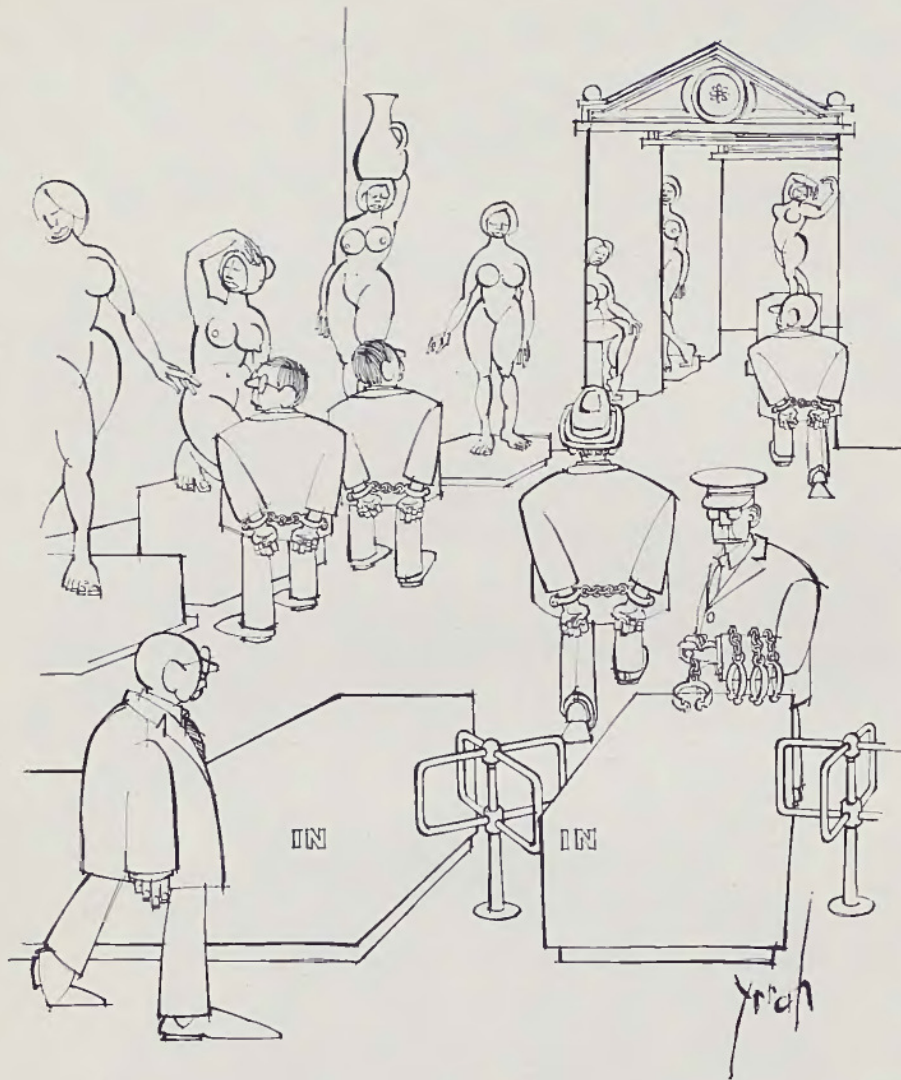
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and appendages that looks like some futuristic torture chamber. It's called a Universal Gym and its various protrusions allow him to exercise every part of his body. There is other exercise equipment about and in a far corner is a sauna. Butkus works out regularly but not to build strength. His objective is to keep his weight down and his muscles loose.

After an early dinner with the family, Butkus secluded himself in the bedroom with his playbooks and 16mm projector for a last look at the Lions' offense in its shadowy screen incarnation. Just after ten o'clock, he went to sleep. He woke early the next morning and went to early Mass, at 6:30, so that he didn't have to dress up. He and the priest were the only ones there. He returned home to eat a big steak and, after breakfast, he spent some more time with the playbooks. About ten o'clock he left the house for the drive to the ball park.

"He's real quiet before a game," Mrs. Butkus says, "but he's usually quiet. When he was dating me, my mother

used to ask, 'Can't he talk?' I don't think he gets nervous before a game. I think it's just anticipation. He really wants to get at them."

She is remarkably cheerful about football and likes to talk about her husband's prowess. Her favorite story is one that she learned when she met Fuzzy Thurston, one of the great offensive linemen from Vince Lombardi's years at Green Bay. "Fuzzy told me," she says, "that when Dick played against the Packers the first time, Lombardi growled, 'Let's smear this kid's face.' But Fuzzy says they just couldn't touch him. After the game, Lombardi said, 'He's the best who ever played the position.'"

The day of the Lions game is cool and clear. When Butkus comes out, his expression is blank. The Bears are quieter and more fidgety than before the Viking game. It's immediately apparent that this game will be played at a higher pitch than the previous ones, nearly off the scale that measures human rage.

People who play football and who write about it like to talk about finesse, about a lineman's "moves." But when the game is really on, the finesse gets very basic. The shoulder dip and slip is replaced by the clenched fist to the head, the forearm chop to the knee and the helmet in the face.

From the opening play, the fans show they are in a wild mood. They have begun to call Mike Lucci (pronounced Loo-chee) Lucy. And when Lucci is on the field, they taunt him mercilessly. "Hey, Lucy! You're not big enough to carry Butkus' shoes."

The Lions are stopped on their first offensive series, and punt. As the ball sails downfield, Butkus and Ed Flanagan, the Detroit center, trade punches at midfield. They are both completely out of the play.

Soon enough, the Bear defense is back out. Butkus seems to be in a frenzy. He stunts constantly, pointing, shouting, trying to rattle Lion quarterback Bill Munson. On first down at the Lions' 20, he stuns Flanagan, who is trying to block him, with his forearm and knives through on the left side to bring down Mel Farr for a five-yard loss.

On second down, Munson hands off to Farr going to his left. The left tackle, Roger Shoals, has gotten position on defensive end Ed O'Bradovich, as Farr cuts to the side line. Butkus, coming from the middle, lunges around the upright Shoals-O'Bradovich combination like a snake slithering around a tree and slashes at the runner's knees with his outstretched forearm. Farr crumbles.

On third down, Munson tries to pass to Altie Taylor in front of right line-backer Lee Roy Caffey. Caffey cocks his arm to ram it down Taylor's throat as he catches the ball, but Taylor drops the pass and Caffey relaxes the arm and pats him on the helmet.

The Lions set to punt and Butkus lurches up and down the line, looking for a gap. He finds one and gets a piece of the ball with his hand. The punt is short and the Bears have good position at midfield. On the first play from scrimmage, Concannon drops back and drills a pass to Dick Gordon, who has gotten behind two defenders. Gordon goes in standing up for a touchdown and pandemonium takes over Wrigley Field.

The game settles down a bit after that and the only other score for a while is a Lion field goal. Munson is trying to get a running game going to the outside, but Butkus is having an incredible day. He is getting outside as fast as Farr and



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Taylor. The runner and Butkus are in some strange *pas de deux*. Both seem to move to the same place at the same time, the runner driving fiercely with his legs, trying to set his blocks and find daylight. Butkus seems, by comparison, oddly graceful, his legs taking long lateral strides, his arms outstretched, fending off would-be blockers. But it's all happening at dervish speed and each impact has a jarring effect on the runner. Lucci, when he's on the field, just doesn't dominate the action and is taking abuse from the fans. He's neither as strong nor as quick. He's good on the pass drops, possibly better than Butkus, but he's not the same kind of destructive tackler.

Midway in the second quarter, Detroit cornerback Dick LeBeau intercepts a Concannon pass intended for Gordon. Gordon had gone inside and Concannon had thrown outside. Entropy again. The half ends with the score 7-3, Bears. On the side line after the half-time break, the Bears are back at high pitch. Concannon is yelling, "Go, defense," and Abe Gibron, the Bears' defensive coach, is offering, "Hit 'em to hurt 'em!" A wide man of medium height, Gibron was an all-pro tackle for many years in pro football's earlier era. He is a coach in the Lombardi mold, full of venom and fire—abusive to foe and friend. He is sometimes comical to watch as he walks the side line hurling imprecations for the entire football game; but his defenses are solid and brutal.

The intensity of the hitting seems to be increasing. Butkus makes successive resounding tackles, once on Farr and once on Taylor. He does not tackle so much as explode his shoulder into a man, as if he were trying to drive him under the ground. The effect is enhanced by his preference for hitting high, for getting as big a piece as he can. Butkus once told a television sports announcer, "I sometimes have a dream where I hit a man so hard his head pops off and rolls downfield." On a third-down play, Munson passes deep and Butkus, far downfield, breaks up the pass with his hand. The fans are overjoyed and have a few choice things to say about Lucci's parentage.

The Bears get the ball, but Concannon is intercepted again and the defense gets ready to go back in. As Butkus and the others stand tensely on the side line, it's clear to everyone that they are Chicago's only chance to win; the offense is just too sluggish. The "Ds," as they are called, have all the charisma on this team, and as they prepare to guts it out some more, I am overcome by a strange emotion. Stoop-shouldered and sunken-chested, weighing all of 177 pounds rather meagerly spread over a six-foot, three-inch frame, I want to join them. Not merely want but feel

compelled to go out there and get my shoulder in—smash my body against the invaders. At this moment, those 11 men—frustrated, mean and near exhaustion—are the only possibility for gallantry and heroism that I know. The urge to be out there wells up in me the way it does in a kid reacting to a field sergeant who asks for the impossible—because to not volunteer involves a potential loss of manhood that is too great to face.

The defenses dominate the game for a while, but a short Bear punt gives the Lions good position and they get a field goal. A bit later, Munson passes for a touchdown and the Lions take the lead, 13-7. The Lions were favored in the betting before the game by as much as 16 points, and after the touchdown, the side-liners are murmuring things like, "I'm still all right, I got thirteen and a half."

With four minutes left in the game and the score 16-10 after each team has added a field goal, coach Dooley pulls Concannon in favor of the younger, less experienced but strong-armed Bobby Douglass, his second-string quarterback. A clumsy hand-off on a fourth and one convinced Dooley that Concannon was tired, although Concannon will indicate afterward that he wasn't. Pulling him at this point in the game, when the Bears obviously have only one chance to score and when a touchdown and point after would win, is an unusual thing to do, and Concannon is upset. He is a dark, scraggly-haired Irishman, very high strung, a ballplayer who stares at the fans when they're abusing him. He never feigns indifference. Now he is standing on the side line, head slightly bowed, pawing the ground with his cleats while someone else runs his team. His hands are firmly thrust into his warm-up jacket and all the time he stands there, intently watching the game, he repeats venomously over and over, "Stuff 'em! Stuff 'em! Fuck you, Lions! Goddamn it! Goddamn it! Fuck you, Lions!"

Douglass doesn't move the team and the Lions take over. Gibron is screaming that there's plenty of time. There is one minute, 36 seconds on the clock. Altie Taylor gets a crucial, time-consuming first down. Butkus tackles him viciously from behind, nearly bisecting him with his helmet; but the Bears are losers again.

The Bear defense had played tough football, and Butkus had played a great game. I said as much to him and he replied, "Hell, we're just losin' games again. It don't matter what else happened." But he didn't deny the ferocity of the Bear defense: "You didn't see a lot of that second effort out there," he said, referring to the Lion backs. "They weren't running as hard as they might."

"Do you think you intimidated them?"

"They knew they were getting hit. And when you know you're getting in there, then you really lay it on them."

"What was the reason for the punches with Flanagan?"

"I wanted to let him know he was going to be in a game."

Butkus seemed to talk all the time on the field. Was he calling signals to his own players or yelling at Detroit?

"Mostly it's signals for our side, but every once in a while, I'll say something to jag them a little."

"Like what?"

"Oh, you know. Call them a bunch of faggots or somethin'. Or I told sixty-three after a play when I got around him that he threw a horseshit block."

Butkus says these things in an emotionless voice—almost shrugging the words out rather than speaking them. His speech is filled with the nasal sounds of Chicago's Far South Side, and he is very much a neighborhood kid grown up. His tastes are simple—in food, in entertainment, in people. He doesn't run with a fast crowd. If you ask him what he does for kicks, he shrugs. "I don't know, just goof around, I guess." He has wanted to play football all his life, and one of his most disarming and embarrassing statements when he was graduated from college was, "I came here to play football. I knew they weren't going to make a genius out of me."

As a kid, Butkus loved to play baseball. Surprisingly, he couldn't hit but had all the other skills. He pitched, caught and played the infield. He had the grace of a "good little man," and that may be one key to his success. Unlike most big football players, who find it hard to walk and whistle at the same time, and have to be taught how to get around the field, Butkus has the moves of a quick, slippery small man who happens to have grown to 245 pounds.

By the time he got to high school, Butkus was committed to football. His high school coach wouldn't let him scrimmage in practice for fear that the overenthusiastic Butkus would hurt some of the kids on his own team.

He distrusts worldliness in most forms, except that he knows that his stardom can make money and he works at it. He has changed his hair style from the crewcut he wore in his early years to something a bit longer, but he's far from shaggy. His clothes are without style. He wears open-collar shirts, shapeless slacks and button-front cardigan sweaters that he never buttons. A floppy, unlined tan raincoat is his one concession to Chicago winters.

He is genuinely shy and deferential on all matters except football, and his façade is quiet cynicism. He especially dislikes bravado and gung-hoism when

Crikson



"Here's a quarter. Buy yourself some marshmallows."

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Six horse power

he has reason to believe they're false, as he does with many of the Bear offensive players. Although he has a reputation for grimness, he smiles rather easily. And his laugh is a genuine surprise; it's a small boy's giggle, thoroughly disconcerting in his huge frame.

His shyness comes out in odd ways. When asked if, as defensive captain, he ever chews out another player for a missed assignment, he says, "Nah. Who am I to tell somebody else that he isn't doing the job? After all, maybe I'm not doing my job so good." Butkus is serious.

That sort of resignation makes him an ideal employee—sometimes to his own detriment. Butkus thinks, for example, that his original contract with the Bears was for too little money—and he's been suffering financially ever since. But he refuses to consider holding out for a renegotiation or playing out his contract option in order to get a better deal with a new team. "I made my mistake," he says. "Now I gotta live with it." And, although you probably couldn't find a coach in the world who wouldn't trade his next dozen draft choices for him, Butkus thinks that if he did something so downright daring as leave the Bears, no other team would take him, because he'd have marked himself a renegade.

This is not so much naïveté on Butkus' part as it is a deeply conservative strain in the man. When he saw a quote from Alex Johnson, the troubled California Angels baseball player, suggesting that he wanted to be treated like a human being, not like an athlete, Butkus said, "Hell, if he doesn't want to be treated like an athlete, let him go work the line in a steel mill. Ask those guys if they're treated like human beings."

Yet Butkus is not a company man. If anything, he is brutally cynical about established authorities—especially the management of the Chicago Bears football club—but he abhors being in a position where he finds himself personally exposed, and distrusts anyone who would willingly place himself in that position.

He especially dislikes personal contact with the fans. He complains about being stared at and being interrupted in restaurants. He is also inclined to moan about the ephemeral nature of his career. "It could be over any time," he says. "An injury could do it tomorrow. And even if I stay healthy, hell, it's all gonna be over in ten years." I ask if he has any plans for the future. "Not as a hanger-on, trying to live off my name. When it's over, I'm gonna hang up the fifty-one and get out. I'm not gonna fool around as some comedian or public speaker."

For the present, Butkus determinedly, but with no joy, does as much off-field promotional activity as he can get. He attends awards dinners and other ceremonial functions and will appear at just



"If he's not making an obscene phone call, I'd sure like to meet whoever he's calling."

about any sports-related event that comes along. He's done some television appearances and made one delightful commercial for Rise shaving cream. This year, International Merchandising Corporation (the president of I. M. C., Mark McCormack, is the man who merchandised Arnold Palmer, among others) contacted Butkus and now manages his finances. His name has begun to appear on an assortment of sports gear and may yet make its way to hair dressings and other such men's items. When I told Butkus that he had taken his place in the pantheon of great middle linebackers, along with Sam Huff and Ray Nitschke, he said, "Hell, I'm going to make more money this year than those guys ever thought about."

Over the following six weeks, the Bears played a lot of mediocre football; they won two, lost four—although two of those were very close.

The next time I saw Butkus was on a cold, damp Thursday—a practice day for the Bears' return match with the Packers. The numbing grayness of the Chicago winter day was matched only by the Bears' mood at practice. They were sluggish and disconnected and seemed to be going through motions to run out the

string. The Packer game was the next-to-last one of the season. Butkus was working with the defense under coaches Gibron and Don Shinnick. Shinnick is the Bears' linebacker coach and a veteran of 13 years with the Baltimore Colts. He is an enthusiastic, straightforward man who doesn't hassle his players. He is Butkus' favorite coach, and the impression you get from talking to either of them is that they both think that Don Shinnick and Dick Butkus are the only two men in the world qualified to talk about football.

The defense was working on its pass coverage against some second-string receivers. Doug Buffone was bitching to Shinnick because they weren't practicing against the first string and couldn't get their timing right. They had practiced with the first string before their Baltimore game and Buffone said that it was directly responsible for five interceptions in the game. Shinnick agreed but gave Buffone an "I don't make the rules" look and they both went back to the drill.

Gibron was installing some new formations to defend against Green Bay. One was called Duck and the other Cora. They tried out some plays to see if everyone could pick up Butkus' signal. Butkus called "Duck" if he wanted one formation in the backfield and "Cora" for

another and they relayed it to one another. Gibron was unhappy with the rhythm and said, "Listen. Don't say 'Duck.' It could be 'fuck' or 'suck' or anything. Say 'Quack quack' instead, OK?" For the next few minutes, the Bears shouted "Quack quack" as loud as they could. Butkus just stared at Gibron. Then they ran some patterns.

Shortly, the defense left the field so Concannon and the first-string receivers could work out without interference. Butkus stood morosely on the side line with Ed O'Bradovich, the only team member he is really close to.

O.B., as he is called, is a huge curly-haired man endowed with a nonchalant grace and good humor. He looks like he's never shown concern for anything, especially his own safety.

A visitor at the practice says to Butkus, "That quack-quack stuff sounds pretty good."

"It's not quack quack," says Butkus, glowering. "It's Duck."

Butkus is about two weeks into a mustache. "It's for one of those Mexican cowboy movies," he says.

O'Bradovich says, "You're gonna look like an overgrown Mexican faggot."

"Yeah, who's gonna tell me?" At that minute, a burst of sharp, raucous howling rises up where the offensive linemen are working on their pass blocking. "Look at 'em," Butkus says. "Let's see how much noise they make against Green Bay on Sunday."

As I look around the practice field, there seems to be chaos among the players. If I were a betting man, I'd go very heavy against the Bears. They seem totally dispirited. "It's all horseshit," Butkus says. "Everybody wants it to be over."

Just before the practice breaks up, coach Dooley calls everyone together and says, "All right! Now, we've had these three good practices this week. And we're ready. Let's do a big job out

here Sunday." All the players leave after a muffled shout—except for Concannon, who runs some laps, and Mac Percival, the place kicker, who has been waiting for a clear field to practice on. One of the coaches holds for Percival, and as I head for the stands, Percival makes nine field goals in a row from the 36-yard line before missing one.

Sunday is sunny, but three previous days of rain have left the side lines muddy, although the field itself is in good shape. The air is damp and cold; it's a day when the fingers and toes go numb quickly and the rest of the body follows. Bear-Packer games are usually brutal affairs, but this game is meaningless in terms of divisional standings: both teams are out of contention. There is speculation, however, that each head coach—Phil Bengtson of the Packers and Dooley of the Bears—has his job on the line and that the one who loses the game will also lose his job.

When the line-ups for the game are announced, the biggest hand is not for Butkus but for Bart Starr, Green Bay's legendary quarterback. If Butkus is the symbol of the game's ferocity, then Starr is the symbol of its potential for innocence and glory. He is the third-string quarterback who made good—Lombardi's quarterback—an uncanny incarnation of skill, resourcefulness, dedication and humility. He is the Decent American, a man of restraint and self-discipline who would be tough only in the face of a tough job. But he is so much in awe of the game he plays that he wept unashamedly after scoring the *winning* touchdown in Green Bay's last-second victory over Dallas in minus-13-degree weather for the N. F. L. championship in 1967.

The Packers receive and on the first two plays from scrimmage, Butkus bangs first Donny Anderson, then Dave Hampton to the ground. He has come out ferocious. A third-down play fails and the Packers punt. On the Bears' first play from scrimmage, Concannon throws a screen pass to running back Don Shy, who scampers 61 yards to the Packer 15. Concannon completes a pass to George Farmer and then throws a short touchdown pass to Dick Gordon. Bears lead, 7-0.

Green Bay's ball: Starr hands off to Hampton, who slips before he gets to the line of scrimmage. On second and ten, Butkus stunts a bit, then gets an angle inside as Starr goes back to pass. Butkus gets through untouched and slams Starr for an eight-yard loss. The Packers are stopped again, and punt. As Starr comes off the field, he heads for the man with the headset on to find out from



"Turn them upside down and they all look alike."

the rooftop spotters just what the hell is going on.

On the Bears' next offensive play, Concannon drops back and arcs a pass to Farmer, who has gotten behind Bob Jeter. Touchdown. Bears lead, 14-0, and there is ecstasy in the air. It is a complete turnaround and my shock at the Bears today—after watching them on Thursday—is testimony to how difficult sports clichés are to overcome. I am obsessed with whether the team is up or down, as if that were the essence of the game. Actually, for all anyone knows, the Packers might have come to Wrigley Field “up” out of their minds. It doesn't matter. The Bears are just good this day; they are at a peak of physical skill as well as emotional drive. Concannon is very close to his finest potential and, for all it matters, might be depressed emotionally. What counts is that his passes are perhaps an eighth of an inch truer as he loops his arm, and that is enough to touch greatness.

All the Bears are teeing off from their heels. When the game began, Bob Brown, the Packers' best pass rusher, sneered at Jim Cadile, Bear guard, the man across the line from him, “I'm gonna kill you.”

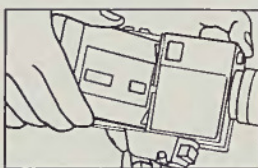
Cadile drawled, “I'll be here all day.”

The Packers now have the ball, third down, on their own 19. Starr drops back to pass and, with no open receiver, starts to run the ball himself. As he gets to the line of scrimmage, he is tripped up with four Bears closing in on him, one of whom is Butkus. I'm watching the play from the side line right behind Starr. From that vantage point Butkus, looking for a piece of Starr, is all helmet and shoulders brutally launched. The piece of Starr that Butkus gets is his head. Starr lies on the ground as the Packer trainer comes to his aid. The crowd noise is deafening.

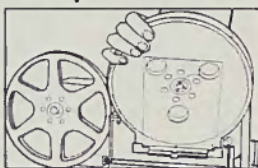
Starr is helped from the field and immediately examined by the team physician, who checks his eyes to see if there are signs of concussion. The doctor leaves him and Starr, who looks frail at six feet, one inch, 190 pounds in the land of giants, puts his helmet on and says that he's all right. When the Bears are stopped on a drive and punt, he returns and immediately goes to work completing some short, perfectly timed passes. He moves the Packers to the Bear 15. Then, on second down, he is smashed trying to pass and comes off the field again. He is replaced by a rookie named Frank Patrick, who can't get anything going, and the Packers kick a field goal. Starr is now seated on the bench, head in hands, sniffing smelling salts. He's out for the day.

The game turns into a blood-lust orgy for the Bears. O'Bradovich is playing across from offensive tackle Francis Peay. Vince Lombardi had obtained

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Peay from the New York Giants, predicting that the tackle was going to be one of the greats, and he is good, indeed. But on this day, O'Bradovich is looming very large in Peay's life. In fact, he is kicking the shit out of him, actually hurling Peay's body out of his way each time Patrick tries to set up to pass. The Packer rookie is in the worst possible position for an inexperienced quarterback. He has to pass and the defense knows it. The linemen don't have to protect against the running game and just keep on coming.

Lee Roy Caffey had been traded to Chicago by the Packers. After each set of violent exhibitions by the Bear defense, he comes off the field right in front of Packer coach Bengtson, screaming, "You motherfucker. You traded me! And we're gonna kill you!"

One of the most impressive pass plays of the game comes in the second quarter, with the score 14-3 and the Bears driving. Concannon throws a short high pass down the side line that George Farmer has to go high in the air to catch. Farmer seems to hang for a moment, as if the football has been nailed in place and his body were suspended from it. In that vulnerable position, Ray Nitschke, the Packers' middle linebacker, crashes him with a rolling tackle that swings Farmer's body like a pendulum. As Farmer turns horizontal, still in the air, Willie Wood, the safety, crushes him and Farmer bounces on the ground. But he holds onto the football.

A few plays later, Concannon, looking for a receiver at the Packer 25-yard line, finds no one open and runs in for a touchdown. It is a day when he can do no wrong.

The hysteria on the field even works its way up to the usually cool stadium announcer. In the third quarter, when Dick Gordon beats Doug Hart for another touchdown pass from Concannon, the announcer, with his mike behind his back, screams in livid rage at the Packer defender, "You're shit, Hart! You're shit!" Then he puts the instrument to his mouth and announces to the fans in his best oratorical voice, "Concannon's pass complete to Gordon. Touchdown Bears."

At the Packer bench, Bart Starr is spending the day with his head bowed, pawing the turf with his cleats. It occurs to me that every quarterback I have watched this year has spent a lot of his time in that position: Concannon, Munson, Unitas when the Bears were leading Baltimore, and now Starr.

Behind Starr, Ray Nitschke has just come off the field after the Bear touchdown. Nitschke is one of the great figures from Green Bay's irrepressible teams of the Sixties, and his face looks like he gave up any claims on the sanctity of his

body when he decided to play football. He is gnarled, bald and has lost his front teeth. He constantly flexes his face muscles, opening and clamping his jaw in a set of grotesque expressions. He has put on a long Packer cape and is prowling the side line, exhaling plumes of vapor from his nostrils, the cape flowing gracefully behind him. There is something sublime in the image. Nitschke is the caped crusader; had there ever really been a Batman, he could not have been a pretty-boy millionaire—he'd have been this gnarled avenger.

As the game progresses further in the third quarter, the hysteria increases and it's hard to follow the play sequences or the score, and little details intrude on my mind:

- Little Cecil Turner, the swift black return specialist, running back a kickoff after the Packers score a touchdown, is finding daylight. As he works his way upfield, a black Packer screams to his teammates on the field, "Kill that dude!"

- O'Bradovich, coming off the field after hurling Peay around some more, sits down with his sleeves rolled up in a spot where he can avoid the heat from the side-line blowers—on a day when it's so cold that a man standing next to me is warming his hands over the open flame of his cigarette lighter.

- Willie Holman, Bear defensive tackle, barrels into Patrick as he tries to pass. The ball has no speed and is intercepted. Holman's shot actually rings in the ears for a moment. That night on the TV reruns, you can't even tell that Holman caused the interception, because there is no sound, no sense of the brutality of the play.

- Butkus is dumped on his ass by Gale Gillingham as he tries to blitz Patrick. Gillingham is one of the very good offensive guards around and it's an incredible shot. The only time I've seen Butkus go backward all year.

- Jim Ringo, the nine-year all-pro center who now coaches the Bear offensive line, winces with pain each time a Bear defensive lineman wipes out one of Green Bay's offensive linemen. It's obvious that Ringo simply hates all defensive players, even his own.

Late in the fourth quarter, with the game safely out of reach, 35-10, Butkus comes out and is replaced by John Neidert. Gibron and the defense are now very much interested in the game again. The Packers get a little drive going and are at the Bear 13. Neidert is getting a lot of information from the Bear bench, especially from Gibron. To show some respect for the rule that prohibits coaching from the side line while the clock is running, Gibron wants to call his signals discreetly. He is trying to whisper "Double-zone ax" across a distance of some 25 yards.

Double zone means that the cornerbacks will play the wide receivers tight, one on one. Ax means that the middle linebacker will take the tight end alone on the short drop. On the next play, Patrick completes a pass to the tight end for the score. As Neidert comes off the field, he is heartbroken and Gibron is screaming, "Neidert, whatsamatta witchoo? If you don't know it, say so. Did you have the ax in?" Neidert, who looks too confused to think, only nods and kneels down, looking as if he is close to tears. It's possible that at the end of this already decided football game, on a meaningless score, his football career might be over. It's the one upsetting thought in an otherwise brilliant day for the Bears.

. . .

Two months after the Packer game, after a trip to Los Angeles to play in the Pro Bowl, Butkus goes into the hospital to have his knee operated on. He leaves the hospital afterward but suffers great pain for days and finally returns to see if anything can be done about it. Butkus thinks a muscle was strained when the cast was put on: the doctor doesn't agree and can't understand why he is having so much pain. I went to visit Butkus at Illinois Masonic Hospital, a typically ugly yellow-walled institution. When I get to his room, he is playing gin rummy with a friend and is in a very scowly mood.

He doesn't look like a typical patient. He isn't wearing a hospital gown, just a pair of shorts, and his upper body is almost wider than the bed. The impression is that any moment he may get out of bed, pick it up as if it were an attaché case and walk out. He offers me a beer from a large container filled with ice and cans.

He gets bored with the rummy game very quickly and his guest departs.

"How do you feel?"

"Horseshit."

Butkus describes the pain he's been having in the side of his knee and tells me the doctor just keeps saying that Gale Sayers was up and around the day after his knee was operated on. He isn't happy with the doctor. His wife, who is nine months pregnant, enters. We all discuss the pain for a minute and she makes it clear that she thinks it may be partly psychosomatic.

Butkus talks about a condominium he's bought on Marco Island in Florida and a big Kawasaki bike that he hasn't been able to ride because of the operation. He is very uncomfortable and we get into some more beers.

I ask if he was trying to hurt Starr in the Green Bay game. "Nah," he says. "I just went in there with everybody else. That's what you gotta do. But you should see the mail from Wisconsin. I got a letter that said, 'You shouldn't hit

ffolkes



"Usually, I just get to sprinkle the rose petals."

old people.' Another one said, 'I hope you get yours.'"

Butkus continually reaches down to massage his leg, which is wrapped from hip to toe in a bandage. A nurse comes in with a paper cup containing an assortment of brightly colored capsules. He asks which one is the painkiller, but the nurse refuses to tell him. She explains that he has been taking a number of sedatives since his arrival in the hospital and Butkus is disturbed that he's been swallowing a lot of stuff that hasn't done any good. "We didn't want to give you anything too strong," she tells him archly. "We thought you were taking care of yourself with the beer." It is apparent that a lot of people are enjoying the fact that the big, mean Butkus is acting like a six-year-old. He looks at the nurse with puzzlement and annoyance. He doesn't think that any of this is the least bit funny and goes back to rubbing his knee.

"Do you think the operation is going to make you cautious?"

"No. But nobody's going to hit this knee again. No way."

During the next few weeks, the knee continued to trouble him. He had an unusual reaction to the catgut that had been used to rebuild the joint and his body was trying to reject it. He was often in pain and became adept at squeezing pus and sometimes chunks of catgut from the suppurating incision. At the end of March, the doctor opened the knee again and cleaned it out. This time, the doctor and Butkus were satisfied and a second operation, planned to rebuild the other side of the knee, was canceled because the joint seemed sound again.

Early in April, Butkus went to Florida to relax. He returned to Chicago after a brief stay and fell into an off-season pattern. Fool with the Kawasaki, have beers with O'Bradovich, spend Sundays with his family. In late May, he started to tune his body on the Universal Gym.

On a hot, rainy morning last June, I arrived at Butkus' house to find him sitting in the kitchen jouncing Matthew Butkus, who had been born in late February (8 pounds, 13 ounces), on his

knee. The father was cooing and the son was grinning, as well he should, considering that he was spending much of his first few months surrounded by the protective comfort of those huge hands.

Butkus was still unsure of the knee. "I think I'll really be able to go on it around December first," he said. That would mean missing three months of the season. I didn't know if he was serious, and it occurred to me that he didn't either. He was to see the doctor that afternoon. I had an appointment to visit his parents, who live nearby, and as I left, his wife said, "If that knee isn't OK, I'm moving South. He'll be impossible to live with."

Butkus' parents are Lithuanian. They have seven children (Dick is the youngest and smallest of five boys) and 22 grandchildren; the family is loyal and gathers frequently.

When I got to the house, Mr. Butkus, 80 years old, a bushy-browed, weathered man of medium height was working with a spade on the grounds. The rain had stopped and the day had turned sunny and hot. He was calmly digging out weeds in a small thicket bordering an expansive lawn that fronted the house. A white-plaster statue sat in the middle of the lawn. Mr. Butkus is a friendly man of few words who has little to say about his youngest son's success. It's simply not something that he relates to easily. The senior Mrs. Butkus is quite another story. She's a big woman who clearly supplied her sons' breadth of shoulder and chest. She is a bit immobilized now from a recent fall and thoroughly fills the armchair she is seated in. Butkus bought the house for his parents a few years ago. The living room is filled with the furniture and remnants of other places and times, and the harsh early-afternoon light seems to be cooled by its journey around the knickknacks to the corner of the room, where she is sitting. His mother says of Dick: "He didn't make any special trouble. He liked practical jokes a lot but never got into any real trouble. He was full of mischief and energy—like any other boy." There is something hard in her attitude, something that comes from raising a lot of children. Life is not wonderful, nor too simple, but it's not too bad, either. It's to be endured—and sometimes bullied. As she stares out the window, thinking about Dick, she says, "When he was a kid, his brothers would take him to the College All-Star game. He'd sit there and say, 'I'm going to play here. This is where I'm going.'" She pauses, and then continues: "You know, his brother Ronnie played for a while with the old Chicago Cardinals. He had to stop because of a knee injury." Then she turns to me and says, "I hope Dick gets well. It's his life."



"When are you going to tell him you're in the Cosa Nostra?"

Introducing the Toyota Celica ST. (Some economy car.)

A tachometer and radial tires aren't usual on an economy car. A dash, console and shift knob, all of woodgrain, aren't very common either. Nor are hood vents and rally stripes.

But they're all on the new Toyota Celica ST. And they're all standard.

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With power that comes from a single overhead cam engine that's red-lined at 6200 rpm. And a transmission that's fully synchromeshed through all four forward gears.

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Of course, there are a few

options. But very few. Air conditioning, stereo tape deck and AM/FM radio.

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It gets great gas mileage. About 25 mpg. It has a surprisingly small price. \$2598[†]. And for the most obvious reason of all. It's a Toyota.

Some economy car.

TOYOTA
We're quality oriented



A.C.L.U. (continued from page 122)

he testified before a Congressional committee about cost overruns in the development of new aircraft.

• An appeal against the conviction of Abbie Hoffman on the charge of desecration of the flag for wearing a flag shirt.

"More than any other organization in the United States," former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark has stated, "the American Civil Liberties Union has realized that the rights of the meanest, the lowest, the poorest and the most despised among us must be protected as stringently as any."

Clark said he had found the Union a significant help in fulfilling his duties as the nation's chief legal officer. "Justice is not a contest, it's a quest. The Union has consistently brought high professional standards, judgment and insights to that quest. The most valuable role of law is moral leadership. Without that, you don't have equal justice for all, you have a game and a power contest between people who can manipulate the

law. Here the Union has been vital. It has helped to impose high moral standards on the law and the rule of law."

The A.C.L.U. is a loose, patchwork operation whose seeming—and sometimes real—disarray belies the number of Harvard Law School degrees involved. The small permanent staff of the national A.C.L.U. is housed in a shabby suite of offices in Downtown Manhattan, with branches in Washington, D.C., and Atlanta. The national staff and a 78-man board of directors, who give huge amounts of their time to the Union, attempt to direct and coordinate the work of the fiercely independent local affiliate organizations.

"You can't imagine what it's like to administer a national organization of vocal, highly opinionated civil libertarians," said one of the Southern members. "It's like trying to run a lion act in the middle of a three-ring circus with no tamer—and all the lions are lawyers who want to be ringmaster."

While the national board sets basic

policy, the local chapters are given, and take, the broadest leeway in fighting their own civil-liberty battles wherever they find them. The affiliates are often far ahead of the national A.C.L.U. The Southern California affiliate began to attack the death penalty seven years before the national organization took a position on the issue. And they sometimes find themselves cast in the role of legal laboratories exploring unfamiliar territory. In 1969, the Southern California affiliate formulated as its own policy the concept that one of the most essential civil liberties is simply the right to live in a clean environment and launched a series of ecology suits to stop commercial and state organizations from befouling the air and water. From these suits, the national office will formulate an over-all policy to guide similar suits elsewhere. In Chicago, the affiliate stopped the city housing authority from continuing to build low-cost public housing entirely in black-ghetto areas, a practice that had the effect of creating Federally financed segregated housing. A court desegregation order now requires that 75 percent of such housing must be erected in previously all-white neighborhoods. This case may well change the face of Chicago and restructure the pattern of public housing throughout the nation.

The national office and its affiliates are frequently at odds with one another. The affiliates pushed a not entirely willing national organization into the middle of the Spock-Coffin case in 1968 and the Maryland affiliate once took such a divergent view of a case that when it was finally heard by the Supreme Court, the state affiliate argued on one side and the national office on the other. The Northern California affiliate operates almost entirely autonomously. "The fighting keeps us in shape," explains Chuck Morgan of the Southern regional office in Atlanta.

One thing they all can agree on is that they are broke. The A.C.L.U. nationally has to raise more than \$3,000,000 a year to keep going. The entire annual budget for operations in Mississippi is a scant \$1500. There is so little money in the bank and the cash flow of the national headquarters in New York is so delicate that they literally open the mail, cash the checks for dues and donations and pay the bills. Throughout the country, the A.C.L.U. has fewer than 200 full-time paid employees, about equal to a moderate-sized Wall Street legal firm. What makes the Union as effective as it has been are largely its unpaid workers. More than 1000 attorneys around the country have signed up to work on A.C.L.U. cases for no pay, giving away an estimated \$5,000,000 a year in legal fees.

Whatever the budget, each affiliate tries to maintain a basic "fireman" capability to handle cases as they come



through the door. The Southern California affiliate, for example, processes over 40 phone calls and letters a day. Of these, sometimes as many as 20 cases a month are taken to court. The trouble with being a fireman, of course, is that you have no control over how many fires there are going to be and the work load sometimes soars out of control. After a mass arrest at a San Fernando Valley State College demonstration, the affiliate called in more than 60 volunteer lawyers to handle the cases of nearly 300 defendants.

Additionally, each office develops its own civil-liberties program, which is as elaborate and far-reaching as its budget and staff allow. As director of the New York affiliate, Aryeh Neier, who is now executive director of the national A. C. L. U., concentrated on four of the basic compulsory organizations in society: the military, the prisons, the educational system and the mental institutions. "To get the broadest possible effect out of our work, we want to go into areas that have major social impact," he explains. "For example, not only are we challenging inequities within the application of the draft law, we are challenging the very existence of the peacetime draft. We are fighting not only the monstrous wrongs done to the mentally ill but the whole concept of involuntary commitment."

Four years ago, a former math teacher

named Ira Glasser began specializing in civil-liberty cases in the New York City public school system. What started out as a series of fairly lightweight cases involving students who were suspended for violating unenforceable dress and grooming standards has since mushroomed into yet another large-scale disclosure of the dolorous conditions in public education in the city.

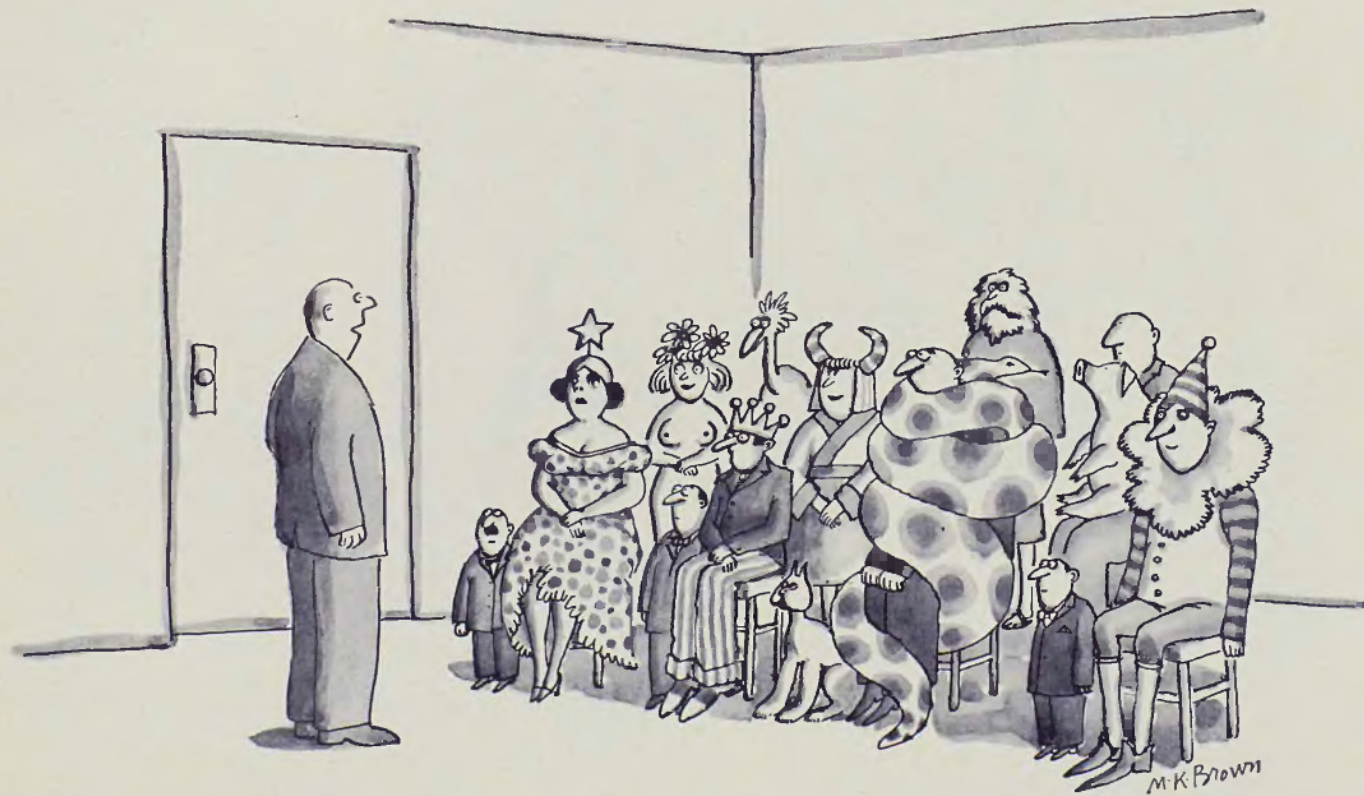
"The so-called dropout problem is a myth," says Glasser. "There's a push-out problem. The school system doesn't know how to handle anyone but nice, bright middle-class kids who couldn't possibly fail. For the rest, each school district wants to get rid of them as quickly as possible, with as little regard for the kids' right to a public education as it can get away with."

Frequently, the students are not officially dismissed but are simply told to go home until they hear from the school. They never do. Glasser found that the system has been able to adjust the books to cover much of this kind of activity in a way that would warm the heart of a Seventh Avenue cloak-and-suiter getting ready for tomorrow night's fire. But by matching actual attendance records with official class rolls, Glasser showed that on any given day in New York City, there are anywhere from 150,000 to 250,000 kids the system can't account for.

Civil liberties, when they exist for students, are often at the whim of local principals. One dismissed a student for distributing "seditious literature." Glasser investigated and found that the boy had been handing out mimeographed copies of the school board's own ruling on dress codes. Long hair on boys seems to make principals especially irrational. Even though the New York State commissioner of education consistently held that a school cannot prescribe the length of a student's hair, Glasser finds that principals continue to harass their students by suspending so-called offenders anyway.

"The real scandal is that we are in a free society and school is supposed to be the socializing influence that prepares kids to take their place in that society," Glasser says. "They are taught about freedom but don't have any. The best kids, maybe five percent, see the hypocrisy. All they really learn in school is that adults are full of shit. But what's worse, the rest of the kids never realize what's wrong. They never learn how to be free men."

The New York affiliate is used to prying open the state's legal garbage can to find out what's hidden under the lid, but rarely has it found conditions to match what it uncovered when it began its investigation into New York's mental-health facilities. A sampling from a world



"I'm afraid I've forgotten why I asked you all here today."

where you sign over your rights along with your belt and shoelaces when they put you away:

- A man was held in the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminally Insane for more than 20 years as the result of a murder charge. Ninety-five percent of the case against him came from his co-defendant, who was actually convicted of the crime. By the time the convicted murderer finally went to the electric chair, he had told eight separate and contradictory stories. The judge who finally released the inmate called the case "gruesome" and said that there was "no speck of evidence" against him.

- Another man was sent to Matteawan solely because the police thought the story he had told them in an assault case was insane. Four years later, when his story was finally checked out, it was found to be true and he was released.

- A woman was taken into a state hospital as an alcoholic. Authorities found that when sober, she was a good worker, so they put her to work six days a week as a scrubwoman, kitchen helper and bedpan cleaner at no pay for 16 years. The hospital said it was therapy.

- Until the Union put a stop to it, you could be involuntarily committed

for a minimum of 30 days on nothing more than a complaint from your wife, girlfriend, neighbor—or just somebody you met at a bar who said he saw you "acting crazy."

The A. C. L. U. attorney in this harrowing work is Bruce J. Ennis, who left a large Wall Street firm three years ago, when he "got tired of saving millions of dollars for people I'd never met." He found that while the popular idea of a shyster defense lawyer copping an insanity plea holds true, it can also be used as a device by the prosecution to deny a defendant his constitutional right to a speedy trial. "Increasingly, when the prosecution doesn't have a good case, or the energy to build one," says Ennis, "they resort to involuntary commitment."

Several years ago, a man was shot in a subway. The police made a roundup of all mental cases on home leave. When they found one who answered the general description, they recommitted him and wrote off the case. The man who had been shot sued the state for negligently releasing a dangerous mental patient. But when the court investigated, it found that the inmate could not have done the shooting. Even so, Ennis could not get the man released without the

approval of the district attorney who had put him there in the first place. The D. A. refused. As a result of this case, power over incompetent persons was taken from the D. A.'s office and given to the patient-defendant's own lawyers, but it didn't do much good for the man in question: He died 14 months after his recommitment, the day before he was to be released.

"What is most appalling," says Ennis, "is that the majority of the inmates are not really mentally ill at all. They're just old. More than half of the mental-institution population are 60 or older. They are not getting any psychiatric treatment. It's custodial care that should be part of the welfare program."

Throughout its history, the traditional weapon of the A. C. L. U. in the civil rights battle has been the *amicus curiae* brief—in which the Union acts as a friend of the court, addressing itself specifically to a constitutional point within a case. In the landmark *Miranda* case, the A. C. L. U. brief was instrumental in the final Supreme Court decision, which affirmed that anyone in police custody cannot be held and interrogated without being informed of his right against self-incrimination. The Court also held that a suspect has the right to consult an attorney. Most importantly, if the suspect cannot afford an attorney, the state has to provide one. The Court used whole sections of the A. C. L. U. brief in the wording of its decision.

In the past few years, however, the Union has gone increasingly into direct representation of clients whose cases involve constitutional issues. Close to 80 percent of its cases now involve it as an adversary before the court. An essential part of the Union's operation involves fishing in the muddied waters of the law for clear-cut constitutional violations that will hold up during the long legal haul to the Supreme Court. It's a waiting game—waiting for the Government to make such an egregious intrusion on personal liberty that the Union has a nice tight case to present to the High Court.

Four years ago, in Arizona, a 15-year-old boy named Gerald Gault was charged with making obscene telephone calls. Since the case involved a minor, the usual rules of law did not apply. Neither he nor his family was ever given a written or oral statement of the specific charges, thereby preventing the preparation of a defense. The boy was denied his right against self-incrimination. He was not allowed to have a lawyer, nor was he or his family allowed to cross-examine the complaining witness. In fact, the woman never appeared in court. The judge handled the case entirely on the basis of a police report. There was no transcript of the proceedings. If an adult had been taken in on the same



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One like that Sylvania CR280 over on the right.

Then you'd need a turntable. With a good changer. Say a Dual 1215. And a Pickering magnetic cartridge with a diamond stylus. Plus anti-skate and cueing controls.

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Speakers would be next. You'd want big ones. Air-suspension types. Because they sound as good as standard speakers two sizes larger. And you'd want at least three in each cabinet—a 12" bass woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

The same as those Sylvania AS125's over there.

You'd probably want to top it all off with a 4-track stereo cassette tape record/playback deck.

Like that Sylvania CT160.

Put together a system like that, and it'll sound great.

Just like that Sylvania system.

But it'll cost about \$240 more.

*Based on manufacturer's suggested list pricing for components described.



GTE SYLVANIA

charge with all the normal legal protections, the maximum sentence he could have received was two months. The boy had a sentence of six years hanging over him until the A. C. L. U. caused the case to be overturned.

Test cases often go far beyond the confines of the original decisions. In 1966, as a friend of the court, the A. C. L. U. supported the winning side in a Connecticut case that held that married couples could practice birth control without interference from the state. The ruling has since become the basis for a burgeoning legal doctrine that personal sexual practices are protected from government intrusion.

Along with its legal program, the A. C. L. U. mounts an active lobbying operation in Washington and the largest states. As spokesman for an organization that has no bloc of votes to deliver and no financial contributions to offer, Larry Speiser, who was until recently the national A. C. L. U.'s director in the capital, ran a low-key operation. "It was—and still is—all lobbying by persuasion," he explains. "We can't scare anybody, so there's no arm twisting." Over the years, Speiser created an effective technique by developing research facilities for friendly Congressmen. Speiser also spent a great deal of his time testifying before Congressional committees on the constitutionality of laws pending in the Congress. It seemed a singularly lonely job.

Mindful of Justice Learned Hand's dictum that when liberty dies in the hearts of men, no constitutions and no laws can save it, the A. C. L. U. also has embarked on a nationwide propaganda campaign. Pounds of press releases pour out of the national and affiliate offices daily. Sponsoring seminars and press conferences and providing public speakers are part of the program. "A most important objective of the Union," says David Isbell, a director of the Union in Washington, D. C., "is to create better public understanding and sympathy for civil liberties."

Isbell became a chief voice for the Union in its drive against the Administration's Federal preventive-detention bill, which allows a Federal or a Washington, D. C., court to hold a man without bail for 60 days if it feels he might commit another crime while out on bail. Speaking before Congressional committees against the bill before its passage, Isbell used the measured tones of a man from an establishment firm. Informally, he conveyed a barely controlled sense of moral outrage that is common to A. C. L. U. attorneys when they talk about their work: "It's a goddamn fraud. There are a lot of statistics to show the percentage of people on bail who commit crimes, but very few on the over-all percentage of crime that is committed by people on bail. In Washington, it is six

percent. And only half of that is committed during those first 60 days, so you're down to three percent. Under this bill, the judge has to be able to predict which offenders will actually commit another crime within the 60 days they're held. No one feels he can do that better than half the time, so you wind up with a one-and-a-half-percent reduction in the District crime rate. You could accomplish that with better street lighting."

The concept of civil liberties is much broader than the specific wording of the Constitution. (The right of privacy, which Justice Brandeis called the most prized right of all, is not even mentioned.) Prodded by aggressive new members and under pressure from the large state affiliates feeling the heat from the problems of the ghettos, the Union has become a much more activist organization, determined to broaden its operations beyond its traditional concern with the gut civil-libertarian issues of freedom of speech and expression, due process of law and discrimination. In recent years, it has begun to campaign for broad-based political and social reforms, such as the right of 18-year-olds to vote (now the law of the land), the abolition of the present peacetime draft system and abortion reform. Last year the Union adopted a resolution identifying the war in Vietnam as a major cause of deprivation of civil liberties by drafting men to serve in an undeclared war and demanded an immediate termination of the U. S. involvement in Southeast Asia.

The A. C. L. U. has jumped into the forefront of the women's liberation movement with a brief before the Supreme Court attempting to declare sexual discrimination unconstitutional. It is also constantly involved in the battle against censorship. Most recently, it entered *The New York Times's* Pentagon-papers case on behalf of the readers of the *Times*, arguing that their right to know the facts of U. S. involvement in Vietnam was even more important than the *Times's* right to publish them.

Clearly, the Union is heading toward even more politically troubled waters than it has sailed before, but, as Mel Wulf says, "If the A. C. L. U. isn't under attack by somebody every day, it isn't doing its job." By that criterion, it's doing its job very well. Occasionally scorned by the New Left as part of an establishment hustle for trying to make the American system work, the A. C. L. U. has been accused by the radical right of being responsible for everything from godless communism to air pollution. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith got angry over the Union's defense of the right of policemen to belong to the John Birch Society, while an official of the Illi-

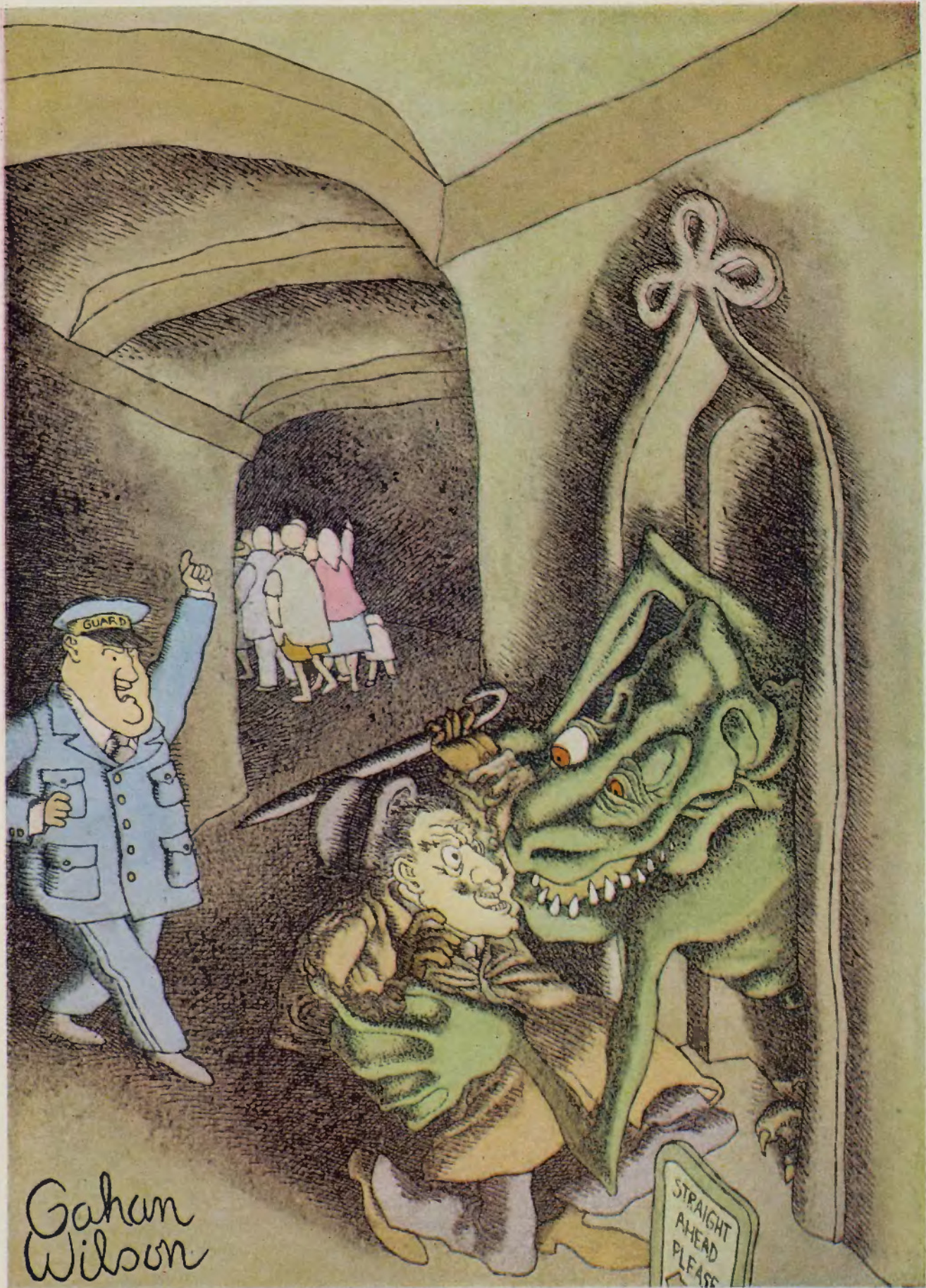
nois Police Benevolent and Protective Association charged that "among the Communist fronts that honeycomb the United States today, the American Civil Liberties Union is the most active in plaguing the nation with oblique attacks on American institutions and constitutional safeguards."

The most serious charge that can be leveled at the Union is a historic one. At two critical junctures in American history, when it was needed most, the A. C. L. U. lost its nerve. During the shameful forced evacuation of Japanese Americans on the West Coast to detention camps during World War Two and when Senator Joseph McCarthy was stalking the country in the Fifties, the Union sat on its hands and failed to come forward with any meaningful representation. Over its otherwise illustrious 51-year history, that isn't a bad record, especially when you remember what the rest of the civil libertarians were doing—Earl Warren helped organize the nisei evacuation and then-Senator John F. Kennedy ducked out of town to avoid being counted in the final Senate showdown over McCarthy. Yet the specter has been raised that the Union tends to lose its effectiveness when the going gets really rough. Wulf admits the Union "ran chicken" during the McCarthy era. "We were so busy worrying about our respectability we didn't do anything and missed our chance to be in the forefront of the fight against McCarthy."

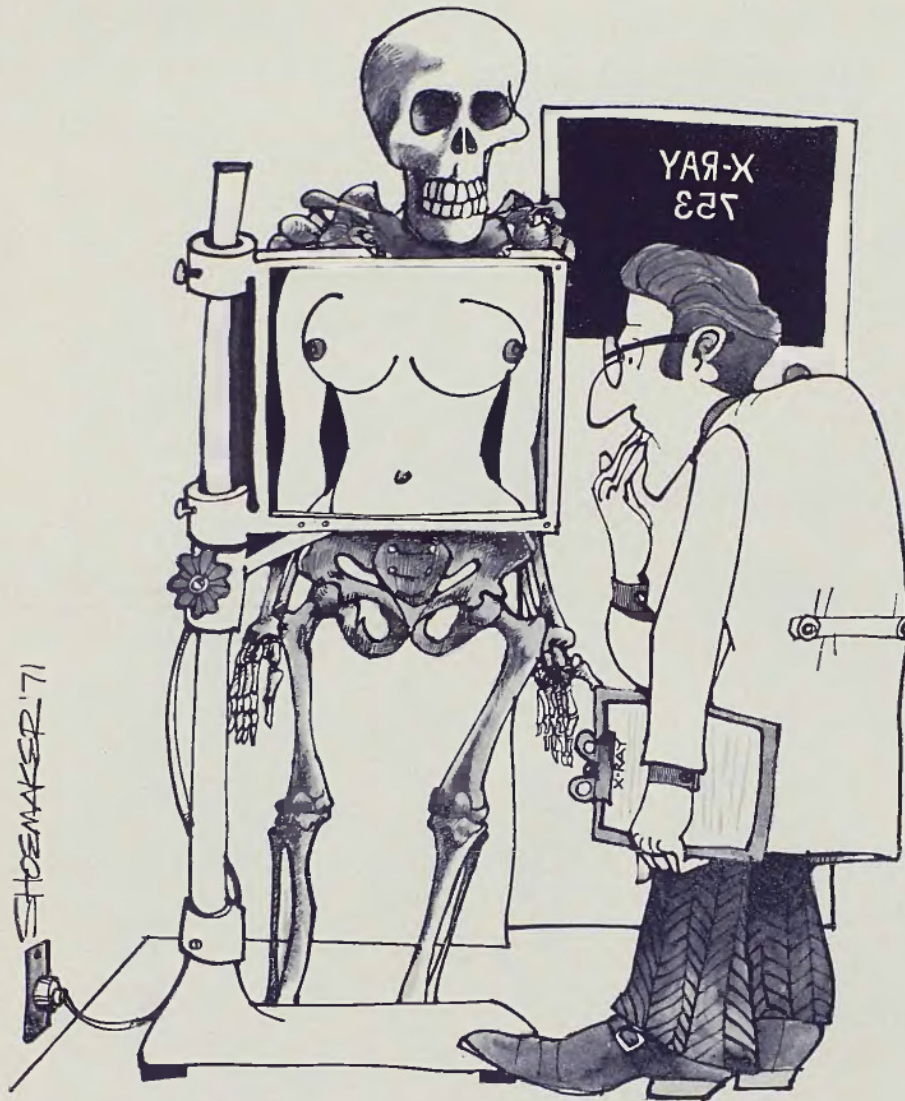
Most Union officials feel, however, that today it is far stronger than it was in the Fifties. Membership has tripled. The range of legal services available and the will to utilize them has grown correspondingly. "The Union will make mistakes in the future," says Wulf, "but they won't be the mistakes of omission we made before."

They'd better not be, because the next decade may be more perilous for the survival of personal liberty in America than any in history. The Burger Court has already turned its back on many of the advances of the Warren Court. In 80 percent of the cases before the Warren Court in which the Union was involved, it was on the winning side. That batting average has already slipped to below 50 percent with the present Court.

"Fear and anxiety have become our greatest dangers," says John de J. Pemberton, former executive director of the national A. C. L. U. "There are increasing numbers of things to be fearful about: the possibility of living in an inhospitable environment, street crime, revolution, organized crime and nuclear war. People in their fear are sometimes willing to give up the rights of others for a sense of immediate safety. Later, when the danger is past, they find out too late that



"Sir! The Moorne Castle Monster is under the strict protection of the National Historical Trust!"



they've sold off their own rights as well."

The Union's greatest fear for the future of civil liberties in the United States is in the possibility of a massive and violent collision between left and right. "The radicals of the left," Justice William O. Douglas has said, "historically have used . . . tactics to incite the extreme right with the calculated design of fostering a regime of repression from which the radicals of the left hope to emerge as the ultimate victor."

Federal and state agencies are asking for or are already using an arsenal of repressive instrumentalities: preventive detention, military-intelligence surveillance of domestic politics, systematic harassment of militant black organizations, Governmental-agency black-listing, increased wire tapping and subpoenaing of confidential files, among others. It's not that it becomes no longer possible to distinguish the political dissenter from the political lunatic, it's that the public gets tired of making the effort. It's so much easier and safer to lock

them all up. Don't think it can't happen. Listen to Assistant Attorney General Will Wilson's sure cure for student unrest: "I think if you could get all of them in a penitentiary, you'd stop it." Washington, D. C., made a good start on just such a course last May Day, when police slapped some 13,000 peace demonstrators into municipal compounds. The A. C. L. U. entered the situation quickly, with a series of moves that led to the dropping of charges against most of those detained and included a class-action injunction that may prevent similar suspensions of normal procedures in the future.

"The struggle for civil liberties is entering a war phase," says Southern California's Eason Monroe, "and we're going to have to fight like hell." Who wins the battle will depend largely on the men who fight it.

Fortunately, in spite of penurious pay scales for its executives—in some cases, \$4000 a year to start—the A. C. L. U. attracts some of the finest talent in

the country. Because of lack of funds, the New York affiliate alone has to turn down four or five applications a day from promising young attorneys who want to join the Union's permanent staff.

For lawyers with a political sense that the law should be a social instrument rather than an economic tool, the A. C. L. U. is practically the promised land. Norm Siegel, a hot-shot New York University Law School graduate now working for the A. C. L. U. in Atlanta, puts it this way: "My God, it's exciting work. At law school, you hear about the great men in our profession, and then you come to the Union and here they are. I can't imagine doing anything else." Wulf, who has had his name on more briefs before the Supreme Court than any man in the history of the American bar, agrees: "It's a rare privilege not to have to practice commercial law."

Some lawyers, such as Chuck Morgan, join the A. C. L. U. because they like the excitement of tough trialwork. Morgan became a national figure defending Captain Howard Levy and is now one of the most feared criminal lawyers in the country. When he appeared at Fort Jackson to defend a case, he found a handwritten note scrawled on the bulletin board of the Judge Advocate General's office. The note read simply, "Morgan's back!" "That," he says happily, "I want on my tombstone."

Every A. C. L. U. official, permanent or volunteer, takes some sort of financial beating by being associated with the Union. Allen Brown, an A. C. L. U. attorney in Cincinnati, handles so many free Union cases that his private practice has gone to pot and the Union literally has to pass the hat to keep him going. Beverly Jackson, part-time executive director for the Union in Louisiana, doesn't earn enough to pay her baby sitter.

They all seem driven: Mel Wulf takes off an hour or so from a 60-hour week to play tennis on a municipal court and thinks of the lost time as an indulgence. A few years ago, he took a six-month sabbatical to take his family to London for a rest and vacation; within two weeks, he was back in his New York office writing briefs. Marvin Karpatkin, who spends almost a third of his time away from a lucrative Manhattan practice to take on free draft cases, is constantly hounded by his own devils. "I'm obsessed by the thought that every time I successfully handle a draft case, some black ghetto kid who may have even sounder justification is gobbled up to take his place." And then he adds, in words that could be the Union's motto: "It's not enough. It's never enough."

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a snob's guide to tv (continued from page 137)

you should be in order to watch the following programs.

HOW TO WATCH GUNSMOKE

Whittle. At parties, ask the host where he keeps his spittoon. Be suspicious of any guy who orders a mixed drink and always call homosexuals "goddamn pansies." Get wind-burned. Stand around tight-lipped, with your hands thrust into your hip pockets, and squint into the sunlight. Shave with a straight razor, even though you cut yourself a lot. Be laconic. Sweat. Draw to an inside straight once in a while, just for the hell of it. Bank at Wells Fargo. Carry a bowie knife and a honing block. Punch people hard on the arm to show how much you like them. Be able to smoke without using your hands, drink your coffee black and always order a steak by

saying, "Burn one for me." Know what fetlocks and withers are and refer to your girlfriend as "my little filly." Whistle Merle Haggard songs while you commute to work in the city in a pickup truck—and remember that Roy Rogers was once a member of the Sons of the Pioneers. Be pissed off about the firing of General MacArthur. Wonder whatever happened to Lash LaRue. Talk about "the winter of '48"—or whenever the last "really big" winter was. Ignore pop tabs on beer cans and insist on using your "church key." OK comment: "Yup." OK bumper sticker: CALGARY STAMPEDE.

HOW TO WATCH THE SECRET STORM

Be an unmarried female of indeterminate age and sex. Wear your high school class ring. Cry at weddings. Cry at funerals.

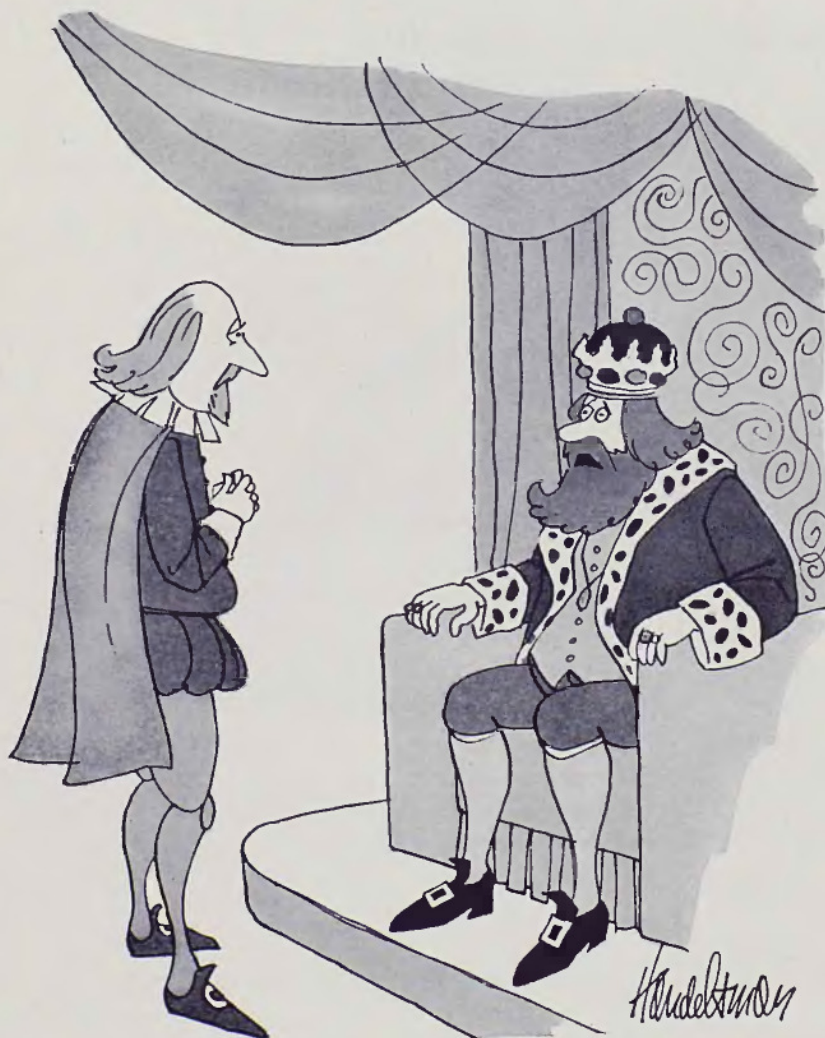
als. Cry at traffic jams. Chew gum to stretch your coffee breaks. Chew your fingernails. Own all of Rod McKuen's books and Glenn Yarbrough's records. Think of Shakey's Pizza Parlor as an Italian restaurant. Lunch at Woolworth's. While out walking, always worry about being sexually assaulted—and be disappointed when you're not. Read your horoscope religiously—in the daily newspaper and in *Cosmopolitan*. Date a data-processing-school dropout who brings you Whitman Samplers, then read *Better Homes & Gardens* to see what you can make out of the empty boxes. Think of Seven and Seven as a cocktail. When you pick up *Time*, turn to the "Medicine" section first. Be concerned about what's happening to Jackie Onassis. Have a racy friend who keeps the light on during sexual relations. Wear curlers to the Ice Follies. On your birthday, get drunk alone, cry, walk around the house naked, talk dirty and smoke a Tiparillo. OK heroines: Dr. Joyce Brothers, Peg Bracken, Abigail Van Buren. OK question: "But are you sure you'll respect me afterward?"

HOW TO WATCH AMERICAN BANDSTAND

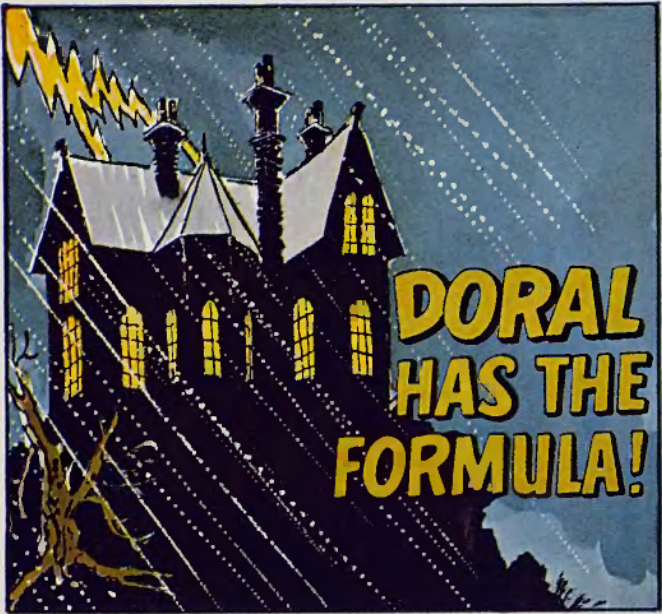
Be a card-carrying WASP teenager from the suburbs and drive your own Camaro to prove it. Argue with your friends about whether Bobby Sherman is heavier than Davy Jones. Never wonder if Dick Clark is Dorian Gray, because you don't know who Dorian Gray is. Carry a picture of Grand Funk Railroad in your wallet. Never smoke pot, but brag to your friends about the dynamite someone turned you on to last week. Fondly remember great golden oldies like *Louie, Louie* and *Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter*. Smear yourself with Clearasil twice a day, even though you've never had a pimple. Think Paul is still cute, but wonder if poor John has gone crazy. Envy everyone who appears on *Bandstand*. Subscribe to *Hit Parader* and think of *Rolling Stone* as a magazine for old people. Know the names of the whole Partridge family. If you're a girl, worry about your nipples' showing when you go without a bra. If you're a boy, be able to spot a girl without a bra at 20 feet. OK comment: "It's got a good beat, but I didn't like the lyrics, so I gave it a sixty-three." OK poster: THE ARCHIES LIVE!

HOW TO WATCH THE DORIS DAY SHOW

Be a 40-year-old virgin who's been married twice. Have a dangerous amount of cheery energy and be alarmingly healthy. Drive a Valiant and tape a plastic daisy to the tip of its radio antenna. Laugh at Freudian slips and blush when

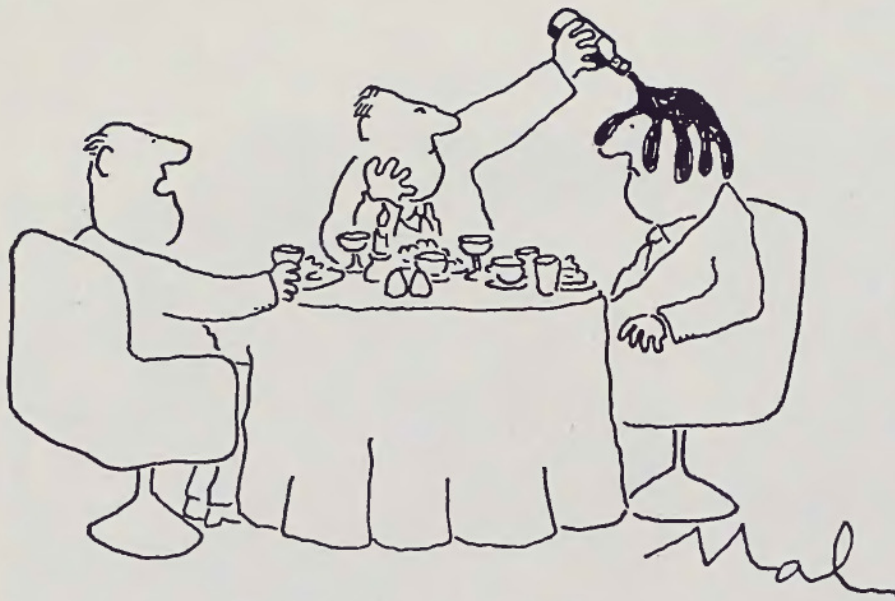


"I'm really upset that the people don't believe me anymore. Perhaps I should use a different facial expression when I lie to them."



The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain... but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"





"Fred puts catsup on everything."

you see pictures of the Washington Monument. Be a den mother. Snap your fingers to Muzak. Never pet on the first date and during a goodnight kiss, remember to keep your legs crossed. Think of Erich Segal as an intellectual. Have a cat named Mr. Whiskers and be undecided about whether or not you should have him "fixed." Recall when *Family Circle* was seven cents, but still think of it as a terrific bargain at 25. Be embarrassed about dirty dreams in which you and Johnny Carson play croquet. Propose a game of charades at a New Year's Eve party and, if that fails, perform all your old college cheers. Go skiing on weekends and spend all your time skiing. Keep a sex manual under your mattress. Always be on a diet, always eat like a wolf and always have a perfect figure. OK risqué comment: "Excuse me, I've got to go to the little-girls' room."

HOW TO WATCH MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE

Keep up to date on Balkan politics. Wear wash-and-wear bulletproof suits. Amuse yourself by doing the crossword puzzle in *Pravda* and by building a small Moog synthesizer in your spare time—constructing it entirely of beer cans and old portable radios. Be able to disguise yourself as Mao Tse-tung, Pierre Trudeau, Kwame Nkrumah and Golda Meir, all at once. Have an affair with the sultry daughter of a democratic South American premier who was tragically assassinated in a right-wing military coup—and always search her for concealed weapons before making love. Be a regular at an Albanian restaurant and always pay in leks. Own a Rolex

watch that tells the time in any two world zones, the date, the temperature, how far away lightning struck, the latest diamond-market quotations and where tyranny will strike next—and that also functions as a camera and a tachometer. If anything goes wrong with it, fix it yourself. Dabble in hypnotism, *kung fu* and brain surgery. Have an account in a Swiss bank and tell your number to everybody. Talk fondly about the last time you were in Botswana. Smoke only Balkan Sobranies, even though you prefer cherry-flavored Roi-Tans. Suspect all friends and relatives of being subversives and occasionally tail them for a few days—and just to be safe, tail yourself once in a while. Sometimes wear a monocle. Make nostalgic comments about the decline of the Orient Express. OK comment: "There'll never be another Ian Fleming."

HOW TO WATCH ORAL ROBERTS

Complain that Billy Graham is too liberal. Tear the underwear section out of the Sears catalog so your kids won't be exposed to hard-core pornography. Have a white-Angora cross hanging from your car's rearview mirror. Think of the wedding of a Methodist and a Presbyterian as a mixed marriage. Pray every night for peace, right after you pray that we bomb North Vietnam back into the Stone Age. Believe that all massage parlors are actually fronts for houses of prostitution. Have a complete collection of *Reader's Digest Condensed Books* that you've never read. Feel that your Thursday nights are empty now that Jim Nabors has been canceled. Keep a collection of French postcards out in the chicken

shed. Put your hands on the TV during the faith-healing prayer and feel better afterward. Don't smoke, drink, play cards, swear or dance—and do as little breathing as possible. Avoid close contact with the opposite sex (sexual relations with your legal mate are permissible as long as rubber gloves and surgical masks are worn and you don't enjoy yourself). OK heroes: Pat Boone, Billy James Hargis. OK comment: "I think George Wallace is going soft." OK bumper sticker: HIT ME! I'M GOING TO HEAVEN ANYWAY!

HOW TO WATCH MARCUS WELBY, M. D.

Browse in pharmacies. Buy everything that the ads tell you three out of four doctors recommend. Jog. Do isometric exercises and drive a late-model ambulance. Send your friends medicine balls for Christmas. Wear orthopedic shoes. If you're a girl, wear support hose. Subscribe to the *Journal of Abdominal Surgery* and *Cancer News*, and flaunt words like frontoparietal and caduceus. At the drop of a forceps, be able to tell at least 300 gruesomely detailed stories about operations. Smoke nontobacco cigarettes in a tar-eliminating holder and quit smoking once a week. Always carry a thermometer, plenty of Band-Aids, some splints and an airsickness bag—and when you visit the zoo, take along a snakebite kit. Whenever a friend complains of a slight headache, mention Rocky Mountain spotted fever, malaria, yaws and cholera. Be torn between visiting the Mayo Clinic and Forest Lawn on your vacation. Whenever you fill out a form that asks for the name of your doctor, attach a separate sheet listing your general practitioner, ophthalmologist, dermatologist, podiatrist, proctologist, dentist, chiropractor and veterinarian. Boil all the water you drink and sleep under a mosquito net. Gargle with Listerine but think it tastes great. Have your last words carefully prepared. Be on the verge of leaving your body to science. OK question: "What's your favorite sickness?" OK hobby: revising your will.

HOW TO WATCH SESAME STREET

Be a bright, attentive, prepubescent child or a thin, handsome, 40ish divorced female psychologist who has written a book about lactation and who has a daughter majoring in education at Brandeis, a fixed smile and an impotent lover.

HOW TO WATCH THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS

Have a good stiff shot of bourbon.



I. W. HARPER. THE IMPRESSION IS LIGHT.

It has a liberated attitude.

If you believe great bourbon has to taste heavy, you believe a myth. Because I. W. Harper is great bourbon that never tastes heavy. It always treats your taste light.



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PAYOFF ON DOUBLE ZERO

happily on Mr. Collins' arm. Under the chatter of the players, Pete murmured to Sam, "Very nicely handled, son. What Howard Hughes and Kerkorian don't own in Vegas, Mrs. Burke does."

On Sam's second night of dealing, nothing whatever happened. But on his third night, there was trouble.

A fat-faced young man with a sullen mouth and pimples had been betting regularly on 14 and losing. He was playing with ten-dollar house checks, but he didn't look as if he could afford them, and he kept increasing his bets until he was up to \$50 a spin, straight up on 14. Despair came into his eyes.

This time, 15 came up. There was no bet on it. Sam cleared the board.

"Hold on, there!" the young man said. "What about my fifty on fifteen?"

Sam smiled politely. "I think it was on fourteen, sir."

Pete had already pushed a button and was at Sam's side.

"Not this time it wasn't!" the young man said. "I finally got tired of fourteen and bet on fifteen. You were just so used to seeing me bet on fourteen that you made a mistake, that's all."

Eighteen hundred dollars was involved. Sam glanced over at Pete, but before the pit boss could speak, a distinguished-looking white-haired man at the very end of the table called to Sam. "I'm afraid the young man up there is right." His manner was reluctant and apologetic. "I'm sorry to be difficult, but I did see him bet on fifteen. I wondered at the time if he'd made a mistake or was changing his number after all this time."

The smartest man in Vegas had by now come up behind the bettor. "Pay the bet, Sam," he said. "I want no arguments here."

"Yes, sir," Sam said and reached for some checks.

Pete stopped him with a hand and said, "We don't have that much here at the table, Mr. Collins."

This was not true.

"Oh?" said Mr. Collins. "Well, let's go to my office, then. If you and your friend would come with me, I'll see that —"

"My friend?" the young man asked. "I've never —"

The older man said from the foot of the table, "I've never seen that young fellow before in my life!"

"Oh?" Mr. Collins looked surprised. "I'm sorry. I'd presumed you two were friends."

"I never laid eyes on that gentleman before in my life!" the young man said.

"I understand," said Mr. Collins. "However, sir," he said to the older man, "I'll need a brief statement from

(continued from page 118)

you affirming that you saw the bet being placed. It's required by the Nevada Gaming Commission in these instances."

This was rubbish.

The older man sighed and picked up his chips and came round the table and offered his hand and a smile to the young man and said, "My name is John Wood."

"I'm George Wilkins and I'm real sorry to put you to all this trouble, but thank you for sticking up for me. What I mean"—he nodded toward Sam—"young fellows like this are obviously so new they make normal mistakes."

Sam wished he could knock this young man down and kick his teeth out. The two walked away with Mr. Collins. They did not return to the casino floor. When midnight came and Sam went off duty, he passed Mr. Collins on the upper level and asked him, "What happened to those two cheaters?"

Mr. Collins smiled. "Why do you so presume, Sam?"

"Because there was no bet on fifteen and anybody who said otherwise is a liar."

Laughing, Mr. Collins said, "Sam, you wouldn't believe how stupid some people can be. I asked to see their driver's licenses, as a matter of form. Without thinking, they showed them to me. What do you think I learned?"

"Don't tell me they have the same name?"

"No, no. But their addresses showed that they live two houses apart. In Van Nuys, California."

"My God! What did you do to them?"

"Nothing. I left them alone in my office for a minute and when I came back, they were gone. I presume they're well back in California by now." The smartest man in Vegas patted Sam on the shoulder and said, "Good night, Sam," and walked off.

It was around 11 on Sam's fourth night that things really began to happen. Sam was dealing and Harry was stacking for him. The table was crowded and all the colors were in use. Behind the seated players, others stood, betting with coins and house checks. As the ball began to slow, Sam said, "No more bets, please."

A man started shouting, "Let me through! Here, now—let me through! Get out of the way, damn it!"

He was a tall man in his 70s and he wore a white Stetson. He had a white mustache under a long red nose. He shouldered his way through the standers. He held two packages of bank-strapped currency above his head and when he reached the table, he threw them both in the general area of number 23 and

announced, "That's two thousand dollars right smack on twenty-three! Straight up!"

Sam quickly picked up the packs and tossed them off the betting area. "I'm sorry, sir." The ball fell into number 11.

The old man's reedy voice rose above the murmur at the table. "What's the matter, young fella? Something the matter with my money?" He was wearing a white-silk Western shirt and an apache tie with a gold tie slide in the shape of a nugget, and over all he had on a spotless white-buckskin suit with long fringes and with stitched patch pockets high and low. Sam had seen a similar suit in a Las Vegas store window for \$295.

"This is perfectly good money!" the old man said, showing off the two packs. They contained \$100 bills, which, as Sam knew, usually come from a bank strapped in units of ten. These looked to be fresh from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Sam smiled at the old man. "Of course it is, sir. But, for one thing, you were too late for this roll; and for another, there's a two-hundred-dollar maximum bet on the numbers; and for still another, we don't use paper money on this table."

"Well, sell me some chips, damn it!"

"I will, sir, but we're out of colors and —"

Pete had come to the table and he now asked, "What denomination would you like to play with, sir?"

"Hundreds! Hundred-dollar chips, if you've got 'em." Everyone at the table was now listening and the old man turned and smiled and said, "My name's Prember-ton! Bert Prember-ton! From up Elko way! Pleased to make your acquaintance!" He shook hands with those whom he could reach.

"I'll have to get some hundred-dollar checks from the cashier, Mr. Prember-ton," Pete said. "How many would you like?"

"Well, now. . . ." The old man pondered and brought out package after package of strapped \$100s from his various pockets and stacked them on the table in front of him. Twenty thousand dollars was visible. There was a stunned silence around the table. "Sold a ranch today," Prember-ton told everyone simply. "Or it finally got through escrow. I should say." To Pete, he said, "Oh, hell. Let's jest start with two thousand. But get plenty, while you're at it." He handed Sam two packages of \$100s and stuffed the others back into his pockets.

Sam handed them to Pete, who broke the paper straps and fanned the bills and nodded and said, "Two thousand. I'll be right back."

"Here, now!" the old man bellowed. "What if twenty-three comes up while you're gone, hey? I want two hundred on it, every time. Twenty-three is gonna



"You'd better get going or you'd better get going."

be a hot one tonight, I can tell you for true!"

"You'll be covered on every roll, Mr. Prember-ton," Pete said, starting off.

"Take over for me," Sam told Harry and walked after Pete, catching up with him outside the roulette enclosure. "Pete?" The pit boss stopped and turned. "I don't like this old man," Sam said. "I've got a kind of feeling about him."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, he's been drinking, and I didn't like the way he butted his way to the table, and—well, I just don't trust him is all."

"It is not your job to trust people. As long as his money's good, I don't care if —"

"But maybe it isn't. Maybe it's——"

Mr. Collins had walked up to them. "Troubles?"

"Maybe it's counterfeit," Sam finished.

Pete smiled. "You have got to be kidding."

Mr. Collins took the bills from Pete and ruffled through them and handed them back and motioned the pit boss toward the cashier's window. Then he sighed.

"Sam, you still have a good deal to learn. For all practical purposes—as far as we are concerned—there is no such thing as a hundred-dollar bill that is counterfeit. Oh, they do exist, but they're extremely rare, for the reason that printers don't bother with them because they're so difficult to pass. We get fives and tens and twenties and now and then a fifty. But I don't think I've seen a funny hundred in twenty years. In any case, there are two places in which no one but an idiot would deliberately pass even *one* phony hundred-dollar bill, and one is a bank and the other is a casino. Both places have smart cashiers and men with guns."

"I'm sorry," Sam said. "I didn't know that. I was only trying to protect the house."

"It is not your job to protect the house. I thought I'd made that perfectly clear when we first met. Would you get back to your table now, please?"

"Yes, sir."

Pete came up to them, carrying a plastic rack nearly full of \$100 house checks. "I got quite a few, just in case," he said. "And to make our boy detective here happy, I asked both Ruth and Hazel to check out those bills; they're both experts in the currency department, and they assure me that the twenty hundreds are the genuine article, with the serial numbers in sequence, just as they left the Bureau of Engraving and Printing."

"I'm sorry to be so stupid," Sam said and followed Pete back to the table, where he and the pit boss piled the checks neatly in stacks of 20. Harry reached for one stack, knocked off four

checks and handed the remaining 16 to Prember-ton, saying, "Two thousand, sir, less four hundred for the last two rolls."

The old man grunted his understanding and placed two checks on 23. He then began looking around the casino as if for someone, finally saw her, put two fingers into his mouth and produced a shrill whistle. He waved a hand and shouted, "Over here, honey!"

A girl came toward the table and tried to get through the crowd. "Let her through, there!" the old man cried. "That's my little bride, there! Let her through, damn it!"

People gave way and the girl soon joined Prember-ton, who hugged and kissed her. The girl blushed and said, "Oh, Bert! Not here!"

The girl was spectacularly lovely. She was in her early 20s and had golden hair and large young breasts. Her mouth was full and sensuous, but her wide blue eyes gave her an expression of innocence.

"Folks! I want you to meet my sweet little honey bunch, Vikki!" He kissed her again and hugged her and then ran his hand up and around her buttocks. "We got hitched this very mornin'!" There was a silence around the table, partly of incredulity and partly of disapproval. "And the reason twenty-three is goin' to be a hot number tonight is that today is February the twenty-third and it's also my own little hot number here's birthday, and she's twenty-three this very day! What do you think of that?" Prember-ton turned to Harry and asked, "You're sure, now, that two hundred is all I can bet at a time?"

"Yes, sir," Harry said as the ball slowed. "That's our limit." The ball dropped once and bounced about and finally fell into 23 and remained there. "Twenty-three," Harry announced and smiled at Vikki. "Happy birthday, young lady."

"Hey, now!" the old man shouted and clapped everyone he could reach on the back. "What'd I tell you? Twenty-three's goin' to be a hot number tonight!"

Harry pushed three and a half stacks over to the old man. "Seventy checks, sir. Seven thousand dollars."

The other players started exclaiming in excitement and people who heard the commotion began to crowd around the table to watch. Prember-ton told Vikki to open her shoulder bag and he dumped the 70 checks into it. "You'll get that Rolls-Royce automobile for a weddin' present yet, honey bunch!" Then, to Harry, "Say, now! My little bride here can play, too, can't she?"

"Surely, sir," Harry said.

"Well, you jest do that, Vikki honey! You put two hundred on twenty-three along with me, you hear?"

After the old man had bet his two checks, Vikki added two more from her purse. Harry turned to Sam. "Take over

for a couple of minutes, would you?" Harry walked off and Sam stepped into his place and Pete came up to stack for Sam. Other players began piling chips onto 23. Sam sent the ball spinning. It eventually fell into number five.

"You got to do better 'n that, young fella!" the old man shouted.

Sam smiled at him. "I'm trying, sir. I really am."

"I sure wish we could bet more than four hundred," the old man said. "Twenty-three is sure goin' to be a hot one tonight!"

A man standing next to Prember-ton volunteered: "You can also play splits if you want to, sir, and corners and three across."

"How's that?"

Using his finger as a pointer, the man showed him what he meant.

"Well, I'm jest goin' to bet that way, then!" He started to cover the board all around 23 and then said, "I'm goin' to need some more chips, young fella." He brought out three more packs of \$100s and handed them to Sam, who broke the straps and counted the bills.

"Three thousand," Sam announced and slotted the money. Then he reached for the stack and a half Pete had ready for him and passed the checks to the old man, who finished covering 23 and its surrounding numbers. As the ball whirred, Sam figured that if 23 came up, the Prember-ton would win \$20,200. The number turned out to be 22, but the old man had \$5000 coming to him because of his bets on splits and corners and three across. When Sam passed his winnings to him, the old man dumped them into Vikki's purse and bet again as before. The next three numbers were losers for Prember-ton, who was then almost out of visible checks.

"Better give me five thousand this time, young fella," he said, bringing five packages of money from his pocket. It was slotted and Sam gave him two and a half stacks. Harry returned and took over the stacking from Pete. The ball fell into 24. Sam paid the old man another 50 checks and these, too, went into Vikki's purse.

"Start thinkin' what color you want that Rolls-Royce automobile painted, honey bunch."

The next two numbers were zero and 36 and Prember-ton was down again in checks. "Five thousand more, young fella." The money came out and was counted and sent down into the cash-box and the old man got his two and a half stacks.

"Take over for me?" Sam asked Harry. To Pete as he passed, Sam said, "Got to take a leak." He crossed the casino floor and went up to the upper level, where Mr. Collins was standing, his eyes

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"I've been noticing your terrific hotpants from across the room and just wanted to compliment. . . . Oh, you're not wearing. . . ."

in constant motion as he surveyed and studied the activity below.

"How is it going, Sam?"

"Mr. Collins, I don't like what's going on at my table."

"Oh? Troubles?"

"Well, whenever that old man wins, he dumps his checks into his wife's bag, but when he loses, he cashes some more of his hundred-dollar bills."

"So?"

"She has close to seventeen thousand in there right now."

"So?" Mr. Collins shrugged. "Sam, some players feel luckier when they're playing with house money and others prefer to pocket our money and play with their own. It's their business. It is not yours."

"I know. But I keep getting the feeling there's something phony about the old man. I mean, as if he were Walter Brennan, playing a rich old rancher. Except that Walter Brennan would convince me and this Mr. Prember-ton doesn't. It's like he's overacting his part. And the way he fondles that pretty little girl who's young enough to be his granddaughter—well, it makes you kind of sick."

Mr. Collins smiled. "I see. It's not just a roulette dealer I've hired. I have in

addition a drama critic and an arbiter of morals." His smile faded. "Has this old gentleman tried any funny business with his bets?"

"Well, no. Not yet, anyway."

"Nor will he. Sam, I'll tell you how to spot a potential cheater on sight. When an ordinary player comes into this casino, he will glance around casually and then decide where he wants to go and go there. But when a cheater comes in—and by this I mean someone who has cheated before elsewhere and may well do so here—he will stop and look carefully at the face of every dealer and pit boss on the floor, for fear he'll be recognized from the past. When I see this, I make sure that this player is watched every minute he's here."

"That's very interesting," Sam said. "I'd never thought of that."

"I saw this old man walk down from the bar. He looked around for the nearest roulette table and hurried to it. In addition, it happens that Chuck the bartender knows him. He's from up near Elko and he recently sold one of his ranches, which is why he has all this bank cash on him. Also, he got married this morning and he's celebrating."

"He told us, at the table."

"All right, Sam. I will tell you one more time and only one more time: The over-all problems involved in running this casino are mine. They are not yours. Please don't make me lose my patience with you."

"No, sir. I'm sorry." Sam walked off and into the men's room and in a couple of minutes came out. As he passed the archway leading to the bar, he paused and then went in. There were few customers and Chuck was drying glasses.

"Hi, Sammy boy."

Sam said, "Chuck—this old man—this Mr. Prember-ton. Mr. Collins says you know him."

Chuck nodded. "He's a rancher from up near Elko. He got married this—"

Sam cut in with, "But do you know him? From before, I mean?"

"Well, no, but—"

"So how do you know so much about him?"

"He was in here earlier, talking to people, buying everybody drinks, showing off his new little wife—you know."

"Thanks, Chuck." Sam walked out of the bar and down to his table. Pete moved away, so that Sam could take over the stacking. From the stacks of \$100 checks, it was apparent that Prember-ton had lost a few thousand while Sam had been away. Now the old man handed Harry another five packages of \$100s, which went down the slot.

Sam passed two and a half stacks to Harry, who said, "You mind rolling? I'm really beat."

"Sure." As Sam took Harry's place, he glanced at his watch and saw that it was 11:45. In 15 minutes, the shift would end.

Number 34 came up, and then six. One of the players had given up his seat to Vikki, who now sat directly across from Sam. "Whatever happened to number twenty-three?" she asked with a smile. It began as a casual smile, but then she glanced up and saw that the old man was engrossed in betting and she looked at Sam and smiled, but directly now. With this smile, all innocence left her eyes.

Sam indicated 23. "I'm afraid it's hidden under all those chips."

"Well, see if you can find it for us."

Sam sent the ball spinning. "I'll do my very best, Mrs. Prember-ton." The number turned out to be 26. Sam gave the old man 33 checks, which Vikki dumped into her bag. There had to be over \$20,000 in that bag by now, but then, almost as much had come out of Prember-ton's pockets.

The next two numbers were two and 12. The old man was out of checks again. "Gimme some of them chips, Vikki, honey."

"Oh, Bert. Don't you think we should

stop? It's been a long day and it's almost midnight, and—"

"Just one more roll. I got a hunch it'll be twenty-three."

Vikki passed a handful of checks to Prember-ton, who leaned over the table to bet and then silently collapsed and fell onto the table and lay still. When it was plain that he wasn't going to move, Vikki cried out and reached over and touched him.

Others at the table were saying, "Is he dead?" "He's had a heart attack!" "Get a doctor, somebody!"

Pete had already pushed buttons. Two security guards hurried up, herded people aside and got to the old man, who now groaned and opened his eyes and managed to push himself erect. The guards held him up.

"What happened?" Prember-ton asked.

Mr. Collins hurried up. "Help him to my office," he told the guards. "The hotel doctor is on his way."

"I'm all right," Prember-ton said. "Just had a little dizzy spell."

"I insist," said Mr. Collins.

The guards started off with the old man. Vikki followed, but Sam called, "Don't forget your husband's checks, Mrs. Prember-ton." Sam hadn't started the ball rolling. He picked up the old man's bets and handed them to her.

"Thank you. You're very kind." She hurried off toward Mr. Collins' office.

The table quieted down as Sam started the ball rolling. "How did they do, all told?" Sam asked Harry.

He studied the stacks of checks by the wheel and said, "They're up a hundred. It's getting close to midnight, thank the saints. I'm really beat."

In a few minutes, after the graveyard shift had come onto the floor, Sam and Harry walked up to the higher level, where they met Mr. Collins coming out of his office.

"How's the old man?" Harry asked.

"All right, the doctor says. It was just a faint. His wife tells me he had no dinner and a lot of drinks, and I gathered that they'd spent the afternoon in bed."

"It kind of turns your stomach," Sam said. "That old man and that little girl."

"It may turn yours, sonny boy," Harry said sourly. "But I ain't quite dead yet and it don't turn mine." He walked off.

"They ended a hundred to the good," Sam told Mr. Collins.

"I'm just relieved it was nothing more serious than a faint."

"Do you suppose he can get back to their motel all right?" Sam asked.

"That's for me to worry about, Sam," Mr. Collins said in a warning tone.

"Sorry," Sam said and walked away.

In the dealers' room, Sam hung up his apron and chatted with some of the dealers and combed his hair and put on

his jacket and then went into the bar and ordered a beer. He enjoyed it, and ordered another, and was starting on that when Mr. Collins came into the bar and up to him.

"Sam, the old man wants to see you."

"Me? Why? How is he?"

"All right. They're about to leave."

Sam followed Mr. Collins into his office, where Prember-ton was striding around, a highball in hand. Vikki was sitting, also with a drink.

"Hello there, young fella!" the old man said.

"How do you feel, sir?" Sam asked.

"Fit as a fiddle. I'm terrible sorry about causin' all that commotion at your table. And I meant to leave you a little tip. Gimme a hundred, Vikki." She did and the old man handed a check to Sam.

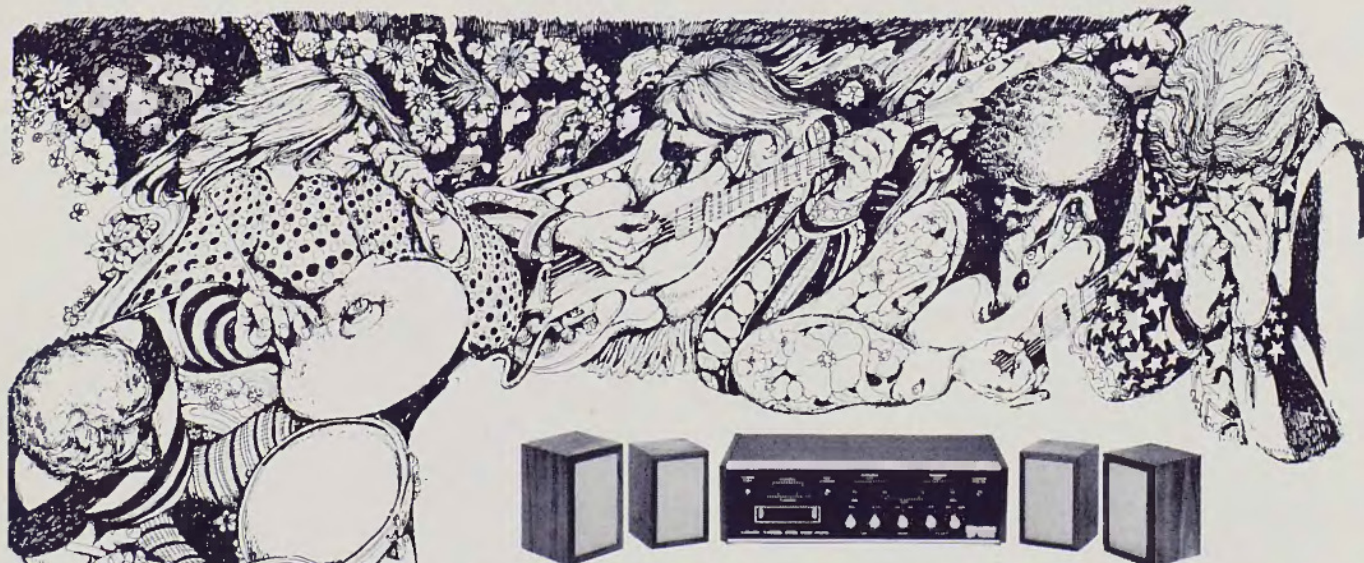
"Thanks very much, sir. And I hope that you and Mrs. Prember-ton will have a very happy marriage."

Mr. Collins said, "You'll have to excuse me. It's the end of a shift and I have to go and collect the cash from the tables."

"We're jest leavin' ourselves, sir," Prember-ton said. "Let's go cash in, Vikki honey, and see if we've won anything."

The four left the office together and Sam said good night to the Prember-ton,

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who went off toward the cashier. Mr. Collins said to Sam, "The tip goes in the box."

Sam nodded and smiled and walked down to the floor and dropped the check into the dealers' tip box. Mr. Collins watched this and nodded approval and walked into the cashier's office.

Sam went back up to the bar to finish his beer. Through the archway he saw the Prembertons cashing in. Mr. Collins came out with some empty cashboxes and gave the couple a smile and started off for the tables. Soon Sam saw the old man and the girl walk out of the casino, arm in arm. In a few minutes, Sam finished his beer, left the casino and drove off up the Strip.

After about two miles, he came to the Slumbertime Motel and parked. He got out and walked along a ground-level porch to room 17. A light was on inside. Sam knocked. A man opened the door.

"Yes?" he asked.

Sam frowned. "I'm looking for Mr. Haskins."

"He must be in another room."

"No. He lives here, in seventeen. Or did."

"Well, I checked in here at ten tonight and he wasn't here then."

"I'm sorry to have bothered you," Sam said and hurried down the porch to the office, where he pinged the desk bell. In a moment, a man in a bathrobe came from a rear room. "I'm looking for Mr. Haskins and his granddaughter," Sam said. "They were in seventeen and sixteen."

"They checked out."

"They *did*?"

"About nine tonight."

"Oh. Did—did they leave anything for me? For Sam Miller?"

"Yes, they did." The manager found an envelope and looked at it. "For Sam Miller." Sam took the envelope, thanked him and hurried out to his car. Getting in, he tore open the envelope and found a sheet of paper with writing on it. In order to read it, he flicked on his overhead light. The note read:

Dear Sammy darling honey. By the time you get this, Grandpa and I will be on our way to somewhere else. I mean, if everything goes OK at your casino tonight. I'm crossing my legs for good luck! Grandpa has decided not to leave you your share, for two reasons. For one thing, he needs the \$6000 more than you, because he's an old man and isn't young anymore, like you. Also, he thinks you're a wonderful person and should be straight, and he says he's afraid that if you get your first taste of what he calls ill-gotten gains, it will turn you into a crook like himself for the rest of your life and this he wouldn't like to see. Good-bye. I'll really miss you. You sure

are good in bed, Sammy honey. Love, Vikki.

Sam turned off the light and sat in the darkness for a moment. Then fury overcame him and he slammed both hands against his steering wheel again and again, and tears of frustration blurred his eyes.

And then the passenger door opened and the interior light went on and Sam turned to see Mr. Collins standing there.

"Troubles, Sam?" He slid onto the seat and shut the door.

Sam's eyes widened and his mouth fell open. "How? . . . How? . . ."

"I followed you here. I've been sitting in my car over there, and I saw you get turned away from that room, and I saw you get that letter from the manager, and I saw the look on your face when you read it." He brought out a cigarette. "So your friends ran out on you, did they—without giving you your cut?"

"I . . . I . . . don't know what you mean."

"Oh, knock it off, Sam." He lit his cigarette. "You're in serious trouble. Your only hope is to level with me. Where in the name of God did you three manage to get a hundred and eighty phony hundred-dollar bills? And what are the old man and his wife to you?"

Sam considered for a moment and then shrugged. "She's his granddaughter. Their name is Haskins." He turned on his overhead light. "Oh, hell." He handed Mr. Collins Vikki's note. "You might as well read this."

Mr. Collins did. "The old man may be selfish, but he's right, you know. That six thousand would have meant the end of you as an honest person." Sam turned off the light. "Where did you meet these two?"

"They were customers of my uncle's liquor store. I got to know Vikki and pretty soon we had a real thing going. Then, when my uncle sold the store, I was out of a job, and one day old Bert asked me how honest I was and I said that depended, and he told me about all these hundreds he had."

"Where did he get them?"

"He'd bought them a long time ago, very cheaply. But he'd never passed any. He had an idea about how they could all be changed in one place at one time—in a casino. He didn't care if he won, you see—he just wanted to change his counterfeits for good money. So he offered me a third if I'd help him and he paid my way through Mr. Ferguson's school. I had to get a job as a dealer up here, so I could find out exactly how things worked in a particular casino."

"Sam, you are a crook. You are a criminal."

"All I did tonight was to keep warning you about the old man and his money."

"You were just setting me up."

"I guess so." Sam sighed. "For all the good it did me."

"Was the old man's faint staged?"

"Yes. He knew he had to stop before midnight, when you'd open the cashboxes and spot his bills. But he figured that if he just stopped right then, you might be suspicious, so he faked a faint."

"And whose idea was it that you should try to make me suspicious of them?"

Sam smiled modestly. "Well, it was mostly mine—after I'd met you. I figured that if I questioned the first two thousand and you made sure they were genuine—then you wouldn't have any doubts about the next eighteen thousand. And also, I wanted to be sure you wouldn't connect me with it when it was all over."

Mr. Collins smiled a little. "It was a slick operation, Sam. And it almost worked. But your gamble paid off on the house number—which is double zero for you."

"Where did I go wrong?"

"Well, for one thing, you objected too much and I began to wonder why. And at the end, you wondered if the old man could get back to his motel. But meanwhile, the girl had told me they were staying at the Flamingo Hotel. I figured something was wrong somewhere. And when I opened your cashbox and found the funny money, it all fell into place."

"What . . . are you going to . . . do about me?"

Mr. Collins shrugged. "Nothing. I expect you back at work tomorrow." Sam looked at him in disbelief. "Sam, unless you're crazy, you'll never try anything funny on me again. And it's my solemn duty to the Nevada gaming industry to make sure you never work for anybody else."

"But . . . but what about the eighteen thousand in phony hundreds you're stuck with?"

"What makes you think so, Sam?"

"Because I saw Vikki cash in before you'd opened the cashboxes. That was good money she walked out with!"

"What makes you think so?"

"I . . . don't understand you."

"Because you'd finally made me suspicious, I'd opened your cashbox ten minutes earlier. It was while you were in the dealers' room and the bar. I saw to it that among the twenty thousand your friends walked out with were the same identical one hundred and eighty counterfeit hundreds they'd walked in with." Mr. Collins opened the car door and slid out. "Good night, Sam. See you tomorrow."

So saying, the smartest man in Vegas shut the car door and walked off into the darkness.



MORE FUTURES THAN ONE

(continued from page 108)

The problem he raised was vital. Fifteen years before, the pressure on nature along the Eastern Seaboard had suddenly passed a threshold. The network of life had been snapped in too many places—by pollution, pesticides, overbuilding, extermination of entire species—and it came apart. Rivers and lakes filled with stinking sludge; trees withered; the very grass died over hundreds of square kilometers; dust made the heavens gray; the air grew foul, even outside the cities. Parts of earth had long been in trouble and restoration programs had been started. But it took the death of half of New England to make mankind understand how late the hour had grown.

Ecological management became the most urgent business in the world. It continued to be among the most valued professions. And, with the help of knowledge gained from research, it was succeeding. Desolation was being made to bloom again. Yet sections of the American Northeast Coast were proving intractable. Undesired forms had moved in after the collapse—microbes, algae, scrub plants, insects, rodents. Better adapted to gaunt soil and choked waters, they crowded out the types that man was trying to introduce. They could in time be overcome. But labor and resources were in limited supply, with other regions demanding a share. And there was need for haste, lest erosion do further harm. In short, the Government must rethink its program for this area and find one that optimized

the future course of events. As was its habit these days, it turned to independent consultants.

John was among them. He had gone into cybernetics; but that word had come to include a Renaissance range of expertise and abilities. He was not a free-lance computer programmer, though they were common. He dealt with total systems. Given a large and ramified problem, what was the best approach to solving it? What priorities should be assigned to collecting what sorts of facts? Along what lines should the computers later be employed? What kinds of machinery, especially self-operating machinery, were likeliest to be needed after a course of action had been determined? Should research and development on wholly new apparatus, wholly new substances with special properties, be instigated? What was the most probable balance of the cost of innovation against the chance of success?

Think of John as a man who programmed the programmers.

He spent the rest of the morning on a guided tour. The projection was well arranged; he didn't expect he'd need to take a hypersonic flight across the continent for a physical look around. News-casts had often shown him stony land, skeletal trees, slimy pools, insect clouds, crumbling ghost towns. Today he peered through microscopes, talked to specialists, absorbed a sketchy but coherent education in half a dozen branches of science. His training equipped him to

ask the right questions, remember the answers and relate them to the awesome background of organized knowledge that he already possessed. Of course, he didn't try to carry everything in his head; data banks did that. But he had to know what data to call for.

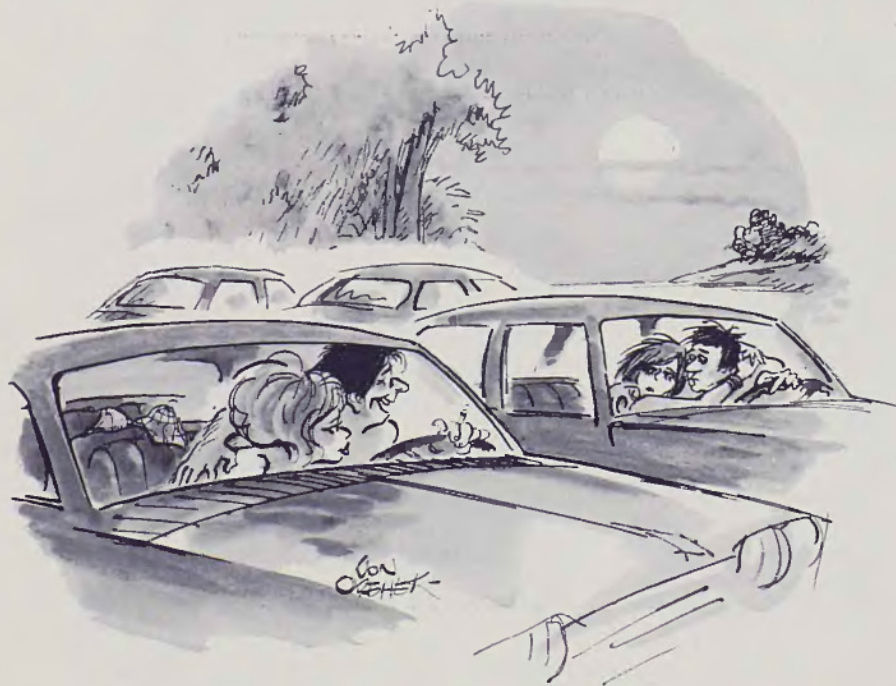
He made a point of interviewing supervisors in the field. No briefing could give him those subtle insights that we get from direct confrontation with a man; only those insights let us foresee what he can and will do. John had been aware that reclamation was more than a job to these people—the hard cadre of them, that is, the careerists. It was like a religion. They passed their working lives in the barren places or on the seas, where the effort went on to restock with plankton, fish, seal, walrus, whale. They saw themselves as the saviors of the planet. They were doubtless right.

John was relieved to confirm that they weren't fanatics, like those true believers who had found in a thousand different cults a refuge from the fact that they had nothing to give that society wanted. The reclaimers were generally relaxed, pragmatic, uncommonly cheerful. Though their dirigible homes had less space and luxury than his apartment, there was more intimacy and color. Also distinctive were their clothes, manners and ceremonies. Quite a few reclaimers were of gypsy descent, and something akin to the old close-knit Romany culture was developing among all of them. Their children attended public schools via projection but afterward played among themselves.

The cadre knew better, however, than to snub the floating laborers—if laborers can include skilled workmen and engineers—who made up the bulk of their forces. Such persons came for limited times to earn some money before returning to their own widely diverse private lives. Perhaps the picturesqueness and hospitality of the cadre bands, the merriment of their men and the sultry glamor of their women had evolved as methods of attracting help and keeping it awhile.

Having learned how many hands of how many different capabilities could be counted on, John told the official from Ecological Management that he felt able to undertake the assignment. A standard contract was signed, via fax, immediately. No physical document ever existed; the record was in the molecular patterns of data-storage cells, instantly retrievable as a projection onto a screen anywhere in the world. Naturally, the system would have to have thumbprint identification before releasing something that wasn't everybody's affair.

John's parents hadn't been able to get through to him on the phone until his conference was finished. They lived in Wisconsin, in an exurban settlement typical of the many scattered across the



"We're not married, either, but what the hell . . . let's swap anyway!"

nation. It wasn't like the dismal tracts of their youth. Their house, built cheaply by machines out of largely mass-produced parts, was nevertheless as adjustable to individual desires as a Meccano set. And few of their neighbors were stagnating. That was hard to do when whole planets were available to them in their homes, or in direct contact if they cared for travel, and when they could expect to live a vigorous century or so.

John's father ran a law practice and conciliation service. He specialized in settling conflicts that arose from differences between subcultures. An interesting case had just been given him, he said in the course of wishing his son a happy birthday. A young fellow from Milwaukee, wandering around, taking odd jobs whenever he needed a little credit, had come on an Arizona pueblo where the Indians were reviving certain ancient ways. Modern dry-farming techniques, including the genetic tailoring of plants and livestock, let them do this in reasonable comfort. They made the white lad welcome and he stayed for a while, sharing their lives. Social itinerants were not uncommon. John himself spent his spare time most years in a back-country Thai village, and had experimented with other milieus. They refreshed him; they

enlarged his horizons; they were fun.

This lad, though, had gotten a local girl into bed with him. No state or Federal laws had been broken; she was of age. But this particular neo-Pueblo society had its own value system and was shocked when it learned of the affair. The girl, disgraced among her people yet unwilling to leave them, finding that the boy had no intention of marrying her and settling down, was claiming psychological damage. He was replying that a romp in the sack was no cause for scorn and Arizona was positively not his territory. John's father was trying to get both parties to accept reconditioning. Let the treatments put them in love with each other and they'd marry, thus reconciling her with her tribe. Let suitable habits and attitudes be modified and they'd find a place to live that was mutually satisfactory. They were hesitant—he probably because he didn't want to be tied down, she frankly because conscious regulation of emotions looked too unromantic.

John reminded his father that the kids could be right. A lot of people were worried about tranquilizers, stimulators, enhancers, mood machines, the whole paraphernalia that let you decide how

you were going to feel at any moment. Might it lead to shallowness, weakness, dependence—at last to breakdown, when instinct rebelled against that tight harnessing? Many people refused any reconditioning, even when medically advised. Why not propose, John said, that the girl put aside her insularity, the boy his selfishness and that they simply travel around for a year together? They'd learn more than any planned program could teach them. They might well end by sharing their whole lives. Certain spots to visit could be suggested, such as a small Mexican town that John knew. . . . Well, maybe, maybe. No harm in laying the idea before them.

John's mother asked when he was coming to see them in the flesh. Projections were OK, but you couldn't hug them nor feed them a birthday cake. He explained how busy he was going to be, then agreed that he'd at least drop in soon. And, after all, a family reunion was planned for August—a week in the great Himalayan playground.

After his parents had broken circuit, John glanced at his watch. Damn, it was too late to call the moon today. All the bases there ran on G. M. T. and Randall of Hightower Chemicals was doubtless out on the town. He loved low-gravity dancing. Well, be sure to catch him tomorrow. Certain of those giant molecules that could only be made under lunar conditions might be useful for killing algae. Ask his opinion, query him on price and delivery date. And Astrid Hawkridge could enlighten John on some aspects of marine ecology, but she'd be asleep now, in Krishnamurti City beneath the Indian Ocean.

Lunchtime. John decided to eat out. The delivery tubes would oblige him with practically anything that wasn't in his kitchen lockers, but he wanted to roam around a bit and let his mind relax.

He seldom used his car in town. Dense high-speed traffic wasn't the reason. Autopilots were required to be in contact with and guided by the machines of Regional Control. As a rule, however, you had to park so far from your destination that you needed the excellent public lines anyway. John caught an express outside his building, transferred to a shuttle and in ten minutes had reached Afroville.

Stepping out of the station was like entering a foreign country. The rehabilitation of Watts in the Seventies and Eighties went deeper than rebuilding and renaming. Those were only the outward signs of a spiritual rebirth. The black man found that he, too, could create his own free society within the larger commonwealth. He needed only to reject the level of consumption associated with a civilization he felt was cold and greedy. No further penalties were attached. High production and efficient



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distribution guaranteed a reasonable minimum income. (No, it certainly wasn't that simple. Many black people had wanted no part of a special black culture, only a fair share in the white one. This goal was delayed by brothers who too frequently—if understandably—spent more energy in giving the ancient oppressor a hard time than in constructing a solid base for their own liberation. Yet slowly, confusedly, by fits and starts, the thing happened.)

John sauntered between low, gaily tinted houses among folk whose garb and manner were just as sprightly. Most streets were reserved for pedestrians, bicycles and children's wagons. Music filled the air. He went by a people's park where a group was building an elaborate gazebo. The restaurant he sought stood in a flower garden. He dreaded the day when it would be discovered and go tourist; meanwhile, he enjoyed excellent food and live service at modest prices. (Cash remained in colorful use here: a matter of custom, not of the lack of bank-card scanners.) His favorite waitress was back from vacation. Like most employees, she worked a 30-hour week. Anything less and the proportion of time lost in getting organized was too great. But she had three months off per year and unlimited sick leave. She told John she'd spent this past holiday in Yugoslavia with a little-theater group. . . . After lunch, he browsed through a couple of the area's innumerable shops and found a handmade belt that would be a good present for his current girl.

On the way home, he realized how uncritically he'd accepted every cliché about the district. The die-hard Whitey haters were few and senescent; but some younger leaders were protesting Afroville's evolution into "another Chinatown." They had a point, though John didn't think it was major. The bulk of the community was doing serious things. Small businesses flourished, and so did cultural activities. The university's department of ethnology had long been famous. Lately, a team of its sociologists and economists had startled the world by its demonstration of how rich and octopuslike an industry the international-arms-control complex had become.

Back in his apartment, John found that his phone had recorded a message from his sister. Jane was sorry she'd missed him and wouldn't be able to call again today. The mahi-mahi were running and she must shortly take her boat out after them. She looked good in the image, her nude body tanned and full of health. Both her kids were with her to congratulate John on his birthday. In the background was a glimpse of dazzling beach and long blue combers.

Jane had joined a utopian colony—

group living, no marriage—in Hawaii. The idea was to re-create tribalism in a natural setting and thus satisfy the instincts that cities frustrated. The members weren't cranks or faddists. They made full use of appropriate technology, including that which gave their children a modern education. They earned the wherewithal by occasionally hiring out as workers or entertainers and by selling the produce of their lands and waters. They experimented carefully and thoughtfully, searching for improvements in their customs. In fact, John considered them a shade too earnest. But since Jane was happy, what the hell? He left her an answer at the village's single phone.

The greeting had given him a notion. Hawaii didn't hold the sole version of the simple life. He had a friend in Northern California. The friend was at home and John spent an hour talking with him. He was mayor of a settlement of yeomen. These were not idealists but individualists, each farming his private land or operating his private service enterprise on lonely Cape Mendocino. Their origin had had its unpleasant aspects. Breakdown of public safety in too many areas, during the difficult years, had convinced too many families that they must be ready to defend themselves. Nonlethal weapons encouraged the trend. It proved to be symbolic more often than practical; but man lives by symbols.

Meanwhile, the concentration of agriculture in mechanized latifundia—the competition of synthetic foods, fibers and lumber substitutes—threw a vast acreage in the remoter parts of the country onto a pitiless market. Inflation favored the shrewd buyer. Then, when inflation had run its course, mass unemployment triggered the Freeman movement. Chip-on-the-shoulder self-reliance; the wish to escape from turbulence and taxes; available land; cheap, sophisticated means of living off it, without the toil and isolation of old-fashioned husbandry: These things brought forth the modern homesteaders.

By now, resentments had faded. The Freemen were merely another subculture. John and the mayor talked amicably. The mayor said yes, he'd ask around and try to estimate how many younger sons might be interested in working in New England for the reward of a spread there when farming became possible again. But would the Government agree? Wasn't the intention to create a set of national parks? John told him that wasn't incompatible with limited agriculture, which actually could help conservation. He'd propose the idea to the authorities, and if study showed that it had merit, Congress would consider revising the present master plan. The mayor invited John to visit. Hunting was good these days; the elk were

coming back. John said he'd take a rain check and broke circuit.

He left the room for his adjoining office. He called it that from habit; it was really an information laboratory. The machines within it connected him to more than the public data-retrieval system. They gave him access to almost every memory bank and every type of computer in the world. He didn't own the facilities here; he rented them from IBM under a special license. Big business, big labor, Big Government had not vanished. The difference from the past was that no one was forced to depend on them.

What John did for the remainder of the afternoon can only be described in the paramathematical language of his specialty. In effect, he set the great interwoven system to retrieving and collating facts about his latest endeavor.

Around five, he knocked off. No matter how well trained, you grew fatigued from that intensity of concentration. Besides, scanning would proceed automatically for hours. Ironically, most of that period would be idle time. There were many programs as crucial as his. An inquiry must wait its turn in the crowded communication channels. Tomorrow he'd ride herd on the machines while they selected what was pertinent from the information they would have assembled for him. Thus, he would get a *précis*, not too enormous for him to study and comprehend. This would give him the basis for framing specific questions. His task would not be completed soon, nor would it be easy. But he felt pleased. A good start had been made. Because of him, forests would one day stand green again.

After a quick, refreshing round of tumbles, calisthenics and meditation, he called his girl. They got along wonderfully; of late, he'd considered proposing a formal one-year trial liaison. Tonight, though, he simply wanted some fun. She accepted his invitation to a smorgasbord and an evening of Chinese opera. She honestly enjoyed the luxuries he could buy, but with equal honesty wasn't interested in anything beyond basic credit for herself. Her poetry kept her too busy.

When he brought her home, landing his flitter in front of her prefab cabin on the cliffs above a moonlit Pacific, she suggested he spend the night. In the morning, on the cabin's deck, they watched the fading contrail of a rocket tender that had lifted from Armstrong Spacedrome out at sea and was climbing with supplies to the orbiting ship that would carry the first manned expedition to Saturn. They paid even closer attention to a troupe of wandering dancers, jugglers and minstrels strolling past on their way to a *fiesta*. And then John headed back to work.



JOHN
Dempsey

"But I didn't say, 'Oh, boy.' I said, 'Oboy!'"

THE PORNO GIRLS

(continued from page 148)

with which they believe one should deal with one's body."

Unlike the prostitute and the stripper, who Simon says are not really sexual persons, "These kids are sexual first and professional second. They have no conception of themselves as adults in adult careers, no sense of delaying gratification for future success. They think, 'Gee, it's a fast \$100 and very little sweat for me.'" Besides, says Simon, for the first time, sex-film participants have as models "very respectable actresses doing almost, but not quite, the same things, in R-rated movies. No prior generation of porno performers has had that example." Today's girls, he says, can rationalize that they're merely doing what a Hollywood superstar does—only a little more and with greater honesty. As such, they have "a fantastic basis for a moral put-down." Simon feels that the whole porn-film revolution is set in a rich ideological context wherein the actors have "a wonderful sense of detachment, in that they're faking out the squares." Mary Rexroth concurs. "There's a definite sense, in a subtly political kind of way, of 'us-against-them' in the industry," she says.

Whatever motivates sex-film stars, there's no problem in recruiting actors. Want ads glut the pages of such underground newspapers as the *Berkeley Barb* and *Los Angeles Free Press*. Neighborhood bulletin boards blossom with flip notices such as SEX-CRAZED HIPPIES NEEDED FOR FUCK FILMS or posters such as the relatively tasteful INTERESTED IN FILM ACTING? JOIN SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST PROM-

ISING YOUNG FILM MAKERS IN EXPLORING THE NEW EROTIC FILM GENRE TO EXPRESS THE NEW WAY OF LIFE; HIP, LIBERATED, LOVING. Some of the lures are more lurid: PREGNANT AND LACTATING CHICKS NEEDED NOW FOR EROTIC FILMWORK. GOOD BREAD. WORK THE SAME DAY YOU APPLY. Quite a change, reports longtime skin-flick director Warren St. Thomas, who recalls the days in the early Sixties when "even the strippers refused to appear bare-breasted."

Steve Howe, production manager for Leo, reports, "We have hundreds of girls coming in, asking for work, but we use maybe five to ten percent of them. For one thing, there's a star syndrome building up; now we use some performers over and over again." Lowell Pickett, who heads Leo Productions, believes the girls are fascinated with the movie mystique. "There are a lot more girls who will make films with us than will pose for stills," he claims. Brothers Art and Jim Mitchell's Cinema 7 files are also filled with the names of eager applicants. "No longer," says Jim, "can we have people drop in off the street, pop onto a mattress and shoot. Six months ago, it would have been enough to have somebody come in and fuck before the camera. Now we're making 90-minute stag movies with sound and a story line; we have to have reliable people with proven ability."

Does becoming a stag star affect one's sexual responses? "Everybody asks that," Kerry Price complains. "I can't knock anybody for his curiosity about it, but answering all these questions—'What's it like?' 'Does it turn you on?'—gets to be

boring, like a soft-shoe routine." It's in this area, however—the effect of performing pornography on an individual's private sexual adjustment—that the greatest diversities of opinion emerge.

Oakland's Gregg and Bobbi, married sex stars who sometimes make as many as six or seven films a week, always working together, claim their careers have had little or no effect. "Our sex life has always been pretty good," says Bobbi. Emily Smith and her boyfriend, who have been making films together for two years, in San Francisco and Los Angeles, feel it has helped increase their mutual satisfaction. "We've learned a lot of new positions," Emily reports enthusiastically. Grenda's pragmatic analysis: "I may have a sore twat after working a lot, but otherwise my career doesn't affect a private relationship."

On the darker side, New York's Helen Lang has quit the hard-core film world because, as she puts it, "As the months went by, it turned me off, until finally I couldn't come anymore." A similar dilemma was reported by Denmark's Lisbeth Olsen, who used to work in a live show with her then husband. "I became terribly frigid," she says. "Couldn't abide to have my husband touch me for weeks."

Understandably, single girls in this milieu occasionally encounter disapproval from their dates. Several report horrified reactions and offers to "save you from all this." But, as Kerry Price puts it, "I can't imagine going with a guy who doesn't think it's groovy. If a fellow's head isn't in a certain place about sex, I just don't further the relationship."

The real question, of course, is how the public—and the elected or appointed guardians of its morals—feels about the open depiction of sex. There are indications that even in traditionally liberated San Francisco, the authorities are attempting to push the pendulum back to the right of center. All 25 of the city's sex-moviehouses face the threat of refusal to be granted licenses under a strict new theater code; and the proprietor of one of the wildest of the live shows, the New Follies, has announced he's throwing in the G string to return to old-fashioned burlesque after having been busted by the vice squad 11 times in two months. "The uptights are getting desperate," says Arlene Elster, a longtime associate of Pickett's in the film business and proprietress of the Sutter Cinema, where the surroundings are deliberately understated to attract a sophisticated clientele.

Although Arlene has expressed a determination to carry on a legal fight against every attempt at suppression, film maker Alex De Renzy—whose trail-blazing *Pornography in Denmark*, in a very real sense, started it all—claims he's giving up. "It's really a hassle," he says. "I got busted 17 times in six months. We always



"I think it's about time these guys got a three-day pass, Sergeant!"

won, but I'm tired of being in court, defending myself as if I were some kind of a gangster carrying a pistol or something." De Renzy, who maintains he'd rather be known now as a documentary producer than a sex-film magnate, is currently exploring what he hopes will be greener pastures. His latest film, *Weed*, is a study of the marijuana trade filmed on location in Mexico, Nepal and Southeast Asia.

Miss Elster, Pickett, the Mitchell brothers and other Bay Area sex-film merchants, however, are hanging in, convinced that their cause will win. "There's been a change in public attitude," says Pickett. "More and more people are supporting our movies. The sexploitation audience is dying off; Hollywood is hitting the sexploitation from the right and we're getting them from the left." Audiences now include women, who it was once thought weren't interested in visual erotica; Pickett believes one reason for this change is that the new genre of hardcore cinema shows women having fun. "The old-time stag movie exploited women," he says. "We show them saying yes and saying no, in active and passive roles, and enjoying themselves—coming to climax."

Jim Mitchell also sees a broader base of box-office appeal for his films. "Hardcore sex has been around for a couple of years, and the public can see that people don't grow warts or get raped

on the streets as a result of watching it. Now we don't get just middle-aged men coming to our theater [the O'Farrell]. We have the place filled with couples. Last week we grossed a record \$12,000—pretty good for a 200-seat theater." Mitchell's theory of public support seems to be borne out by the facts; when San Francisco's Board of Permit Appeals attempted to deny the O'Farrell a theater permit, attorney Michael Kennedy presented petitions bearing 382 signatures from neighbors of the moviehuse, stating that the establishment posed no threat to the morality of the district.

The moviemakers and exhibitors may feel their audiences have shed the dirty-old-man image, but their stars retain that mental stereotype. Jacquelyn Glenn visualizes her audience as "a bunch of potential sex deviates who are afraid to go out on the streets, so they hide in theaters." Helen Lang recoils: "They're terrible, gross men jacking off in the theater. The management should rent overcoats at the door." Even the usually philosophical Miss Rexroth hoots, "I'd crack up if I thought about the audience—guys sitting with newspapers on their laps for 15 minutes. But I suppose the films do help some people—a kind of happiness comes across." Grenda's diagnosis is that her fans are "middle-class married businessmen who are jealous of the youth scene."

Perhaps one reason the performers and the exhibitors differ so widely on this subject is that, almost without exception, the stars never go to see their own pictures. "It's emasculating, in a funny way, to have to pay five dollars to see people have sex," says young director Jann Burner. Miss Price agrees: "If I had five dollars, I'd spend it on a good movie." Still another participant expressed surprise: "Who would want to pay to watch me ball? That's like paying to get into a good restaurant to watch somebody else eat a hearty meal."

It's anybody's guess whether the porno wave has really crested and a return to puritanism is waiting in the wings, as some observers of the San Francisco scene fear—and others cheer. De Renzy thinks there will be a decline in clinically explicit films in which the camera hovers four inches away from plunging organs and pulsating orifices. "My own objective always was to make a horny movie," he says. "But who gets turned on by floodlights on somebody's asshole?" He is convinced that sex will continue to be big box office—but for Hollywood, not for the porn trade. "Big film companies may advertise a production as a murder mystery, but a lot of the zing in it will be provided by more sex," he predicts. "It will be as tasteful as the public requires it to be—no more, no less." Which, of course, is the way it's always been.



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IMMORTALITY (continued from page 154)

beginning of their extermination program, they found that it cost a lot to kill people. They tried firing squads and carbolic-acid injections in the heart before they discovered Zyklon B gas, the most economical genocidal agent to date. Ex-Nazis still find it hard to forget that cost-per-murder calculation. Last year, Franz Stangl, former commandant of the death camp at Treblinka, Poland, was convicted by a West German court of multiple murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. Stangl had been discovered working in a Brazilian car-assembly plant by Simon Wiesenthal, head of the Jewish Documentation Center in Vienna, who has devoted his postwar life to tracking down fascist war criminals. Stangl's son-in-law, a former Gestapo official, had told Wiesenthal that he could supply information as to Stangl's whereabouts—for a suitable fee. How much, asked Wiesenthal, did he want? The answer was \$7000, one cent for each of the 700,000 victims of Treblinka.

You know how they're always saying, "Your life isn't worth a plugged nickel," to people in TV Westerns? Well, you've got to spend an awful lot to make somebody's life worth that little—around \$5000, at today's prices, to get someone iced in the classic gangland manner. During a four-year gang war in Boston that ended in 1968, \$250,000 was spent to kill 50 or so mobsters. The reason this kind of death is so costly, even in wholesale quantities, is that while an important principle of the postwar American economy has become to eliminate the middleman, the watchword of the murder business is, "Let the middleman do the eliminating." You hire somebody who hires somebody who hires somebody, so that the third somebody doesn't know who *you* are. An A-plus job, with two or three middlemen running interference and a couple of boys flown in from Chicago to take care of business and dispose of the body so that it's never found, will run you as much as \$10,000. But that just pays for the death itself. If you want to *really* make an impression on the victim before he dies, like having him ice-picked into eternity or having him almost strangled to death with piano wire a few times before going bye-bye, it will set you back another couple of Gs. (Depending on your accounting procedures, that \$2000 could show up in your cost-of-life column.) If these prices seem a bit, er, stiff, a New York junkie will be happy to do the job for \$500. At that price, however, the corpus delicti is F. O. B. wherever it falls. Smack freaks are too strung out to cope with the logistics of getting your ex-associate into a car, driving it to the wrecker, having it compressed into a solid if somewhat sticky scrap-steel cube, etc.

In a somewhat different class, there's Joseph Baron Barboza, a hired killer who turned state's evidence in Boston a few years ago. The murder for which Barboza was tried (he has at least 13 to his credit and was recently accused of yet another in California) paid him \$7500, out of which he had to pay five hit men. Not long ago, there was supposed to be a \$250,000 price tag on Barboza. Is that a cost of life or a cost of death?

The cost of death at the Rolling Stones' free concert at Altamont was somewhat cheaper. The Hell's Angels were hired to "guard the stage" for \$500 worth of beer. One of the Angels is said to have killed Meredith Hunter. I suppose the cost of that death depends on how much of the beer the Angel drank.

Life-insurance companies are probably more conscious of the cost of life and death than anyone else. American families carry an average of \$20,900 worth of life insurance. But that doesn't mean the cost of death to the life-insurance company is \$20,900. Fifty-seven percent of life-insurance benefits are paid to the *living*—I mean the *living* living, the insured party, not his beneficiaries. We shouldn't be surprised to learn this. When you buy fire insurance, you get the money if you have a fire. When you buy automobile collision insurance, you get the money if you have a collision. So if you buy life insurance, you get the money if you live, right? Strictly speaking, if you have to die to collect, it should be called *death* insurance. This guy rings your doorbell, "Hello, sir, I'm from the Improvident Death Insurance Company and I'd appreciate just a few moments of your time . . . sir? *Sir?*"

Death benefits set a value on death that's hard to top. The widow of a 32-year-old Oklahoma rancher named E. C. Mullendore III, who was murdered in September 1970, may receive \$18,750,000 from policies bought through a consortium of insurers. Tax-free, gang. But the world record may yet be set by a 60-year-old executive who bought a policy from John Hancock that'll pay \$20,000,000. When it's paid off, it'll be the highest cost of death ever paid. The premium is \$1,285,000 a year, so if this executive has the bad fortune to live past his 75th year, it'll be so expensive he'll wish he hadn't.

Which costs more—life or death? Occasionally, the costs of life and death are the same. In New York City, for example, a birth certificate costs the same as a death certificate: \$2.50. More often than not, though, life costs more than death. It doesn't cost much to slit your wrists or stick your head in the oven, but New York City's Suicide Prevention League's telephone counseling service has to budget \$75 to save the life of each caller.

Murder is a little trickier to figure out than suicide. The Manson trial cost the taxpayers of Los Angeles County \$935,000. Did that add \$133,571.43 to the cost of the death of each of the seven victims? Or \$233,750 to the cost of the life of each of the four defendants? Speaking of the life of each of the four defendants, it's hard to believe that the ratio between the cost of life and the cost of death doesn't enter into the fact that California still has capital punishment. As a practical matter, a life sentence usually runs about ten years. The California Adult Authority estimates a cost of \$4000 to keep an inmate in a California prison for a year; at that rate, the cost of life is \$40,000, plus who knows how much inflation. The gas chamber, including \$50 for the chaplain, runs only \$600 per sniff.

The question of the relative costs of life and death has been taken up many times in court—in negligence cases, in which the defendant is being asked to pay damages to the survivors of someone who was killed or for the survival of someone who was injured. The highest judgment ever exacted for a death I found was awarded by a Chicago jury in 1965 to the kin of John P. Hollerich, a road builder and real-estate developer who earned \$100,000 a year: \$1,225,000 for dying in a plane crash. The highest amount ever awarded to a *living* accident victim was \$3,650,000, every penny of a claim made by Keith Bush, a totally incapacitated 30-year-old former diesel mechanic from Nevada whose skull had been caved in when a bolt sheared and 1250 pounds of machinery fell on him. A Reno jury last December awarded him \$3,000,000—half of this is to cover the cost of his care for the 40 years more he is expected to live—plus \$500,000 to his wife and \$150,000 to his three children. Perhaps the living get higher judgments than the dead because their claims are tried before a jury of their peers.

So far, 13 people have been frozen to -320 degrees Fahrenheit, pending medical resurrection. If you'd like to be cryogenically cooled, it'll run you \$8500 in "bottling costs" (stiffs—and, boy, are they *ever*—are stored in what amount to eight-foot Thermos bottles), plus about \$700 a year for replenishing the liquid-nitrogen coolant, maintenance and "postsuspension counseling on future developments." The maintenance costs are paid by the interest from a trust fund you can set up in your will; something like \$14,000 in principal will do nicely. Curtis Henderson of the Cryonics Society of New York explains that the \$14,000 isn't really out of pocket, since if you're revived, you get the money back.

Now that we're freezing clinically dead but cellularly alive people in the hope that someday medical science will figure out how to revive them, we can

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compare the costs of live funerals and dead funerals—the good, old-fashioned kind in which they write you off just because you don't have any vital signs and you've cooled off to room temperature. Americans spend an average of \$1091.02 for each old-fashioned dead funeral, but this includes a lot of cheap exits. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, the official American way of death costs a good \$2200 to \$2500 in Nashville, for instance. The high cost of dying has gotten some Nashville undertakers so concerned they've come up with a new concept. They're building a \$2,000,000 mausoleum 20 stories high that will combine mortuary, funeral and entombment facilities under one roof. They're going to charge only \$1100 or \$1200 for each body, so instead of displaying it in an expensive casket, they're going to lay it out in "the first major change in 20th Century funeral equipment"—something called "bedlike repose," which is available in "Contemporary, Early American, French Provincial and Mediterranean" styles that will "individualize each funeral, yet eliminate the status symbols and high cost usually associated with caskets." Corpses will be wrapped in fiberglass before they're sent upstairs.

Death can be a lot cheaper if you're not into postmortal furniture styles. There are over 100 burial societies in the U.S. that enable members to get the best possible deal on funerals. Payment of a membership fee—\$15, typically—entitles you to a "basic funeral." In the San Francisco Bay Area, for example, basics include a simple casket, transportation of the body to cemetery or crematory and the necessary legal papers, at a cost of from \$100 to \$185. Gratuity to clergyman is extra—figure \$15 to \$35. Burial costs start at \$345.

If you really want to avoid being burned, cremation is the way to go: You can be incinerated for between \$35 and \$100. An urn could run another \$50 to \$500, but that's easy to beat: Get yourself strewn. Having your ashes scattered at sea costs between \$25 and \$60.

The cost of death could become very plain to you if your ailing rich uncle, who had just laid \$1,000,000 on you for being such a loving nephew, were to suddenly kick off. All gifts over \$3000 are taxable, so you'd have gotten only \$756,557.50. But in order, I suppose, to encourage generosity, the IRS taxes gifts at a lower rate than bequests. The exception is the "gift in contemplation of death"—a transfer made within three years of passing on, if the purpose is to avoid paying the higher rate. So if poor Uncle Lou were to expire within three years, poor you would be out another \$82,257.50.

Kidnapers have a way of forcing relatives of the kidnaped to ponder the cost of life and the cost of death. When the

ransom money is handed over, the relatives have no way of knowing whether they'll get their loved ones back alive or dead. The principle seems to be: The more you pay, the less you get. Frank Sinatra, Jr., abducted in 1963, was returned alive after \$240,000 was paid. Bobby Greenlease, six, was picked up at a Kansas City Catholic school in 1953 by a woman claiming to be his aunt. His father, a Cadillac dealer, paid \$600,000, the highest ransom ever paid in the U.S. Bobby Greenlease, his father soon learned, was shot to death as soon as the money was received. Most countries apparently aren't as curious about the market value of children as we are: It was made illegal to pay ransom some time ago. Presumably, an exception could be made if the stakes were high enough. In 1967, former Congolese premier Moïse Tshombe's private plane was highjacked from Spain to Algiers, where he was imprisoned without any charges being preferred, because of his role as a collaborator with European economic interests. He was on the verge of being ransomed by an old friend for no less than \$10,000,000—borrowed in the U.S. and England, presumably from some of those economic interests—when he suddenly died of a "heart attack." So the highest individual cost of human life ever calculated never got paid.

In January 1969, then-Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford told Congress, "Clearly, the overriding goal of our collective defense efforts in Asia must be to assist our allies in building a capability to defend themselves. Besides costing substantially less (an Asian soldier costs about one fifteenth as much as his American counterpart). . . ." Though the good Secretary was uncommunicative as to the price tag on Asian life, Americans have been trading off dollars for human lives and deaths in Asia long enough for us to get a general idea of how much they're worth and to understand why the military thinks Asian soldiers "cost" less than American ones do.

Consider how much it costs when a C-141-transport pilot gets shot down and killed—\$128,450 worth of training shot to hell. You'd have a hard time finding an Asian who was worth as much as an F-4-fighter pilot, whose training alone costs \$203,160. This doesn't even count the \$215 the military spends to prepare his body for shipment back to the States, let alone the flag for his casket (\$652), transportation for his remains and escort officer (\$469) and interment (\$539). We Americans don't die cheap.

If you don't believe that Americans place a higher value on life—their own, at any rate—take a look at how much the South Vietnamese government pays the survivors of ARVN soldiers killed in action: \$170, more or less, depending on how many kids he had. For every American soldier who dies, the survivors receive

a "death gratuity" of from \$800 to \$3000, according to the dead soldier's rank, plus the proceeds of a \$15,000 life-insurance policy.

The amounts we pay to the families of South Vietnamese whom we happen to kill accidentally prove that we are sensitive to the low valuation Asians place on life. The sums are carefully chosen not to be so high as to be insulting. Take the case of Nguyen Van Minh, 12, who was shot and killed a year ago as he was sitting on a high school fence waiting for class, supposedly after soldiers fired warning shots to keep other boys from stealing from an Army truck. We paid \$170 for his funeral and \$840 in compensation to his relatives. Or the \$400 we paid the families of each of 11 people recently killed by mistake in Cambodia. The South Koreans fighting in Vietnam are even more anxious not to offend by offering too much for South Vietnamese lives. When ROK troops mistook a 13-year-old girl for a Viet Cong near An Nhon last December and killed her, they paid a discreet \$130 to the little girl's parents.

But though life is cheap there, death seems to be a little on the expensive side—inflicting it, that is. The average B-52 strike in South Vietnam costs some \$40,000,000, according to Francis Morse, associate professor of aerospace engineering at Boston University, and results in "a few hundred" casualties at the most. If we take that to mean 300, all killed, to be on the generous side, we're spending approximately \$133,333 for each Cong we kill, or enough to set each one up with a regional franchise for McDonald's over here. Morse compares this with the heaviest raids of World War Two, which cost \$20,000,000 each and inflicted about 30,000 casualties. Even if only every tenth casualty were a death, the Allies were spending a mere \$6667 per death. That's inflation for you.

Yet the true cost of killing the enemy in Vietnam is even higher. In the seven years through fiscal 1971, we spent 119.8 billion dollars on the war. As James Clayton, associate professor of history at the University of Utah, pointed out in a PLAYBOY article, *Our Mortgaged Future*, in April 1970, the long-term cost of veterans' benefits (as late as 1967, there were 1353 dependents of Civil War veterans getting more than \$1,000,000 a year!), national-debt servicing and inflation will *more than double* the cost of the war. Almost 700,000 enemy are supposed to have been killed in Indochina. Divide that into, say, 240 billion dollars and you get about \$343,000 spent to kill each hostile Vietnamese. When you consider that our body count is exaggerated (as Colonel Lucian K. Truscott III, U.S. Army [Ret.], son of the World War Two general, has admitted) and that the 240 billion dollars is probably a low figure,



"Signore, Grande Albergo Veneziano—water beds in every room."

you can see that it would have been less expensive to buy each pro-Communist soldier killed a 640-acre horse farm in the Middleburg, Virginia, hunt country and a lifetime annuity than to kill him.

The Manhattan Project, out of which came the atom bombs that devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki, killing an estimated 105,000 people, cost over two billion dollars—precisely \$19,048 per dead Japanese. Now we can understand why the ultrahawks have always been in favor of using nuclear weapons to knock off the North Vietnamese: It's the only way to make death in the rice paddies of Southeast Asia nearly as cheap as life is.

As closely as I can tell, the cost of life is a little more than the cost of death more of the time, and the cost of death is a lot more than the cost of life less of the time. But the highest amount quoted for death—\$20,000,000 to that overinsured executive—is just double the highest for life: the \$10,000,000 that the friend was going to pay to bail out Tshombe. Somewhere between the penny that the ex-Gestapo informer set as the value of a Jewish death and that \$20,000,000, we

can peg the true cost. Personally, I wouldn't take either sum—nor pay it; I'm saving my money. For one thing, life and death aren't getting any cheaper. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, obstetrical fees were up 5.4 percent last year, funerals 3.6 percent. With the cost of life and the cost of death being inflated along with the rest of the economy, I'm looking into the alternative: the cost of immortality. A while ago, a classified ad appeared in *The Wall Street Journal*: "Immortality—price \$5000." Since this is so much less than, say, the cost of being frozen alive—and sounded so much more comfortable—I answered it. It had been placed by a financially troubled school for brain-injured children that offered to name itself after a generous benefactor. "And yes, Mr. Taxpayer," I was told, "immortality, in this case, is fully deductible."

I wrote to ask whether I could take the deduction all in one year or whether I had to spread it out over eternity. No answer—yet.



THE PRIMITIVE

(continued from page 158)

has been pushed back even further since Boas' time—by Louis S. B. Leakey and others to perhaps millions of years ago—and the gap between civilized man and primitive man now seems even less significant. Moreover, as Boas also remarked (and as Arnold Toynbee has since made common knowledge), peoples of a given culture, color or physique have shown particular capacities for growth during certain periods but not during others. The Arabs, for example, excelled in medicine, science and mathematics during the early Middle Ages and were in many ways more advanced than the northern Europeans, who were not to reach their peak until hundreds of years later.

When Columbus arrived in this hemisphere, the Indians living in southern Mexico and Peru were the most culturally advanced. The Aztecs, Mayans and Incas had not only developed well beyond other Indian peoples but in many ways their wealth, artistic achievement, communication systems, agriculture, city planning, mathematics, science and political systems were the equal of—if not better than—the accomplishments of their contemporaries elsewhere in the world. What levels of civilization might have been attained if the Spanish conquistadors had not plundered the cultures of the Andes and Central America is an intriguing question. It is quite likely that the influence of these high cultures would have been communicated to other parts of the Americas. In other words, a few hundred years more might have changed the story of European-Indian contact considerably. As it happened, the Inca Empire was destroyed in 1532 by a small army under Francisco Pizarro, who kidnaped the emperor, Atahualpa; and when a huge ransom in gold had been paid, the Spaniards treacherously murdered him.

Other peoples of the Americas were able to hold out against the incursions of Europeans, to delay for perhaps a few centuries their eventual destruction. Ironically, the conditions that saved them from subjugation also inhibited their cultural advancement: their isolation deep within jungles or beyond inaccessible mountain ranges, their warlike proclivities, their xenophobia or their inability to extract valuable resources. The Jivaros, secluded on the Ecuadorian-Peruvian border, had their first and, until recent decades, their last confrontation with gold-hungry white men late in the 16th Century, when a handful of conquistadors, led by Juan de Salinas, penetrated Jivaro country, set up towns and established themselves briefly as absolute rulers.



"I'm sorry, but all my see-through blouses are at the cleaners!"

Salinas died in 1599, and the new governor was not only cruel and greedy for gold but also made the fatal mistake of not correctly assessing the Jivaro temperament. These ever-feuding head-hunters made peace among themselves—"buried the lance"—and burned the Spanish towns in a nearly complete massacre of between 20,000 and 30,000 inhabitants. When the Jivaros took the governor prisoner, they assured him that he would be well supplied with the gold that he was seeking. After stripping and binding him, his captors forced his mouth open with a bone and poured molten gold down his throat. The Spanish made no attempt to settle among the Jivaros again, leaving the head-hunters undisturbed and free to war upon one another in their traditional way.

The Camayuras are another primitive people who were able to escape, until recently, the incursions of white men. They live deep in the Mato Grosso of Brazil, in what is still one of the least penetrated areas of the world. Here the South American Indian, with the help of sympathetic and knowledgeable Brazilians, is making a last stand before the inevitable meeting with civilization. The Camayuras were protected by 500 miles of jungle to the north and by the once-warlike Chavantes to the south. These

are the same Chavantes who, only 25 years ago, were photographed from the air aiming bows and arrows at low-flying airplanes. There is now an airstrip in the midst of Chavante territory, and the Camayuras, when I visited them recently, numbered only 110. Since my earlier visit in 1949, the white man's illnesses—pneumonia, smallpox, influenza and tuberculosis—had taken a terrible toll. The isolation that so long protected these and other primitive peoples of South America has unhappily contributed to their susceptibility to civilization's diseases. So it is in Brazil, Ecuador and Peru that we find people in the twilight period of primitive life, people who have not quite lost their ancient cultural identities but who will undoubtedly vanish within a few short years, to be found only in anthropological texts and museums. Let us examine briefly what has been happening to some of them lately.

The modern conquistador—the *civilizado*—is likely to be a hardheaded businessman or government official with a 20th Century look but with methods and rationalizations for exterminating Indians that are not much more subtle than those of his 16th Century predecessors. His aim is "economic development," but it often has little to do with the

economic health or the physical well-being of the Indian. The *civilizado* wants the rich lands that happen to lie within his national boundaries for the rich resources they contain, for cattle to graze upon, for settlement by agricultural pioneers. He is, above all, many different people, and this has made it nearly impossible for the Indian to understand him.

It has been said that there is no inherent evil in moving the frontiers of civilization into the huge Amazon basin. At any rate, it seems to be almost inevitable. This immense area, stretching from the Atlantic coast to the Peruvian Andes, has the land and resources to feed the men and fuel the machinery of the world. It has been estimated that Brazil could accommodate some 900,000,000 people. And what government would, for the benefit of a declining population of primitives, abandon such richly endowed lands when the economic watchword seems to be expand or perish? The United States has not been the only nation to cast covetous looks at South American iron, copper, manganese, petroleum, rubber, industrial diamonds, tungsten, zinc, emeralds, hardwoods, vegetable oils—to name but a few of the resources there. Nor is it a question of ideology; no nation, whether



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capitalist or socialist, has ever allowed primitive peoples to retain their own lands simply because of a moral claim to them.

So those surviving bands who held out the longest must now prepare to meet the thrust of the *civilizado*. The Indian has a kind of Hobson's choice. If he is in the path of the resource extractor, he can expect to deal with a man of checkered origins, who arrives without family or a sense of law. Not all the Indians of South America are as fortunate as the Aucas. In 1968, when I visited the Napo River area in Ecuador, the Texaco exploration parties had come to an impasse. The oilmen had been warned by a missionary that any intrusion into Auca territory was certain to be met by fierce resistance, so they were willing to wait until the Aucas could be cleared out before proceeding with their geological survey. Usually the extractors attempt to "hire" the Indians (whether they want to be employed or not) and destroy community life in the process. The Indians are required either to help locate forest products or to serve as rowers or bearers, while the women do the cooking or are made concubines.

The Indian may encounter another group—the herders who will clear him off the land to make room for cattle. If the Indian happens to be a member of a hunting community, he must abandon his traditions (and learn that the white man's cattle are not to be hunted). Or the Indian's lands might be appropriated by agricultural pioneers, in which case he is quickly made to understand that he is an obstacle to progress. His best course is to move his village before the farmers arrive in great numbers with heavy mechanical equipment. The Indian who chooses to remain soon must cope with a changed environment and he discovers, perhaps for the first time in his people's history, what it is like to be a member of an unwanted minority.

In the face of such wrenching confrontations, it is a rare Indian who will not have his spirit broken. It does not seem to matter whether the intentions of the *civilizado* are benign or malignant. In the case of primitive cultural life, the result is usually a lingering death. Those who are concerned with the problems of primitive peoples cannot agree whether it is better to prepare the primitive at once for his inevitable

encounter with economic change or to fence him off in splendid isolation.

There are some, notably missionaries, who feel that the Indian's best interests are served by his abandoning his traditional way of dress—or lack of it. I have returned to some villages after an absence of 10 or 15 years to find once-proud bodies looking more like slum products draped with sorry-looking hand-me-downs. The most brutal contacts, however, occur between the Indian and those who intend to enslave or exterminate him. This is still common in areas where the intruder is his own policeman and makes his own law.

In fact, the *Jornal do Brasil's* disquieting report that the Indian Protective Service was no longer shielding the Indian but was assisting his enemies took me back to South America in 1968 and indirectly inspired the book of which this article will be a part. That respected newspaper fearlessly charged that recent administrations of the I. P. S. had aided the systematic genocide of primitive peoples in order that their lands, guaranteed to them under the Brazilian constitution, might be taken over by private interests.

Indians, according to the *Jornal do Brasil*, had been clubbed to death, inoculated with smallpox, shot down and even massacred by explosives dropped from airplanes. In Rio Grande do Sul, the Guarani and Kaingang Indians had been systematically robbed of forests once rich in pine trees. There is not enough timber there now to build a single house for an Indian family. Instances were common of the enslavement of Indians—600 Ticunas, for example—by farmers who proceeded to whip or starve them if they did not work. The rationalization in such cases was always the same: The Indians were lazy and had to be treated harshly. It did not matter that they had been given neither tools nor the skills to use them. Even when the Indians evidenced a willingness to work hard, the farmers still maintained that a good beating had a salutary effect.

Foreign land speculators, aided by bribed officials, were able to clear Patacho Indians off lands on the coast of Brazil. When members of one village objected to being dispossessed, they were inoculated with smallpox, for they had learned to trust the men who came with little black medical bags. With insidious efficiency, their infected clothing was later distributed to a neighboring village. When the Patachos complained to the I. P. S., their complaints were ignored. Angered, they retaliated with blowguns, bows and arrows. Their persecutors quickly had what seemed to be a change of heart; the following day *civilizados*



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appeared with sacks of sugar, which were happily received. Within 48 hours more than 50 additional Patachos were dead; the sugar had been laced with arsenic.

One reporter learned of Indians in a farming community who had been enslaved and raped. Near one farm a group of terrified children were herded to the bank of a river and forced to take part in an orgy. When one child escaped, according to some sources, she was quickly captured and killed; her dismembered body was thrown piecemeal to the piranhas. One rubber-plantation owner was accused of kidnaping girls from the Ticuna tribe and exporting them as prostitutes.

A group of Cintas-Largas Indians who had been enlisted as slave laborers in a mining camp were on the brink of rebelling after having been fired upon for disobedience. They made the mistake of holding a meeting on a jungle plateau. The miners learned of the meeting and sent up an airplane loaded with dynamite. Before the Indians could escape, they were blasted to bits from the air.

Luis Neves, former head of the I. P. S., had been charged with 42 counts of corruption, among them the taking of \$300,000 in bribes. Yet some of the most dedicated men I had ever known, men like the Villas Boas brothers, who would give their lives to help the Indians, were themselves connected with the I. P. S. Still, a picture of sorts was emerging; apparently the *civilizado* was coming in for the kill—too impatient to wait for Indian life to come to an end through disease, loss of will or social disorganization. The stakes were high, indeed, so why wait for someone else to grab the Indian's lands?

More recently, the Brazilian government has emphatically denied any complicity in the mass slaughter of Indians. Certain I. P. S. men, the government conceded, may have been bribed by unscrupulous commercial interests to look the other way while the Indians were disposed of, but it insisted that the government itself bore none of the blame. Officials pointed out that Indian territory is too big, hence too expensive, to police properly. Men in the upper echelons of government did acknowledge a limited responsibility inasmuch as they did not know what was going on. Clearly, no one wants to accept much of the guilt, but there seems to be very little ground for anyone to feel pious.

What I found on my return to Peru, Ecuador and Brazil in 1968 convinced me more than the headlines that the Indian's days were numbered: the son of a fierce Jivaro chieftain who wanted to teach school, a now-mendacious Bororo chief who had lost his former majestic air, the once-secluded Yagua Indians on a tourist itinerary, Chavantes working

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under the stern gaze of men who they had once sworn would never set foot on their territory. And behind all the changes lay the grim message of statistics. A numbers game, perhaps, since the data on primitive depopulation are so often disputed; yet the discrepancies are never as significant as the compelling fact that the graphs all point the same way: down, and out.

There were perhaps 10,000,000 Indians living in the Amazon basin five centuries ago. Today there are scarcely 200,000. (During this same period, the world's total population has climbed from fewer than 500,000,000 to more than three billion.) In Brazil, the Indians numbered 3,000,000 in 1500; less than a tenth of that number were living there at the beginning of this century. There are about 78,000 living in Brazil today. The Bororos were still a people 5000 strong in 1900; victims of contagious diseases, they are now down to fewer than 150. The Nhambiquara tribe once numbered 10,000; only 1000 remain, tragic victims of genocide. In two centuries, the Carajas of Brazil have declined from 500,000 to 1200 for the same reason. The Guarani of Paraná were reduced by slavery and torture. In ten years they have declined from 5000 to about 300 (and by the time you read this that figure is likely to have dropped even more).

In Belém I spoke to the Brazilian anthropologist Edward Galvão, who told me that, since 1960, big business organizations, having accumulated new fortunes in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, have begun to penetrate the terra incognita of the Mato Grosso. In this once-inaccessible sanctuary of the Indian, these companies are purchasing huge tracts of land for speculation, mining and cattle raising. Unlike the old-style pioneer who needed cheap labor to help locate and extract minerals, semiprecious stones and forest products, these huge operations have little need for the services of the Indian, since modern equipment is now available. Such companies have both the motivation and the money to corrupt I. P. S. officials to secure the removal of the Indians from vast stretches of the Amazon basin. The I. P. S., unlike the Villas Boas brothers, failed to survey and record title to the lands of various Indian groups. Knowing this, big companies paid the legal registration fee and claimed these huge tracts of land. Thus they drove out both the Indians and the casual white settlers.

Since the Indian is patently unable to catch up with the rapidly paced mechanization taking place in Brazil, he finds himself on a treadmill to oblivion. He cannot assimilate, because he is too unskilled for a genuinely productive role in an industrial society. Neither does his

world view accord with a routinized, machine-tending life, and he is discouraged from undertaking farming, which might suit him. Wherever he is or wherever he has moved turns out to be directly in the path of progress. And his instruction in the ways of civilization is usually just enough to disrupt his traditional life, but not enough to prepare him for its dizzying pace. Almost every contact with the outside world endangers his health, diminishes his pride and disorganizes his community. He finds himself a misfit.

I came along at a time when it was still possible to see people living as they had for 10, 20, perhaps 100 centuries. I cannot say often enough how lucky I regard myself to have worked in a period when modern technology made possible for me trips that would once have taken years of preparation and sapped the energies of much stronger men. Paradoxically, this same technology has contributed to the demise of the cultures I have described.

The sad truth is that we are witnessing the end of primitive man, man as he has lived for much of his time on earth—at least since he first learned to use tools and to communicate his ideas from one generation to another. While individual primitive men may die off during the next few years in bitterness and confusion, it is not for them that we need compassion. In my view, it is already much too late to do anything but help new generations find their own way in a rather maddening world; we may already have helped the older generation too much.

The principles of living that we define as civilization may call not for a hymn of triumph but for a dirge. Man as a primitive has done quite well if we use time as a yardstick: The cultures I have studied have endured for a far longer time than has Western civilization. And civilization, after all, may yet have to be tested.

To take this thought a step further, the very civilization most responsible for the end of primitive life is now itself facing disaster. Stanford University biologist Paul Ehrlich puts it this way: "There is *no*, I repeat, *no* conceivable technological solution to the problems we face." Other civilizations have risen, had their day and left the stage. But what other civilization in history has been "advanced" enough to drag down with it the primitive sources that could one day, perhaps, replenish its sapped vitality?

We have absorbed primitive man into a system of life that is considerably more fragile than his own tradition-oriented cultures. Hence, it is not wholly clear to me why we should congratulate those peoples who have succeeded in making

an adjustment to modern life, who have given up the ways of their ancestors and joined us in our precarious dependence on the complex instrumentalities that now rule our lives. We can congratulate them for having withstood our superior weapons, our whips and diseases; we can admire their flexibility and intelligence in learning to play our games. Are we so sure, however, that we want them to follow our lead?

Not only have we been engaged in destroying indigenous cultures the world over, we have done it while saying that if these children of nature had any sense they would follow our example. And this may turn out to be, at the very least, one of the boldest pieces of ignorance—or simple falsehood—in man's history. It has become appallingly clear that in order to sustain our idealized "standard of living," we must draw from the earth's total resources at a rate that is 50, perhaps 100 times greater than the primitive's modest demands on his environment. Moreover, it is increasingly the primitive man's environment that we have been tapping. And if a high standard of living means almost limitless consumption, then those who can afford it will become fewer and fewer. It is probably too late, but would it not be better to begin asking what primitive men can teach us?

Western nations have long deluded themselves with the prideful and foolish notion that they were best suited to regulate the lives of primitive peoples. But since the frightful world wars that culminated in the holocaust of Hiroshima, Western man has begun to question in earnest his own moral superiority as well as his faith in the benevolent qualities of his machines, his cities, his institutions and even his philosophies. And it has become terrifyingly clear that we stand in danger of using up our air, fresh water and living space. The inevitability of disaster does not seem to be in question—only the timetable.

This is the final irony: We are losing faith now in the very values we have been attempting to impose upon primitive man. Our governmental, religious and educational values have been questioned on every side. Our youth are rebelling not only against routinized and uninspired occupations but against the materialism that creates them and makes them necessary. Perhaps the bitterest irony of all is that the very machines with which we have awed primitive man have now begun to frighten us as though they were visitations from some alien world rather than the products of our own ingenuity.

So one must ask the inevitable question: Whose twilight is it?





BUCK BROWN

"Oh, drat! My glasses are fogging."

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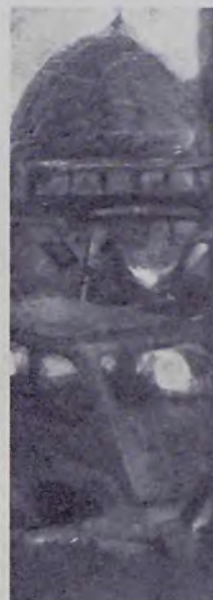
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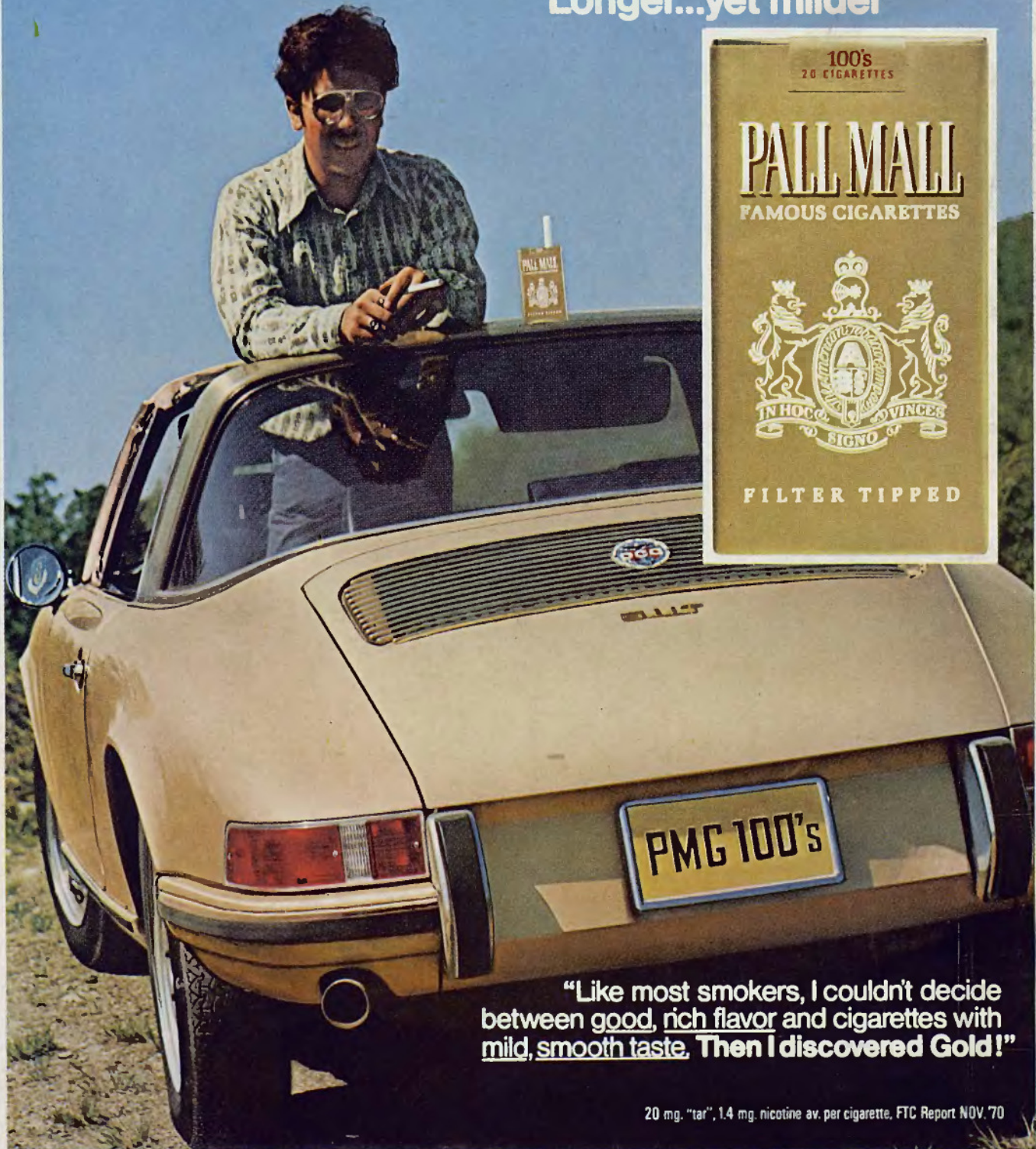


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